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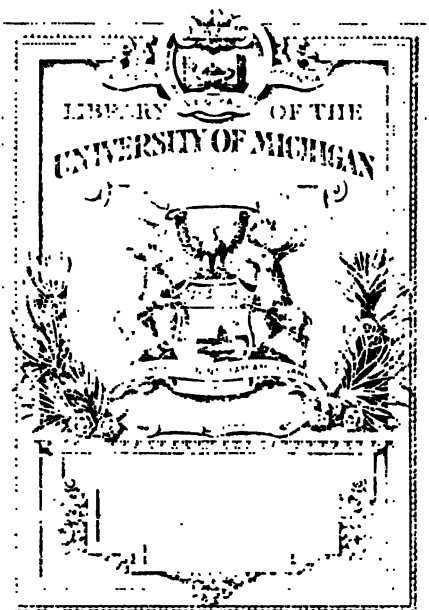
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211
P. 11







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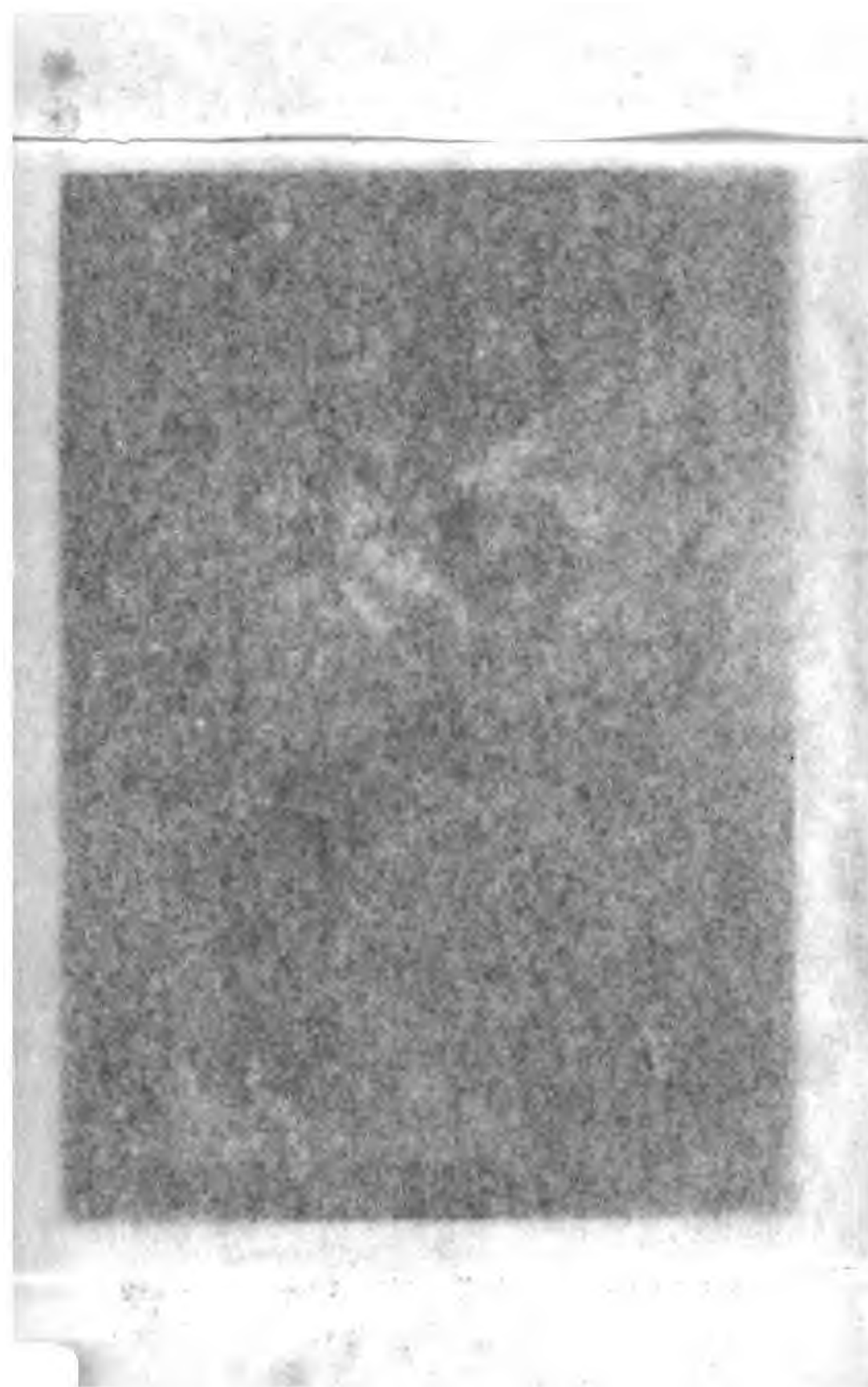
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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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INDEX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, IN CONGRAT-
MENT, painted by Desmoulins, and engra-
ved by Sartain.
2. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, painted by Hayter, R. A.,
and engraved by Sartain.
3. ALONZO RESCUING CORA FROM THE PALACE OF
THE SUN, painted by Jacot, and engraved
by Sartain.
4. LORD JEFFREY, engraved by Sartain.

A.

- Atlantic and Pacific, on the Links connecting—
Dublin University Magazine, ... 40
Junction of—*Westminster and Foreign Quar-*
terly Review, ... 245
Agrippa D'Aubigne and Madame de Mainte-
non—*Blackwood's Magazine*, ... 44
Arctic Expeditions—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 60
Autobiography of Ebenezer Elliott—*See El-*
liott.
American Society, Sketches of—*Fraser's Mag-*
azine, ... 76-419
American Literature—*Dublin University Mag-*
azine, ... 325
Agnes Sorel and her Contemporaries—*Dublin*
University Magazine, ... 552

B.

- Balance of Life, The—*Chambers' Journal*, ... 137
Bar, The, in England and France—*British*
Quarterly Review, ... 145
Burridge's Poems—*See Recent Poetry*.
Biographies, A Batch of—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 224

C.

- Correspondence of Southey—*See Southey*.
Corn Law Rhymers, Death of—*Athenaeum*, ... 23
Clough's Poems—*See Recent Poetry*.
Collins, Wm., Biography of—*See Biographies*.
Chantrey, Sir Francis—*See Biographies*.
Coit's Ridge—*Bentley's Miscellany*, ... 255
Christopher Under Canvass—*See Dies*.
Campbell, The late Thomas, Recollections of—
Sharpe's Magazine, ... 505

D.

- D'Aubigne Agrippa—*See Agrippa*.
Doctor of Philosophy, The Female, ... 66
Duchess of Orleans, Memoir of—*See Orleans*.
Directories, Hints for improving—*See Hints*.
Dies Boreales, No. VI.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, ... 380

- De Quincey, Thomas—*Eclectic Review*, ... 412
Diplomacy and Diplomats—*Fraser's Maga-*
zine, ... 425
Discoveries of the Microscope—*See Microscope*.

E.

- Elliott, Death of—*See Corn Law Rhymers*.
—Autobiography of—*Athenaeum*, ... 68
—Poems of—*Westminster and For-*
sign Quarterly Review, ... 263
Edinburgh—*North British Review*, ... 25
Expeditions—*See Arctic*.
England and France, The Bar in—*See Bar*.
Exhibition of 1851—*See Industrial*.
Erfurt and Germany—*See Germany*.]

F.

- Fourth Estate, The—*See Newspapers*.

G.

- Goldsmith—*Blackwood's Magazine*, ... 37
—Writings of—*Blackwood's Maga-*
zine, ... 184
Gentleman who never has Change—*Mrs. Ellis'*
Morning Call, ... 101
Gilfillan's Literary Portraits—*British Quar-*
terly Review, ... 124
Germany and Erfurt—*Edinburgh Review*, ... 349
German Popular Prophecies—*Blackwood's Mag-*
azine, ... 465
Gifts of Science to Art—*Dublin University*
Magazine, ... 511

H.

- Hook, Theodore—*See Biographies*.
Hints for the Improvement of Directories—
Dublin University Magazine, ... 313

I. J. K.

- Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific—*See At-*
lantic.
Kingsley's Poetry—*See Recent Poetry*.
Industrial Exhibition of 1851—*Westminster*
and Foreign Quarterly Review, ... 203
Jeffrey, Francis—*Tait's Magazine*, ... 269

L.

- Life and Correspondence of Southey—*See*
Southey.
Links connecting the Atlantic and Pacific—*See*
Atlantic.

INDEX.

- Last Days of the Duke of Monmouth—*See Monmouth.*
 Literary Portraits—*See Gilfillan.*
 Literature, American—*See American.*
 L'Homme Propose—*New Monthly Magazine*, 401
- M.
- Maintenon, Madame—*See Agrippa.*
 Moumouth, Last Days of the Duke of—*Chambers' Journal*, 119
 Musings in my Study—*New Monthly Magazine*, 162-314
 Mary Fenwick—*Fraser's Magazine*, 178
 Memoirs of the first Duchess of Orleans—*See Orleans.*
 Moral Philosophy, Sydney Smith on—*See Smith.*
 irabeau, Revolutionism of—*Dublin University Magazine*, 494
 Microscope, Discoveries of—*Prospective Review*, 587
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Origin of the Giant's Causeway, 43
- N.
- National Observatories—*See Observatories.*
 Newspapers, History of—*North British Review*, 477
- O.
- ehlenschloeger, Death and Burial of—*Tait's Magazine*, 196
 Orleans, Memoirs of the first Duchess of—*Dublin University Magazine*, 212
 Observatories, National—*Edinburgh Review*, 483
- P.
- Poetry of Science—*North British Review*, 289
 Popular Prophecies—*See German.*
 Phantasies of Walpurgis Night—*See Walpurgis.*
 PORTRAY.—Francis Lord Jeffrey, 24; I hear a Spirit singing, 39; Godiva, 59; Woman's Smile, 75; I weep when I remember thee, 100; Not always shall the Cloud obscure, 104; Air Song, 128; Flowers of Mercy, 136; A Chorus, 142; The Story-Tellers, 16; Sonnet on the Water-Lily, 177; Nature and Man, 195; If I wish to find Thee, 202; Flowers, 211; Morning in Spring, 228; Thoughts in Rhyme, 243; The Future and the Past, 268; Thoughts in a Church-Yard, 280; Song, 294; The Last Banquet at Persepolis, 285; When the Heart is Young, 312; The Bitter Gourd, 313; The Cradle Song, 336; The World-Like Stream of Rosendream, 348; The Italian Organ Boy, 318; Tears, 424; Death, 464.
- R.
- Recent British Publications, 143
 Recent Poetry—*Prospective Review*, 166
 Revolutionism of Mirabeau—*See Mirabeau.*
 Recollections of Campbell—*See Campbell.*
- S.
- Southey's Life and Correspondence—*North British Review*, 1-359
 Sketches of American Society—*See American.*
 Supernatural Stories—*New Monthly Magazine*, 105
 Smith's, Horace, Musings—*See Musings.*
 Scott, David, R. S. A.—*See Biographies.*
 Smoking, Praise of—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 281
 Science, Poetry of—*See Science.*
 Smith's, Sydney, Sketches of Moral Philosophy—*Edinburgh Review*, 337
 Science, Gifts of, to Art—*See Gifts.*
 Sorel, Agnes—*See Agnes.*
- T.
- Trench's Poems—*See Recent Poetry.*
- W.
- Women in the East—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 259
 Wedding, the, "Above Bleecker"—*See American Society.*
 Walpurgis Night, Phantasies of—*Tait's Magazine*, 259
- Z.
- Zumpt, The late Doctor—*Chambers' Journal*, 85



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1850.

From the North British Review.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

1. *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. Vol. 1. 1849.*
2. *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor of Norwich.* By J. W. ROBERTS. 1843.
3. *Early Recollections.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. 1837.

For a period of more than fifty years the writings of Southey were among those which, in England, most contributed to create or to modify public opinion. His first published poem was written in the year 1791; and from the date of its publication till the close of his life, there was not, we believe, a year in which he did not hold communication with the minds of others, in almost every form which a retired student can employ. Literature was not alone his one absorbing passion, but it was also his professional occupation. Southey, when speaking of Spenser, describes him as

"Sweetest bard, yet not more sweet
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise;
High-priest of all the Muses' mysteries."

At the same altar, and with the same purity of heart, and with the same wisdom, he too

* [A fine reprint of the work so eloquently reviewed in this article is now in course of publication, in numbers, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.]

served. It may seem to be regretted, that they who serve the altar have to live by the altar; but to the necessity in which he found himself, of working out a livelihood by unwearied industry in the occupations to which the higher instincts of his nature called him, we no doubt owe much of what is most genial in the works of this true poet. To this alone—such, at least, seems the probability—was it owing that he became a prose writer at all, for none of his prose writings have that unity of purpose and design which distinguishes the works of pure imagination; and yet there can be no doubt that, as a prose writer, he is one of the most graceful in our language. It is, however, as a poet that we think Southey must be most remembered. It is not depreciating Goldsmith's unequalled prose works to say, that it is as a poet he takes highest rank. Had he not been a poet, he could not have written those prose works, and so with Southey. Dispose, however, of this question as the reader may, the earlier portion of his biography with

which we have to deal will compel us rather to think of him in that character, in which he first appeared before the public. Through both his poems and his prose works, his individual character so distinctly appears, that it would be scarce possible to mistake a page of his writing for that of any other man. He has not avoided imitation. On the contrary, his early poems are too often echoes of Cowper and Akenside: and the quaintnesses which appear more conspicuously in his prose works, are in kind identical with those of Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne. We feel that he is writing in the midst of his books; and that his essays on topics of present interest are always affected by his throwing his mind into the way of thinking of an age that has passed away. Still there is everywhere a definiteness and decision of purpose, which is that which constitutes true originality; and his thoughts it is which are expressed in a dialect which he feels to be common property, and of which he as little remembers how each particular phrase or cadence has been formed, as we can determine how we have learned the words of the language we speak. Everywhere, even in his earliest writings, his own mind makes itself distinctly felt. Of this the strongest evidence is, that where its expression is not subdued by the higher tones of elevated poetry, we have always an under-current of quiet humor that exhibits a man happy himself, or, if unhappiness comes, who feels himself blameless for what he cannot avert, and who is disposed at all times to view surrounding things in a spirit of kindliness.

How such a mind was originally formed, and how it was not spoiled by the wear and tear of life—how the purity and single-mindedness of childhood was preserved through manhood and to age, and this by a man frequently writing on the most exciting political topics, is surely a subject well worth studying, with such aids as we can find.

Among those aids we find a series of letters written by Southey in the forty-sixth or forty-seventh year of his age, in which he relates all he can remember of the first fifteen years of his life. With these letters, his "Life and Correspondence, edited by his son, the Reverend Cuthbert Southey," opens. They were addressed to Mr. May, an old friend. Their publication at some future time was no doubt contemplated by the writer. About half a volume of the work is filled by this autobiography. A selection of such of his letters as could be recovered,

connected, and elucidated, by some interspersed narrative, carries us on to the poet's twenty-fifth year, and concludes the first volume of the work—the only part yet published. The "Life of William Taylor of Norwich" supplies us with another very interesting series of his letters, which, it so happens, commencing just where the other closes, enables us to trace the progress of the poet for seventeen years more—and those the years in which his greatest works were written. This part of Southey's correspondence was published with his own sanction, by Mr. Robberds, the biographer of Taylor. The Reminiscences of Mr. Cottle, of Bristol, give us some further help in bringing Southey distinctly before the mind at the period of early manhood. We feel, therefore, that while to ourselves it would be pleasant to forbear writing on the subject till the completion of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book, there is no reasonable ground for such delay.

Of Southey's paternal ancestors we are told, in the autobiography, that the Southseys were a numerous tribe in Somersetshire, one of whom, the sixth in the ascending line from the poet, a great clothier in Wellington, had eleven sons, who peopled that part of the country with Southseys. The poet infers from their having armorial bearings, that they were of gentle birth. "I should like," says he, when describing the chevron and crosslets on his paternal shield, "to believe that one of my ancestors had served in the crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

If such fancy were founded in fact, the fact has escaped the chroniclers. Few persons were so well read in the class of books where it would be likely to be found as the poet; and he says he never met the name in a printed book. Family tradition represented one of them as a great soldier. "In the great rebellion, I guess, it must have been, but I neither know his name nor on which side he fought." Another was out with Monmouth: his sword was preserved till the time of Southey's father. An uncle of Southey's grandfather was an attorney at Taunton, and was registrar of the Archdeaconry. He married an heiress, and Southey's grandfather settled on the estate in the parish of Lydiard St. Lawrence, about ten miles from Taunton, under the Quantock hills. What is family tradition? Of his grandfather, Southey can find no record, except that he was a subscriber for "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy," from

which he infers that he had some regard for books, and was of a right way of thinking. A maiden sister lived in her brother's house. She had a small estate held on lives. Two dropped, and the last, when he knew the old lady's means of livelihood depended on his continuing to live, determined never to work more, but extort his support from her. Southey says the story is worth insertion in a treatise on English tenures. Cases have occurred in Ireland where murders have been committed to terminate estates so held. Cases have also occurred where a juror has refused to concur in a conviction, because a criminal's life was one on which a lease depended. We have known an incident not unlike that mentioned by Southey:—A profligate fellow proposed to a gentleman who had some property depending on his life, that he should share the property with him, or in the event of that not being acceded to, that he would go abroad and never more be heard of. He kept his word. For a few years, in spite of his efforts for concealment, traces of him sufficient for the purposes of those whose estate depended on his life were found. At last he succeeded so far in baffling all inquiry, that it was thought more desirable to abandon the property than continue to occupy it on such a tenure.

Southey's grandfather had been a dissenter, but his residence in a lonely hamlet brought him away from the hotbeds of dissent. If dissent, however, did him no other harm than that which the poet records, we think he is not warranted in speaking as he does of the "essential acid of Puritanism." "Aunt Hannah frequently chastised her niece, Mary, for going into the fields with her playmates of a Sunday. She, and her brothers and sisters, she said, had never been suffered to go out of the house on the Sabbath, except to meetings."

His grandfather's children were three sons, John, Robert, and Thomas, and two daughters. John, the eldest son, became an attorney, at Taunton. Robert, the father of the poet, found himself behind the counter of a grocer in London. His heart was in the country, however, and in the rural sports in which his boyhood had been past. His attachment to field sports was an absolute passion. Seeing a porter one day with a hare in his hand, he could not help shedding tears at the sight. His master died, and he was removed to Bristol, and placed there with a linen-draper. An acquaintanceship with a young man of the name of

Tyler, introduced him to Tyler's connections. There is danger of losing our way in the wilderness of first cousins, and uncles and half-uncles, to whom we are now presented, and we shall get out of the jungle as fast as we can. Among the persons to whom Tyler introduced his friend, was Mrs. Margaret Hill. Bradford was her maiden name. She had been first married to a brother of Tyler's, and afterward to Edward Hill of Bedminster. She was now again a widow, and living in the same house with her were Tylers and Hills, collaterals or descendants. Of the Tylers, uncle William was a fool,* or something not unlike it; and uncle Edward was not a very wise man. From the Tylers the poet passes on to the Hills. But we must hasten on to his mother. Bedminster was but a half hour's walk from Bristol. Edward Tyler and his friend were constant visitors, and the latter, who had in partnership with a brother, opened a shop in Bristol in the year 1772, married Miss Hill. Signs were then common over shops, and true to his old sportsman instincts, Southey ornamented his window with a hare as his device. The poet was the second child of this marriage, and born on the 12th of August, 1774.

We return to the Tylers. Miss Tyler, the half-sister of Southey's mother, passed the earlier part of her life at Shobdon in Herefordshire, residing in the house of a maternal uncle. Bradford was in orders, and resided on a curacy;—he had, however, some private property. He appears to have been a generous man, for from him Southey's uncle, Hill, derived the means of support at Oxford. On his death he gave the greater part of his property to Miss Tyler, who then began to "live at large, and frequent watering-places." A fashionable physician ordered her to Lisbon. She went, taking with her her half-brother, Herbert Hill, who had lately gone into orders. From this accidental visit arose Hill's connection with Lisbon, as chaplain of the British factory, and Southey's own in after years. But of this hereafter.

* This is too harshly said. Southey speaks of this uncle with great affection, both in his Autobiography and in *The Doctor*. "It is common with the country people when they speak of such persons, to point significantly to the head, and say, '*'tis not all there*,'—words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature, which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. * * * William's was not a case of fatuity;—though *all* was not there, there was a great deal. He was *what* is called *half-saved*."—*The Doctor*, vol. i. p. 113.

She past but a year in Lisbon, and on her return settled in the neighborhood of Bath.

"The house was in Walcot parish, in which five-and-forty years ago were the skirts of the city. It stood alone in a walled garden, and the entrance was from a lane. The situation was thought a bad one, because of the approach, and because the nearest houses were of a mean description; in other respects it was a very desirable residence. The house had been quite in the country when it was built. One of its fronts looked into the garden, the other into a lower garden and over other garden grounds to the river, Bathwick Fields, which are now covered with trees, and Claverton Hill, with a grove of firs along its brow, and a sham castle in the midst of their long, dark line. I have not a stronger desire to see the pyramids than I had to visit that sham castle during the first years of my life. There was a sort of rural freshness about the place. The dead wall of a dwelling-house (the front of which was in Walcot-street) formed one side of the garden enclosure, and was covered with fine fruit-trees; the way from the garden door to the house was between that long house wall and a row of espaliers, behind which was a grass plat, interspersed with standard trees and flower-beds, and having one of those green rotatory garden seats shaped like a tub, where the contemplative person within may, like Diogenes, be as much in the sun as he likes.

"There was a descent by a few steps to another garden, which was chiefly filled with fragrant herbs, and with a long bed of lilies of the valley. Ground-rent had been of little value when the house was built. The kitchen looked into the garden, and opened into it; and near the kitchen door was a pipe supplied from one of the fine springs with which the country about Bath abounds, and a little stone cistern beneath. The parlor door also opened into the garden; it was bowered with jessamine, and there I often took my seat upon the stone steps.

"My aunt, who had an unlucky taste for such things, fitted up the house at a much greater expense than she was well able to afford. She threw two small rooms into one, and thus made a good parlor, and built a drawing-room over the kitchen. The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet; there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from the flies, and the colors from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw,—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as a part of the parlor furniture, a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a cajou-nut, or a kidney,—the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry wood,

which had been Mr. Bradford's, and in which he always sat,—mentionable, because if any visitor who was not in her especial favor sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired, before she would use it again; a mezzotinto print of Pope's Eloisa, in an oval black frame, because of its supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving, from pictures by Angelica Kauffman; one of Hector and Andromache; the other of Telemachus at the court of Menelaus; these I notice, because they were in frames of Brazilian wood; and the great print of Pombal, o grande Marquez, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of an illustrious man with which I became familiar. The establishment consisted of an old manservant and a maid-servant, both from Shobdon. The old man used every night to feed the crickets. He died at Bath in her service."—*Life of Southey*, vol. i. pp. 32–34.

Here Southey chiefly lived from the age of two years till six, with many indulgences, but more privations. The privations were such as do a child most mischief. The maiden aunt was above all things afraid of his soiling his clothes, and healthy exercise and play were out of the question. The child slept with his aunt, and as her hour of rising was late, the poor little fellow was obliged to lie in bed till she chose to be broad awake, afraid to stir lest she should be disturbed. Here he lay fancying combinations of figures in the folds of the curtains, watching from daybreak the increasing gleams of light from the window-shutters, and perhaps already creating the habit of thought which distinguishes the poet from other men.

Her acquaintances were numerous; a friend of hers was married to Francis Newberry, son of the Newberry who published Goody Two-Shoes and Giles Gingerbread. Goody Two-Shoes has acquired a new interest since Mr. Godwin's conjecture of its having been written by Goldsmith,—a conjecture, to the truth of which Mr. Foster, the highest authority on any subject connected with Goldsmith, is disposed to assent. The flowered Dutch paper and gilding in which the little books were issued had for the child a greater charm than any author's name could give. Newberry gave him, as soon as he could read, a set of these books, more than twenty in number. To this rich present Southey traces his love of books, and decided determination to literature. We are glad the incident is recorded; but we do not attach much value to the poet's speculation on its effect. Had the present never been made, to some other circumstance equally accident-

al would have been given the credit of creating the bias. It is in vain to look for outward accidents to explain what must ultimately be resolved into the original constitution of the mind. It is quite as likely, that the circumstances which Southey regards as injurious—his being a lonely boy without play-fellows, or proper companionship, may have had more to do with the early awakening of his powers than Mr. Newberry's six-penny books. Injurious, no doubt, all this must have been to his general health: but in unhealthy childhood disease seems a sort of hotbed in which talents are often almost preternaturally developed.

It was fortunate for the health of the boy that he was by other circumstances compelled to look to the world without. Miss Tyler was acquainted with the proprietors of the Bristol and Bath theatres, and had tickets of free admission. At four years old the child was a constant play-goer. He soon acquired a keen relish for the stage; but his heart was in the fields; and a walk beyond his usual bounds was his greatest luxury. There were three points he had most desire of reaching,—the sham castle on Claverton Hill,—a summer-house on Beechen Cliffs,—and the grave of a young man who had been killed in a duel. His aunt's fears, however, predominated. The points to which his imagination was directed were, she thought, too far for a walk, and it was a long while before he had the opportunity of experiencing, what we all sooner or later experience, how different the Yarrow of reality is from that of imagination. Poor child, his aunt's habits kept him an uneasy prisoner when with her, and he delighted in the occasional release which a summons to his father's house at Bristol gave. He there had some liberty. Though the house was among crowded streets, he got more often into the fields than when with his aunt. His grandmother was still living; and he was much at Bedminster. Kingsdown, Brandon Hill, and Clifton, were among his more frequent walks.

An important era is approaching; he is now actually in breeches; a young man six years of age. In nothing has the fashion of dress been so much improved even since our boyhood as in boys' clothing; but the present dress of boys, compared with that of Southey's time, seems absolutely to change the identity of the young animal, so utterly grotesque was the one, so graceful is the other. At six years old we find the young poet "in a fantastic tunic of nankeen for high days and holidays, trimmed with green

fringe,—it was called a vest and tunic, or a jam; and this he now changed for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of forester's green. No intermediate dress had been yet invented for the juvenile world. If it was not for the color, the little man, in spite of his long-attenuated limbs, might be taken for a Dutchman. He is sent to school—a day-school in Bristol.

"Knee breeches are ta'en down to whip the scholar."

At this school he tells us that he learned little, owing to his master's severity—his master dies when he has been about a year there—the establishment passes into better hands, but for some reason or other his father now placed him at a boarding-school. His new abode was in the neighborhood of Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol. Southey's school recollections were accompanied with painful feelings. In his *Hymn to the Penates*, he tells us of his removal to school.

"—— When a child (for still I love
To dwell with fondness on my childish years),
When first a little one I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my
front
With feelings not its own—sadly at night
I sate me down beside a stranger's hearth,
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow."

In the *Retrospect*, another of his youthful poems, the place itself is described in lines cast more in the manner of Goldsmith and Rogers, than any other of Southey's poems. The poet was at the time of its composition in his nineteenth or twentieth year. There is no peculiar poetic power indicated in any part of this little copy of verses, but at no period of his life did Southey produce anything more graceful, or anything of which the sober coloring so perfectly suited the subject. A letter of Southey's describes the place. It was the old manorial residence of some decayed family, and retained vestiges of what it had been—walled gardens, gate pillars, surmounted with huge stone balls—everything indicated former opulence; within doors a black oaken staircase leading from the hall was distinctly remembered by the poet, and the school-room—such it now became—hung with faded tapestry, "behind which we used to hide our hoard of crabs."

"Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know
The days of childhood are but days of woe."

Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours
What else should be our sweetest, blithest
hours,

Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,
Those easy hours forever left behind,
Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
When ignorance itself was happiness.
Such was my state in these remember'd years,
When two small acres bounded all my fears,
And therefore still with pleasure I recall
The tapestried school, the bright brown board-
ed hall,

The walnuts where, when favor would allow,
Full oft I went to search each well-strip-
t bough;

The crab-tree which supplied a secret hoard
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board.
These trifling objects then my heart possess,
These trifling objects still remain impressed.
So when with unskilled hand some idle hind
Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,
In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree;
Though every winter's desolating away
Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves
away;

That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast."*

At this school he passed a year learning little. The master was a man of some mathematical talents and acquirements, who always looked as if he felt the business of teaching an interruption of his own studies. The school was one for the children of people in business, and writing and arithmetic was all that Mr. Flower professed to teach. A Frenchman came three times a week from Bristol, to instruct in Latin a few of the boys, of whom Southey was one. Duplanier was his name. He returned to France at the commencement of the Revolution; and it was devoutly believed by all who believed in the Bristol newspapers, that he it was who was afterward known as General Menou. At this school there were spelling-matches, and unless the printers of the beautiful volume of Southey's life are themselves to blame for a misprint, victory seems to have inclined once at least to the wrong side. One of the "long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*," which won Southey an ovation of which he tells exultingly, was *chrysalization*—so spelled. The plan of spelling-matches was not a bad one. It saved the master trouble, and the boys learned to spell better by this game of skill than they could in any other way. Flower also made the elder boys instruct the younger ones, and in this way Southey learned Latin by teaching it. The school when he

entered was already declining. The elder Flower was a good-natured, indolent man, who, had he found a proper position in life, might have lived happily and usefully. For the management of a school he was wholly unfit; he was about fifty, had lost his first wife, and was now married to a drunken, slatternly servant-maid. Boys and servants were allowed to do very much what they pleased, and all was going fast down the road to ruin. Personal cleanliness was neglected to an extent scarcely credible, and the food of the boys was dressed filthily. What a change from the purity, propriety, and precision of Miss Tyler's establishment, or even from his father's, must this have been to the poor boy, now eight years old! He had a cocked hat for Sundays, but this during the week-days had also its uses. He kept in it sugar and such good things as he had brought from home or bought from the servants. At last the *itch* broke out in the school. The boys contrived to make their parents acquainted with the fact by means of letters, conveyed through Duplanier. Flower and his son actually came to blows, each blaming the other for the destruction of the school. Southey, to his great delight, returned to his father's after a year passed at Corston.

This was in the year 1782. Some change of circumstances arising from the death of Southey's grandmother, which now occurred, made Miss Tyler a resident at Bedminster for a part of the year, and the poet describes with delight the house in which some of the happy days of his childhood had been past. It is impossible by any abridgment to give our readers a conception of the skill with which everything connected with the place in the way either of association or of picture is brought out in Southey's description. Each distinct feature is dwelt on singly, and yet in such a way as that all seems co-present, and each not alone contributes to the general effect, but almost seems that to which the whole effect is owing. Never certainly was there a more perfect painter in words than Southey. This power, manifested in a very high degree in his poetry, is yet more so in his prose. In prose he had the advantage of a wider and more varied vocabulary. It was not till he advanced in life that his perfect mastery over language was fully attained, and at that time it was exercised only in prose, or in the less ambitious forms of verse. We must make room for part of his description.

* The Retrospect; written at Oxford, 1794.—
SOUTHEY'S *Minor Poems*.

"I have so many vivid feelings connected with

this house at Bedminster. that if it had not been in a vile neighborhood, I believe my heart would have been set upon purchasing it, and fixing my abode there, where the happiest days of my childhood were spent. My grandfather built it, (about the year 1740, I suppose,) and had made it what was then thought a thoroughly commodious and good house for one in his rank of life. It stood in a lane, some two or three hundred yards from the great western road. You ascended by several semicircular steps into what was called the fore-court, but was in fact a flower-garden, with a broad pavement from the gate to the porch. That porch was in a great part lined as well as covered with white jessamines, and many a time have I sat there with my poor sisters, threading the fallen blossoms upon grass stalks. It opened into a little hall, paved with diamond-shaped flags. On the right hand was the parlor, which had a brown or black-boarded floor, covered with a Lisbon mat, and a handsome time-piece over the fire-place; on the left was the best kitchen, in which the family lived. The best kitchen is an apartment that belongs to other days, and is now no longer to be seen, except in houses which, having remained unaltered for the last half century, are inhabited by persons a degree lower in society than their former possessors. The one which I am now calling to mind after an interval of more than forty years, was a cheerful room, with an air of such country comfort about it that my little heart was always gladdened when I entered it during my grandmother's life. It had a stone floor, which I believe was the chief distinction between a best kitchen and a parlor. The furniture consisted of a clock, a large oval table with two flaps, (over which two or three fowling-pieces had their place,) a round tea-table of cherry wood, Windsor chairs of the same, and two large arm ones of that easy make, (of all makes it is the easiest,) in one of which my grandmother always sat. On one side of the fire-place the china was displayed in a buffet—that is, a cupboard with glass-doors; on the other were closets for articles less ornamental, but more in use. The room was wainscoted and ornamented with some old maps, and with a long looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and a tall one between the windows, both in white frames. The windows opened into the fore-court, and were as cheerful and fragrant in the season of flowers, as roses and jessamine, which grew luxuriantly without, could make them. There was a passage between this apartment and the kitchen, long enough to admit a large airy pantry, and a larder on the left hand, the windows of both opening into the barton, as did those of the kitchen; on the right hand was a door into the back-court. There was a rack in the kitchen, well garnished with bacon, and a mistletoe bush always suspended from the ceiling.”

His delight was in the garden, in the flowers, and in observing insects. Luckily no botanist or entomologist was in the neighborhood, or a poet might have been led astray. Wordsworth, Southey takes occa-

sion to tell us, is without the sense of smell. “Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power was awakened; it was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him, but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. I, on the contrary,” adds Southey, “possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odor, and call up the ghost of one that is departed.” Through life three flowers reminded Southey of Bedminster,—the Roman Jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the evening primrose. “My grandmother loved to watch the opening of this singularly delicate flower—a flower, indeed, which in purity and delicacy seems to me to exceed all others. She called it Mortality, because these beauties pass away so soon, and because in the briefness of its continuance, (living only for a night,) it reminded her of human life.”

The interval between Southey's leaving Corston and being placed as a day pupil at a school in Bristol, was passed chiefly at Bedminster. That school was kept by a Welshman of the name of Williams. This school, like the last, was for the education of boys intended for mercantile life, and Latin was a luxury enjoyed but by few. Southey, however, had more of it than at Corston, as he had a lesson every day. He remained at the school four or five years, and managed to get through Cornelius Nepos and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. He did not please his writing-master, yet somehow or other he contrived to write a good hand in after life. As to dancing, his dancing-master pronounced him an incorrigible dunce.

“Alas! poor Bruin! how he foots the pole,
And waddles round it with unwieldy steps,
Swaying from side to side. The dancing-master
Hath had as profitless a pupil in him,
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like
clockwork,
In musical obedience. Bruin! Bruin!
Thou art but a clumsy biped!”*

The house at Bedminster, meanwhile, had become the property of a stranger, and its inmates of the Tyler dynasty dispersed. Miss Tyler became a resident at Bristol in the house of Mrs. Bartlet and Miss Palmer, whose property was vested in the Bath and

* Minor Poems.—The dancing Bear, 1799.

Bristol theatres; and thus Southey, at this susceptible age, had the opportunity of frequent visits to the theatre. He was too old to be put to bed before the play began, and was taken to the theatre as something better than being left to the servants.

"It is impossible to describe the thorough delight which I felt from this habitual indulgence. No after enjoyment could equal or approach it. I was sensible of no defects either in the dramas or the representation: better acting, indeed, could nowhere have been found. Mrs. Siddons was the heroine; Dimond and Murray would have done credit to any stage; and among the comic actors were Edwin and Blanchard—and Blisset, who, though never known to a London audience, was, of all comic actors whom I have ever seen, the most perfect. But I was happily insensible to that difference between good and bad acting which, in riper years, takes off so much from the pleasure of dramatic representation; everything answered the height of my expectations and desires. And I saw it in perfect comfort, in a small theatre, from the front row of a box, not too far from the centre. The Bath theatre was said to be the most comfortable in England; and no expense was spared in the scenery and decorations."

Miss Tyler was regarded as a patroness of the theatre, and was acquainted with all the stars. It was something to a schoolboy to be intimate with people whose names were in everybody's mouth—with people who personated kings and queens,—as Crabbe says, "'twas feeling like a king." But it was soon found that the actors themselves, superior as they were to ordinary mortals, were of an inferior class to authors. Many a work which, had Southey's intimacies been with any other set of people, would never have been heard of by him, was the subject of perpetual conversation during its day of notoriety. The ephemeral in literature had here its one bright day of glittering life. Southey had already begun to write verses; and now that the passion of authorship was awakened by the players, it is no marvel that he began to write dramas. Whatever he read for awhile was sure to represent itself in a dramatic shape. The Contenance of Scipio was his first attempt. The characters were planned to suit the actors and actresses on the Bath stage. How this was managed we are not told. The Wife of Bath—had our young dramatist been a reader of Chaucer—would have done better for some of the ladies. When he went to school he endeavored to persuade more than one of his school-fellows to write tragedies, and could not understand how, subject and situation being supplied,

there could be any difficulty in finding dialogue.

The peculiarities of Miss Tyler's temper were trying to her friends, and Miss Palmer adopted sullenness in self-defence, and used to sit for days with an apron over her face. "'You will injure your eyes by this, Miss Palmer,' said I; 'you know that everything gets out of order if it is not used; a book, if it is not opened, becomes damp and mouldy; and a key, if never turned in the lock, gets rusty.' My aunt entered the room. 'Do you know what this child has been saying?' said Miss Palmer. 'He has been comparing my eyes to a rusty key and a mouldy book.'" Miss Palmer seems to have engaged the young poet's imagination in a very remarkable degree; the earliest night-dream he could in after years bring to his memory related to her.

"I thought I was sitting with her in her drawing-room, (chairs, carpet, and everything are now visibly present to my mind's eye,) when the devil was introduced as a morning visitor. Such an appearance, for he was in full costume of horns, black bat-wings, tail, and cloven feet, put me in ghostly and bodily fear; but she received him with perfect politeness, called him dear Mr. Devil, desired the servant to give him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favored with a call."

There is no author in whose works, both prose and verse, we have the devil so often portrayed. The pious Painter, and the Old Woman of Berkeley, and the Devil's Walk, are in the memory of half our readers; but in some dozens of ballads, less known, and in every form of allusion through his prose works, Southey has again and again worked the hoofs and horns into rhyme or rant, and described the tail curling like the tendrils of the vine, or wagging like a dog's. His devil is the old nursery devil, not the Satan of Milton, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe; and we suspect that his aunt and Miss Palmer sometimes rose up in his mind when he was describing his witches, whom "power had made haughty," and the feebler natures which could not resist their sorceries. This would imply no want of proper respect and affection for either lady, for his witches and their slaves are manifestly favorites with him. In the last edition of the Devil's Walk, we find something to confirm this notion.

"A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he [the devil]
spied,
For which he could have kissed her;

Such a flourishing fine clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked could be,
I should take her for my aunt, says he,
If my dam had had a sister."

His holidays were sometimes passed at Weymouth. Here he first saw the sea, and here he first read Tasso in Hoole's version, and here he became acquainted with the Fairy Queen. In a year or two after, he met with Mickle's *Lusiad* and Pope's Homer. His play-going habits had led him at an earlier day to read Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakespeare. Chatterton's story was then fresh in the recollection of every one in Bristol; and the Rowley poems were among Southey's early studies. A circulating library gave him Hoole's Ariosto, and then his epic ambition awoke. It would be tedious to tell of all the heroes he meant to immortalize—in blank verse, chosen, "not because it was easier than rhyme, for rhyme was easy enough, but because I felt in it a greater freedom and range of language." The passion for fame was strong enough to give character and color to his dreams. In a dream he once saw the great epic poets assembled—Fame came hurrying by, with her arm full of laurels, which he reached at, and in the act of grasping awoke.

One of his juvenile efforts was a drama on the Trojan war. The scene was in Elysium, and the spirits of the heroes related their adventures on earth. He tells of others of his heroic poems. He was now thirteen years of age. One of his manuscripts had, on some accidental visit, been found by a visitor of his aunt's, and read. This incident set him upon inventing a cipher for the purpose of concealing what he might write. At school he had no opportunity of continuing to practice the use of his cabalistical characters, and finding a difficulty in deciphering what he had written, he burned his manuscripts in vexation.

He tells us that at this period he had no conception of the arrangement of plot or purpose in these narrative poems. Incidents rose up unexpectedly, and without any forethought or consideration of their effect with reference to any general plan; and his impression is, that in the Italian romantic poems the same defect of constructive talent is observable, and that many of their most ambitious works were composed with as little premeditation as the dream-poems of a schoolboy's childhood. In the Spanish and Portuguese poets he speaks of the same defect. It would be rash on a subject of this

kind to express a difference of opinion with Southey, but we think that through the Orlando Furioso as distinct a thread of purpose can be traced connecting the several adventures as in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, though the suddenness with which the heroes and heroines reappear, at times when they are least expected, produces an effect on the reader's mind as if the author was moving capriciously, or as if his course was varied by every breath of accident, while further examination of the poem shows in every particular subdivision of it a design never absent from the writer's mind. The length of these poems has prevented their being the subject of study, except in fragments, and this has led to what we regard as Southey's mistake. With the Italian poets, anxious as was their execution of details, and exquisitely wrought out as these details are, the general conception of the story, and the adjustment of its parts in symmetrical relation to each other and to the whole, was felt to be the poet's most important work. The constructive talent was that which distinguished the poet more than all else. So much was this the case, that in all these poems the class of incidents—the temptations which the hero resisted or to which he yielded—were almost common property. The originality of the poet was much more shown in the structure of his poem than in the details. In the classical models, the lucid arrangement of incident, and the apparent simplicity of the design, was the chief grace aimed at. The successive adventures of a single hero in removing the obstacles to some pre-appointed purpose are exhibited by the classic poet. This is the unity at which he aims. The contemporaneous adventures of many heroes whose adventures are connected by their relation to some common object, form, for the most part, the theme of the romantic poet. The fact of contemporaneity could scarcely be exhibited, except by those sudden surprises and abruptnesses which disturb the inexperienced reader of the Italian poets; and as each hero is consciously, or unconsciously, to contribute his share to the final event, the poet can scarcely allow any of the streams of narrative to be seen approaching its destined termination till he is prepared to take the spectator to a point of view in which he can contemplate all as they flow to one central point, toward which, through their whole course, they have been tending. The most patient reader will, however, at times, refuse to be the slave of the romancer. He will cease to follow, and then, of course, all

that he has read of such a poem will appear purposeless and accidental—an abuse of perverted power.

The constructive talent, which Southey tells us he knew nothing of at first, was afterward that which most distinguished him. He was proud of it, and he well might, for he certainly possessed it in a very eminent degree.

"The progress of my own mind toward attaining it (so far as I may be thought to have attained it) I am able to trace distinctly, not merely by the works themselves, and by my own recollections of the views with which they were undertaken and composed, but by the various sketches and memoranda for four long narrative poems, made during their progress from the first conception of each till its completion. At present the facility and pleasure with which I can plan an heroic poem, a drama, a biographical and historical work, however comprehensive, is even a temptation to me. It seems as if I caught the bearings of a subject at first sight, just as Telford sees from an eminence with a glance in which direction his road must be carried. But it was long before I acquired this power—not fairly, indeed, till I was about five or six-and-thirty; and it was gained by practice, in the course of which I learnt to perceive wherein I was deficient."

The notes to Southey's poems show with what diligence he labored to acquire whatever information could be had from any source within his reach that might be of service to his purposes; and tastes that otherwise would have only led to an indulgence in desultory reading—the most vicious and debilitating mischief to which young men of talents expose themselves, from not having any perception of its danger—this became, when directed to a particular object, the means of invigorating the mind. Everything that Southey in any way learned was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his verses, and the necessity of studying all that bore on a particular subject gave a fixed direction to what would otherwise have been the sport of every idle accident.

The next change in Southey's life is his being placed at Westminster school; but before we accompany him thither, we must let our readers see more of Miss Tyler, the aunt under whose especial care he appears to have been till then.

The first appearance of Miss Tyler occurs in the antenatal portion of the biography. It was then the visit to Lisbon occurred which we have before described. At the time of the poet's birth Miss Tyler was thirty-four. "She was remarkably beauti-

ful, as far as any face can be called beautiful in which the indications of a violent temper are strongly marked." We have already seen her at Westminster and at Weymouth. When she finally fixed at Bristol, "she brought with her a proud contempt of Bristol society." She declined all acquaintanceships except with the occasional visitors of Clifton and the theatrical folk. When any stranger dined with her, or when she went out, Miss Tyler's manners and appearance were those of a woman accustomed to the best society. Caught by a visitor in her ordinary apparel she was as confused "as Diana when Actæon came on her bathing-place," and with almost as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown, and in rags. She wore her old clothes till they seemed to be a part of herself, but she was scrupulously clean in them. The whole business of her household was keeping the house clean. Dust was what above all things she abhorred. Her eccentricities made her very troublesome to everybody. The only thing about her that was allied to good was this abhorrence of dust, but her scrupulosity on the subject was not unlike insanity.

"The discomfort which Miss Tyler's passion for cleanliness produced to herself as well as to her little household was truly curious; to herself, indeed, it was a perpetual torment; to the two servants a perpetual vexation,—and so it would have been to me if nature had not blessed me with an innate hilarity of spirit which nothing but real affliction can overcome. That the better rooms might be kept clean she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was under ground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor and a sky-light, (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room—this was more like a scullery,) we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company, except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlor I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters there, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humors till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of

one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favorites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress,—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish."

Never was there a more ill-regulated mind than that of this haughty spinster. Her temper was violent. To her servants she was capriciously indulgent and tyrannical. They did not dislike her, nor do such persons in general dislike passionate masters and mistresses. Faults of this kind in their superiors assist servants in the process of self-justification in which the half-educated moral being is forever occupied. They were disposed to bear a great deal, too, from their mistress, because she often let them go to the play—being able to do so for nothing—and because her perpetual altercations with them were more palatable than the stately reserve which would seem to deny servants the rights of a common nature with their masters. She herself had a theory not very uncommon, that "a bad temper was connected with a good understanding and a commanding mind," and so she was on very good terms with herself. She was parsimonious at the same time that she lived beyond her means. Her nephew, from whom we have this account of her oddities, seems to remember her in spite of them with affection. The elastic spirit of childhood resisted the worst effects of this strange tyranny; but Miss Tyler had in Miss Palmer, and in Southey's mother, passive natures, which dared not to give battle. Miss Tyler, fortunately for the peace of the rest of the family, fell out with a brother of Southey's, and so she never entered the door of Southey's father. Southey, who lived with his aunt, was under her control, and could only get to his father's in short and hurried visits. Her horror at the thought of his soiling his clothes prevented him from having any proper play-fellow. In these circumstances, he and his aunt's servant boy were constant companions. They worked together in the garden, flew kites, went into the country to look for flowers, and, greatest work of all, actually constructed a theatre for puppets. At last, Southey goes to Westminster.

We looked with anxiety to the letters which describe his recollections of Westminster school. They are in every respect unimportant. He remained too short a time there to have his stay produce much effect in one way or other. His passion for early authorship was encouraged by the remuneration of which Cowper speaks:

"At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five;
Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver
pence,—
I was a poet too."

It would have been well if Southey had been contented, like Cowper, "with seeing his exercise sent from form to form for the admiration of all who were able to understand it;" but Southey was born in a later day, and this description of publication was not sufficient for the spreading ambition of the ardent boy. He would be an author on a larger scale, and so he published some numbers of a periodical called the *Flagellant*, in which the masters feared to see themselves flagellated, and so they commenced actions of libel against the publishers, and compelled Southey, who acknowledged himself the writer of a paper on corporal punishment, which gave them offence, to leave the school. At this time the affairs of his father were so involved that bankruptcy became inevitable. Southey went to Oxford, was refused admission at Christ Church on account of the *Flagellant* affair, and was admitted at Balliol.

Of his college life the records are few and unimportant. The letters preserved of this period are described by his son as "exercises in composition." There is not much evidence of his having pursued the prescribed studies of his college, nor any of irregularities or rebellion against discipline. He would wear his hair in flowing ringlets, in proud opposition to the paste and pomatum which the fashion of the day required; and in spite of academic regulations which forbade boots, he appears to have worn them. It was in 1793 that he entered college, and he past the August of that year at Brixton Causeway, four miles on the Surrey side of London, with his friend Grosvenor Bedford,—the friend to whom, some thirty years afterward, his "*Roderick*" was dedicated. Before this visit he had commenced the poem of *Joan of Arc*; and here, on the day on which he entered his twentieth

year, he resumed, and in six weeks completed the work.

"My progress," says Southey,* "would not have been so rapid, had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement I received. In those days, London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington, beyond which place the scene suddenly changed, and there was an air and appearance of country which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing, indeed, to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it.

"Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to neighboring villages, (for such they were then,) Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of the last century, by persons who, having realized a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity.

"Tranquil indeed the place was, for the neighborhood did not extend beyond half a dozen families, and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have it known. A forecourt separated the house from the footpath and the road in front, behind there was a large and well-stocked garden with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four linden trees, was a summer-house looking on an ornamented grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room,—that summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is enclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and elms; the brows of the Surrey hills bear a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed."

In Southey's letters of 1793, we find strong expressions of sympathy with republican feelings. But the fervor is that of a boy inspired by his classics rather than by the newspapers of the day. Of modern books, Glover's *Leonidas* was now his favorite; and the contrast of Greece in the days of old and its then degradation—"What a republic!—What a province!"—awakes a wish

strongly expressed, perhaps ardently conceived.

"If this world did but contain 10,000 people of both sexes, visionary as myself, how delightfully we would repeople Greece and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader, and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans, and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendor. We would build a temple to Eleutherian Jove from the quarries of Paros, replant the grove of Academus—ay, and the garden of Epicurus, where your brother and I would commence teachers."

But in all Southey's visions of the future, domestic comfort finds its place, and we have him, at the close of his letter to Horace Bedford, from which we are quoting, building his house in the prettiest Doric style—planting his garden, and managing his family group,—

"when here comes a rascal, crying, 'hare skins and rabbit skins,' and my poor house, which was built in the air, falls to pieces and leaves me, like most visionary projectors, staring at disappointment. * * * It was the favorite intention of Cowley to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society. My asylum there would be sought for different reasons, (and no prospect in life gives me half the pleasure this visionary one affords.) I should be pleased to reside in a country where men's abilities would ensure respect; where society was on a proper footing, and man was considered more valuable than money; and where I could till the earth and provide by honest industry the meat which my wife would dress with pleasing care."*

In another letter (December 14, 1793) he says,—

"The wants of man are so very few, that they must be attainable somewhere, and whether here or in America matters little. I have long learnt to look on the world as my country. Now, if you are in the mood for a revery, fancy me only in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice, snug little dairy with them: three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes; and in very bad weather take out my cassette, and write to you; for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine that I shall leave rhyming or philosophizing; so thus your friend will realize the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion

* Southey's *Collected Works*, vol. i.—Preface to *Joan of Arc*.

* November 13, 1793.

of Rousseau; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me."

In another letter of the same year, he says—

"The more I see of this strange world, the more I am convinced that society requires desperate remedies. The friends I have (and you know me to be cautious in choosing them) are many of them struggling with obstacles which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas bursts into my mind when I reflect on this subject. In the hours of sanguine expectation, these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America."

On religious subjects, Southey's notions were confused. It is scarcely just to designate opinions so vague as his, by classing him with any sect, but it became impossible for him to continue to entertain the thought of taking orders in the Church of England, and thus the object with which he came to Oxford was altogether frustrated. In devising means of support, some clerkship in one of the Government offices occurred to him, and he wrote to a friend on the subject; but here his Republicanism was an insuperable bar. He attended a few lectures on chemistry and anatomy, and soon found that medicine was not the thing for him. At this time he became acquainted with Coleridge.

Coleridge was a student at Jesus College, Cambridge. In his first year he obtained the distinction of a gold medal for a Greek ode on the slave-trade. He is described by his contemporaries as desirous of college honors; but his strength was in classics; and the condition of being even examined for classical honors, was having attained some knowledge of mathematics; and this Coleridge never attained. While Middleton, afterward Bishop of Calcutta, was at college, he and Coleridge appear to have studied together. Middleton belonged to Pembroke College, and Coleridge read at Middleton's rooms. They had been at Christ's Hospital together; and Middleton, the elder boy, was both at school and afterward at the university—to use Coleridge's own language—his "patron and protector." Middleton failed in obtaining a Fellowship at Pembroke, and left the place. With him went all Coleridge's industry and college hopes. "Coleridge was," we are told, "very studious; but his reading was desultory and capricious. He took little exercise; was always ready to unbend his mind in conversation; and for the

sake of this, his room (the ground-floor room on the right hand of the staircase facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. I will not call them loungers," says the writer from whom we quote, "for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms! What little suppers, or *sizings* as they were called, have I enjoyed!"* These were the days of political trials, and the French revolution, and Burke's pamphlets, and Coleridge night and day declaimed on all. This could not but have ended in distraction and debt. In a state of mind bordering on madness, he left Cambridge for London, and listed in a dragoon regiment. He was popular among his fellow-soldiers; and if he could not clean his horse, he could be of use in writing letters; so he wrote the love-letters of the regiment, and his brothers-in-arms did most of his duties. He had changed his name, and his friends for some five or six months knew nothing of him. At last he was recognized, and his discharge obtained through their friendly intervention. He returned to Cambridge. A minute account of this passage in Coleridge's life is given by Mr. Bowles, who adds to his narrative,—“It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, the ‘Religious Musings’ was written *non inter sylvas Academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading: a fine subject for a painting by Wilkie.” There is some confusion of dates in the account of this poem; Coleridge's own date of the poem is Christmas, 1794. Mr. Cottle refers its production to the June of the following year. Bowles's account of its having been written while he was serving in Elliot's dragoons is irreconcilable with either Coleridge's or Cottle's account. The date of Coleridge's enlistment was December 3, 1793, and of his discharge 10th of April, 1794.†

Coleridge's stay at Cambridge was not long. In June, 1794, he went to Oxford on a visit to an old school-fellow, and there became acquainted with Southey. They were each attracted by the other; and their participation in the same views of society, and

* We transcribe from a letter in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1834, signed OXACIZL, i. e., LE GRICE.—Gillman describes the author as a first form boy with Coleridge at Christ's Hospital; his statement we may therefore assume to be accurate, as Middleton and Coleridge were his school-fellows, and also his fellow-students at the University.

† From the War-Office Books.—Gillman's Life of Coleridge, p. 61.

very much, too, of religion, became a strong bond of union. Southey, we have seen, had already determined against taking orders; and Coleridge must, we think, be regarded as having little hope of doing anything through his college. To neither did the sacrifice appear a severe one, of leaving their respective universities without waiting for degrees. England did not seem to promise them means of support; and emigration to America, which had been, as we have seen, long before Southey's mind as an object, became the subject of their thoughts and conversation;—of their conversation rather than their thoughts, if we are to judge of the matter by the account which Mr. Gillman gives in his *Life of Coleridge*; but in this account, we think, he underrates the feelings by which Coleridge and the young friend whom he chiefly influenced were actuated. "Much," says Gillman, "has been written on the proposed scheme of settling in the wilds of America; the spot chosen was the Susquehannah;—this spot, Coleridge has often said, was selected on account of the name being pretty and metrical; indeed, he could never forbear a smile when relating the story. This day-dream was a subject in which it is doubtful whether he or Mr. Southey were really in earnest at the time it was planned."

We think the evidence decisive of their having been perfectly in earnest.

"Their plan," says Cuthbert Southey, "was to collect as many brother adventurers as they could, and to establish a community in the New World on the most thoroughly social basis. Land was to be purchased by their common contributions, and to be cultivated by their common labor. Each was to have his portion of work assigned him; and they calculated that a large part of their time would still remain for social converse and literary pursuits. The females of the party,—for all were to be married men,—were to work and perform all domestic offices; and having gone so far as to plan the architecture of their cottages and the form of their settlement, they had pictured as pleasant an Utopia as ever entered an ardent mind. To this scheme of emigration they gave the euphonious name of *Pantisocracy*."

Coleridge, in his published works, now and then speaks of the plan—never as one that he and his friends did not do what they could to realize at the time it was contemplated—and to it and the speculations on government, which the administration of the projected colony suggested, he regarded himself as owing his clearest insight into "the nature of individual man"—his views of "social relations—of the true uses of trade and

commerce, and how far the *wealth* and relative *power* of nations promote or impede their *welfare* and inherent *strength*." In imagination they were the rulers of an empire—an empire in which they, too, were the sole laborers. Coleridge had a theme for perpetual argumentation, and it is not improbable that the discipline of defending their project against all assailants gave him some readiness in the use of language as an instrument. Coleridge left Oxford for Wales, and in the winter of that year we find him and Southey at Bristol.

From Mr. Cottle we have an account of their Bristol life and plans. Cottle was established as a bookseller in Bristol—an accomplished and an amiable man, the author of some very pleasing poems. Some time toward the close of the year 1794, Robert Lovell, a young Quaker, who had lately married a Bristol young lady, called on Cottle—told him of the plan of emigration proposed by Southey and Coleridge. Their project, he said, was to have entire community of property. None were to be admitted into the proposed colony but persons of incorruptible virtue. Some two hours of labor would be sufficient for each to produce his share of the common store. Ample time would thus remain for study and the production of literary works. It might not be possible to remove from the first generation—the settlers from Europe—all the evils attending their vicious education; but in the second generation, children born in the colony, who could only hear of "war and crime in Transatlantic story," would combine the "innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and genuine refinements of European culture." Was it a real knowledge of Cottle's kindliness of nature that made them propose to him to become one of the founders of the new society? or was it that the "sires of empire yet to be" did after all think of themselves as communicating with the world around and beyond them chiefly through their literary productions, and imagined the new colony could not do without its bookseller? Was Cottle to be introduced into their paradise in the character of the cormorant sitting on the tree of knowledge?*

Cottle was lost in amazement; the splendor of the plan, as well as its simplicity, left

* "The devil peeped into a publisher's shop,
Quoth he, we are both of one college,
For I sate myself like a cormorant once
Upon the tree of Knowledge."—*Devil's Walk*.

him for a while without a word—at last he asks the young Quaker, "How do you go?"—"We freight a ship, carrying with us ploughs and all other implements of husbandry." At this time Lovell and three others had joined in the adventure—Coleridge from Cambridge, Southey and Burnett from Oxford.

Lovell was a poet; his verses, like those of Southey and Cottle, were an echo of Cowper and Hurdis. They were not unpleasing—but he came as the herald of Coleridge and Southey, and delighted the young and ardent bookseller by quotations from the poems of his friends. A live poet was then something to look at,—and in a short time after Lovell came again, bringing Southey with him. "Never," says Cottle, "will the impression be effaced. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence, I gave him at once the right hand of friendship, and to the present moment never has it been withdrawn."

In a few days after Coleridge rose in the eye of the delighted bookseller. Cottle formed parties where Pantisocracy was discussed, objections started, objections obviated, and quarto volumes announced as forthcoming to advance arguments too recondite for conversation. Still no ship was engaged—no preparation made for the actual voyage; Cottle had a prophetic misgiving that the scheme was about to be abandoned. He was unable, to be sure, to interpose a word in the torrents of argument that forever flowed from the eloquent lips of the future patriarchs, but he found himself at night sleepless with anxiety at men of such genius throwing themselves away in pursuit of what he regarded as a delusion. Of their pecuniary means he as yet knew nothing, nor till he was asked for the loan of a few pounds to discharge their lodging-bill, had he any notion of there being difficulties of that kind in their way. Cottle was a generous man, and gave Southey and Coleridge thirty guineas each for the copyright of their poems. Coleridge had in vain tried to sell his in London. To Southey also he gave fifty guineas for Joan of Arc, and gave him fifty copies for himself. "It can rarely happen," says Southey, in a preface to a late reprint of the poem, "that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself, and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it

cause of regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time on either side to the present day." The expedition to America was not yet abandoned in thought by the adventurous poets, and Coleridge and Southey delivered lectures in Bristol, in order to raise the necessary funds. Southey's lectures were on history: they were greatly admired. Cottle tells us of the graceful self-possession of the lecturer.

The subject of emigration for a while continues to occupy Southey's letters. In one to his brother Thomas Southey, he tells of two new associates, Favell and Le Grice—and quotes a poem of Favell's, on the subject of the intended colony.

"No more my visionary soul shall dwell
On joys that were; no more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful—o'er the ocean-swell
Sublime of hope I seek the cottaged dell,
Where virtue calm with careless step may
stray;
And dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
The wizard passion wears a holy spell.
Eyes that have ached with anguish! ye shall
weep
Tears of doubt-mingled joy, as those who
start
From precipices of distemper'd sleep,
On which the fierce-eyed fiends their revel
keep,
And see the rising sun, and find it dart
New rays of pleasure trembling to the heart."

"This is," says Southey, "a very beautiful piece of poetry; and we may form a very fair opinion of Favell from it." With respect to this sonnet, there is somehow or other a mistake, as the first eight lines are printed as his own in Coleridge's monody on the death of Chatterton. Could Southey have made some mistake? and is the poem Coleridge's? In the monody on the death of Chatterton, the eighth line is—

"The wizard passions weave a holy spell,"

which is no doubt the true reading, though something of meaning can also be forced out of the other.

Of Southey's lectures, we regret that his son has been unable to find any trace. Ardent and enthusiastic as he was, and hoping too much from change in the institutions of society, we have no doubt that they would altogether disprove the charges made against him of wishing to disturb the rights of prop-

erty, or to effect any changes whatever by violence. A single sentence of Southey's lectures we have met, and this proves what he thought must be the inevitable result of successful violence—"The temple of despotism, like that of the Mexican god, would be rebuilt with human skulls, and more firmly, though in a different order of architecture." In a letter to Grosvenor Bedford (*February 8, 1795*), he writes of himself, and his prospects, and his opinions—surely anything but revolutionary in the sense imputed to him:—

"There is the strangest mixture of cloud and of sunshine! an outcast in the world! an adventurer! living by his wits! yet happy in the full conviction of rectitude, in integrity, and in the affection of a mild and lovely woman; at once the object of hatred and admiration; wondered at by all; hated by the aristocrats; the very oracle of my own party. Bedford! Bedford! mine are the principles of peace and non-resistance; you cannot burst our bonds of affection. Do not grieve that circumstances have made me thus; you ought to rejoice that your friend acts up to his principles, though you think them wrong. * * * I am in treaty with the Telegraph, and hope to be their correspondent. Hiring to a newspaper! 'Sdeath! 'tis an ugly title; but, *n'importe*, I shall write truth and only truth. You will be melancholy at all this, Bedford; I am so at times; but what can I do? I could not enter the Church, nor had I finances to study physic; for public offices I am too notorious. I have not the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must perforce enter the muster-roll of authors. * * * If Coleridge and I can get £150 a year between us, we purpose marrying, and retiring into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practicing agriculture, till we can raise money for America—still the grand object in view."

The next letter from which we shall make an extract is dated May 27, 1795. His marriage is now determined on:—

"I asked the question. Grosvenor, you will love your sister, Edith. I look forward with feelings of delight that dim my eyes to the day she will expect you as her brother to visit us. Brown bread, wild Welsh raspberries; heigh, ho! * * * Poetry softens the heart, Grosvenor. No man ever tagged rhyme, without being the better for it. I write but little. The task of correcting Joan [of Arc] is a very great one; but as the plan is fundamentally bad, it is necessary that the poetry should be good. If I could be with you another eight weeks I believe I should write another poem, so essential is it to be happily situated. I shall copy out what I have done of Madoc, and send you ere long. You

will find more simplicity in it than in any of my pieces, and of course it is the best. I shall study three works to write it—the Bible, Homer, and Ossian."

The plan of Pantisocracy was now formally abandoned. Southey was the first to awake from the wild dream; and some temporary estrangement arose between the friends on this occasion. Southey's giving up the project "disturbed and excited Mr. Coleridge. He manifested, by the vehemence of his language, that he must have felt at the time no common disappointment."

Southey's mind was gradually working itself clear of the errors and mistakes of his boyhood. To the effect of Bowles' poems, and to the constant company of Coleridge, he ascribes "the amelioration of his poetical taste." He says of Godwin,—"I read and all but worshiped. I have since seen his fundamental error—that he theorizes for another state, not for the rule of conduct in the present. * * * For religion, I can confute the atheist, and baffle him with his own weapons; and can at least teach the deist, that the arguments in favor of Christianity are not to be despised. Metaphysics I know enough to use them as defensive armor, and to deem them otherwise difficult trifles."

His uncle, Mr. Hill, now returned from Lisbon. Southey dreaded a meeting with this affectionate man, all whose plans for his nephew's advancement or even support in life had been so strangely and unexpectedly frustrated. His separation from college—his determination not to enter the Church—his political misbeliefs—his projected marriage—his apparently desperate hope of supporting a family by writing for newspapers and magazines, and lecturing to such audiences as could be collected in places of commercial resort—all might well try the temper of a man who looked upon him with love and hope, but who saw only ruin in every one of the plans on which his nephew's heart seemed fixed. To break the bonds between him and his political associates, and if possible to interrupt the marriage project, his uncle determined on getting him out of England. The gods granted half the uncle's wishes; the political bondage was snapped asunder, when the vessel, which conveyed him and his nephew to Lisbon, left the English shore. Before sailing, however, and on the very day of the commencement of his voyage, Southey was married to Edith Fricker—one of whose sisters had been

married to Lovell, and another to Coleridge. "Immediately after the ceremony," says Cuthbert Southey, "they parted. My mother wore her wedding ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of her marriage had spread abroad."

In the next letter, we find Southey in Cornwall, and telling Bedford—"This is a foul country; the tinmen inhabit the most agreeable part of it, for they live under ground. Above it is most dreary, desolate. My *sans-culotte*, like Johnson's in Scotland, becomes a valuable piece of timber, and I a most dull and sullenly silent fellow; such effects has place." Cuthbert Southey tells us that the *sans-culotte* was a walking-stick; but thanks to kind-hearted Joseph Cottle, and his book of *Recollections*, we can tell our readers something more of it:—

"At the instant Mr. Southey was about to set off on his travels, I observed he had no stick, and lent him a stout holly of my own. In the next year, on his return to Bristol, 'here,' says Mr. S., exciting great surprise, 'here is the holly you were kind enough to lend me!' I have since then looked with additional respect on my old ligneous traveler, and remitted a portion of his accustomed labor. It was a source of some amusement, when in November of the past year, 1836, Mr. Southey, in his journey to the West, to my great gratification spent a few days with me; and in talking of Spain and Portugal, I showed him his companion, the old holly! Though somewhat bent with age, the servant (after an interval of forty years) was immediately recognized by his master; and with additional interest, as this stick he thought on one occasion had been the means of saving his purse, if not his life, from the sight of so efficient an instrument of defence having intimidated a Spanish robber."—*Cottle's Early Recollections*, vol. ii. p. 2.

Of Southey's rambles in Portugal and Spain we have little mention in his son's work. It is probable that the letters he wrote from abroad were recalled by him, and formed the substance of his travels published within the next year. He returned after a visit of six months, and with his wife fixed himself for a while in lodgings in Bristol. Lovell, his brother-in-law, had died during his absence, and his first letters on his return exhibit him devising plans for the widow's support. "She," says Cuthbert Southey, "who during my father's life found a home with him, and who now, at an advanced age, is a member of my household, is the sole survivor of those whose eager hopes once centred in Pantisocracy, one of

the last of the generation so fast passing away from us."

Southey continued to live in Bristol till the close of the year 1796. He then went to London, entered his name in the books of Gray's Inn, and spoke of studying law; but being engaged with the composition of two poems, *Thalaba* and *Madoc*, both of which occupied him simultaneously, and also being employed in writing on subjects of temporary interest in literature and politics for newspapers and magazines, it is not surprising that the only evidence we have of his ever having had law-books is his telling a friend of his hope soon to make a Christmas bonfire of them. Residence in the country appears to have been absolutely necessary for him. There is a pleasing letter in verse to his wife, in which he speaks of it as the one wish of his heart,—

"To find some little home, some low retreat,
Where the vain uproar of the worthless world
Might never reach his ear. * * *

he would live

To thee and to himself, and to our God.
To dwell in that foul city, to endure
The common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse
Of life; to walk abroad and never see
Green field, or running brook, or setting sun!
Will it not wither up my faculties
Like some poor myrtle, that in the town air
Pines in the parlor window?"

This letter was written from Norfolk, where Southey had just made the acquaintance of William Taylor, the translator of Bürger's *Leonore*, a writer who was the first to make the English acquainted with the better parts of German literature; and who, with some strange fancies which, if they led him astray, still kept his mind awake and active, produced a very powerful influence on the public mind. We hope that Southey's biographer may find no difficulty of copyright interfering with his giving the correspondence between Southey and Taylor, both parts of which are published in Taylor's *Life*, and both parts of which might receive valuable illustration from a comparison of the successive editions of Southey's works, and from judicious extracts from Taylor's contributions to the magazines and reviews of the day. Southey fixed his tent for a year at Westbury. The law-books were forgotten, and he never past a year of more happiness. During that year his mind was vigorously at work, and much of the most genial part of his poetry was produced there.

An author's life, however, is in his works, and it is impossible by any narrative to give an interest, independent of them, to the outward circumstances with which he may be connected. Of the poems published during the period to which Cuthbert Southey's first volume relates, the most important is "*Joan of Arc*;" and we think it would be desirable, in some future edition of that poem, to note the variations which it underwent since it was first placed before the public. In the first edition a considerable portion of the second book of the poem was supplied by Coleridge. This part was afterward separated from Southey's poem, and, with very considerable additions, was printed by Mr. Coleridge under the title of "*The Destiny of Nations*."

In the poem, as originally conceived, there was a sort of miraculous interference of guardian angels, and epic machinery of the old accredited character. All this was removed in the new editions,—and with Coleridge's part of the work much of Southey's own also went. It is seldom wise to vary the original structure of a poem, and we are averse even to changes of words. The precise state of feeling in which a passage has been written cannot be recalled, and additions made at a different time of life seldom entirely harmonize with the color of the original texture. Readers who have admired a poem in its first form are but ill satisfied with an author who impliedly tells them their admiration was misplaced. Scott was, we think, wise, who, when a poem was once given to the world, left it to its fate.

The first and second editions of "*Joan of Arc*" are before us, and also the edition of 1837, with his final corrections. In the remarkable scene where the maid proves her divine mission by the grave rendering up to her the consecrated sword, we are prepared for miracle. In the first edition we have the scene described:

"A trophied tomb
Close to the altar reared its antique bulk;
Two pointless javelins, and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior
 slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone,
And rude ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. Above stood VICTORY,
With lifted arm and trump, as she would blow
The blast of Fame; but on her outstretch'd arm
DEATH laid his ebon rod.

The maid approach'd—
DEATH dropp'd his ebon rod—the lifted trump
Pour'd forth a blast, whose sound miraculous
Burst the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd,

The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength,
The oval shield, the magic-temper'd blade.

She spoke, and lo! again the magic trump
Breath'd forth the notes of conquest."

In the second edition, the "pointless javelins and the broken sword," distinguishing the fallen warrior's tomb, remain; but Victory with the trump, and Death with the ebon rod, are removed. In the final edition, the pointless javelins and broken sword, and all that in the emblem either pointed to the warrior who slept beneath, or to the delegated maiden, disappear. The grave does not open miraculously at the appointed hour to the blast of, as it would seem, an angelic trumpet; but instead of the legend, which it is not unlikely was popularly believed, and which, at all events, does not make any unreasonable demand on the spirit of willing credulity in which poetry is read, we have a picture, no doubt, much more consistent with every-day experience, but, if we do not greatly mistake, much less so with the probabilities which the occasion requires. The assumed fact of the divine mission of the Maid of Orleans is that by which everything else is to be measured; and while, perhaps, the VICTORY and DEATH have not been conceived in a very elevated style of fiction, yet surely they were better than what is substituted—

"In silent wonderment,
The expectant multitude, with eager eye,
Gaze listening, as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose," &c.

In the first book of "*Joan of Arc*," are passages which Southey never in after life exceeded—never, indeed, we think quite equalled. Of these passages the germ existed in the first edition; but, perhaps, the necessity of finding, in the influences of human passion excited to the highest state of feeling, a substitute for the miraculous guidance under which he had at first represented his heroine as acting, rendered it desirable to dwell upon the passages which described her communion with outward nature, and the intense enthusiasm which, in the language of St. Teresa, "suspends the Soul in such a sort that she seems to be wholly out of herself." The inspiration of the Maid of Orleans is, in Southey's conception of the character, produced by strong feelings of natural religion, influenced and colored by the legendary tales and traditions of Lorraine. With the enthusiasm of the Maid of Arc

poet's mind seems more entirely identified than with the passions ascribed to any other of his heroes and heroines. We find in one of his letters to Taylor something like this said. He has been speaking of Thalaba with at least a parent's love. "The poem compares more fairly with 'Vathek' than with any existing work, and I think may stand by its side for invention. There are parts of the poetry which I cannot hope to surpass. Yet I look with more pride to the truth and the soul that animates 'Joan of Arc.' There is the individual Robert Southey there, and only his imagination in the enchanted fabric." Indeed, to us the individual Robert Southey is present more in "Joan of Arc" than in any of his after poems. Of Southey's larger poems, it has been truly said, by an English commentator on Goethe, that "the object is to exhibit the position of man in a world which, if considered by itself, is insufficient for him. Freedom and happiness, broken and interrupted by surrounding circumstances, are represented as at last secured. 'The last best friend is Death.' In Southey the triumph is everywhere anticipated;—of the life, which is to be for immortality, the birth has already commenced; the poet expresses his own faith not alone in the ultimate predominance of Good—for this who can disbelieve?—but in its present predominance; so that the disturbing mysteries of sin and pain, and all that haunts and disquiets us in the contemplation and the experience of life, while they still remain unexplained, seem as if their very existence was but some strange delusion—a something to pass away. The witchcraft of Thalaba is a dream—the faith of the hero is an enduring thing; the thrones of penal fire in Kehama are felt to be but unsubstantial pageantry; but is there not a life, permanent, enduring, eternal, for the constancy of Ladurlad and the love of Kailal? In all there is the same struggle for life in an element felt not to be the natural one; in all Death comes as the reconciling angel—to every one of his heroes is the same support given—in every one of his poems is the same lesson taught."* So similar in conception are his poems, that we are not surprised that he was simultaneously engaged with all. All except "Roderick" are mentioned as subjects with which he was occupied in his correspondence with Taylor; and the story of Count Julian's daughter, on which he afterward framed his poem of Roderick, is the subject of an early mono-

* *Faustus*.—A dramatic Mystery from Goethe. Longman, 1835.

drama. In a letter of 1805 to Mr. Wynn, we have the subject of "Roderick" announced as occupying his thoughts, and an outline of the poem communicated. Of "Madoc," the conception, he tells us, was formed in his fourteenth year, though the poem was not published for nineteen years afterward. He writes to his friend Bedford, whose life appears to have been clouded with ennui, and whom Southey was always endeavoring to excite to exertion of some kind:—"The want of a favorite pursuit is your greatest source of discomfort and discontent. It is the pleasure of *pursuit* that makes every man happy; whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector, or the philobibl, or the *reader-o-bibl*, and *maker-o-bibl*, like me. Pursuit at once supplies employment and hope. This is that I have often preached to you; but perhaps I have never told you what benefit I have derived from resolute employment. When Joan of Arc was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes of unhappiness as any man need have—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking—my head was full of what I was composing. When I lay down at night, I was planning my poem; and when I arose in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread, and butter, and those little *et ceteras* which amount to a formidable sum,—when a man has no resources; but that poem, faulty as it is, has given me a Baxter's shove into my right place in the world." Never, perhaps, before was there an instance of a man whose profession was literature having past the whole of life in carrying out into distinct realization the projects of his early boyhood. He somewhere speaks of an intention formed while yet at school, of writing an epic poem on each of the great religious systems that have obtained on earth—and something like this he has done with respect to Mahomedanism, to the Hindoo mythology, and to the forms of Christianity that prevailed on the Continent, and in Spain, at the periods of Joan of Arc, and of Roderick. Thalaba, he tells William Taylor, "was meant to embody the more poetical parts of Islam. * * *

By the blessing of God you will see my hypogryff touch at Hindostan, fly

back to Scandinavia, and then carry me among the fire-worshippers of Istakhar; you will see him take a peep at the Jews, a flight to Japan, and an excursion among the saints and martyrs of Catholicism. Only let me live long enough, and earn leisure enough, and I will do for each of these mythologies what I have done for the Mohammedan." In Southey's mind there does not appear to have been the growth which one would anticipate. We see little difference of power, except as far as mere readiness of hand and mechanical execution is concerned, in the works of his early manhood, and in those of his mature age. There is no wider range of thought—no more clear insight into principle—scarcely any increased power of illustration. As against, however, any unfavorable inference that may be deduced from this, we must remember that high powers they were which were so early developed—that the works of few men were equal to those of his boyhood, and that in some classes of poetry, and those of a character in which his originality is undoubted—we speak of such poems as "The Holly Tree," "The Spider," "The Cataract of Lodore"—he has never been surpassed by either man or boy;—we should also remember, if we miss in his poetry the exquisiteness of finish which we find in Coleridge and Landor, the unceasing occupation of Southey, which left no time for touching and retouching. This realization in after life, of what was happily imagined in boyhood, is to us the most beautiful thing in Southey's life. He himself is fond of telling us of having preserved the gayety of childhood to advanced life.

"Time that matures the intellectual part,
Hath tinged my hairs with gray, but left untouched my heart.

* * * * *

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day,
For so that inward light by nature given,
Shall still direct and guide me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which
led

My favored footsteps to the Muses' hill,
Whose arduous steep I have not ceased to
tread."

Southey's life reminds us, in some respects, of Wordsworth's conception of the Happy Warrior.

"Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit who when brought
Among the tasks of real life hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his infant thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to
learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, (miserable train),
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
In face of those does exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, be-
reaves

Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice.

More skillful in self-knowledge, even more
pure

As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Hence also more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he—

Whose powers shed round him in the common
strife

Or mild concerns of ordinary life—

A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

In his poetry was Southey's great refuge from everything that distressed or afflicted him. Poverty was to him at first a religion; "one overwhelming propensity," he says, "has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth, but it has made me happy, and will make me immortal." Madoc was completed on the 12th of July, 1799, at Kingsdown, Bristol. "In those days," says Southey, "I was an early riser. The time so gained was employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers"—Southey was on a visit with him—"came down to breakfast, on the morning after Madoc was completed, I had the first hundred lines of Thalaba to show him fresh from the mint." During this period, Southey's means of support were derived almost entirely from the payment which he received for his contributions to Reviews and Magazines. From the house of Longman, he also obtained some occasional employment in translating from the French. His health broke down under the continual task-work, and Beddoes ordered him to the south of Europe. He was detained by contrary winds at Falmouth:—"Six days we watched the weather-cock and sighed for north-easters. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, admired the sea-anemones in

their ever-varying shapes of beauty—read Gebir, and wrote half a book of Thalaba.” Southey quotes this passage from an old letter of his in his preface to the last edition of Thalaba, because he had introduced the sea-anemones into the part of Thalaba then written, and because he wished to record the fact that he “was sensible of having derived great improvement from the frequent perusal of Gebir at this time.” In a letter to Taylor (October 22, 1799,) he asks him, “Have you seen a poem called Gebir? It appears to me the miraculous work of a madman. Its intelligible passages are flashes of lightning at midnight, like a picture in whose obscure coloring no plan is discoverable, but in every distinct touch you see the master hand.” Writing to Coleridge immediately before his voyage, he says, “I take with me for the voyage your poems, the *Lyrics*, the *Lyrical Ballads*, and *Gebir*; and, except a few books designed for presents, these make all my library. I like *Gebir* more and more. If you ever meet the author, tell him I took it with me on a voyage.”

In July, 1800, we have him at Cintra, riding jackasses, “a fine lazy way of traveling, you have even a boy to beat old Dapple when he is slow. I eat oranges, figs, and delicious pears—drink Colares wine, a sort of half-way excellence between port and claret—read all I can lay my hands on—dream of poem after poem, play after play—take a siesta of two hours, and am as happy as if life were an everlasting to-day, and that to-morrow was not to be provided for.” In about a year he returned restored in health and strength, and found a letter from Coleridge awaiting his arrival. For a sentence from that letter we must make room, as “it describes briefly yet very faithfully,” says Mr. Cuthbert Southey, “the place destined to be my father’s abode for the longest portion of his life—the birthplace of all his children save one, and the place of his final rest.”

“Our house,” says Coleridge, “stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field, and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round, and catches the evening lights in the front of the house. In front we have a giant’s camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale, and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms,

and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings: without going from our own grounds, we have all that can please a human being. As to books, my landlord, who dwells next door, has a respectable library, which he has put with mine—histories, encyclopædias, and all the modern gentry. But then I can have, when I choose, free access to the princely library of Sir Guilford Lawson, which contains the noblest collection of travels and natural history of perhaps any private library in England: besides this, there is the cathedral library of Carlisle, from which I can have any books sent me that I wish; in short, I can truly say that I command all the libraries in the country.”

Southey still wished for a warm climate. Portugal would be the place which he himself would have chosen, but there seemed to have been some facilities for obtaining for him the office of secretary to an Italian legation, and in expectation of this he exulted;—why, think you? Let his letter to Grosvenor Bedford answer. “It is unfortunate that you cannot come to the sacrifice of my one law-book, my whole proper stock, whom I design to take to the top of Mount *Ætna*, for the purpose of throwing him down straight to the devil—huzza! Grosvenor, I was once afraid I should have a deadly deal of law to forget whenever I had done with it, but my brains, God bless them! never received any, and I am as ignorant as heart could wish. The tares would not grow.” Southey did not go to Mount *Ætna* to visit the devil, but to Ireland. FIRE, FAMINE, and SLAUGHTER had been there a year or two before, and, indeed, every year, for the last five hundred, and it seemed no bad place to go to for the purpose of burning his law-books. Well, away he goes. “I saw,” says he, “the sun set behind Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvonshire rose so beautifully before us, that though at sea, it was delightful—the sun-rise was magnificent.” Then comes a storm. At last they land at Balbriggan.

Mr. Corry was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and Southey was appointed his private secretary, with a salary of £400 a year. But before Southey reached Dublin, whom did he meet? “A man whose name is as widely known as that of any human being, except, perhaps, Bonaparte. He is not above five feet, but notwithstanding his figure, he soon became the most important personage of the party. ‘Sir,’ said he, as soon as he set foot on the vessel, ‘I am a unique; I go anywhere, just as the whim takes me; this morning, Sir, I had no idea whatever of going to Dublin; I did not think of it when I left home, my wife and family

knew nothing of the trip. I have only one shirt with me, besides what I have on; my nephew here, Sir, has not another shirt to his back; but money, Sir, money—anything may be had in Dublin.' Who the devil is this fellow? thought I. We talked of rum—he had just bought a hundred puncheons, the weakest drop fifteen above proof—of the west of England, and out he pulls an Exeter newspaper from his pocket—of bank paper, his pocket-book was stuffed full of notes, Scotch, Irish, and English; and I really am obliged to him for some clues to discover forged paper. Talk, talk, everlasting: he could draw for money on any town in the United Kingdom—aye, or America. At last he was made known for Dr. Solomon. At night I set upon the doctor, talking of disease in general, beginning with the Liverpool flux—which remedy had proved most effectual—nothing like the cordial balm of Gilead. At last I ventured to touch upon a tender subject—did he conceive Dr. Brodum's medicine to be analogous to his own? 'Not in the least, Sir—color, smell, all totally different; as for Dr. Brodum, Sir, all the world knows it, it is manifest to everybody, that his advertisements are all stolen, *verbatim et literatim*, from mine. Sir, I don't think it worth while to notice such a fellow.' But enough of Solomon and his nephew, and successor that is to be—the Rehoboam of Gilead—a cub in training."

On their route from Balbriggan to Dublin they saw no trees, all had been cut down for pike-handles.

On being installed in his office, Southey found he had but little to do in what he regarded as his proper business, as secretary, but Corry expected him to act as private tutor to his children, and this did not answer the poet's purposes; so they parted company, and Southey took up his tent at Greta Hall. Coleridge went to Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball. "Mr. Smith says, 'Coleridge is making a fortune in his present situation, or at least, that any one but a poet would make one in it.' How amusing, that the author of 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' should be a commissary fattening under war and Pitt!"*

Southey speaks with impatience of his weary, weary work of criticism:—

Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Stern foe to witticism,
By men called Criticism!

* Taylor to Southey, Oct. 1805.

"This vile reviewing still bird-limes me. I do it slower than anything else, yawning over tiresome work;" yet, in the midst of the rubbish which he had to clear away, as he best could, amid all his dreary journeywork, he never lost sight of the better purposes for which his nature fitted him; and he was wise enough also, in his dealings with the booksellers, to reserve some share to himself of the future copyright in most of what he published. In 1807 we find him mentioning his history of Brazil, and his determination to print it at his own risk, rather than part with the copyright, for which he says he might obtain five hundred guineas; "but I will not sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. *This is not all—I cannot do one thing at a time*; so sure as I attempt it, my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night, and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either for half an hour after supper, and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked!) a heart at ease, I continue to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to get out of order as any man's can be."*

Of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's work, enough has not been published to enable us to form any very decided opinion. It is written in an unaffected, unambitious tone, and in great kindness of spirit to every one mentioned in it. Indeed, we think that in some cases, at this distance of time, there could scarcely have been occasion for the asterisks and blank lines which we now and then meet, filling up the places of omitted names. The passages should be left out or the names given.

The great admiration with which Southey regarded Coleridge is often expressed in his letters. Of Lamb, too, and Wordsworth, we have frequent mention, and always in language of the strongest affection. It is really wonderful how, with his mind engaged in so many projects of his own, he could so fully appreciate the claims of others, and have his heart always awake to their interests. "My father," says Cuthbert Southey, "has yet to be *fully known*, and this I have a good hope will be accomplished by the publication of these volumes."

We conclude with extracts from two poems

* Southey to Taylor, April 12, 1807.

of Southey's, describing himself, one in a playful, the other in a serious spirit.

"Robert the rhymers, who lives at the Lakes,
Describes himself thus to prevent mistakes.

He is lean of body and lank of limb;
The man must walk fast who would overtake him.

His eyes are not yet much the worse for the wear,

And Time has not thinn'd or straightened his hair,

Notwithstanding that now he is more than half-way

On the road from Grizzle to Gray.

He hath a long nose with a bending ridge,
It might be worth notice on Strasburg bridge.

A man he is by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical, very;
Who has gone through the world not mindful of self,

Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself;

Along by-paths and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise."

"My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

"My thoughts are with the Dead! With them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

"My hopes are with the Dead! anon
My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

From the *Athenaeum*.

DEATH OF THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

This month of December has been ushered in by the death of the highest, most powerful, and most popular among the modern "Poets of the People"—we mean, of course, Mr. Ebenezer Elliott. His decease took place on the 1st instant, at his residence, Argilt Hill, near Barnsley:—his age, we believe, being betwixt sixty and seventy years. It is now eighteen years since a notice of the "Corn Law Rhymes," which appeared in the *Athenaeum* [vide Nos. 189, 190, 198,] together with a like panegyric in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, mainly assisted in bringing to light one of the most fierce, fervid, and eloquent men of genius that ever entered the temple of poetical fame through the "iron gate" of Politics. He lived to see the grievance which revealed his genius to himself and to his countrymen pass away among the sins and sorrows that have been.

But the life of Ebenezer Elliott appears, on retrospect, to have been complete in other things besides this. He was born in a village near the town of Sheffield; the son "of a man of education and of great natural humor," who was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment. His father was also a stout Jacobin, and was persecuted and insulted as such by the yeomanry, who used "to amuse themselves periodically by backing their horses through his windows." It was thought a needless waste of time and money to bestow anything beyond the ordinary schooling upon Ebenezer; since the boy, after the fashion of greater poets, was idle over his book—given to kite-flying and bird-nesting rather than to study. He was accordingly placed in a foundry in Sheffield; and for a while we are given to understand in the notice whence these memoranda are derived, lived much as his foundry-mates lived, till the accident of a

botanical work falling into his hands rescued him from the ale-house and touched within him the chords of a higher taste and purer pleasures. Thenceforward they never ceased to vibrate through his verse—and hence the secret of its power: let its theme be never so grim and unpromising. With all the true energy which Elliott displayed in placarding, gibbeting, and otherwise “doing to death” the “accursed Bread Tax,” he was probably never more sincere than when in the Preface to the third volume of the collected edition of his poems (1835) he expressed himself as “sufficiently rewarded if my poetry has led one poor despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to show his desolated heart that, though his wrongs have been heavy and his fall deep, and though the spoiler is yet abroad, still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain-top the lonely fir is pointing with her many fingers to our Father in heaven.” These aspirations were in Mr. Elliott’s case accompanied by a firm resolution to be sufficient to his own independence. Successively (as he himself has acquainted the world) he rose from being a workman into becoming a small tradesman—married, and became the father of many children, whom he educated and put forward in life honorably. Some years since, we believe, Mr. Elliott retired from business; and one of the pleasant pages in Mr. Howitt’s “Homes and Haunts” was that which described the writer’s visit to his residence—pleasant as giving a picture of rest, competence, and cheerful intellectual exertion closing a life which had been busy, anxious, and not clear of storms. At the time of his death Mr. Elliott was occupied in collecting for the press an enlarged edition of his poems. These we cannot pretend to enu-

merate at a moment’s warning; their projected re-appearance rendering the task the less necessary. One of the first (if not the very first) entitled “Love,” with another poem and a letter to Lord Byron, appeared in 1823—nine years before the “Corn Law Rhymes” made its writer famous. Betwixt the years 1830 and 1836 Mr. Elliott followed up his political pamphlet, with sundry other volumes of verse, dramatic, descriptive, and meditative; most of his new appearances being heralded by their page or two of nervous, angry, honest prose—none being without many pages of earnest, or pathetic, or commanding beauty. While—on returning to Mr. Elliott’s poems—we feel a certain incompleteness and want of proportion here and there, which mar our pleasure in them, we have been anew struck by their vigor, by their eloquence, and by their exquisite touches of local beauty. The latter alone will make them sought after, again and again, whenever the nooks and corners of our island, as described by its singers, shall be the theme. If Scott be the poet of Tweedside, and Wordsworth of the Lakes, to Elliott, assuredly, belong the heights and the dales of Yorkshire—and, yet more, its “broad towns,” in which Manufacture is unable to destroy or efface (as puny and faithless folk would tempt us to believe) the elements of poetry that lie in the human heart, “with all its dreams and sighs.” One of Mr. Elliott’s last appearances in rhyme was the biting stanza directed against the Socialists, which was cited in our columns last year. On the whole, his is a career which we can contemplate with sympathy. His, too, is an English name, which the men—whether working or thinking—of every shire of England may delight to honor.

FRANCIS LORD JEFFERY.

ne old in fame go from us; and we start,
Amid our common cares and busy ways,
To find they too are mortal and depart
Whose names have been their country’s pride and
praise:
Learned in her pages, from the storied days
Of a dead generation, with whose powers
And souls—that stood on earth like leaguered tow-
ers—

They coped and conquered, gathering early bays
On fields of thought their victories made ours:
They whom great cities boasted as their wealth,—
Whom strange and nameless pilgrims from far
homes
Sought out in work-day paths, to gaze by stealth
Upon their earthly presence, ere they went
Where glory may not change nor love lament.
Edinburgh, 1850. FRANCIS BROWN.

From the North British Review.

EDINBURGH.

A Letter to the Lord Provost on the Best Ways of Spoiling the Beauty of Edinburgh. By LORD COCKBURN.

IN common with every "right Edinburgh man," we read the pamphlet thus whimsically entitled, not only with that pleasure which, from its singularly original and characteristic style, it must have occasioned even to a stranger, but with feelings of civic satisfaction and pride. We deem it nothing more than proper and seemly, on the part of a community so highly favored, that a sense of the "hourly luxuries" to which Lord Cockburn refers, should thus from time to time be publicly avowed; and we regard it as a subject of no improper gratulation that one so gifted and so beloved, should have found time, in the midst of the engrossing duties of a high and responsible station, to offer, even in these few printed pages, a passing tribute to the beauty of our town.

Strange as it may seem to those of our readers whose imaginations have been in the habit of wandering to other lands in search of beautiful cities, we are willing to incur the charge of local vanity which may attach to the expression of our opinion, that in point of position, at all events, Edinburgh is not only unsurpassed, but is unrivaled by any city in Europe, with the possible exceptions of Corinth and Constantinople. To Rome, notwithstanding the seven hills, it is unquestionably superior both in picturesqueness and variety, and we prefer it to "Firenze la Bella," to Genoa, and even to Naples. Venice is more singular, but we suspect our good citizens, accustomed to the free exercise of their limbs, would soon feel the monotony of a dwelling in the sea. Vienna, the gay and cheerful Vienna that was (and we hope that is again), cannot vie with it; much less the sandy and arid Berlin. The vaunted capital of our Gallic neighbors has no upland range whereon her children might woo the genius of liberty, as they sing the Marseillaise to the mountain wind—no castled crag to remind them of that ultimate appeal from anarchy, of which they

are often forgetful,—and its river, beautiful though it be, is but a sorry substitute for that noble arm of the ever-living sea, which stretches around us its protection whilst it brings us its treasures. With the tame surface of London, its besmoked and besooted parks, its never-ending squalid suburbs, its mean brick-built streets, and the singular infelicity of its architectural monuments, to say nothing of the vulgar bustle of its countless money-making and money-spending millions, we deign not for a moment to compare our bold, grand, poor little town; and Dublin is only a more comely because less plethoric reproduction of her English mother.

Nor is it by comparison alone that we contrive to glorify ourselves. Sometimes we take an absolute instead of a relative view of the matter, and we say, not only has nature been thus bountiful to us beyond others, but she has positively adorned our city and its vicinity with nearly every charm which belongs to this region of the globe. When the man of Edinburgh issues from his door, be he poor or rich, if he be but the uncontrolled master of one short hour, he has only to consult his caprice as to whether it shall be spent in wandering luxuriously between corn-fields, rich as those of Lombardy, and even more fruitful, under trees that would do no discredit to the shady Albano; in scampering like a chamois hunter along breezy cliffs, where the moss and the rock-rose find a scanty nurture; or in inhaling the invigorating breath of the "gladsome ocean," and in cheering his spirits by the contemplation of

"Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on the shore."

All this is "hourly" offered to him—the dweller in a city,—the hand-worker or the head-worker, as the case may be; and thus

living and enjoying, if he sighs for the smoky chimney, with its unblessed wealth, we will not grieve for his departure for a scene more worthy of his genius.

But though we go along with Lord Cockburn, and if we possessed his eloquence, would be disposed almost to go beyond him, in what he has said of the matchless beauty of our city, we are far from joining with him in thinking that we must quietly sit down and reconcile ourselves to the fact, that to this, and to this alone, we not only do, but ever must, owe our social importance. That if we refrain from "spoiling" our natural advantages, or at most if we avail ourselves of them by such moderate architectural and artistical embellishments as may be within the reach of a community never likely to be greatly distinguished for its wealth, we shall have done all that is in our power to render our little metropolis attractive to strangers, and agreeable to ourselves.

That we have little trade, and "mercifully almost no manufactures," are facts to which we have as little difficulty in reconciling ourselves as the learned Lord. The presence of such things would imply the destruction of almost all that we value in Edinburgh now; but is there no avenue to prosperity and importance, except through the crowded marketplace,—no portal to dignity and grandeur which does not lead through the smoke of manufacturing chimneys? "There must be cities of refuge," says his Lordship, happily. Refuge for whom? we would ask; and our past history and our present position, serve to answer the question with little hesitation. Lord Cockburn tells us that "we have supplied a greater number of eminent men to literature, to science, and the arts, than any other town in the empire, with the single exception of London;" that "we have a college of still maintained celebrity;" and, lastly, that we have an "art, of which the brilliant rise within these last thirty years is the most striking circumstance in the modern progress of Scotland." Our refugees, then, it would seem, in his Lordship's opinion, must be men "of literature, of science, and the arts;" and we only regret that he did not find it convenient to dwell at greater length on an idea which, by one felicitous expression, he has thus, perhaps, almost accidentally stirred.

It must be pretty plain to those who have paid any serious attention to the position which Edinburgh holds among the cities of this country, that her real importance depends on her becoming the abode of those who pave the way for action, rather than of those who

act—of those who sketch out the campaign of the future from a study of the past, rather than of those who work in the trenches of the present. For the man of action we neither have, nor can create, a field; in this sense our city is not, and never again can become a metropolis. A few lawyers may find a sphere of reasonable activity in doing the public business of the country, and in their case the rewards of a successful performance of their duties may satisfy a moderate ambition. They may become *respectable* in the highest degree, but their profession, or the practice of it at all events, can bring them little glory beyond the limits of their native town—it leads to none of the higher state preferments, and the very possibility of attaining to a peerage (that ultimate goal of an English lawyer's ambition) by its means, is very unfairly, as it seems to us, cut off. For the politician there is no field whatever, beyond what every town of equal size in the empire presents. Even for the mere animal activity of the sporting man, our city offers no fitting arena. We are not rash enough to ride with him, nor rich enough to bet with him, and the very narration of his exploits we are frequently uncivil enough to treat as a bore. With the man of trade and commerce we have already, almost eagerly, consented to part company. But if thus we must take leave of the *επαγγελματις* in all his departments, and must even, reluctantly it may be, bid adieu to the *εὐλαβὴς*, with a friendly shake of the hand and a *bon voyage*, it is only in order that we may clasp the *θεωρηματίας* more warmly in our embrace. Do we murmur against fate? We believe, on the contrary, that what she seems thus to dictate, is nothing more than what every Edinburgh man of the better sort has already a thousand times done in his heart. We wish nothing but success and prosperity to those whose pursuits are different from our own; nay, the immediate consequence of a recognition of our special department, as a thinking rather than an acting community, will be a heightening of our good-will, since it necessarily removes those feelings of rivalry which must have existed, had our objects of ambition been identical with those of our fellow-subjects of Glasgow or Birmingham. Nor is even sympathy cut off by the distinction for which we contend, for though dissimilar, our pursuits are by no means antagonistic. The political philosopher, the moralist, and the man of science, are indebted, one and all of them, in this country, chiefly to the trading and manufacturing communities, for the data

from which they proceed and the tests to which they appeal. Were it not for this constant reference to experience and experiment, their labors must speedily terminate in a vague, as they would have arisen in an objectless theorizing. If the whole world had resembled the society in which its author moved, the "Wealth of Nations" could not have been written. But even those pursuits which react most immediately on each other, are often by no means most successfully pursued, either by the same individual, or in the same circumstances. The quietest nook of a Cambridge cloister is a fitting retreat for an abstract mathematician, whilst the practical engineer, who is to test the value of his labors, finds a more congenial abode amid the cyclopean forges of Birmingham and Sheffield. Whilst we acknowledge our dependence upon, and profess our sympathy with, the operative portion of the community, we must, at the same time, recognize the distinction which exists between their function and our own. We must not be forever affecting a desire ourselves to enter upon a career of enterprise at variance at once with our history, our opportunities, and our tastes. It is not less important for communities than for individuals that the tentative period of life should have an end. "*Male vivunt qui semper vivere incipiunt.*" We must read the past and interpret the present, and manfully and resolutely abide by the results.

But our readers may here meet us with the objection, that the only practical result of our reasoning is that matters should be left pretty much as they are. What guarantee, they may ask, do you give us, that we shall succeed in making Edinburgh a literary and scientific more than a mercantile and a manufacturing metropolis? To some extent, it may be admitted that she partakes at present of the one character rather than of the other, but where is our assurance that we shall succeed in advancing her in the former course rather than in the latter? We reply, 1st, That generally, no guarantee for the future can be stronger than that which is derived from the history of the past, and that, in the case of our own city, every effort in the one direction has been successful, whereas all that has been attempted in the other has failed. We are not now writing an historical article, and to Edinburgh men, to whom we chiefly address these pages, it would be tedious that we should furnish them with a demonstration which their own recollections can so thoroughly supply.

We pass then, at once, from the consideration of our historical to that of our present position, and we assert,

2d, That every tendency of Edinburgh life is in the one direction, not in the other.

When we speak of Edinburgh as having ceased to hold out, to the man of action, the inducements of a capital, we must not be understood as saying that it has forfeited all claim to that character. Nothing can be more erroneous than to liken it to such places as Bath, or Cheltenham, or any of the mere pleasure-towns of England, where such portions of the boundless leisure of the inhabitants as the daily newspapers and the latest novels are not sufficient to consume, are usually divided between yawning and whist, except where, by a still more felicitous arrangement, these latter amusements are combined. Edinburgh, after her quiet fashion, is a busy place enough, and, London excepted, unquestionably fulfills the idea of a capital more than any other city in this country. She has nothing of that air of a proconsular residence, which, while it confers on Dublin a certain external splendor, unfortunately renders her more like to Calcutta, or Montreal, than to the capital of any European country, however small. There is no foreign ruling class in Edinburgh; what she has is Scotch, and what Scotland has is hers. From her, as from the heart of the land, the life-blood of Scotland issues forth, and to her it returns freely again. Every Scotchman finds in her a common centre for his sympathies. The inhabitants of Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Perth, have no bond of union, other than as the inhabitants of a common country; but every man of them feels that he is a tie to Edinburgh. It is to her that he looks for his news, his praise, his influence, his justice, and his learning; and with reference to this latter circumstance, it is very important for the present branch of our subject, that we should keep in view one very marked distinction between this country and England.

In England, the learned class is the clergy; with us, partly in consequence of our Church holding out no direct inducements to reconcile learning, either in the shape of affluent leisure, or of high preferments, attainable by its means, but most of all, we believe, for the much better reason of the clergy devoting almost their whole energies to the discharge of the strictly ministerial duties of their sacred calling, such is not the case, and the function thus abandoned by the Church has, in a great measure, been discharged by the

Bar. We offer no opinion as to whether this is or is not as it ought to be, we simply state it as a fact, not unimportant in considering the present aspect and tendencies of society in Edinburgh. In Scotland, for centuries, the Bar has been a *caste* rather than a profession—a species of secular priesthood, if we may use the expression, to which, from the peculiar development of society among us, men of letters, and even of science, as well as practical lawyers, have found it convenient to belong. It may be regarded as the great intellectual club of our country; and latterly, since its political importance as a profession has diminished, and the clergy have withdrawn themselves more entirely from secular avocations, it has partaken of this character even more than formerly. As an illustration of the extent to which this is now the case, we may mention, that in the University of Edinburgh, at the present moment, the whole of the Chairs in the Faculty of Arts, excepting those of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, are filled by members of the Bar, they being thus in the proportion to all other professions, of six to three,—whilst there is not a single Scotch clergyman, and only one churchman of any kind, the professor of mathematics, who, we understand, is in English orders. In the neighboring University of St. Andrews the case is similar; and even the far distant Aberdeen has not escaped their influence. But not only has the higher teaching of the country fallen thus to the share of a class of men resident in our city, but nearly all the higher periodical literature of Scotland is also in their hands, and we suspect no inconsiderable portion of that of England to boot. The Edinburgh Review, long the most powerful critical organ in Europe, is well known to have emanated from their body, and is still almost entirely conducted by them. Blackwood was, and is, so far as we know, *in pari casu*; and the Quarterly is understood to be under the superintendence of a Scotch advocate. One great cause of the remarkable and varied activity of this class of our citizens, is to be found, we believe, in the singular diversity of their training. From the passion for travel which has at all times characterized the Scotch, and the custom, still existing among them, of finishing their education in foreign countries, we find amongst those belonging to the profession of the law in Edinburgh, men partaking of the intellectual peculiarities of almost every European nation; and leading as they do an eminently public life, and mingling continu-

ally together, scarcely any one is thus permitted to slumber quietly on in his own opinion, or sluggishly to take refuge behind a bulwark of authority.

But whether the extra-professional activity of the Bar is to be ascribed to the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed, or to other circumstances coming, either accidentally from without, or springing necessarily from within, the fact is certain, that here in our own city, we have, within the pale of one single profession, not only as great a number of men who exercise an intellectual influence as is to be found in any other society of equal size, but what is more to our present purpose, nearly the whole intellectual activity of Scotland. We can scarcely doubt that a movement in the direction we have suggested would be in harmony with the wishes, as it certainly would be with the interests, of these men; and the question then comes to be, ought we, the citizens, rashly to throw to the winds the aid that they may possibly afford us in advancing our prosperity and increasing our importance? If we follow an opposite course,—if we strive after a trading and commercial development, we must lay our account with dispensing not only with their assistance, but also with the residence of many of them among us. If legal customs and *habits* have become indispensable to them, it is as easy to belong to the English as the Scotch Bar; most of the enterprising publishers are unhappily even now resident in London, and the formation of a Scotch Literary Colony in that city is by no means an impossible, and if we provoke it, perhaps not even an improbable event.

But though we have spoken of the Bar as a prominent example of the present tendencies and capabilities of Edinburgh society, it is not to it only that we are to trust, or from it alone that we would draw our augury. We believe that among all the professional classes, there is a remarkable unanimity on this subject. The other branches of the legal profession, though seldom actively engaged in literary occupations, usually manifest no inconsiderable sympathy with those who are; and as regards the medical profession, the high position which our school has always held, and the celebrity of many of our practitioners of the present time, are sufficient guarantees for the liberal views and tastes of its members. Nor are the interests of the medical profession, as might at first sight appear, at war with their feelings in this matter. An increased population, of

whatever kind, would no doubt widen the range of medical practice; but our medical men are usually of such a class as to appreciate the advantage which, to those whose pride and whose pleasure it is to cultivate their profession as a science, arises from their being resident in a city which is the seat of a great medical school. For all the purposes of a school, Edinburgh is already sufficiently large, and if it were swollen to the proportions of Glasgow, or even London, though the number of practitioners who should gain a subsistence might be greater, it is by no means likely that their character, either for science or skill, would be raised.

But apart from the professional classes altogether, we are persuaded that the feelings of the great body of the people are in harmony with the views which we have indicated. We believe that the pride with which an intelligent Edinburgh tradesman regards his native city, has quite as much to do with its former and present literary celebrity, as with any other circumstance connected with it. When he looks on the monuments which our gratitude has raised to the benefactors of our city in former times, he finds that, with scarcely a single exception, they commemorate the labors of men of letters; and he remembers that these men have not only earned for themselves, but have conferred upon us a celebrity lasting beyond what the most successful career of mercantile speculation could have secured. He reflects that in the case of an individual, real grandeur consists less in what is possessed or enjoyed, than in what is left behind; that the case of a community is similar; and that with us the man of letters alone has a sphere which enables him to lay hold of the future, either on his own behalf or on ours. Of him alone, then, can we safely pride ourselves in the present, for to him alone can belong, and through him alone can come to us, the longevity of fame. If the place of their birth is to be an inheritance to our children, it must be as the birth-place also of those whose laurels the gratitude of men will not suffer to wither. But we can twine no wreath for a conqueror, we have no field for a ruler, and the thinker is their only peer.

But when we have spoken of the professional and trading classes, we have by no means exhausted even the influential portions of our community. There is a large body of sojourners within our walls, who compose a fluctuating, but as regards both wealth and position, by no means an unimportant

part of the population of Edinburgh. These persons, we believe, are attracted to our city for the most part by one or other of these causes.

First, and chiefly it may be, as Lord Cockburn asserts, by the beauty of the place.

Second, By the excellence and cheapness of the education which they can here procure for their families; and

Third, By the prospect which Edinburgh society holds out of their being here able to gratify those refined and cultivated tastes which they may have elsewhere formed.

That their residence among us is desirable for all classes of the indigenous population, but particularly for our tradesmen, to whom their presence annually brings a large accession of business, cannot be doubted; and in order to secure their continuance, or to increase their numbers, whichever of the above-mentioned causes may have formed their original inducement, we can see no line of conduct more effectual than that which we here recommend. Nor is it unreasonable to hope that so long as our endeavor is thus to gather within our city, to a still greater extent, those attractions which have already marked it out in their eyes as a suitable place of residence, their sympathies will not be confined to such an expression of good-will as their continued residence would afford.

3d, We have already in some measure anticipated our third reason for the view which we have here taken of the possible future of our city—that, viz., which arises from the peculiar character of the place itself. We have said that it is a capital to the extent of containing the springs both of action and thought, so far as Scotland is concerned, and that there is life enough circulating in it still to preclude the appearance of those fungous excrescences in the body social, which the stagnation of provincial towns is so apt to generate. But to the man of letters its negative are perhaps more important than even its positive advantages. Amongst the chief of these we must reckon the circumstance, that from living in a community where few are idle, he is in a great measure freed from the inroads of gossip. Although eccentricity is unquestionably very often affected by those who, in their occupations and modes of thinking, differ in nothing from the vulgar, it is equally certain that in proportion to the grasp which men have of the deeper realities of life will their value for what is contingent and conventional diminish, and the consequences will be, par-

ticularly among the students of abstract truth, whose avocations rarely bring them in contact with the world, a style of living and acting inconsistent with the habits of those who are doing the ordinary business of life. The occupations of such men will almost necessarily give rise to habits which will seem strange to many, though in themselves they may be blameless, and, with reference to the objects for which the individuals live, positively praiseworthy. Those of this description will not only act without reference to effect, but, liberty being the first boon which they ask from society, they will feel seriously constrained and annoyed by any sensation which their irregularities may produce. They will have none of the consolations which, in all cases of annoyance, fall to the share of the pretended eccentric, who, conscious that to glory in the results of any course of conduct can never be his, finds, in the wonder which his mode of life excites, a recompense for the effort which his vanity has imposed upon him. Their eyes being fixed on the end, they ask only for an occasion to employ the means without constraint; but as few men, even of this class, are superior to the influence of opinion, they will feel thoroughly unconstrained only where they can escape observation. We are far from holding out so vain a hope as that Edinburgh can furnish a complete immunity from vulgar annoyance, but we believe it will be felt quite as little here as in any of the numerous circles into which the society of such places as London and Paris is broken up, and infinitely less than in any of the provincial towns of England.

But in addition to being delivered from the obtrusive curiosity of neighbors, the man of cultivated tastes will probably find that in Edinburgh he enjoys a comparative relief from other sources of annoyance which elsewhere meet him at every turn. There is here, perhaps, as little of that foolish idolatry of mere wealth as is consistent with the rudeness of the measure by which the common herd of mankind must ever mete their reverence; and even pedigree, for the most part, is valued only in so far as it is a guarantee for good manners. But what to the fastidious man above all things is valuable, there are few vulgar sights or sounds which he will be here called upon to encounter. From the singular felicity of the situation, he can scarcely select a residence from which his eye will not be gratified by the sight of natural beauty; and even the architectural features of the city, though far from fault-

less, are unquestionably superior to those of any other British town. There is less of a squalid population than in most places of similar extent; and the lower orders, when not weighed down by poverty, are a good, and, as it strikes us, a handsome Saxon race. Even in the humbler matters which contribute to the every day enjoyment of life, there are few things which either the senses or the imagination can desire, which are not within the reach of the moderately wealthy in Edinburgh. The southron will not find it a land of flowers, for of their culture we are perhaps more neglectful than even the climate warrants; but if the coarser gratifications of the sense of taste will content him, he will have no difficulty in satisfying a rational Epicureanism.*

But though it will probably be admitted without much hesitation, that, for the residence of persons of this class, Edinburgh, both in point of natural and accidental advantages, is singularly suited; and though many will also agree with us in thinking that it is to the increase of their numbers that we must look for our advancement both in prosperity and reputation, few perhaps of our fellow-citizens will be willing, at first sight, to recognize the extent to which it seems to us we have hitherto been neglectful of our duty toward them. It will be strange to those who have been accustomed complacently to regard their native city as what Lord Cockburn calls a "city of refuge" for the muses, to be told that there is scarcely a town of equal size in Europe that holds out

* It has always appeared to us that there is something particularly pleasing to the imagination in the manner in which the article of fish is brought upon our tables in Edinburgh. From the moment when it quits the sea to that in which it touches our palates, there is not a single stage of its progress which we cannot contemplate with pleasure. In "the pride of the morning," to use a fisherman's phrase—of a bright morning, we shall suppose, in this present month of February, when the sun has scarcely gilded the east beyond the green Inchkeith, and the "trailing garments of the night" still cover the western hills, your cod is hauled up glittering in the dawn, by the hands of brave and honest men. Thence, through the sparkling sea, it is borne to the stone pier at Newhaven, where, instead of suffering the indignity of the huckster's cart—the fate of fish in all other marts—it is transferred to the shoulders of a strapping and tidy, perhaps pretty wench, who, clothed in a quaint, antique, but very becoming garb, singing and jesting with her "kimmera," as she strides along, bears it to your door. There, after a world of chattering, it is purchased, for a sum not greatly exceeding its value, by your own ancilla, who with friendly hands prepares it for your board.

so few direct encouragements to men of letters, and that if the gifted, the wise, or the learned are to be found within our walls, it is to a kind interposition on our behalf that we are indebted for the circumstance, rather than to any exertion of our own or of our fathers. As a test of the accuracy of this observation, let us contemplate for a moment the condition of our University, and contrast it with the manner in which the idea belonging to such institutions has elsewhere been realized. A University, when discharging its proper functions, forms the heart and centre of the literary institutions of the country. The source from which solid learning is expected to flow, and by means of which the disconnected and random efforts of the community of letters are to be gathered up and weighed against the existing memorials of the past, either to be dismissed as worthless, or to receive a deeper and more consistent meaning—it must be at once a magazine and a laboratory of thought. The notion which has too much prevailed in Scotland, of its being a mere teaching institution, a sort of Higher-School, by no means either corresponds with, or exhausts its true idea. In order to satisfy as it ought the intellectual wants of a community which has passed the first stages of development, it must be an institution where learning is fostered and advanced as well as communicated,—and for the performance of these two different functions it will require to be furnished with laborers of very different characters. The lively, energetic, and accurate public lecturer will by no means always be found in the person of him whose insight into his subject is deep, and who can advance its boundaries into the region of the unknown. Yet, but for men of the latter class, where would be the function of the former? Nor is it enough when we perceive that the investigator is an equally, or as a rarer, even a more valuable character than the instructor: if we would be just to him, we must go farther, and admit that he is the one who must *necessarily* stand most in need of our protection. The successful teacher, without aid of ours, will have no difficulty in securing a competent portion of the goods of fortune, for he is able to bring to sale a commodity for which there is a ready market in these times. But it is different with the investigator, the original worker or thinker, as the case may be. Years of unintermitting and unknown toil must by him be spent in producing a book, pamphlet, or it may be a series of notes,

which, though invaluable to the learned in his department, and to mankind through them, will never yield to their author the return which a popular writer will obtain for a trifling tale, or an eminent lawyer for conducting the most trumpery case. Now, in all other Universities except those of Scotland, provision is made, either directly or indirectly, for laborers of this class. The munificent endowments of Oxford and Cambridge, whatever we may think of the manner in which they are administered, or of the results which they at present produce, are well known to be more than sufficient to satisfy this requirement, to the small extent to which it exists in England at present. In every one of the foreign Universities of which we know anything—in those of France, of Germany, and even of Italy—there is a little army of professors in every possible department, *publice, privatim, et privatissime docentes*, of whom, though the immunity may not, as in the case of Oxford, be openly recognized, many, and these the most eminent, are never expected to take part in actual teaching.*

* As we have reason to think that many of our readers, though acquainted with this fact in a general way, are ignorant of the *extent* to which the custom of encouraging learning by means of nominal professorships prevails in Germany, at all events, we shall subjoin a list of the numbers in the different departments in the University of Berlin, which we extract from the *Verzeichniss* of lectures for the winter session 1842-3, the latest which we happen to possess; and by way of contrast, we shall add the corresponding numbers in our own University for the present year.

	Berlin.	Edinburgh.
Theology, ...	12	2
Law, ...	15	3
Medicine, ...	35	8
Philosophy, ...	12	2
Mathematics, ...	9	1
Natural Science, ...	20	4
Art and the History of Art, ...	6	2
Politics, Diplomacy, and Manufactures, ...	9	0
History and Geography, ...	8	1
Philology, ...	21	3
	150	26

We exclude from our computation the teachers of modern languages, along with the fencing masters, riding masters, gymnasts, &c., whom the *exhaustive* principle, which lies at the root of so much both of the folly and the wisdom of our neighbors, has there induced them to add to the staff of the University; and we ought farther to explain, that of the one hundred and fifty Professors whom we have enumerated, *all* are not actually in the pay of the State, though enjoying the privileges of the University; that is, of publicly teaching by its authority, within its walls, and of receiving fees from their

But before proceeding to any further arguments which may occur to us in favor of the encouragement of men of learning, derived from the advantages which their residence among us may be expected to confer, we think it not amiss that we should here consider for a moment whether this question, bound up as it is with that of the encouragement of learning itself, and the whole mental progress of that portion of our race over which our influence extends, ought not to be viewed by us in the far higher light of a positive duty. We continually hear of the duty of educating the people; it is enthusiastically acknowledged by the popular voice, and latterly it has been recognized by the Legislature in a series of enactments, which, however inconsistent and unsystematic we may think them, sufficiently prove the sincerity with which it is felt. But all this has reference to the dissemination of knowledge alone, and that, too, only in its lower departments. Is then our whole duty, as men, or as a community, fulfilled, when we have spread among the middle and lower classes such an amount of knowledge as is consistent with their circumstances and position in life; and is every effort of intelligence beyond this to be left to the guidance of accident, aided by such means as centuries ago our ancestors had provided for the purpose? Have our wants, which in the lower departments of mental culture have so marvelously increased, remained stationary in the highest alone? Has God made man responsible for his gifts only up to a certain point, or will the indefinite multiplication of ministers in the vestibule of the temple of knowledge, exculpate us for neglecting the support of those whose function it is to watch over the sacred fire within? The learning of a community is the fountain from which civil-

ization flows forth to it like a bountiful river; and if so much of our duty consists, as we seem to acknowledge, in devising the means of duly disseminating these vivifying waters over the social field, shall we be blameless if we neglect to see to it, that the source is pure, and the supply abundant?

But even if we suppose our duty to terminate with the dissemination of such knowledge as we now as a community possess, we ought to bear in mind that our only security in the possession consists in our constant employment of the means of advancement. In knowledge, as in virtue, and most things human, there is no possibility of standing still; if there is no progress, there will speedily be retrogression, nay, even the very fact of our ceasing to advance, is itself equivalent to a step backward. The man who arrives at the end of one single day without being wiser than he was at its beginning, will infallibly be deteriorated to the extent to which the habit of mind, which brought him thus far, will have suffered relaxation. Now this same habit of mind, this *hexis*, or whatever we may call it, is in truth the most valuable characteristic of mental culture; and thus, though no actual fact has been forgotten during the season of torpor, a very sensible loss may still have occurred. The "perdidi diem" of the Roman, if true, expressed only half the truth, for, in losing the day, he lost a portion also of his own being, and of the power which he would otherwise have possessed of availing himself both of the days which preceded, and of those which should follow.

But if a portion of existence cannot be cut off in the case of an individual with impunity to the rest of it, neither can it in that of a community; and if we cease as a nation to struggle on in the upward, we shall very soon be forced into the downward path. If by neglecting the means we lose the habit of acquiring knowledge, our stock in hand will diminish as we ourselves are deteriorated, till our disseminating friends will find in the end nothing left to disseminate; and the Philosophical Institution, as the last relic of Edinburgh civilization, will be closed by the orders of a barbarian Provost. We may depend upon it that there is a most intimate sympathy which exists between the members of the body intellectual, and that every effort that is neglected in behalf of learning, in its highest departments, is a blow struck at our whole civilization. If amongst the professors in our Universities there are none who are boldly pushing on in the paths of inquiry,

pupils. Besides the academicians, however, who are the great European men of Germany, and with whose position, hovering as they do between the University and the Court, we are not accurately acquainted, we can count about fifty-four of the above list who are *ordinary Professors*, receiving an income of about 1000 thalers (£150) per annum, besides what they derive from fees, and altogether in the enjoyment of what may be equivalent to about £500 or £600 a year in Edinburgh. The average number of students at Berlin is under 2000; and as they do not attend a greater number of lectures than students in Edinburgh do, it is obvious that so large a staff of Professors cannot be required for purposes of mere teaching. In the smaller Universities, Leipzig, Bonn, Halle, &c., there is a similar provision for men of learning, by means of nominal Professorships.

we shall not stand still simply, but the torpor which waits upon inactivity will be diffused as a new element of mischief, to the meanest and most distant of our provincial schools. For an example of the manner in which this action takes place, we need look no farther than to the history of classical studies in our own city. In these, for half a century at least, we have not even made an effort to advance; and the result has been that, not only as compared with the rest of the world, but absolutely, we have gone backward. It may be, that even at the period to which we refer, in the days of our Humes, our Stewarts, and our Robertsons, we were not very distinguished for scholarship: but there is every reason to think that most well-educated Scotchmen then (educated in Scotland) possessed a very fair and creditable acquaintance with the writers of antiquity. As learning then existed in these branches, at all events, they were probably on a par with other Europeans. Now, however, we grieve to say, our inferiority is almost beyond dispute; and to such a pass have matters come with us of late, that instead of being able to complete the education of our youth in this department, we cannot even *prepare* them to avail themselves of an English or Foreign University. The standard of scholarship in the highest philological classes in our University is absolutely inferior to that in the fifth form of any respectable English or German school! Let it not be supposed that, in bringing this disgraceful fact thus openly before the public, we mean to cast any imputation on the efficacy of individual labors. The fault, in our opinion, lies now in the system, not in the men, (whether some men may not, by sins of omission, at all events, be responsible for the continuance of the system, is another matter;) but as it now exists, until some radical changes are introduced, some bracing measures applied to the whole teaching of the country, by the adoption either of an entrance examination at the University as in England, or of a departing examination at school as in Germany, no real amelioration can be expected from the individual efforts even of the most energetic professors. With such mere boys as compose at present the majority of their pupils, and these boys also in stages of advancement the most various, it is absolutely impossible for the professor to do more than teach them the merest elements of learning.

But it is not merely as illustrating the tendency of the wheel of learning to run

backward, so soon as we cease to urge it in an onward course, that we have been induced to refer to the condition of classical learning amongst us. In a community which finds its chief enjoyment in those tastes and pursuits which we are happy to think distinguish our city, the neglect into which classical studies have fallen, seems to us more especially to be regretted, since in the case of most persons it is only by a continual exercise of that sterner criticism which is necessary for appreciating the severer beauties of the writers of antiquity, that those habits of superficial dilettantism, and indolent receptivity, which are so apt to take possession of those who pursue literature as a mere pastime, can be warded off. It is given to few to be originally productive, and nature herself has wisely arranged that there should be hearers as well as expounders of the word. But whilst we acquiesce in this arrangement, we must bear in mind that even a worthy hearing is by no means so light a matter as is sometimes supposed. If the sole advantage which any one derives from coming in contact with superior minds, be a species of intellectual titillation from which he derives a pleasure of which he can give no rational account, and which he describes, if at all, in phrases only of vague delight and stupid wonder, then for all good and serious purposes assuredly, the contact had better not have taken place. Ennui may be relieved, or vanity gratified by its means, but its only after effect will be a derangement of the mental, similar to that which the use of stimulants produces on the bodily system. In such a case there is neither digestion nor assimilation, the palate has been tickled, but the principle of life has received no augmentation. Still the memory, in all probability, has retained the facts with a marvelous tenacity, for as food lies unaltered in a weak stomach, so a mind in which there is no generalizing power has the faculty of preserving dead knowledge. Now, if a cure is to be hoped for in such a case as this, it must be by the adoption of a system, the tendency of which will be to brace and invigorate the intellect, and to develop, if possible, the thinking principle. But we can act upon this principle only by exercise, and the question then comes to be, in what department shall we exercise it? The close and perfectly abstract reasoning of Mathematics is a drudgery to which a person of the class we have supposed will scarcely submit, and the subjects about which it is conversant are, besides, totally without interest to one of an enthusiastic and imaginary tem-

perament. Philosophy, on the other hand, in its abstract form, to many men is an impossible study. In its very first steps, it calls for the exercise of those powers of reflection which are the last to develop themselves in all minds, and which in many minds of great activity and no small acuteness, are almost wholly wanting even to the last. For such men the principles of philosophy have no subjective life, for an appeal to consciousness with them is impossible; and even if they should be capable of following the reasoning, the data upon which it proceeds will seem as arbitrary as those which lie at the root of heraldry or chess. If they learn it at all as a science, to them it will be simply a science of facts, in which light it is probably, of all sciences, the most profitless. But with philosophy in some shape or other, consciously or unconsciously, we must all have to do; and though impossible to many in its abstract, it is by no means necessarily so in its concrete form. To how many persons, for instance, could the character of Othello or of Juliet be critically explained, to whom a psychological development of the passions of love or jealousy would be utterly incomprehensible. It is when allied with criticism alone that philosophy can be popularized without being degraded. But for the purposes of philosophical criticism, and particularly with a view to mental training, there are many reasons why the study of the ancients has been preferred to that of the moderns. The simplicity of form which belongs to their works, and the rigor with which it is adhered to, renders a half understanding of them almost impossible. If we comprehend them so as to derive any æsthetic pleasure from their perusal at all, we will perceive in them a completeness which, even in the greatest moderns, we have difficulty in discovering. A passion is exhibited rather than a character; and the complexity of life being exchanged for the simplicity of art, the consequence is that the study of them insensibly develops our powers of abstraction. It is as near an approach to metaphysics as is possible for many minds; for whilst form is still present to such an extent as to preserve them from that bewilderment into which they immediately fall when they attempt abstract reasoning, it is so transparent as to exhibit the idea almost as an abstraction.

But to some it may seem that the class of minds to which our argument applies, is of so low an order as not to warrant us in adapting the instruction of the community to its requirements; that so little serious benefit

can be conferred on persons of a character so superficial, however great may be their activity or their zeal, that the best course we can follow is to leave them out of account, and form our arrangements exclusively with reference to those in whose case nature seems willing to join hands with the schoolmaster. Now, we do not admit that there is any portion of mankind, and more particularly of the zealous and striving part of it, which the rest is thus entitled to cast overboard, and therefore we demur to the justice of the view itself; but even supposing it to be one on which we were entitled to act, we deny that it has any force against our argument. Though the course we have recommended may be the only possible one with such minds as these, it does not follow that it may not be the best and safest with others of a much higher order, and that even with the highest it may not be as good as any other. To minds of the second of these classes the search after abstract truth demands an effort too severe to be long continued. An occasional flight into the higher and thinner air of pure philosophy they will find bracing and healthful, but it is in the lower regions of the concrete that the path of their usefulness lies. Literature, in short, not philosophy, is their calling, and criticism, not speculation, must be their daily food. Nor does it seem necessary, even in minds of the very highest order, that the course of training, in so far as it is conducted by others, should be different. By them learning will be turned to higher uses than those of criticism; but it is by its means alone, in their own department, that they can stand on the vantage-ground of the past, and calmly and steadily look forth into the future. The peculiar depth which has characterized all the recent philosophical systems of Germany, as compared with those which have sprung up either in France or among ourselves, is, we believe, in no small degree owing to the extensive acquaintance which their authors possessed with the philosophy of Greece.

Nor can it be said that these studies are alien to the natural genius of our people, for, leaving out of account their connection with metaphysics, to which a greater number of minds have always turned in this country than in England, we know that at one most momentous period of our history they were not only cultivated with success, but that they bore to us fruits which even now we are daily reaping. It is the glory of classical learning that its revival was among the leading causes of those two events which decided the whole

intellectual life and progress of Europe, the rise of art in Italy, and the German Reformation; and it was no accidental coincidence, that in Scotland, where the principles of Protestantism were so heartily embraced, classical studies were then cultivated with a degree of assiduity and success very remarkable, when we consider the poverty of the country, and the incessant troubles of the times. Nor did the devotion of our fathers to learning stop short whenever they had received this benefit at our hands. Even in after times, when a variety of unfavorable circumstances had prevented a farther development of what had so brilliantly commenced in Buchanan and Melville, the prevalence of a certain acquaintance with these subjects, the extent to which the beginnings of a learned education had been imparted to all ranks of Scotchmen, was a subject of astonishment in every country into which their well-known wandering propensities led them, and contributed not a little to the success which usually attended their undertakings.

But it is not in classical philology alone that we have thus fallen behind the world. The advances which have been made in other departments of the science itself have been, if possible, greater than in this. Comparative philology has been called into existence within the last half century, and has thrown light upon regions of history which our fathers had handed over to impenetrable night. Ethnology, seizing on its results, has disclosed ties of forgotten kindred between race and race, and bound mankind together like the children of one house. In no science, with the single exception of chemistry, it may be, has such progress been made within the memory of man. The success with which learning has been applied to this subject in all its departments, is the glory of an age not very distinguished for creative literary effort. Yet who is there to guide our youth into this newly-discovered land of knowledge? What laborer have we sent into this fruitful field? or what traveler have we tempted to relate to us the wonders he has seen? Even of those northern tongues from which are derived about five out of every six words that we utter, there is no authorized or competent expounder in our city; and if any knowledge of them prevails in the community at all, it is owing to individual industry, or accidental foreign instruction. As regards our own language, at all events, it will surely seem not a little preposterous to any intelligent man, that the systematic study of it should terminate, as it does with most of us, at the

age of nine or ten; and yet what opportunities do the institutions of our city afford for carrying it farther? In this, as in classical learning, we have allowed even our English neighbors to outstrip us, for both at Oxford and in London there are chairs devoted to the history of our mother tongue, which, though of recent origin, have already been filled by a succession of men of very considerable eminence.*

We shall not dwell longer at present on the crying evils of our University system, as at no distant period we shall probably be forced to treat of them in a more detailed and systematic manner. But there is one other subject allied, and more closely, we believe, than is generally admitted, to sound and radical critical learning, to which even in the cursory and imperfect sketch which we are here attempting, of the most prominent defects in the learned and educational institutions of our town, a few words before parting must positively be devoted. The subject to which we refer is that of art, properly so called; and whilst we approach it more hopefully than any of the others, in consequence of the interest which it already excites, we do so at the same time with greater hesitation, from the amount of ready-made opinion which we must necessarily encounter. When we speak of art as nearly allied to criticism, and more especially to the critical study of the ancients, we do so with reference to that very circumstance which constitutes the test of whether a particular work is or is not entitled to rank as a legitimate work of art,—we mean its absolute and ideal character. The great and distinguishing excellence both of the art and the literature of Greece, and in a great measure of that supplement which the Romans added to them, consists in the ideal spirit in which all their productions are conceived. The region of the absolute, to which, in other times, one or two favored minds, in their happiest moments, have succeeded in attaining, is to them

“ Their own calm home, their crystal shrine,
Their habitation from eternity.”

That same union of the utmost possible simplicity of manner, with grandeur of sentiment and conception, which characterizes the

* On subjects connected with modern philology we find no less than eleven Professors advertising to read in the Berlin Verzeichniss, to which we before referred, among whom occur the well-known names of the two Grimms and Von der Hagen.

early masters of the Florentine school, in comparison with their great successors, marks the position which the art of classical antiquity bears even to the most eminent of succeeding ages. It was the consciousness of the truth and heroic greatness of the antique which led the kindred nature of a Michael Angelo to withdraw himself proudly from the art of his own age, wonderful as it was, in order to dwell in solitary communion with the naked and austere form in which the Grecian sculptor had "objectivized" the law of the grand and the beautiful. But in saying this we would not be understood as at all wishing to exalt the works which genius brought forth in one age, over those which it produced in another; and we believe there are few of the adherents either of the classical or romantic school, who will not confess along with us, that those who, like Raphael, Thorwaldsen, and Goethe, have succeeded in combining the objective perfection of the one with the subjective depth of the other, produce a *tertium quid* often more exquisite than belongs exclusively to either. The relative position and characteristic tendencies of each have been most aptly described by Goethe, when he says that the idea of ancient art is law, that of modern art—freedom; and hence, while the one exhibits unity and perfection, the other is characterized by greater individuality and intensity of subjective feeling. The one took its rise in the worship of nature, in true pantheism, the idea of the *κόσμος*, or harmony of the whole; the other in the new subjective world, brought to light by Christianity, the unspeakably deep and awful relations between individual man and a personal God.

What we have here stated we by no means bring forward as containing either new or unadmitted principles in art. Theoretically we believe few will deny that something more than a mere heightening of individual characteristics is required, in order to confer the artistic character; that there must be a difference in kind as well as in degree, and that this difference must consist, in the case of a statue or painting, in its being a representation rather of the law according to which the individual came into existence, than a copy of the individual existence itself. Nor will even the universality of the principle be called in question. It will be granted by most that it applies to a Madonna of Raphael, as well as to a Minerva of Phidias, or a Venus of Praxiteles. Practically, however, that is, in their works, we rarely find it recognized by our artists, and for this simple reason,

we believe, that it forms no part of their habitual thinking. They admit it, but their admission is a mere bending to authority; they do not *feel* its truth; and whenever they come to an artistic expression of their ideas, they naturally and involuntarily express not what they admit, but what they feel. To them ideal and absolute are mere empty sounds, because their faculties of abstraction and generalization being undeveloped, they are incapable of performing those mental processes by means of which alone they can become part of their subjective thinking; and what has no subjective existence in the artist's mind, we may rest assured he will never produce in an objective form. The contingent characteristics of individual existence, on the contrary, are palpable to the senses, no mental process is required for their detection, and in order to reproduce them, all that is requisite is that technical dexterity in which many of our artists are not deficient. But if this be a correct representation of the state of matters amongst us, it follows that it is with the minds of our artists that we have to do, and that studies analogous to those which have long been admitted to be necessary for success in the various departments of purely mental effort, are not less indispensable for him who would succeed in plastic art. We know that such studies were considered by the great masters of Italy to be a necessary part of their artistic training, and that they prosecuted them with such success that, as regarded the early masters of the Florentine school, at all events, few of their contemporaries were superior in any department of mental culture. True it may be that their eminence as painters was chiefly owing to other causes, and to causes which it may be we cannot reproduce; but though thus it may be doubtful whether our artists would attain to anything like their eminence, even with the advantages of liberal studies, it does not, therefore, become likely that they will do so without them. By neglecting such means we throw to the winds the only chance which we have of ever possessing anything worthy of the name of a school of art. Whether our object, then, be to form a painter or a sculptor, our course will be to supply him with an opportunity of well and carefully studying the art of the Greeks, where the idea of the human form is at once more perfectly and more simply presented than by any of the moderns, even the greatest; and for a commentary on the art of Greece, the best source to which we can direct him will be her literature. When

thus he has grappled with the abstract in its simplest form, he will be in a condition to add to it the subjective element, the sentiment of the Christian art of Italy, without risk of falling into that weak and morbid sentimentality which so frequently disgraces the works of modern artists whenever they attempt religious subjects.

The vagaries into which the want of this radical instruction has betrayed many of our modern artists, would form one of the most curious subjects of psychological inquiry which the present state of society presents. Of these, one of the strangest is that which lies at the root of what we may designate as the *genteel* school of art. The method by which the followers of this school seek to convert a real into an ideal man consists solely in the removal of those peculiarities which they take to characterize the lower orders, and their practice consists in continually diminishing every prominent feature. Of large hands, and feet, and limbs of every sort, they have the utmost horror, and consequently they hate both Rubens and Titian with a bitter hatred.

It never occurs to them that the faults of the individual form for the most part are either deficiencies or deformities, not superfluities; and if they commence, for example, with a strapping dragoon, instead of raising him to the proportions of a Hercules, which would be to fulfill the idea of nature with regard to him, they reduce him to those of an enervated and emaciated Parisian dandy. If such principles of idealizing as these were carried out, (and we grieve to say they are prevalent,) where would our artists land before the end of the next half century—*ὅταν τὸ ὕδωρ πνίγῃ, τὶ οἶσι βρῆσιν*, if water chokes them now, what would they drink then? But the reply of some of our readers to all that we have said, or could say, on this subject, will be, that though it may be true that our artists are badly instructed, and though the fact in itself may be an unfortunate one, still this is a matter with which we, as a community, have nothing to do. They will tell us, that if we offer to artists, as we do to other producers, a market for their commodity when it is presented to us, we do all that a community can be expected to do for its individual members. In this answer, however, the error is committed of supposing the artist to be in circumstances equally favorable with the mechanic for gaining his livelihood; whereas not only does his calling require a course of training infinitely more protracted, but the value of

his productions depending on their quality, and not on their quantity, it is scarcely possible for him ever to secure a constant and sufficient subsistence, without injury, so to speak, to his artistic health. The course which is followed by the promoters of art in our city at present, being consistent with the reply which we are here controverting, is, in our opinion, not only ineffectual for the attainment of its professed end, but positively prejudicial to the cause itself. By creating an artificial market, (a course which our political economist friends will reprobate as only protection under another form), and purchasing the pictures of half-instructed artists, even at low prices, we hold out a temptation to productiveness at a stage of their artistic life where study ought to be their sole object. Our artist, we shall say of twenty years of age, who has acquired the mechanical part of his art, knows that if he produces three pictures for the Exhibition annually, two of them, in all probability, whatever may be their quality, will be purchased by the Association, and thus, besides gratifying his vanity in the first instance, he is supplied with a provision for life, which, calling as it does for a continual exercise of his mechanical productive powers, acts as a positive premium on mediocrity. If the same sum which we pay him for his pictures, which are worth nothing, and which, if they have any effect on the taste of those to whom the lottery assigns them, must have a prejudicial one, were devoted to his instruction, he might possibly, in time, bestow on us a picture which would be a boon to his country and his kind. True, no doubt, he still might fail; with all the opportunities we could possibly afford him, he might be unable to mount to the artistic region; but if one artist in fifty should succeed, and if that artist should produce but one picture, we hesitate not to say, that it would fifty times outweigh in value the five hundred and fifty-five which the Association might in the mean time have called into existence by the continued labors of the fifty. It will be said, that if the system were changed, the sum which, one way or other, is now expended on art, could not possibly be raised; that those who regard pictures as mere pieces of ornamental furniture, would not subscribe if the temptation of the lottery were removed, and that their guineas are as good as those of better men. But though the number of subscribers of this class might diminish, others who now hold off from a feeling of the worthlessness of the institution

would come forward, and some of them, probably, to a much greater extent than one single guinea per annum. Even if the present system were retained, many of its evil consequences might be obviated by simply diminishing the number of pictures purchased, and greatly increasing the sums paid. Suppose, for example, *two* pictures only were to be purchased annually for the sum of £1000 or £1500 each, the immediate tendency of such a change would be to hold out an inducement for the acquisition of greater artistic attainments, by rendering them indispensable to all who were even to hope for the prizes.

The main stay and support of the present system of indiscriminate purchase at low prices consists, we verily believe, in an absurd confusion between the objects of an association for the encouragement of art and a charitable institution for the relief of indigent artists. We continually hear it said that so and so is needy, *therefore* we hope the Association will buy his pictures. With just as much reason we might hope that he would one day be appointed to that naval command for which it is said our present premier conceives himself qualified. The fact of his poverty may constitute an excellent claim on our charity, but it can never entitle him to the rewards of successful endeavor. To confound the two is not only to insult the true artist, but its effect is to create that very evil which we thus charitably seek to remedy, by tempting a multitude of unqualified persons to enter upon a career which can never bring them anything but disappointment and humiliation.

But there is another argument which we frequently hear against the instruction or the support of artists by the State or the community, viz., that the great masters of Italy enjoyed no such advantages. Now, this argument can be honest only in the mouths of those who are altogether forgetful of the state of society in which these men lived. In those days in which the State was nothing, the prince, and above all, the Church, everything, a provision of the only kind now possible, was not, and could not be made. But it does not follow from hence that artists were left unaided, or supported from the first by the sale of their works. With scarcely a single exception they were under the patronage either of their native princes or the reigning Pope, and their style of living, of which we have ample records, gives indubitable signs not only of ease, but of positive splendor. As

one single instance, it may be remembered, that the beauty of Leonardo da Vinci's horses was the admiration of Florence; whereas if one of our artists were to indulge himself with a street cab to drag him to his studio of a morning, it would be looked upon as a piece of extravagant luxuriousness.

It is not our intention, in the conclusion, as it has not been our object in the course of this Article, to point out the specific means by which the imperfections of the social institutions of our city are to be rectified. The first step toward amelioration is the feeling of its necessity; and if we shall in any degree have awakened this feeling, the duty which weighed upon us, as citizens, will have been performed.

Questions concerning the ways and means are neither suited for our pages nor consistent with our habits. *Non omnes omnia.* These must be left to hustings and town-council orations, to the periodical press, and the pamphleteer; and if, in the after discussion, any occasion should offer itself to us of spreading the flame which we have attempted to kindle, we trust we shall not be found sleeping at our post. One word, however, before parting, we must even here adventure with the worldly wise, for his first objection we can readily anticipate. The money? the money? All your schemes demand it, and whence is it to come? Our Town-Council is poor, our community not rich; we have taxes to pay, and charities to support; and to look for the interposition of Government in our behalf, is pretty much as if we were to hope that Arthur's Seat would become a Californian mine, or the Water of Leith roll down the sands of Pactolus. But does it never occur to our practical friend, that somewhere or other, there must be a hitch in his argument, when he finds that of money there is not the slightest lack when the object in view is the construction of a railway, the lengthening of a pier, the establishment of an insurance office, or the building of a bank; and that it is only when the question concerns the highest and most sacred duties of man with reference to this world, the development of his own being, that this abject prostration of our resources is exhibited? Is he (the *πραγματικός*) positively certain that the absence of that zeal, which in all material matters renders us omnipotent, may not lie at the root of our impotence in all that is spiritual? Even if our material interests alone were worthy of consideration, and if man did live by bread alone, would his

course be a wise one? for where, we would ask, would have been that civilization of which the external manifestations seem to him so important, but for those deeper causes, which to him are so little apparent; If there had been no thinker in the closet, there would have been no desire for travel to support his railways; no prudence to call for his insurance offices; no enterprise to crowd his piers; no money to put into his banks. There would have been, in short, no demand for the external arrangements of civilization, and consequently none of those arrangements themselves; for in this case, at all events, the supply is the consequence of the demand; and if you neglect the cause, your hold on the results will speedily become insecure. That where there is no tillage, there can be no harvest, is as true in this case as in any other; for material improvements, if not always exactly in proportion to, are still certainly the results of, culture and refinement. The negro has constructed no railway over the wide plains of Africa, and the gold on his coasts he has never coined, for he has never felt the want

of the one or the other. If you could have made him a mental, he would have become a material speculator also; and if a grain of culture could have been instilled into his mind, grains of gold innumerable would speedily have been paid in dividends to all the nations of the earth. With reference, then, to our most immediate and material interest, we can assure our friend that our scheme *will pay*, though we fain would think that there are few among us whose conduct is influenced by such motives alone. So soon as a social want is felt, and a social duty clearly recognized, we are persuaded, that from every class of our community, and not of our little civic community alone, but of Scotland at large, will come forth ready, zealous, and effective workmen, who will speedily remove from us the reproach, that in this our boasted nineteenth century, we cannot even adapt to the exigencies of the times those institutions, which in an age of comparative ignorance, under the pressure of poverty, and amid the turmoil of war, our forefathers were wise, and rich, and energetic enough to establish in our land.

I HEAR A SPIRIT SINGING.

I HEAR a spirit singing as from a distant sphere,
 The music of the melody, oh! it is sweet to hear;
 Its cadences are floating on all the air around,
 Yet I alone, of human kind, have caught the solemn sound;
 And words come gently whispering, mysterious and low,
 With an accent and a tone I remember long ago:
 For my mother in her tenderness would talk to me like this,
 And her spirit it must be, though I do not feel her kiss:—
 "My child," she says, "your tide of life is ebbing fast away,
 The moments of existence, though you hold them, will not stay;
 Like flashes of the lightning, when you see them they are gone,
 And naught remains to dwell upon, but memory alone.
 All kindly thoughts, all lovingness, survive forever here,
 And a balsam in our bosom is each charitable tear:
 No room have we for flinty hearts, nor any pride of birth,
 But God is still as high to us as when we were on earth.
 And oh! my child, be heedful that you wander not in sin,
 For your sorrow will the greater be the more you venture in;
 And the sorrows of the essence, when it leaves its fleshly cell,
 Are deeper than the angels to mortality may tell!"
 At the silent hour of midnight, thus my mother sang to me,
 And I felt that she was near, though her form I could not see.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ON THE LINKS CONNECTING THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

BY MAJOR LUKE SMYTH O'CONNOR, FIRST WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to detail how long and anxiously the governments of Spain and Great Britain struggled to discover a "short cut" between the *Atlantic* and *Pacific* Oceans. Spain was unsuccessful from a blind, bigoted, and besotted system in ruling over her vast American possessions—clogging science and closing up the fountains of knowledge, and which finally wrested them from her iron grasp.

England and her merchant princes, for full two centuries and more, have lavished incredible sums in endeavoring to find a north-west passage to the Pacific. By the one, the ablest, most enterprising and resolute officers of her navy were employed—while the other never shrunk from any expenditure to accomplish this desired, and most desirable object.

Meanwhile, Brother Jonathan has not been idle; no, silently and steadily he endeavored to promote the same "speculation"—looking keenly to the advantages he might derive, and the accession of territory he could in conscience "annex." Nor were the United States behind the European powers, either in the qualifications of the officers engaged, or the solid and liberal arrangements for the expeditions fitted-out to ascertain a point of incalculable importance to the *whole* civilized and commercial world.

Hitherto the most strenuous exertions have failed to produce any permanent and satisfactory result—no adequate recompense has followed for the dreary years passed in the cold, inhospitable regions of the North Pole—interminable fields and mountains of ice seem to oppose impenetrable barriers to all advancement beyond a certain point, to block up all approach, and cast a bitter chill upon the most sanguine and daring adventurers essaying to explore a north-west passage.

Thrice did the gallant Parry attempt to burst the icy barrier, and the bold Ross, when all hope vanished, return after four years' so-

journ in the Polar Seas, with like ill-success. And now, to this very moment, the fate of the distinguished Franklin seems shrouded in melancholy mystery.

The obstacles appeared, and in *reality* are, so great—and even if overcome, success would prove of so little utility to the *commercial world*, that general attention has been from time to time directed to a land, or land-and-water communication between the *oceans*, and several routes (seven or eight) across the American continent have been suggested, as well adapted for this mighty undertaking; any one of which could be carried into operation and completed at no very extravagant outlay, or any extraordinary human exertion. The three principal routes deemed most feasible are, via the *Isthmus of Panama*, via *Juan Nicaragua*, and via the *Isthmus of Tehuantepec*.

The first, Panama, has many advocates, who maintain it would prove the shortest, easiest, and most eligible route, for vessels could proceed from Europe, the United States, and other ports, to *Chagres*, which river empties itself into the Atlantic in latitude 9 deg. 18 min. north, and 80 deg. 35 min. west longitude—and transport their cargoes across the Isthmus of Panama. The Rio Chagres is navigable only for large flat-bottom boats (*bungos*) for about thirty miles to *Cruces*—a small, miserable, filthy town, from whence a road to Panama winds along the central base of the chain of mountains, considered by the learned Humboldt a continuation of the New Grenada Andes; the total distance by water and land now traversed being about sixty-five miles, but coupled with many disadvantages.

A bar at the mouth of the *Rio Chagres* admits no vessel drawing more than ten feet of water. At certain seasons the current is extremely rapid, and heavy rollers break upon the beach. Of eight vessels which recently attempted to effect the passage, seven

were either lost, or damaged beyond repair. But even if a greater depth of water was found, steam navigation employed, a canal cut, or a railroad constructed, from *Chagres* to *Panama*, the water in the deep bay, and along the coast of the latter, is so shallow as to totally preclude vessels of considerable tonnage approaching within five to six miles of the city; and then in an open roadstead to load and unload shipping entails an expense, to say nothing of the danger, which speedily counterbalances any benefit that might accrue from this route.

There is no use in beating about the bush, or concealing the matter; the several official and private surveys and reports of the Isthmus of Panama are to the present hour imperfect, in many instances incorrect, partial plans, got up for peculiar purposes, or to answer wild and selfish speculation. Now, indeed, the gold-seekers, tramping to the El Dorado in California, will render the passage more generally known. However, as yet, the go-ahead Yankee, with all his pioneering propensities, finds the communication between *Chagres* and *Panama* inconvenient, difficult, and expensive; and as the journey must be made in small canoes and on mules, a very scanty allowance of baggage can be transported with each traveler.

The second route, and for the formation of which a company has been formed in *New York*, is via *San Juan*, up the river, through *Lake Nicaragua* and *Leon*, past the remains of a city named after the latter, standing within *ten miles* of the Pacific, over which "short-cut" the Yankee company intend (if permitted) to fix "a pretty considerable plank road."

Now, let any unprejudiced person take a good map and look at the *San Juan Nicaragua*—trace the river to the lake, from thence to *Lake Leon*, and pass over the morsel of land separating the latter from the Pacific, and it must at once strike him that this line is in every respect—Lombard-street to a China orange—a more easily attainable, and more natural route than via *Panama*.

The noble river, *San Juan*, derives its source from the *Lake Nicaragua*, and after rolling a deep, sullen, impetuous current, empties its vast volume of water into the *Atlantic*, about the latitude of 10 deg. 45 min. north, and which could be considerably increased by turning into its channel the *Rio Colorado*.

There are four minor entrances to the *Boca Grande*, across which runs a bar with twenty-five feet of water over it, and this

passed, safe and snug anchorage is found in six fathoms, more or less.

The river *has been* navigated by small vessels from its mouth, seventy-nine miles to the Lake, which then affords water conveyance for ninety-five miles, with a depth of fifteen fathoms.* A small river connects this vast body of water with *Lake Leon*—the city, so called, standing on the north-west bank, from whence to the Pacific is *twelve miles!* the whole land communication required between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The river connecting the *Lakes Nicaragua* and *Leon* proving too shallow to admit vessels passing (which, by-the-by, is here only assumed, and not known to be the case), a canal could be easily cut, parallel to its bank. Or, leaving this and the *Leon* route aside, from the *Lake Nicaragua* to the *Golfo Papagayo* is but sixteen miles, and the ground between the Lake and the sea a dead level. By this last route direct to *Papagayo*, more than one-half of the water conveyance on the *Lake Nicaragua*, the whole of the connecting river and *Lake Leon* would be saved, and the land carriage increased but *four miles*.

The angle being made on the left or western shore of the *Lake Nicaragua*,† where the town stands, the road would run in an almost direct line of sixteen miles to the Gulf of *Papagayo*, the coast of which is free from shoals, rocks, and banks, and so bold, that a ship of the largest tonnage can anchor within a short distance of the beach.

For seven or eight months of the year the winds are moderate and favorable, the seasons mild, the climate at all times healthy, and the wholesome breezes which set in every morning from the Pacific, diffuse a freshness unknown on the opposite coast of *Panama*.

During July, August, September, and October, the northern gales prevail, but are trifling, when compared with the heavy blows—a jolly north-wester off *Cape Hatteras*, the small hurricanes in the West Indies, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the tornadoes on the coast of *Africa*, all of which I can speak of from bitter personal experience.

But even if the shoals and rapids in the

* The New York Company conveyed a small steamer in pieces to *San Juan*, put it together, and went ahead up the river.

† "The surface of *Lake Nicaragua* is about one hundred and thirty-five feet above the Gulf of *Papagayo*, and the Lake being eighty feet deep, its bottom is forty-six Spanish feet above the level of the South Sea."—*Humboldt's Narrative*.

river *Saint Juan* present impediments which would demand an expenditure of money, time, and labor, beyond the advantages to be derived from it, a navigable canal could be cut parallel to, and fed by, the river, from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Papagayo, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, from the nature of the country, with little or no difficulty; and, aided by the *Mosquitians*, the most indefatigable laborers, and the interests of whose kingdom would be incalculably promoted by such a work, at a very moderate expenditure. In fine, nature herself seems to lend every aid for the ingenuity, enterprise, and wealth of modern times, to complete this gigantic work, connecting the two oceans by a simple but powerful *link*, and by a route presenting not one solitary impediment, which patience, perseverance, and the mechanical power of the present day, could not easily and effectually conquer.

And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to observe, now that the *Mosquitian* boundary-line, and the said *right* of route seems to have become a sore subject, perchance a bone of contention, with *Uncle Sam*, how sound and judicious was the foresight and policy of the late Mr. Patrick Walker, the British resident at Mosquitia—how prompt and able the measures of Sir Charles Grey, the Governor of Jamaica, and how consistent the judgment of Captain Loch, of the *Alarm*, who, with his brave compeers in arms, both the red and the blue, swept away at *Sezapagui*, the paltry and unjust impediments offered by the *Nicaragua* Government, obliging them to acknowledge their error, apologize for their uncalled and insolent aggression on our "ancient ally," the *Mosquitian King*,* and, finally, notwithstanding the shifts and chicanery of the *Nicaragua* authorities, bolstered up with the quirks and quibbles of a bar of lawyers, like a plain, straightforward, honorable Englishman, concluded a *treaty* which "secures the tariff in the port of *San Juan*, now *Grey Town*, as belonging to the *Mosquitian King*, and that no *Nicaragua* custom-house shall be established in proximity to the said port of *San Juan* to the prejudice of its interests.

But surely, no tariff, exorbitant or unjust, would be exacted—no bar placed across the river for the purpose of selfishly monopolizing its advantages, or closing it up. Such blind and narrow-minded policy never would be the recommendation of Great Britain to

Mosquitia. No, but to render the *line* accessible and beneficial to the *whole* commercial world, profitable to the *legitimate* owners and holders of its terminus, and a check upon the insatiable lust for "annexing" every spot of ground in the New World; which events, now shadowing forth, point out as the innate principles of a powerful party in the "*United States*."

The last, and certainly not least, important project for connecting the two oceans, is via the Isthmus of *Tehuantepec*, in the state of Oaxaca or Guayaca, lying between *Guatemala* and *Mexico*.

The Bay of Campeachy washes the northern, and the Pacific the southern shores of this small slice of Central America, possessing very considerable charms for "*Uncle Sam*," and valuable inducements for "annexation;" had not, as the organs of the Yankee press in high dudgeon declare, "the *English* secured the right of the *Tehuantepec* route, and on this occasion outwitted the *United States*."

The narrowest part is between the Port of *Guasacualco*, or *Huasacualco*, in 18 deg. 13 min. in the Gulf, and the Bay of *Tehuantepec* in 14 deg. 40 min. on the Pacific Ocean. From the summit of the *Chillido Monte* both oceans can be seen; the rivers *Guasacualco*, *Tustepec*, *Canas*, discharge their waters into the northern bay; the *St. Pierre* and *Tabasco*, near the coast, named after the latter, while the *Chimalapa* and *Tehuantepec*, rushing in a southern direction, roll their vast currents into the Bay of *Tehuantepec*. Thus nature, with very little artificial assistance, presents at once the means of connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean; and through a country blest with the finest climate, adorned with the most gorgeous and romantic scenery, and with every facility for procuring labor. The spacious entrance of the *Guasacualco* affords one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic shores of Mexico, has twenty-two feet of water over the bar, and is navigable for the largest vessels to within thirty-six miles of the *Chimalapa* and *Tehuantepec*; which rivers, taking up the *link* of water conveyance, carries it on to the Pacific, with a depth of channel for vessels drawing twenty feet.

If a canal was cut, or a railroad constructed, thirty-six miles long, the space between the navigable waters of the *Guasacualco*, the *Chimalapa*, and *Tehuantepec*, the Atlantic and Pacific would be connected by steam navigation and railroad, within twenty-four hours, or perhaps a less interval of time.

* The *Mosquitians* accompanied the late Lord Nelson in his expedition up the *Saint Juan Nicaragua*.

The productions of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa-Rica, Yucatan, in fact, of all the Central American States, instead of the tedious route to *Vera Cruz*, would be sent by this way from Tehuantepec to Guasacualco, and hence to Europe. The United States and Canadas, and the manufactures of these countries, brought to Guasacualco, would return by the same route for circulation among these extensive and widely-dispersed states.

Besides, what a mighty prospect, what a golden harvest the *Californias* promise; look to the difference for commercial men, emigrants, speculators, adventurers, and the "motley crowd" proceeding by this route to the El Dorado of the day, or via *Panama*. What is it? Not less than eight degrees doubled; take a chart, prick off from *New Orleans* to *Guasacualco*, and from the former (if not now, certainly soon to become the greatest port and commercial city in the New World), to *Chagres*, and see the distance saved. Twelve hundred geographical miles, besides the tedious and dangerous run between Cuba and the Cape of Yucatan, along the eastern shore of Central America, with currents beyond the calculation of the most experienced navigators; with rocks, shoals, banks and kayes, and not one friendly light to warn the mariner of the dangers of these seas, save that which the spirited settlers of *British Honduras* have erected and maintain at their own and sole expense on Half-Moon Key. But the *China* trade, the gorgeous silks, the golden stuffs of the east, must not be forgotten. Steam navigation would reduce the voyage from *China* to *Tehuantepec* to thirty or thirty-five days, one day more to cross the Isthmus, and at the Port of Gua-

sacualco a fleet could convey the riches of the Indies to Europe, the States, Canadas, or any other portion of the *globe*.

While thus opening fresh mines of wealth, increasing the facilities of commercial conveyance, almost annihilating space, leaving "the doubling of the Horn" as a tale of ancient mariners—connecting the broad *Atlantic* with the boundless waters of the *Pacific*—let it be borne in mind the great blessings which would be conferred by a constant and general intercourse between and through the Central American States; introducing regularity of government, security of property, peace, prosperity, and plenty among these hitherto crushed and ill-directed nations; instead of anarchy, rapine, bloodshed, misery, wretchedness, the calm and healing influence of religion diffusing its holy influence over millions wrapped in darkness and unbelief.

But I dare not venture to pursue farther this grand, most interesting subject, feeling unable to shadow forth one tithe of its importance. The feeble and imperfect outline I have presumed to sketch pretends to no merit, save that of being derived from the authentic resources which fell within my reach, some personal observation, and a hearty, honest desire to communicate in plain and homely language a matter which, if coolly investigated by *those competent to do it justice*, if undertaken with spirit and adequate resources, pursued with judgment, vigor, and *perseverance*, and conducted with liberality, may, without any stretch of imagination, raise Great Britain to a higher pinnacle than the proud position she now holds, by uniting in one mighty commercial bond the nations of the Old and of the New World.

ORIGIN OF THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, &c.—Commander C. Morton, R. N., has propounded a new Geological theory respecting the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway and of Staffa; contending that they are not of volcanic but of *vegetable* origin, and the splendid relics of stupendous bamboos of a far distant age!! In support of this hypothesis he alludes to the fact of the separate joints, both in bamboos and basaltic columns, being articulated with semi-spherical tenons, and corresponding sockets or mortices; the tenon or mortice being, in both productions, sometimes in the upper and sometimes in the lower ends of the joint; as particularly remarkable in the columns of the Giant's Causeway. In reference to the established theory of basaltic columns being crystalized from torrents of molten lava, he shows that it is opposed to the general laws of crystalization; and remarks upon the utter impossibility of the separate joints, blocks, or crystals, of which the columns are composed, selecting

(if thus formed) their fellow-joints of similar diameter, with corresponding sockets or mortices, and arranging themselves so closely and exactly one above another, till stupendous columns were raised many hundred feet in height; the length of the joints, and diameter of contiguous columns, exhibiting all the relative variety of dimensions which mark a field of sugar-canes or a forest of bamboos. He also shows that bamboos, even in the present day, secrete silex or flint, the chief component part of basaltic columns; and that the well-known material called "vegetable ivory," now substituted for animal ivory in many articles of ordinary use, is the production of an existing order of palm-trees. There is not, says Capt. Morton, such disparity in size between the most colossal of the columns of the Giant's Causeway and the bamboos of the present day, as between the monstrous antediluvian lizard, the *iguanodon*, and our diminutive reptiles of similar tribes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNE AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Histoire de Madame de Maintenon, et des Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV. Par M. le Duc DE NOAILLES. Paris: 1848.

On a spring day of the year 1660, an excited crowd was assembled without the walls of a town of Touraine, which, although of small size and importance, had been the residence of several kings, and the birth and death place of Charles VIII. of France. Upon this occasion, no regal pageant attracted the throng, nor was the gaze of the mob one of idle curiosity. Gratified hatred and savage exultation were legible on most of the faces there collected together; only a few countenances wore an expression of horror and pity; and fewer still were those whose contracted brows, compressed lips, and pallid cheeks, betrayed their suppressed grief and indignation. The sight that aroused these various emotions in the spectators was that of a row of human heads fixed upon the battlements of the fortress, and bearing horrible testimony to the power and cruelty of the house of Guise, then paramount in France. The vast plan of insurrection, known in history as the Conspiracy of Amboise, whose chief was Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and its object the overthrow and imprisonment of the haughty Balafre, and of his no less arrogant brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had been discovered and frustrated; and twelve hundred nobles and gentlemen, including much of the best Huguenot blood in the land, had expiated upon the scaffold their failure and offence. Francis II., a feeble and incapable prince, then occupied the throne, and the sword of Guise was virtually the sceptre of France.

Of those who contemplated, with ill-concealed fury, the horrible trophies of that bigoted and vindictive party which, twelve years later, rioted in the bloody saturnalia of St. Bartholomew, one of the most remarkable was a middle-aged man, of robust frame and martial aspect, whose dress was travel-stained, and who was accompanied by an intelligent-looking boy, ten years of age. Long

did the old Huguenot soldier gaze, in mingled wrath and anguish, upon the blackening features of his former leaders and comrades, beneath whose banner, and by whose side, he had so often spurred to victory. At last his deep emotion found vent in words. "The assassins!" he exclaimed, "they have beheaded France!" Then, laying his hand upon the boy's head, and heedless of the lowering attention his exclamation had drawn upon him—"My son," he said, "you must not grudge your head, when mine shall have fallen, to avenge those noble chiefs, so full of honor. My curse cleave to you, if you are miserly of your blood in that holy cause!" The exhortation was heartfelt, but imprudent. Murmurs were heard amongst the bystanders as the stranger's words passed from mouth to mouth, and a cry of "Down with the Huguenots!" arose in the crowd. For a moment the cause of this commotion seemed disposed to abide the gathering storm. His nostril expanded with defiance, and his hand sank down to seek the hilt of his trusty sword. But his eye fell upon his son, and repressing the vengeful impulse, he turned and left the place, unimpeded by actual violence, but pursued by the vociferations of the mob. The soldier smiled scornfully at the hootings of the rabble. But upon the boy who clung to his side a deep and ineffaceable impression was made by the whole of that scene—by the severed and ghastly heads, by his father's passionate injunction, by the hoarse cries of the brutal populace. That day was an epoch in the life of Agrippa d'Aubigné. Then was confirmed in him a hatred, which ended but with his life, of the persecutors of his Protestant brethren, an attachment to his creed, which he ably vindicated both with sword and pen, and to which he never hesitated to sacrifice the favor of kings and the brightest smiles of fortune.

The life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné

was a grand romance, crowded with marvelous adventures and heroic traits. Brave as any real or fabulous hero of antiquity, he possessed qualities and acquirements that are to be found combined in few military heroes, whether of ancient or modern times. His failings were those of his century, whose virtues and vices were reflected, as in a mirror, in his active and turbulent career. Precocious in all things, at six years of age he read four languages. At that period, learning was confined to a few. The chiefs of the Huguenot party had a large share of what little was abroad. As to the Roman Catholic clergy and nobility, their ignorance would be incredible were it less well attested. In the very same year in which we find d'Aubigné (already a learned linguist, and the translator of Plato's Criton,) proceeding to Paris with his father to complete his studies, Jean de Montluc, himself a bishop, denounced before the king's council the gross ignorance of the dignitaries of the church. "Bishops," he said, "are now given to children and to ignorant persons, having neither knowledge nor will to fulfill their duties. Cardinals and bishops have not hesitated to bestow benefices on their house stewards, and even on their valets-de-chambre, cooks, barbers, and lackeys. The same priests, by their avarice, ignorance, and dissolute life, have made themselves universally odious and contemptible."* "A cook-maid of our times," says Dulaure, in his History of Paris, "would blush to write French with such gross, orthographical errors as are to be found in a letter written by the Duke of Guise to M. de Connor, after the capture of some fortifications at Orleans."† A marshal of France, the Count de Brissac, could barely sign his name; and the constable Anne de Montmorency, by birth, station, and wealth, one of the first men in France, could neither read nor write, and signed with his mark. In 1573, when the Polish envoys went to Paris to offer the crown of their country to the Duke of Anjou, it was found necessary to send to Auvergne for a nobleman who could converse with them in Latin, they not understanding French. In so ignorant

an age, young d'Aubigné's unusual acquirements could not fail to give him prominence, even though they had not been combined with rare probity, dauntless bravery, and a daring frankness that more than once embroiled him with his superiors. His fortitude and staunchness revealed themselves at a very early age. Soon after his arrival at Paris, he and his perceptor were arrested on a charge of heresy, and their guards told him that he and all his band would be condemned to the stake. "My horror of the mass," replied the intrepid child, "is far greater than my fear of the flames." He was eighteen years old at the outbreak of the third civil war between the Catholics and Protestants. His father was dead, and his guardian opposed his taking arms, kept him a prisoner, and at night removed his clothes, lest he should escape. But the scene at Amboise, and his father's injunction, were vivid in the young Huguenot's memory; combined with religious fanaticism, and a warlike temper, they drove him with irresistible force to the battle-field. A company of men-at-arms were to leave the town for a Huguenot rendezvous, and some of his companions, who had joined them, promised to fire a shot as warning of their departure. On hearing the signal, d'Aubigné let himself down from his window by the aid of the sheets, scaled two walls, narrowly missed jumping into a well, and, with his shirt for sole covering, overtook his friends, who were already on the march, and who wondered greatly to see a naked man pursuing and calling to them, and crying out because his feet were tortured and bleeding from the stones. The captain of the band, after scolding him and threatening to make him return home, took him on his horse and gave him his cloak to sit upon, because the buckle of the crupper lacerated his skin. A league farther on, they fell in with a troop of Papists making for Angoulême, who were routed after a slight skirmish, in which the breechless volunteer obtained an arquebuss and some indifferent equipments, but refused to take clothes, notwithstanding his need and his comrades' advice. Thus he reached the rendezvous at Jonsac, still in his shirt; and there, some officers having dressed and armed him, he wrote at the end of his receipt for these advances: "Upon condition that I shall never tax the war with having despoiled me, since I cannot return from it in more piteous plight than I joined it." At Xaintes, the general rendezvous, M. de Mirebeau, governor of the province, would have

* *Mémoires de Condé*, i. 560.

† The following is an extract from this curious epistle: "Mon bon homme, je me mange les doigts de penser que si j'eusse heu vi. guanons pour en tirer 2 mille coups, ceste ville étoit à nous. Ils n'avoient qu'ung seul parapet qui vaille. Ils n'ont pas quatre canes soldas bons. Je ne puis fere mieux que de essayer de gagner le pont, qui couppent; ce qui m'est mallezé," &c.

sent him home, first by remonstrance and then by menace. But d'Aubigné was indocile; and abruptly quitting de Mirebeau and his captain, who would have put him under arrest, he broke through the company, fled, and, checking with the sword's point a cousin of his own, who pressed him hard, he reached the quarters of another captain, named Asnières, whom he knew to be on bad terms with de Mirebeau; and the next day, a scuffle occurring between their respective followers, he was foremost in the fray, and nearly killed his cousin. He shared in all the actions of that war, excepting in the battle of Moncontour; at which time, however, as he himself tells us in his *Memoirs*, he was as dangerously employed: for "being," he says, "in his native province of Xaintonge, he was surprised at night in a village, escaped—as did only four others out of eighty that composed the party—crossed the Dronne by forcing a peasant, who came to kill him, to show him the ford; passed through Coutras, and having encountered on the quay several arquebuss-men, who began to blow their matches, threw himself unhesitatingly into the river, and swam across it with his horse, peppered the while by the bullets." He now found that a stranger had got possession of his paternal estate, sustaining to his face that he had been killed at the combat of Savignac. Sick and suffering, treated as an impostor, denied by his tenants, renounced by his maternal relatives, who hated him for his religion, he reached Orleans with difficulty, obtained leave from the judges to plead his own cause, and did it with such eloquence and pathos that the tribunal rose as one man, indignant against his opponents, and, exclaiming that none but the son of d'Aubigné could speak thus, reinstated him in his rights. Such were the sufferings, perils, and adventures for which, at the age of twenty, Agrippa d'Aubigné was already distinguished. "The narrative of such a life," says M. de Noailles, "is the history of a whole epoch. It is the living picture of the state in which France then was. Every man had to guard his own life; on all sides were seen strong castles supplied with military stores and prepared for war, and armed bands spreading terror abroad. There was no traveling but with pistol in hand and sword loose in the scabbard; at each moment one was exposed to fall in with a party of enemies. Some fought in their own quarrel; others enrolled themselves in the innumerable expeditions which every little chieftain organized after his own fashion. The life of

d'Aubigné is full of such adventures." After narrowly escaping the fatal night of the 24th August, 1572—having left Paris, in consequence of a duel, three days previous to the massacre—he was recommended the following year to Henry the Fourth, then King of Navarre, by an officer of that prince's household, as "a determined man, for whom nothing was too hot or too cold, and who was as firm in counsel as bold in execution." This recommendation took d'Aubigné to court, and soon afterward, at the earnest entreaty of Henry, who had outwardly abjured Protestantism, he accompanied, although with great reluctance, an expedition against the Huguenots of Normandy. Instead of serving the Roman Catholic cause, however, he did his utmost, but in vain, to rescue the Count of Montgomery—the accidental slayer of Henry II.—then besieged in Domfront. His design came to the ears of Catherine de Medicis, who afterward taxed him with it under very remarkable circumstances. For when that odious assassin of his Protestant subjects, Charles IX., had just given up the ghost, bathed in a sweat of blood, and poisoned, it is said, by his own mother, d'Aubigné, desirous to ascertain his decease, and perhaps also to feast his eyes with the sight of this dead enemy of his faith, penetrated into the king's chamber, and there met Catherine, who threatened him, reproaching him with his endeavors to save Montgomery, and telling him he would resemble his father; whereto d'Aubigné boldly replied—"God grant it!" In disgust, and to avoid the anger of the vindictive Florentine, he would then have withdrawn altogether from the court, but was dissuaded by his friend Fervacques, a Catholic gentleman attached to Henry IV., and only left it temporarily for a short campaign in Germany. At court he was a great favorite for his wit and skill in composing poetry and plays, and arranging *ballets*, masquerades, and other diversions. He was noted for his gasconades, a propensity which in him was united with the most headlong valor. "Various quarrels," he says in his *Memoirs*, where he speaks of himself in the third person—"an attack that he and three others made on thirty *baduuds* (Parisian cockneys), most of them armed with halberds, who took to flight; another on the guards of Marshal de Montmorency, who besieged Fervacques in the hostelry of the Chapeau-Rouge; another to rescue the children of the Marquis of Trans, pursued by a great number of archers; another, in which he and Fervacques, at-

tended by a page and some grooms, were wantonly assailed by thirteen fellows armed in mail, and both wounded: these and other combats, on foot and on horseback, in company with the brave Bussy,* gave him so great a reputation, that this cavalier conceived a friendship for him—after seeing him serve as second to the said Fervacques against himself—and one day induced him, by a stroke of folly, with some nobles of the court, to enter the city guard-house sword in hand, where he was hard pressed and disarmed, but nevertheless recovered his weapon and escaped." Such were the recreations with which the young gentlemen of that day filled up the intervals between frequently-recurring wars. Peril was their element, battle their pastime. In such men as Bussy, d'Aubigné, and Fervacques, modern romance writers have found the models (and have overdrawn them less than might be supposed) of those valiant adventurers and soldiers of fortune, whose skill of fence, strength of arm, and contempt of death, render them a match for a host of ordinary combatants. D'Aubigné, however, was too earnest a spirit to waste his life in street brawls and court diversions. It was with the dagger of St. Bartholomew suspended over his head that Henry IV. had abjured the Reformed religion; and in February, 1576, he fled to La Rochelle, and again publicly professed it. D'Aubigné, one of four who instigated and arranged this flight, then visited Languedoc, Normandy, and several other provinces, to encourage and rouse the Huguenots to take arms. On his return from this dangerous mission, Henry, whose good qualities did not include generosity, presented him with his portrait, beneath which d'Aubigné, dissatisfied with the unsubstantial reward, wrote the following epigram:—

"Ce prince est d'étrange nature
Je ne sais qui diable l'a fait :
Ceux qui le servent en effet,
Il les récompense en peinture."

From this time his favor declined, until he lost the good graces of the King of Navarre—partly, according to his own account, by his freedom of speech and bold replies, partly in consequence of Catherine of Medicis' intrigues, and partly by refusing to serve

* Bussy d'Amboise, one of the lovers of Queen Margaret of Navarre, "of invincible courage," says l'Estoile, "and a hasty temper, proud and audacious, brave as his sword, but vicious and slightly fearing God."

Henry in one of his numerous love affairs. He withdrew from court, leaving a farewell letter for his ungrateful master. "Sire," he said, "your memory will reproach you with twelve years of my services, and twelve wounds upon my body; it will remind you of your prison, and that the hand which now writes to you broke its bars, and has remained pure whilst serving you, unfilled by your benefactions, and exempt from corruption, whether proceeding from your enemies or from yourself." Repeatedly recalled by Henry, who knew the worth of his blunt but honest counselor, d'Aubigné obstinately refused to return, until, as he himself tells us, "the malcontent, learning one day that his master, who had been informed of his enterprise against Limoges, and believed him to have been taken prisoner there, had put aside some of the queen's jewels to pay his ransom; and then, being falsely informed of his death, had testified great grief, he was touched, and resolved to return his service." These quarrels and reconciliations were frequently renewed. At one time, d'Aubigné was about to take service under a German Protestant prince; but he fell in love, married, and remained in France, where he continued his adventurous life and feats of extraordinary prowess. "No one," says M. de Noailles, "represents better than he the exuberant and energetic vitality that animated the sixteenth century: writer, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, controversialist, when necessary, he constantly quitted the sword for the pen; and was, at the same time, the type of those rough Huguenot gentlemen—proud, independent, inflexible in their faith and in their hatred of Papacy; always with helmet on head and blade in hand. . . . Honest, devoted, ardently attached to his religion, keen-witted and accomplished, energetic and impassioned; on the other hand, he was a braggart, almost always dissatisfied, satirical and insolent of speech, and he called his master ungrateful." This his master unquestionably was, although his poverty may be taken as a palliation. "My friend," wrote Henry IV. to Sully, "my shirts are all torn, my doublet is out at elbows, my larder is often bare, and I dine where I can." But Henry, like a Gascon as he was, had a habit of promising much more than he could perform, and this bred discontent amongst his followers, whose murmurs, however, made little impression on the good-humored sovereign. "La Force," said d'Aubigné one night to a fellow-courtier, as they lay in bed in a closet adjoining the King's bedroom—

"La Force, our master is a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface." "What say you, d'Aubigné?" inquired La Force, who was half asleep. "He says," cried the King, who heard every word, "that I am a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface," at which d'Aubigné was somewhat confused. He tells the story himself, and says that his master made no difference in his manner to him the next day; but neither, he adds, did he give him a livre the more.

It was great grief to d'Aubigné when Henry, after his succession to the crown of France, once more abjured the Protestant faith; and, from that time forward, he was much less about his person. A report having got abroad that he had lost the king's favor, he repaired, in 1595, to the siege of La Fère. "On arriving, he went straight to the house of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and remained for more than two hours with Henry and his mistress. It was in this conversation that Henry, having shown him a wound on his lip, inflicted by the dagger of Jean Châtel, who had attempted to assassinate him, d'Aubigné made that memorable reply, which was afterward repeated throughout France,—'Sire, you have as yet renounced God but with your lips, and He has contented himself with piercing them; if you one day renounce him with your heart, he will pierce your heart.' Too bold a speech of a subject to his king, says l'Estoile, and even criminal and capital in any other than d'Aubigné, to whom his Majesty, for the much that he loved him, gave entire liberty of speech, taking nothing he said in bad part." D'Aubigné, it has been shown, was not one to whom such license could be accorded with impunity. His tongue was as sharp, and almost as formidable a weapon, as his sword. At a celebrated religious conference which took place in the year 1600, in presence of Henry IV. and his court, between the Bishop of Evreux, on the part of the Catholics, and Duplessis Mornay, on that of the Protestants, d'Aubigné supported the latter; "and his arguments," he says, "put the prelate in so great embarrassment, that great drops of water fell from his forehead upon a manuscript of Chrysostom, and were remarked by all the assembly." This was two years after the edict of Nantes, which secured protection and liberty of worship to those of the Reformed faith. The period that elapsed between Henry's accession, and the date when he deemed it fitting and practicable to pub-

lish that edict, was agitated by the manoeuvres and active political opposition of the Huguenot chiefs, amongst whom d'Aubigné was prominent. Personally attached though he was to Henry, he bitterly blamed and inveighed against the renegade king, sparing him not in his addresses to the synods and Congregation, and even urging these to take arms against him. Henry was well informed of his proceedings, even to the satirical and indignant words in which his former adherent inveighed against his change of religion, which proceeded, he said, "not from ignorance, or want of knowledge of the truth, but from pure ambition, and from desire of greater liberty to indulge in pleasures and worldly delights." But between those two great men—that able sovereign, and that stern and heroic Protestant chief—there existed a friendship which circumstances might cloud, but could never destroy. It is, indeed, most interesting to trace the frequent struggles in the soul of d'Aubigné, between his love and loyalty to his royal friend and master, and his deep attachment to his religion. Henry, a subtle politician, steered his devious course amidst the great conflicting interests of the age, often bending lest he should be broken. D'Aubigné, a fearless soldier of the faith, and tinged with fanaticism, would admit of no compromise; and was irritated, almost to madness, at each fresh appearance of temporizing or vacillation on the part of the king. "When the death of the Duke d'Alençon rendered the King of Navarre presumptive heir to the crown of France, and the League, throwing off the mask, declared itself both against Henry III.—accused of sacrificing the Catholic religion—and against Henry of Béarn, who threatened to give France a Protestant king—d'Aubigné was everywhere, raised several companies, defended Poitou, was left for dead at the enterprise of Angers, took the island of Oléron, and was made prisoner for a moment, at Brouage; but, as the king of Navarre restored Oléron to the Catholics, d'Aubigné again retired, furious, and was for bidding an eternal farewell to his master; he even set himself to study books of controversy, to see, he said, if he could find some shadow of salvation in Rome." It did great honor, both to Henry and to his plain-spoken friend, that, when the Huguenot opposition was weakened by the death and defection of its leading members, and still more, by the leniency and toleration they enjoyed, and d'Aubigné was about to leave the country, he received a letter from the king urging him to go to

court, and promising him a good reception. He passed two months there without exchanging a word with Henry on the subject of past dissensions: until at last, one day that they were walking together, the king broached the question, and some discourse ensued between them, which ended by Henry's saying,—“I have greater confidence in you, d'Aubigné, than in those who have played a double game,” and then embraced and dismissed him. “But d'Aubigné, returning to the king, said,—‘Sire, when I look you in the face, my old liberty and boldness of speech returns to me; unbutton three buttons of your doublet, and do me the grace to say how you could come to hate me.’ Then that prince, growing pale, as was his wont when moved by affection, replied,—‘You were too attached to La Trémoille, (a Huguenot chief, then dead.) I hated him, you know, and yet you declared for him.’ ‘Sire,’ replied d'Aubigné, ‘I was brought up at your Majesty's feet, and there I early learned not to abandon persons afflicted and oppressed by a superior power. Approve this apprenticeship of virtue which I served with you.’ This reply was followed by a second embrace and adieu.” After Henry's death, d'Aubigné was again involved in Protestant insurrections, but finally retired to St. Jean d'Angely, and occupied himself with literature, revising and completing his works, and publishing in 1616 his most important book, the *Universal History* of his times, which was burned by order of the Parliament, “as containing many things against the state, and against the honor of kings, queens, and other nobles of the kingdom.” In 1620, after Louis the Thirteenth's short campaign against the Huguenots, Poitou being full of the royal troops, he deemed himself unsafe there, and escorted by twelve well-armed cavaliers, and lightly bearing the weight of his seventy summers, he reached Geneva through many perils and fatigues, and was there received with great honor as the old and valiant champion of the Protestant church. His mental and bodily activity were still unimpaired; he was chosen president of the council of war, fortified Geneva and Berne, carried on negotiations with various Protestant princes, and was condemned to death in France, “the fourth similar judgment,” he says, “rendered against me, and which has done me honor and pleasure.” At the age of seventy-three he married a second wife, and had completed his eightieth year when he died surrounded by friends, and la-

VOL. XX. NO. I.

mented by all good men. His death was as calm and happy as his life had been turbulent and agitated.

How troubled would have been the dying hour of this brave old Huguenot warrior could he have foreseen that, fifty-five years later, his grandchild, the daughter of his son, would countenance, if she did not instigate, the cruel persecution of the religion he had so steadfastly adhered to and defended! The date of the secret marriage of Louis the XIV. and Françoise d'Aubigné agrees, as nearly as it can be ascertained, with that of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A striking coincidence! for it is hard to believe, that the influence and seduction which could bring one of the proudest kings who ever sat on throne to wed the widow of the jester Scarron, in opposition to urgent advice and entreaties,* might not have been efficaciously exerted in behalf of the suffering and persecuted Huguenots. It had been a graceful act of the elderly Egeria of the fourteenth

* “The King,” says the Abbé de Choisy, “confided one day his intended marriage to M. de Louvois, as a thing which was not yet quite decided upon, and which he was fully determined never to declare, and asked his opinion. Louvois had never had the least idea of such a thing. ‘Ah! Sire,’ he exclaimed, ‘does your Majesty really mean what you now tell me! The greatest king in the world marry the widow Scarron! Do you wish to dishonor yourself!’ He threw himself at the king's feet, and burst into tears. ‘Pardon me, Sire, the liberty I take; strip me of my offices, put me in prison—so at least I shall not witness this indignity.’ The king replied: ‘Rise; are you mad, have you lost your senses!’ Louvois arose, and left the room without knowing whether his remonstrances had taken effect; but the next day he thought he saw, in the embarrassed and ceremonious manner of Madame de Maintenon, that the king had been so weak as to tell her what had passed; and from that moment he perceived that she was his mortal enemy. The secret marriage took place some time afterward; M. de Louvois was not summoned to it.” M. de Noailles, a fervent partisan and admirer of Madame de Maintenon, declares her hostility to Louvois to have existed only in that minister's imagination. St. Simon, in his *Memoirs*, and Duclos, in his *Mémoires Secrets*, give the scene between the King and Louvois as occurring subsequently to the marriage, and as having reference to its declaration. M. de Noailles scouts the statement; Madame de Maintenon, according to him, was so utterly devoid of ambition, that she would have been shocked at the idea of becoming Queen of France. Amidst the mass of conflicting evidence handed down by an age prolific in memoirs, posterity will probably always remain divided as to the real merits and aims of that extraordinary woman. We cannot but think that, in his zeal to exalt her virtues, her most recent biographer is too apt unceremoniously to put out of court, as untrustworthy, the assertions and opinions of unfavorable witnesses.

Louis, to have extended the shield of protection over the descendants of those who had fought for their faith by the side of her valiant grandsire.

Agrippa d'Aubigné was unfortunate in his eldest son. The heir to his name and honors, notwithstanding the great care taken of his education, was a profligate from his youth, a rebellious son, a renegade to his religion, a traitor to his party. After repeatedly pardoning him, his father, indignant at a crowning act of perfidy, disinherited and cursed him. The parent could forgive offences against himself, and had more than once welcomed back and confided in the prodigal, when he professed to revert to the Reformed church; but the Huguenot chief sternly refused to pardon the double traitor who revealed to the Roman Catholic government of France the plans of England for the relief of La Rochelle, when that Huguenot stronghold was beleaguered by Cardinal Richelieu in 1627. The crime of the son was deemed a merit in the subject. Constant d'Aubigné, now a declared Catholic, and apparently devoted to the court, received an appointment about the person of Louis XIII., had a confiscated barony restored to him, and contracted an honorable marriage. But treachery was his element. He was detected in correspondence with English agents, and was imprisoned at Bordeaux, and afterward at Niort in Poitou, in which latter place of confinement was born, the 27th Nov. 1635, his daughter Françoise, celebrated in history under the name of Madame de Maintenon. Two or three years later, his wife's exertions having obtained his liberation, he sailed with his family to seek his fortune in Martinique. There he acquired considerable property, lost it again at the gaming-table, and died, holding a small military office, barely sufficient to enable him to live. At his death, Madame d'Aubigné returned to France with her children. Françoise was then nine or ten years old. Already, according to some of her numerous biographers, she had had marvelous adventures, and had narrowly escaped being devoured by a serpent, carried off by pirates, and thrown overboard for dead. But no perils that her childhood may have passed, can have equaled in strangeness the vicissitudes of her after life.

Once more in France, Madame d'Aubigné, reduced almost to penury, supported her misfortunes with courage, and busied herself with her daughter's education. Compelled, however, to revisit Martinique, she left Françoise in charge of her sister-in-law, Madame

de Vilette, who brought up the child in the Reformed religion; wherefore she was taken from her by an order of the government, and placed under the care of another relation, Madame de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, who spared no pains to instruct her in the Romish faith. "At first gentleness and caresses were tried as means of conversion; then it was attempted to subdue her by harshness and humiliation: she was left with the servants, and employed in the most menial offices. 'I commanded in the poultry-yard,' she afterward said, 'and it is there my reign commenced.' Every morning, a mask on her face to preserve her complexion, a straw-hat upon her head, a switch in her hand, and a little basket upon her arm, she was sent to take care of the turkeys, strictly forbidden to touch the basket till she had got by heart five verses of Pibrac." She was subsequently sent to an Ursuline convent, and there, by kind treatment, was induced to abjure Calvinism. Her mother's death, and that of Madame de Vilette, again left her without other resources but the charity of Madame de Neuillant, which was very scanty, avarice being that pious lady's most prominent characteristic. In her house, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had to endure innumerable privations and vexations; but she was rescued from seclusion by the vanity of her parsimonious benefactress, who found her own importance in society increased by the association of a young and beautiful girl,—for beauty she unquestionably possessed, although such is not the popular notion. The error is accounted for by M. de Noailles. "Unfortunately for Madame de Maintenon," he says, "it is only at too ripe an age that her elevation attracts our gaze. We know her only as an old woman; we always picture her to ourselves in her flannel dress and coif, devout and severe; ruling the court which had become as serious as herself, and supporting, besides the weight of years, her own ennui and the king's. Her best-known portrait, taken at the age of sixty—the one in which she was painted by Mignard in the character of St. Frances—has an expression of nobility and dignity, but, at the same time, of sadness and melancholy, which contributes to fix her in our imagination under that aspect. For us, no lingering reflection of youth softens upon her countenance the wrinkles of advanced age. She should have been known young. Happy those whose likeness is handed down to posterity as an image of grace and beauty; for them posterity is more indulgent. . . . An oval

face, chestnut hair, a complexion fair almost to pallor, black eyebrows and long lashes, dark eyes, at once soft and sparkling, regular and delicate features, a graceful and intelligent physiognomy, an elegant and noble carriage of the head, and very handsome shoulders, rendered her a person of rare distinction, and of an uncommon style of beauty; it is thus that she is represented in the enamel by Petitot, preserved at the Louvre, (an engraving from which is prefixed to M. de Noailles' work), and in the portrait which Scarron had taken of her, at the same period, by Mignard." She was then four-and-twenty. It was nine years previously that Madame de Neuillant, who sometimes assisted at Scarron's conversaziones, introduced her to the gay and accomplished, but mixed society, which was wont to assemble at the house of the witty, eccentric, and good-hearted cripple. "She was already handsome, but timid, and embarrassed by her provincial-looking dress and by her gown, which was too short, and on her entrance she began to cry. Her youth and confusion touched everybody, but especially Scarron." About two years afterward, her mother having died in the interval, he married her. If he had been attracted at first sight by her beauty, he was still more charmed by the wit, good taste, and good sense, which he soon afterward discovered in her. In short, he fell in love, although the cynic could not help sneering at himself—as he sat in his easy-chair, crippled in every limb, and bearing, as he himself said, "no bad resemblance to the letter Z"—for daring to entertain such a sentiment. Influenced by this feeling, and by the compassion with which her forlorn condition inspired him, he offered her his hand. "I preferred him to a convent," was her reply to those who expressed surprise at her acceptance of so strange a suitor.

The history of Madame de Maintenon is so well known, so many distinguished writers have busied themselves directly or incidentally with her biography, that a mere outline of her career would tell nothing that is new to anybody. Even M. de Noailles, whose voluminous work might naturally be supposed to contain novel particulars—as it certainly contains original views—of a subject that is rather hackneyed, thinks proper to prelude by an apologetic explanation. Whilst preparing a new edition of Madame de Maintenon's letters, he proposed prefixing to it a tolerably extensive notice of her life. Led away by the interest of the subject, and the importance of the period, his memoir imper-

ceptibly grew into two copious volumes, which he was induced to publish in an independent form, and which he considers to compose a tolerably complete history of the reign of Louis XIV. Viewed in this light, the part where the work is most defective is the military history of that remarkable reign. That is compressed into a short chapter, whilst a third of the whole work is occupied with a discussion of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the causes that led to it, and of the degree of blame to be attached to Louis, with a vindication of Madame de Maintenon from stimulating the persecution of the Huguenots, and an endeavor to prove that it was wholly out of her power to prevent it. All these points are settled by M. de Noailles in a manner which he deems perfectly conclusive. For the justification of his heroine, he especially cites her letters. "Above all," he says, "I have let Madame de Maintenon speak for herself. There is no historical personage concerning whom more falsehoods have been promulgated, and, after all that has been said of her, the only way to know her is to read her correspondence. I have been careful at each epoch and incident of her life, to let her explain and show her true sentiments. I have sought to make her history out of her letters." He supports this evidence, which alone might not carry conviction to all, by quotations from numerous contemporary writers, and by long and elaborate arguments of his own, sometimes more specious than convincing. He begins, after an able sketch of the social movement in France during the first half of the seventeenth century, by describing her married life with Scarron, and by repelling the calumnies leveled by St. Simon and others against her conduct as a young woman. A more trying and perilous position can scarcely be imagined than that of this beautiful girl of seventeen, exposed to the seductions and contaminations of the equivocal society that frequented the house of the paralytic wit, whose nurse she had become when she accepted the title of his wife. Whilst the Hotel Rambouillet, in the words of St. Simon, "was a sort of academy of wits of gallantry, virtue, and science, the rendezvous of all who were distinguished by quality and merit—a tribunal to which it was imperative to defer, and whose decisions had great weight in society," there existed in Paris another coterie, whose meetings, less select, were often far gayer than those of the more aristocratic and dignified assembly. "There, too," says M. de Noailles, "courtiers were to be seen in

company with Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, and mingled with men of letters, but all those were *bon vivants* and gay companions. In the midst of this circle was enthroned a little man of grotesque countenance, deformed from illness, and constantly in pain, but always laughing and making all around him laugh. Of inexhaustible gayety, fertile in sallies, and full of wit, his reputation drew a crowd around his sick couch. This little man was Scarron; he is entitled to a place here, not only from his personal celebrity, but also because his house was one of the principal meeting-places of that secondary society, which was not unconnected with the social transformation we speak of. When the *beaux esprits* of the Hotel Rambouillet assembled in the neighborhood of the Palais Cardinal, in the quarter of the Marais Scarron's drawing-room opened. In the one place, fine sentiment, refined conversation, romantic intrigues and brilliant but somewhat pretentious entertainments; in the other, gayety, joy, folly, suppers to which each guest contributed his dish; and where the language was as free as the thoughts."

Scarron, a clear-sighted appreciator of the failings and vices of himself and his boon companions, foretold, in cynical phrase, a speedy change in the retiring simplicity of the young girl who was to become the daily witness of their joyous meetings. For once he was mistaken. As Madame Scarron, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné exchanged her timidity for dignity, and curbed instead of sharing, the license of her husband and his friends. "By her decent and modest manners," says Madame de Caylus in her *Souvenirs*, "this young person inspired so much respect, that none of the young men who frequented the house dared utter an ambiguous expression in her presence, and that one of them was heard to say—'If I had to take a liberty with the queen, or with Madame Scarron, I should not hesitate an instant; I would risk it rather with the queen.'" The becoming dignity that inspired this feeling of awe was unmingled with that austerity which—we say it with all deference to M. de Noailles and her other eulogists—contributed to the gloom that overshadowed the latter years of the court of Louis XIV. Already, the lately converted Calvinist showed herself rigid in the prescribed observances of her new creed. "In Lent time," says Mademoiselle de Caylus, "she would eat a herring at one end of the table, and then retire to her chamber." This, however, the same writer remarks, was part of a necessary sys-

tem, adopted out of regard to her reputation, and to check the forwardness of those who habitually surrounded her. Scarron, jovial and easy, took no offence that his friends brought to his table the materials of a feast. Once the Count de Lude did this rather unexpectedly; Scarron shared the repast, but his wife betook herself to her apartment. Her amiability, and the charm of her conversation, destroyed the sting of these tacit reproofs, without neutralizing their wholesome effect. She was generally liked, not only by men, but by her own sex. When the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin were sent to Brouage on a party of pleasure, planned to remove one of them from the vicinity of the young king, who had fallen in love with her, they were most urgent that Madame Scarron should accompany them. Her poverty prevented her. Scarron was not fortunate. A lawsuit lost him the chief part of his income; a satirical couplet, leveled at Mazarin, cost him a pension; and, although he humbly retracted the lampoon, the avaricious Cardinal would not restore the allowance. Notwithstanding these reverses, the last years of Scarron's life were probably the happiest. "I am not surprised," Queen Christina of Sweden said to him, when she had seen his wife, "that, with the most amiable woman in Paris by your side, you are, notwithstanding your sufferings, the most cheerful man." It had long been a system with Scarron to conceal his sufferings; it was his whim to play the philosopher, and to laugh and jest when writhing with the gout. But he had his hours of deep dejection and prostration, and these his watchful and affectionate wife soon detected. At the same time she saw that pity was intolerable to him, and that applause and admiration alone consoled him for his physical pains and degradation. She laughed at his sallies, she tended him as his nurse, she acted as his secretary—writing, at his dictation, his letters and books, and frequently prevailing with him to modify objectionable passages and coarse expressions.

The circumstance most likely to tarnish the reputation of Madame Scarron was her intimacy with Ninon de l'Enclos, who won her heart by her graceful and affectionate manners, and by the charm of her intercourse. Here we are forbidden to follow the common rule of judging persons by the company they keep. Neither can we apply the rigorous code of decorum now happily in force. We must endeavor to enter into the ideas and feelings prevalent in France two centuries ago, although, even then, this in-

timacy gave their greatest advantage to the enemies and calumniators of Madame Scarron. "Some persons," says M. de Noailles, "have difficulty in understanding how Madame Scarron's habits of piety and virtue could be reconciled with such an intimacy, which was believed, however, to be closer than it really was, the report having long been spread that she and Ninon were accustomed to share the same bed—a circumstance which at that time would have had nothing very strange. This friendship is explained by the part that Ninon played—so singular a one, that the great Condé, meeting her on the public promenade, did not hesitate to pay his respects to her, hat in hand, at the door of her carriage. It is explained also by Madame Scarron's position in her husband's house, where Ninon had long been a visitor, and by the easy morality of the period. . . . Ninon was then nearly forty, twenty years older than Madame Scarron. Her conduct was more restrained than in her youth, and, without being much more moral, it was externally more decent." The extent of this comparative decency may be judged of from the fact that Ninon was then living in the country with Villarceaux, her favorite lover, to the great grief of his young wife, who, with her infant daughter, dwelt in retirement at Paris, or at her mother's chateau. Villarceaux fell in love with Madame Scarron, and Ninon, who was desirous of transferring her favor to Coligny, assisted him in his pursuit of *la belle Indienne*, the name frequently given to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, from her childhood having been passed in the West Indies. Informed of the conspiracy against her virtue, Madame Scarron was about to quarrel with Ninon, but abstained upon reflection, and, in concert with the Abbé Têtu, arranged a plan to reclaim Villarceaux. The counter-plot was crowned with complete success. Villarceaux was inveigled into writing a letter, in which he declared he renounced forever the unworthy connection with Ninon. On repairing to a rendezvous accorded him by Madame Scarron, he found himself in presence of his wife, who thanked him with tears, and an effusion of tenderness, for the assurance of future fidelity he had spontaneously transmitted to her. She had received the letter intended for Madame Scarron. Touched by her affection, and by that of his little daughter, Villarceaux accepted with a good grace the part of a penitent husband thus skillfully imposed upon him, wrote a grateful letter to his fair deceiver, and was ever after-

ward her attached friend. Madame de Genlis, in her historical romance, or romantic history, of *Madame de Maintenon*, relates this incident in much detail, and with all the attraction of style for which the clever mistress of Egalité was distinguished. But at the best it has a Decameronian savor; and although the end attained was unquestionably laudable, it is impossible to reconcile with the notions of propriety of the present day the part played in the intrigue by a virtuous and beautiful woman of twenty. The chief imputations cast upon her by contemporaries have reference to this same Villarceaux, but subsequent to the death of Scarron. During his life, only one person, Gilles Boileau, dared, out of animosity to the husband, to defame the virtue of the wife. This he did in an epigram, which excited universal indignation, and a hint from a person of quality, that he might perhaps be repaid by cudgeling, induced him to retract the calumny. Ninon herself, who, it appears, was very anxious to see her otherwise, did unwilling homage to the strict correctness of her young friend's conduct; and Tallemant des Réaux, the scandalous chronicler of the day, who was apt enough to record as facts malicious and unfounded reports, casts no imputation upon her. St. Simon furiously attacks her conduct after the death of Scarron. This writer, deprived by his independent character of the favor of Louis XIV., scarcely attempts to dissemble his hatred of Madame de Maintenon, and of the king's legitimated bastards—and doubtless it frequently rendered him partial and unjust; but M. de Noailles goes too far in refusing all historical value to his Memoirs. "St. Simon," he says, "is a painter, a poet, an orator, anything you like, except an historian." And he devotes some pages to an attempt to destroy the credit of the author he thus condemns, as eagerly as though he had inherited the animosities of his ancestor, that Duc de Noailles whom Duclos shows as trembling with fury, when compelled by St. Simon's persistence to do justice to the town of Périgueux, cruelly oppressed by his friend Courson.* He successfully exposes certain weaknesses and blunders of St. Simon, but we doubt the success of his attempt wholly to put aside his Memoirs, as untrustworthy in all that relates to Madame de Maintenon, although St. Simon has certainly too lightly accepted calumnies respecting her, current at a period when he himself was as yet un-

* Duclos, *Mémoires Secrets*, i. 330-34.

born. But controversies of this kind are now interesting to very few, except for the curious traits and details they bring forward, of times from which the present generation is separated by the magnitude and crowd of events, even more than by the lapse of years.

After Scarron's death, his widow was living in retirement in a little lodging of the Rue des Tournelles, occupied with books, and with such charitable works as her limited means allowed, when fortune sought her out. The post of governess to the king's children by Madame de Montespan was offered to her, and she accepted it, on condition that the appointment should come in the form of an order from Louis XIV. "She feared, perhaps, lest the clandestine education of children, who might never be recognized by their father, should place her in a false position in society, by which she was honored and cherished; and she would not have it said that she had sought it, or even, in some sort, voluntarily accepted it." It was a mixture of prudery and prudence, of care for her reputation, and regard for her interests, frequently observable in the course of her career, which dictated this stipulation. M. de Noailles admits that, besides the delicate motive above cited, she thought it safer to hold her appointment by the king's will, than at the caprice of his mistress. There was less chance of an affront, and a better one of a pension. As to her position, it was unavoidably equivocal in the eyes of the world—at least after a time, when, owing to the increased numbers of her charge, she went to reside in a large isolated house near Vaugirard, where she ceased to receive her friends, and occupied herself entirely with the children, her care of whom was most tender and maternal. Her sudden renunciation of society, her solitary life, and the king's visits, made the world talk, and reports even spread of her having supplanted Madame de Montespan. Gradually, however, the mystery was dissipated, and the true state of things became known. It was very soon after her installation in this retreat, according to Madame de Caylus, that she first began to occupy the king's thoughts. Madame de Montespan's eldest daughter having died, "Madame Scarron was as much affected as the most tender mother could have been, and much more than was the real mother; whereupon the king said, 'She knows well how to love, and there would be pleasure in being beloved by her'—words which constitute an epoch in the intercourse of Madame de

Maintenon and the king. It is thought that from that time the king was sensible to her attractions, and even that he testified as much to her." One of her letters to Madame de Coulanges, written at about that period, and quoted at length by M. de Noailles, fully confirms this opinion. This was in 1672. It was the commencement of a long attachment, full of romantic incidents and sentimental episodes—of quarrels with Madame de Montespan, and of moral relapses on the part of Louis, who, during the latter part of the time, was in the transition state from the character of the elegant profligate to that of the *ennuyé* bigot. Twelve or thirteen years later—in 1685, according to the most likely calculation—the king being forty-seven years old, and Madame de Maintenon three years his senior, the Archbishop of Paris celebrated their secret marriage in an oratory at Versailles, in presence of Père la Chaise, (who said the mass), of the king's *valet-de-chambre*, and of M. de Montchevreuil, an intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon. Some writers have said that Louvois was present, but this, for reasons already given, appears very doubtful, as, indeed, are many of the details popularly credited with regard to this singular union. The date of the event seems fixed with tolerable certainty by La Baumelle, in his *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*. He says, that one day, when reprimanding the Duchess of Burgundy, she said to her—"I was what I am before you were born." The Duchess of Burgundy was born the 13th December, 1685. Voltaire assigns a later date to the marriage—incorrectly, if this anecdote be true; and St. Simon alleges it to have taken place immediately after the queen's death, in the winter of 1683-4, without, however, assigning any valid reasons for the assertion. The date, however, is immaterial; the fact of the marriage has long since been established by testimony that admits not of dispute. And even if the Bishop of Chartres, and other equally trustworthy persons, had not left written evidence of the fact, the king's behavior to Madame de Maintenon, and certain parts of her own deportment, would leave no room for doubt. "At the promenades of Marly," says Duclos, "shut up in a sedan-chair, to avoid the least breath of air, she had the king walking by her side, and taking off his hat each time that he bent forward to speak to her. Thus was she also seen on a rising ground at the camp of Compiègne, surrounded by all the court, the king on foot beside her, and the Duchess of Burgundy seated on one of the poles of the

chair. In her own apartments, it was still less possible to mistake the queen. She rose not on the entrance of princes of the blood, who had to demand an audience before they were admitted to her presence, unless, indeed, they were sent for to receive some dry reprimand. She never called the Duchess of Burgundy otherwise than *mignonne*, and the duchess always addressed her as *aunt*." How strange a contrast! Thirty years previously, this woman of fifty, before whom the greatest king in Europe now stood uncovered—a mark of respect he had never shown to the queen, or to any of his mistresses—had walked, in the flower of her youth and beauty, beside the chair in which the poor cripple Scarron took his airing, beneath the arcades of the Place Royale.

For some years before the marriage, Madame de Maintenon's power over Louis XIV., although occasionally weakened by the fugitive seductions of Madame de Fontange, or some other favorite of the hour, was as great, to all appearance, as at any subsequent period. Already the influence of the priests and Jesuits who accompanied her advent, was visible in the violent efforts made for the conversion of the Huguenots—efforts which, when unsuccessful, were replaced by the most oppressive and cruel measures. These persecutions were preceded and accompanied by ardent attempts at proselytism. On all sides missionaries were at work. When they failed, dragons replaced them. The sword succeeded to the crucifix. Neither were successful; but a hundred and fifty thousand families, belonging to the most intelligent classes of the French population, fled from their native land, where religious liberty was refused them, to enrich other countries by their ingenuity and industry. By guarding the frontiers, Louvois endeavored, but in vain, to check this wholesale emigration, the evil of which was insufficient to wrest concessions from the king. "The first of religions for Louis XIV.," says Duclos, "was the belief in the royal authority. Ignorant, besides, in matters of doctrine, superstitious in his devotion, he pursued a real or imaginary heresy as an act of disobedience, and thought to expiate his faults by persecution." Always inclined to tyranny, this quality augmented tenfold when he threw himself into the arms of bigotry and the Jesuits, of which body St. Simon asserts that he became a lay member. Certain it is that he was as much under their influence as if he had been bound by the terrible obligations imposed upon the members of that execrable fraternity. "The revoca-

tion of the Edict of Nantes was the most terrible act of this fanatical devotion. Louis pretended to the rule of consciences. France, already ruined by war, luxury, and festivals, was depopulated by proscriptions; and the foreigner was the gainer by our losses. Louis was but the blind instrument of this barbarity. They represented to him, under the blackest colors, those heretics to whom his grandfather Henry chiefly owed his crown. Madame de Maintenon, born in the bosom of Calvinism, feared to draw suspicion on her own orthodoxy by intercession for her former brethren."* Voltaire, whom M. de Noailles admits to be tolerably correct in his judgment of Madame de Maintenon, says that she did not press the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and its consequences, but that neither did she oppose it. It is significant, however, of the unscrupulous lengths to which she deemed herself justified in going to obtain converts to Rome, that, during the absence at sea of her cousin, M. de Villette, she fraudulently obtained possession of his young children, and prevailed with them to abjure their father's religion. "She was full of joy," says M. de Noailles, "to have rendered so great a service to their souls—greater even than to their fortunes." The latter point, however, was not neglected; and, subsequently, the king gave a regiment of dragons to the eldest son, and a commission in his guards to the younger. In a letter to her brother, dated 19th December, 1680, she develops her plan for the conversion of all her young relatives. "Young de Murçay," she says, speaking of M. de Villette's eldest boy, "has long been a Catholic. M. de Saint-Hermine arrived to-day, and I think will give me more trouble. In a few days I shall have Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Hermine, de Caumont, and de Murçay; I hope I shall not miss one. But I like Minette, whom I saw at Cognac. If you could send her to me, you would do me a great pleasure. *There are no other means than violence: for they will be much afflicted in the family by de Murçay's conversion; you should prevail with her, therefore, to write to me that she wishes to become a Catholic. You will send me her letter; I will send you back a *lettre-de-cachet*, in virtue of which you will take her into your own house, until you find an opportunity of sending her off, by means of the M. de Xaintes, or M. de Tours.*" In this creditable manner were employed, it appears, a part of the nine thousand *lettres-de-cachet*

* DUCLOS, I, 193-94.

issued under the reign of Louis XIV., sur-named the Great. It were easy to give a host of similar details respecting Madame de Maintenon's propagandist manoeuvres. Doubtless, she acted according to her conscience, guided by the jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means. We find her exulting in the success of her intrigues: "*On ne voit que moi*," she says, "*dans les églises, conduisant quelque Huguenot*."

"Whilst the king was occupied with his amours," says Duclos, "the court was gallant: the confessor stepped in and took possession, it became dull and hypocritical. The courtiers ran to the chapel as they before had hurried to ball and pageant; but the king was still the god to whom the worship was addressed. He had opportunities of perceiving this. Once that he was expected at evening prayer, the aisles were full of courtly devotees. Brissac, major of the body-guard, entered the chapel, said aloud to his men that the king was not coming, and withdrew them. In an instant the chapel emptied itself; the Marchioness of Dangeau and three or four other women alone remaining. A quarter of an hour afterward, Brissac replaced the guards. The King arrived, and was astonished at the extraordinary solitude. Brissac told him the reason; Louis laughed, and perhaps he pardoned the indifference to religion in favor of the respect and fear shown to his person."

The morality of which the king set an example after his second marriage, found as few sincere imitators as his exaggerated devotion. No words, that we can venture to employ, would give an adequate idea of the profligacy prevalent under his reign—of the debaucheries of the clergy, the vileness of the courtiers, the immorality of all classes. Dulaure, in his *Tableau Moral* of Paris, under Louis XIV., gives a frightful picture of the state of society; and although he has been taxed with exaggeration in certain financial statistics relating to that reign, his evidence is corroborated by the records of the time, in all essential particulars, as to its morals. "The clergy," he says, "with the exception of a few men of genius, who threw a bright lustre upon their century, and of a few others, commendable for their talents and regular lives, were plunged in ignorance and dissoluteness. When the conversion of the Protestants was undertaken, hardly a priest was to be found in the rural districts capable of instructing them by his discourse, and of edifying them by his conduct. The king set an example of disorder by his gallantries." A king who scrupled not to travel with his wife and his two mistresses, (de Montespan and La Vallière,) all in the

same carriage—whilst the people flocked to see the three queens, as they called them—could with ill grace have shown himself too severe a censor of his subjects. Later, however, in the height of his fanaticism, when he was completely in the hands of the pious Madame de Maintenon and his spiritual advisers, and religion was the order of the day, the clergy and courtiers continued their evil courses, merely adding hypocrisy to their other vices. The Archbishop of Paris, de Harlay, was noted for his debaucheries, notwithstanding which he was about to receive a cardinal's hat, when he was carried off by apoplexy in 1695. "What is now wanted," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "is some one to make his funeral oration. They say there are only two trifling considerations that render the task difficult—his life and his death." The corruption of the ladies of the court was extreme. "They united," says Dulaure, "pride with baseness, licentiousness with devotion, the forms of politeness with acts of cruelty. When too old for amorous intrigues, they became passionate gamblers, quarrelsome, litigious, false devotees, the tyrants of their homes, the curse of their families. The annals of tribunals, and historical records, afford abundant and indisputable proofs of the truth of this picture. We have already seen a specimen of their morals in the matter of the poisonings"—referring to the affair of La Voisin and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, in which a great number of noble persons belonging to the court were mixed up, although most of them got off with light punishment. When devotion (or hypocrisy) had become the fashion at court, "the lady gamblers," says a contemporary writer, "upon separating, pronounced a formula, by which they reciprocally made each other a present of any gains that might have been unfairly acquired. This mode of defrauding God, practiced by so many pious harpies, even in the very apartments of Madame de Maintenon, appeared to me an eminently characteristic trait." Tolerance went yet farther; and men, known to have committed ignominious crimes, such as theft and coining, were admitted, in virtue of their ancient names and amusing qualities, into the very highest circles. As for cheating at cards, nothing was thought of it. The author of the *Memoirs of the Duke de Grammont* speaks jestingly of his addiction to this base practice. "A great sharper and a great cheat at play," says St. Simon. This is the Duke de Grammont of whom we read in Lemon-tay's *Nouveaux Mémoires de Dangeau*, that,

in his seventy-third year, his wife made him say a paternoster, for the first time in his life. "Truly a fine prayer!" he said; "*who made it?*" Bussy Rabutin, in his *Memoirs*, mentions that, having been robbed, he suspected one of his retinue: "I strongly suspected that gentleman," he remarks, as if the thing were quite natural, "for he had been all his life a sharper." And elsewhere he speaks of an equerry, a soldier of fortune, whose bravery and friendship he extols, and adds, (as quietly as if he were saying that the man was a good shot and horseman,) "he was addicted to every vice, and robbery and murder were as familiar to him as eating and drinking." Such lenity is best explained by the practices of the great nobles themselves. At the rejoicings celebrated at Versailles, for the marriage of Louis XIV.'s grandson, where the princes and courtiers literally bent under the weight of embroidery and jewels,* some noble thieves made an immense booty, and had the audacity to cut off a piece of the Duchess of Burgundy's dress, in order to obtain possession of a diamond clasp. "The Chevalier de Sully caught one of the robbers in the act: *it was a man of the first quality*. They supposed he wished to get wherewith to pay for his coat, and the king pardoned him." The mixture of bigotry and libertinism, prevalent at the end of the 17th century, was most curious. Compliance with the forms of religion, with fasts, and penitence, was held far more important than a virtuous life. Louis XIV.'s son, known as the *Grand-Dauphin*, considered it one of the blackest of crimes to eat meat on a fast-day. During Lent he sent to Paris for one of his mistresses, an actress named Raisin; and when she came he gave her nothing to eat but salad and bread fried in oil, imagining that a sin avoided expiated a sin committed. The king's brother, eating a biscuit, said to

* Luxury in dress was carried to a scandalously extravagant height under the reign of Louis XIV. The king set the example, and seemed to think that the splendor of his clothes contributed to his personal grandeur. Dulaure is very severe upon him for this weakness. "When, in February, 1715," he says, "the Jesuits, to divert the *ennui* of Louis XIV., sent him a supposititious ambassador from the King of Persia, a foreign merchant being made to play this part at the Court of France, the monarch, continually the dupe of these priests' knavery, thought it necessary to display all his magnificence to the pretended envoy. He put on a dress of gold stuff and watered silk, embroidered with diamonds to a value of twelve and a half millions of livres, and the coat was so heavy that he changed it after his dinner." See also *Dangeau's Memoirs*, by Madame de Sartory, ii. 117.

the Abbé Feuillet, a canon of St. Cloud, "This is not breaking the fast?" "Eat a calf," replied the priest with a frankness and honesty rare at that time, "and be a Christian." It was the age of hypocrisy and outward observance. The husk of religion was offered to God; the grain was nowhere. People went daily to church; there to talk and laugh, and see their friends. In a work that appeared in 1713, entitled "A Letter from a Layman to his Friend on the immodesty and profanation committed in Churches," the author, after describing the irreverence and unbecoming attitudes of the congregation, adds this reflection—"It is truly extraordinary that people reckon it a great sin not to attend mass, but make no scruple of the profanations they there commit." But neither satire, sermon, nor reprimand could repress the indecency then remarkable in woman's attire, and which was prescribed by court etiquette, whose laws none dared violate or attempt to reform. Even in his most fervent hours of fanaticism, etiquette was paramount with the king to every other consideration. As usual, the town took pattern by the court, and the immorality of Paris has seldom been greater than during the years of Louis XIV.'s devotion and ennui—those years of dullness and discontent of which Madame de Maintenon so bitterly complains in her letters. From the hypocritical concealment of this reign, to the open license of the Regency, the apparent change was great, but the real increase of depravity was far from considerable. M. de Noailles, in common with all the admirers of Madame de Maintenon, represents her heart to have been more interested than her ambition in the success of the skillful course of conduct by which, after the death of the queen, she riveted the king's fetters, and decoyed him to the altar. If her anticipations of happiness from the marriage were sanguine, they were far from realized. It was difficult for any attachment to endure the constant presence of Louis's intense egotism, and her strong good sense cannot but have been disgusted by the prodigious doses of adulation he daily complacently imbibed. The magnitude of these is shown in a curious passage from Duclos:—

"Never was a prince the object of so much adoration. The homage paid him was a worship, an emulation of servility, a conspiracy of eulogiums, which he blushed not to receive, since others blushed not to offer them. The dedication of his statue in the Place des Victoires was an apotheosis. The prologues of operas intoxicated

him with corrupt incense to such a degree that he naïvement sang them himself. The Bishop of Noyon, (Clermont Tonnerre,) so vain-glorious and so vile, founded a prize at the Academy, to celebrate in perpetuity the virtues of Louis XIV. as an inexhaustible subject. Men went in the morning to the chapel of the Louvre, to hear the panegyric of St. Louis; and at night, at the Assembly, they attended with greater devotion to that of Louis XIV. Nor was it without his knowledge; they shamelessly communicated to him the subject of each eulogium. It was not without opposition from certain servile Academicians, that I succeeded in changing the subject of the prize;* such difficulty has the soul that has once groveled to raise itself from the earth. The Duke of Gramont, son of the first marshal of that name, asked of the king an appointment as historiographer, that he might flatter by right of office. If others were preferred to him, truth was nothing the gainer. Is it astonishing that, in the midst of a court of poisoners, Louis fell into a delirium of vanity and self-adoration? . . . Nothing better paints the impression made by the king's presence than what happened to Henry Jules de Bourbon, son of the great Condé. He had an hysterical affection which, in any other than a prince, would have been called insanity. It showed itself in his occasionally fancying he was a dog, and then he barked with all his might. He was once seized with a fit of this kind in the king's apartment. The monarch's presence restrained the madness without wholly checking it. The maniac went to the window, and, putting out his head, stifled his voice as much as he could, making, at the same time, all the grimaces with which his barking was habitually accompanied.†

Madame de Maintenon must have felt continually humiliated in the person of her royal husband, whose greediness of flattery was scarcely less despicable than the baseness of those who administered it; and, in a woman of her character, it is difficult to imagine affection surviving esteem. Many passages in her letters lead to the inference that her love for Louis, if it ever distinctly existed, was exchanged, for years before his death, for utter indifference, not to say dislike. "With all my good fortune," she wrote to one of her friends, "I am dying of melancholy. The king keeps me constantly in sight. I see no one. I am obliged to rise at five in the morning, to find time to write to you." And, in another letter, "I feel too well that there is no compensation for loss of liberty." Her disgust at the baseness of the courtiers is forcibly expressed in various letters: "Almost all," she says, "are ready to drown friends and relations in order to say a word

the more to the king, and to show him that they sacrifice everything to him. . . I see and hear things that rouse my displeasure and indignation. Cold-blooded assassinations, causeless envy, treason without resentment, insatiable avarice, despair in the midst of prosperity, baseness misnamed magnanimity. I pause; I cannot think of these things without anger." Louis XIV.—whose death was more exemplary than his life, and who recognized, on the brink of the grave, some of the chief errors of his reign*—testified, in his last illness, much affection for Madame de Maintenon, embracing her tenderly, and even shedding tears at the thought of parting from her—the best sign of human feeling and weakness that marked the closing scene of his existence. "I have not made you happy," he said, "but I have always entertained for you the sentiments of esteem and friendship you merit. In quitting you, I am consoled by the hope that we shall speedily meet again in eternity." To this adieu, according to Duclos, she made no reply, and the idea it expressed seemed repugnant to her. It is most unlikely, however, that she would have allowed such repugnance to appear. "Bolduc, chief apothecary, assured me that she said, as she left the room, 'A pretty rendezvous he gives me! That man has never loved any one but himself.' These words, which I will not guarantee to have been spoken, because the chief domestics loved her not, might better have come from the lips of Scarron's widow, than from those of a queen." Duclos is right to doubt so improbable an anecdote. But what admits not of doubt, or of excuse, is her desertion of her king and husband during the forty-eight hours preceding his death. Her most ardent admirer, Madame de Genlis, is for once compelled to censure. "It is the sole blamable action of her life," she says. "She should have received the king's last sigh." Unquestionably she should. Though affection were extinct and gratitude forgotten, common decorum should have bound her to his dying pillow. It was a strange blunder of one habitually so circumspect. It furnished to her enemies an additional and valid pretext for taxing her with hypocrisy and cold-heartedness; and it weakened the position of her friends, who, with a greater but more amiable exaggeration, held her up as a model of perfection, such as is incompatible with the fragility and corruption of human nature.

* Duclos was a distinguished member and perpetual secretary of the French Academy, as well as historiographer of France, under Louis XV.
† Duclos, i. 199-201.

* In his last words to the Dauphin: "My dear child, I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, nor in the too great expenditure I have made."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GODIVA.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER, OF EDINBURGH.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

JOHN HUNTER, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it turn'd aside;
His lady, to remove the toll that makes the land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she was born:
She said—The people will be kind; they love a gentle deed:
They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend in need.

Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close, in penitence and prayer;
The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound been heard
Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest summer bird;
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

The mass is said; the priest hath bless'd the lady's pious will:
Then down the stairs she comes undress'd, but in a mantle still;
Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a star;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows not what they are;
The door is pass'd; the saddle press'd; her body feels the air;
Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of piteous hair.

Oh, then how every list'ner feels, the palfrey's foot that hears!
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave in tears;
The poorest that were most in need of what the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature born to rescue men forbid:
He that had said they could have died for her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint! No shameless brow was hers, who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pines of poverty:
No unaccustom'd deed she did, in scorn of custom's self,
She that but wish'd the daily bread upon the poor man's shelf:
Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she was, and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy preach'd of old.

They say she blush'd to be beheld e'en of her ladies' eyes,
Then took her way with downward look, and brief, bewilder'd sighs.
A downward look; a beating heart; a sense of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door she pass'd;
A pray'r, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear that glow'd,
These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious road.

But who shall blind his heart with more? Who dare, with lavish guess,
Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine distress?
In fancy still she holds her way, forever pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame unbreath'd upon;
The step, that upon Duty's ear is growing more and more,
Though yet, alas! it hath to pass by many a scorner's door.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

[Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for March.]

WE have made our readers so perfectly acquainted with the progress of research in the Arctic Regions, that it may be very fairly expected, in a case where interest is so intense and so widely diffused, that we should persevere in our chronicle of enterprise and adventure. We have seen that, in the year 1845, 138 as noble fellows as ever trod a plank, sailed from England in the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Captain Sir John Franklin, with orders to enter the Polar Sea by Barrow's Straits, and sail westward to those of Behring. On the 26th of July, 1845, this expedition was spoken with in latitude 74 deg. 48 min. north, and longitude 66 deg. 13 min. west, not far from the entrance of Lancaster Sound, the ice comparatively open, prospects promising, and officers and men in health and sanguine spirits. The vessels were victualled for three years, yet since that day, now four years seven months ago, naught has been heard of them.

In 1848 three expeditions left England in search of our missing countrymen. The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were sent on the back of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Sir James Ross: they wintered in Leopold Harbor, examined the neighboring shores for many miles by means of land parties; but when, in August, 1849, the ships got out of their winter quarters, they were, as we have before recorded, immediately inextricably surrounded with ice, and swept by it into Baffin's Bay. The second expedition was an overland party under Sir J. Richardson. We have recorded its progress, and mentioned that Dr. Rae had been left on the Arctic shores, to attempt, during the summer of 1849, to penetrate into Victoria and Wollaston's Lands. Intelligence of the results of such a bold undertaking may be almost daily expected.

The third expedition—and of which we have not before been able to give an account—was composed of the *Plover*, Commander Moore, which was to approach the Arctic

Archipelago from Behring's Straits, but being an old, clumsy vessel, she failed in 1848, and was only able to enter on the prosecution of her appointed work in the summer of 1849. The same year the *Herald* (Captain Kellett) was ordered up from Oahu to the Straits, to forward the object of the expedition. The *Herald* found at Petropaulski the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner *Nancy Dawson* (Mr. Shedden), who had come along the Chinese coast to Behring's Straits, also in search of Sir John Franklin and his party. The yacht was placed at Captain Kellett's disposal; and the crew being in a state of disorganization, an officer was sent on board. The two vessels sailed from Petropaulski on the 25th of June, and on the 15th of July joined the *Plover*, at anchor under Chamisso Island. On this island they dug up 336 lbs. of flour, left there twenty-three years before by Captain Beechey, of which 175 lbs. was as sweet and well-tasted as any they had on board. The sand in which it was buried was frozen so hard, that it emitted sparks with every blow of the pickaxe. On July 18, the vessels stood out to sea, with a south-west wind. On the 25th they were off Wainwright's Inlet, surrounded by vast numbers of whales, walruses that kept up a continual bellowing and grunting, innumerable seals that barked as lustily as dogs, and immense flocks of ducks.

At this point another expedition, consisting of four boats and twenty-five persons, with seventy days' provisions, was started, under the command of Lieutenant Pullen. On the 26th the ice could be seen in heavy masses, extending from the shore near the Seahorse Islands, and the same day they made the pack, which was composed of dirty-colored ice, not more than five or six feet high, with columns and pinnacles some distance in. The pack was traced for forty leagues, and being perfectly impenetrable, the most northerly point reached was in latitude 72 deg. 51 min. north, and 163 west.

July 30th, being packed in shore, the survey of Wainwright's Inlet was recommenced. The natives supplied them freely with fresh provisions. Early in August the pack was again coasted in a westerly direction, wolves grunting around in groups of eight and ten together; but strong winds and thick weather forced them to return to the eastward.

On the 12th of August, being in latitude 70 deg. 20 min. N., and 171 deg. 23 min. W. long., the *Herald* discovered a shoal. On the 15th, at noon, the vessel was in lat. 70 deg. 20 min., and long. 171 deg. 10 min. W., and on the 17th the exciting report of land ho! was made from the mast-head, and several small islands were gradually made out, with a very extensive and high land beyond. One of these islands being a solid mass of granite, about four and a half miles in extent east and west, and rising about 1400 feet out of the sea, in 71 deg. 20 min. N., long. 175 deg. 16 min. W., was reached in the *Herald* boat with great difficulty, and taken possession of in the name of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The high land seen in the distance, Captain Kellett considered to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangell in his Polar voyages.

A strong northerly wind, constant snow-storms, and excessive cold, prevented further examination, and obliged Captain Kellett to return to the rendezvous off Cape Lisburne for the boats. On the 24th of August the *Herald* sighted off the low land the *Nancy Dawson* yacht and one of the larger boats. Mr. Shedden came on board, accompanied by Mr. Martin, the second master of the *Plover*, who had been sent back by Lieut. Pullen in charge of the two large boats of the expedition. The boats had been accompanied as far as Point Barrow by the yacht. This vessel had many escapes. She was pressed on shore once, ran on shore on another occasion to the eastward of Point Barrow, and was only got off by the assistance of the natives, who manned her capstan, and hoveled with great good will. On another occasion she parted her lower cable from the pressure of the ice that came suddenly down on her, and had a narrow escape from a severe squeeze.

Finding it impossible to remain on the coast, Captain Kellett began on the 28th to work off with all the sail the ship would carry. Passed Cape Krusenstern on the 1st of September, and the same evening found the *Plover* and the yacht at anchor under Choris

Peninsula, Chamisso Island. After a boat expedition up Buckland River, the *Herald* sailed from the Kotzebue Sound, in company with the yacht, on the 29th of September for the Pacific, Mr. Shedden being at that time suffering from the illness which probably predisposed him to that final malady which carried him off at Mazatlan, where the yacht arrived the 13th, and the *Herald* the 14th of November.

The *Plover*, it is to be remarked, remained during the winter now just elapsed at Chamisso Island, while the small expedition under Lieutenant Pullen, consisting of two twenty-seven foot whale-boats and one native baidar, manned with fourteen persons in all, and carrying 100 days' provision, were on their way, with God's blessing, to one of the Hudson's Bay establishments on the Mackenzie River. By the reports that were received of the expedition by the return boats, it appears that they fell in with the main pack of ice in 71 deg. 15 min. 58 sec. north—much further south than was expected, from the mildness of the weather and the fine open sea. Lieutenant Pullen stopped at Point Barrow till the 4th of August, when he parted company from the yacht and larger boats, amidst three hearty good cheers on both sides. News may be expected of this expedition this spring; and unless instructions of a different nature are forwarded by the Admiralty to York Factory, Lieutenant Pullen was to return in the summer of 1850 to Point Barrow, where it was the intention of Commander Moore to return to his assistance. Captain Kellett lays great stress in his reports on the health, bodily strength, endurance, ability, and great decision of character which ensure success to Lieutenant Pullen in this arduous voyage.

It is impossible to contemplate the results of this exploratory journey without being appalled at the difficulties which present themselves to the expedition sent out this spring under Captain Collinson by the same route. The day after the *Herald* left Chamisso Island in company with the *Plover*, the expedition changed colors with an American whaler, whales at the time blowing in every direction around her, but the wind was too strong, and there was too much sea for her "to attempt them." No sooner had the expedition attained a westerly longitude of about 162 deg. in the parallel of 71 to 71°30', than they were stopped by the ice, along the edge of which they ran to the northward, until finally stopped by the pack in 72 deg. 51 min. N. lat., and 163 deg. 48 min. W.

long; that is to say, to the eastward of Point Barrow, and at the outermost verge of the seas which they were sent to explore.

The expedition from the west was thus stopped at a distance of nearly 1500 miles from Barrow's Straits, and nearly 1000 from the most easterly lands discovered in the Arctic Archipelago. And what difficulties may there not exist between the point reached by the *Herald* and Parry Islands? Suppose this vast portion of the Arctic Ocean to be without lands, the sea of ice to be traversed is fearful to think of! True, that when at their more northerly position Commander Moore and the ice-master reported a water sky, but the hope to be derived from so faint a promise is as delusive, almost, as the mirage. The fact is, that every exploratory expedition in the Arctic Regions which has got a few steps beyond another, has always found land. To Melville Peninsula succeeded Boothia; and to Bathurst Island, Melville Island. To the Continent succeeded Wollaston and Victoria Lands; and to the Parry Islands, Cape Walker, and Banks' Land. And now 1000 miles to the westward of these the *Herald* finds what its captain deems to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan on the coast of Asia! Everything, therefore, tends to the conclusion that that portion of the Arctic Sea which extends northward of the American continent is, with the exception of the line of coast, almost entirely land and ice-locked. Thus were the outer pack forced, what unknown obstacles would be presented to progress for some time yet to come by unknown and unexplored lands and islands? Where in regions of perpetual ice and snow, the point where land ends and water commences is so difficult to determine, how find where a channel lies, and when found, how tortuous and uncertain the line of navigation in an archipelago so circumstanced? Barrow's Straits were discovered in Parry's first voyage, and yet the very last attempt made to navigate them failed in two successive years. If this is the case in a known channel, what must it be in 1000 miles of unexplored ice and land?

We by no means wish to say that such an expedition as that sent out under Captain Collinson ought not to have been undertaken. No measures, so long as there is a chance left to save our fellow-countrymen, should be neglected. We only wish to point out to our readers the real difficulties of the case. It may be considered as pretty well determined, by Sir James Ross's expedition, that

Sir John Franklin had neither been imbayed in Prince Regent's Inlet, nor gone to the south instead of the west after passing the coast of North Somerset. There is every reason to believe that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, having screw-propelling power, would have forced their way through young ice into narrow and difficult channels and against contrary winds. These ships may be within sight of Cape Walker, or off Banks' Land. They may be beset amongst the Parry Islands, or they may be in the broad expanse of unknown sea which lies between Banks' Land and the longitude of Cape Barrow, to the east of which the *Herald* could not force its way. But neither *Herald* nor *Plover*, no more than *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, could, without propelling power, be expected to succeed by any amount of seamanship or manual labor in gaining the position which we are led to suppose Sir John Franklin's party to have attained. The best that can befall any party that shall follow in their track is to get back again. The same sea that would carry a vessel of succor to the relief of the missing expedition would in all probability set our countrymen at liberty. The chances are, the ships and their crews being safe and sound, that a fair season may restore them to us from their perilous position by their own unaided efforts, and that one of the many exploratory expeditions sent out will be there, not to rescue, but to tender to them that help and succor of which, by this time, they must assuredly be much in need of.

Last year, while the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were struggling in the east, the *Herald* and *Plover* and the little yacht in the west, and Sir John Richardson and his land party in the south, Parliament granted £20,000 reward as an inducement for whalers and private individuals to attempt the rescue of Franklin and his companions; and at an expense of £12,000 the *North Star* was filled with provisions, and dispatched with the hope of meeting Sir James Ross, to revictual his vessels and instruct him to persevere in his search. There are reasons to hope that the said *North Star* is safe at this moment in Leopold Harbor, and her stock of provisions may perchance be yet devoted to the very objects here faintly anticipated.

Thus at this very moment there are three relieving parties in the Arctic Seas: the gallant Lieutenant Pullen and his crew off the inhospitable coast of the Mackenzie River; Dr. Rae and his party off the still more perplexing coast of the Coppermine River; and

the *North Star*, it is to be hoped, on the very track of the long-missing expedition.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* sailed again from this country, but in an opposite direction to that previously taken, under the command of Captain Collinson, in the month of January, furnished with provisions for three years, as well as with a quantity of extra stores, and fortified in every respect against the dangers and inclemencies of the Arctic Seas. Captain Collinson was to proceed to Cape Virgins, where he would find a steamer in waiting to tow him through the Straits of Magellan, and so on to Valparaiso. From this port the two ships are to proceed to the Sandwich Islands, where they will receive dispatches from home, and meanwhile, if possible, effect a junction with the *Herald* and *Plover*. In case he should join company with these vessels, Captain Collinson is directed to add Commander Moore and the *Plover* to his expedition, and make all dispatch so as to reach Behring's Straits in July, and actually to strike the ice by the first of August.

Once arrived at the ice, for three years Captain Collinson is left to himself, subject only to some general directions as to winter quarters. For three years he will be sedulously engaged in dispatching parties of men in such directions as may seem the most likely to produce favorable results, and in organizing boat expeditions to search every nook and cranny of the Arctic shores for traces of Franklin and his companions. The reason why the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were dispatched by way of Behring's instead of Barrow's Straits was, as recorded by the Admiralty, because the efforts which had been made for the last two years to relieve the *Erebus* and *Terror* had failed, and all access to Parry Islands has been prevented by the accumulation of ice in the upper part of Barrow's Straits; and whereas it is possible that the same severity of weather may not prevail at the same time in both the eastern and western entrances to the Arctic Sea, they determined to send an expedition into the Polar Sea from the westward.

The result of the efforts made by the *Herald* and *Plover* to penetrate from the westward, and in which, as we have seen, they were repulsed by the ice at the very onset, having, in fact, like the eastern expedition, merely arrived at the extreme confines of the region in which the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* may yet be expecting relief in lingering misery, would to a certain extent negative this last hope held out of a difference

in seasons between the east and west approaches to the Arctic Ocean. The resolution now come to, however, of sending out another expedition to Barrow's Straits, lends very great importance to that under Captain Collinson; for while it is impossible not to feel that, taking into account the enterprising character and Arctic experience of Sir John Franklin, that if his ships were hopelessly involved in the ice, and life were yet spared to him and his companions, that he would not be contented to remain inactive until relief should reach him, and that the natural direction he would take would be either for the whaling ships by Barrow's Straits or for the northern coast of America, in order to reach one of the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, still it is almost equally impossible to conceive two expeditions acting in concert from the east and the west at the same time, and that perseveringly during several consecutive years, aided by balloons, rockets, collared foxes, and a hundred other resources of an anxious and charitable ingenuity, but that, some how or other, intelligence of aid and succor may be conveyed across the great and unknown interval that will lie between the two expeditions. Lieutenant Pullen's expedition scarcely proceeds sufficiently to the eastward to have reasonable expectations of being of any use; but Dr. Rae's party should be strengthened; and for three years the Hudson's Bay Company should have the coast of North America, from the Great Fish River to the Mackenzie, under strict surveillance. This might be effected by three parties; one at each of the above-mentioned rivers, and a third in the centre, at the Coppermine River, keeping up constant communication with the natives. How far for purposes of combined movement with the naval expeditions parties could be dispatched from the northern coast across sea, toward Parry's Islands, we cannot venture to say. Our feelings are, that such are fraught with infinite danger. The seas in these regions are liable to sudden and great disturbances from trivial, almost unknown causes; and the currents in the narrow channels of the icy archipelago are most adverse. Captain Kellett, when off Cape Hope (August 25th) in a calm, describes heavy rollers as coming in without any apparent cause; and had the yacht and boats remained at their anchorage, they certainly would have driven on shore without his being able to render them any assistance. And again, on the 27th, he says: "I have never seen so hollow or distressing a sea for a ship; no small-decked boat could have lived in it." Noth-

ing seems so certain, that in those ordinances of Providence which govern terrestrial phenomena, the Arctic Ocean is, when free of ice, as much the peculiar region of movement and turbulence, and the abode of animals such as whales, walruses, seals, and birds, that delight in such (for it is at once their safety and that state of things which favors their alimentation), just as much as the Pacific is the region of calms and the home of the turtle and the coral.

We are not among those who trust that in this expedition all projects of geographical exploration will be discountenanced. Should the pack be found open in the parallel of, but north of Barrow Point, we should say by all means wait for nothing, but push on for Parry's Islands if possible—but this is begging the question; the pack may be found in 1850 as compact as in 1849, and to the westward of Barrow Point this expedition, with the *Plover* added to it, will be a large and efficient one, and one party, at all events, may visit Kellett's Island; an elevation of 1400 feet will give great power of observation as to the distribution of land, the trending of the high land discovered by the *Herald*, the existence of an open sea to the northward, or the possible existence of an open channel in the pack.

Sir Robert Inglis, in laying before the House of Commons a proposal for a new expedition from the eastward, very properly, although in opposition to opinions industriously circulated of late, placed foremost in consideration the expediency of applying steam navigation directly and primarily in the search. The honorable member for Oxford further suggested, that instead of two vessels being employed, the same amount of tonnage should be distributed among four vessels. The object, as he justly remarked, was not so much to go from one point to another, as to make a search in all directions.

Mr. McCormack, formerly surgeon in the *Erebus*, on the contrary, advocated that the expedition should be mainly carried on by boats, having a vessel as a *point d'appui* at the head of Baffin's Bay, to investigate Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Wellington Channel.

The Rev. W. Scoresby—the well-known Arctic traveler, and author of many works on the Arctic regions—has also published "Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our Absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions," in which, after giving it as his opinion—and a very important one it is, too—that the crews of two ships could not be summa-

rily lost—that Arctic expeditions are attended with small comparative risk to human life, for "there are no heavy seas which could prevent escape from a shipwreck, nor could any imaginable catastrophe by the ice of these regions suddenly overwhelm the entire crews." He argues, as we have also done, in favor of three combined movements from the west, the east, and the northern coast of America.

With respect to the renewal of the search in the direction of Barrow's Straits, Dr. Scoresby observes:—

"The plan of search in this hopeful direction, which I venture to submit, comprehends the employment of four vessels, together with one or two boats, or steam-launches, for detached parties in the proposed investigations. One of the vessels, the principal in magnitude and accommodations, I would propose for serving as a general depôt, receiving ship, or place of retreat for parties, or crews of other vessels. For it has appeared to me, after every consideration which I could myself give to the subject, to be of vast importance, in its bearing on this research of humanity, to retain to the very last one effective ship, at least, at some safe position within the range of our former explorations to Melville Island. Port Leopold, however unfavorable for an early escape for vessels designed for active operations, appears to present many advantages for the head-quarters of exploring parties in this particular region; 'a position,' as described by Sir James Ross, 'of all others the most desirable, if any one spot had to be selected, for the purpose of wintering.' With such an arrangement for a *point d'appui*, vessels of an inferior class, two or three in number, might be safely and advantageously employed for pushing investigation westward of Cape Walker, as well as up the channels extending out of Barrow Strait northward. Vessels of the class or description of the *dockyard lighters*, being strongly built, and of small tonnage, might conveniently serve this purpose; or vessels of a like class, at present employed in the coasting trade, or in the trade with the continent of Europe, being of a burden of 100 to 150 tons (or even below 100 tons might do), and these *fast sailers*, could easily be found for sale, so as to be capable of being fortified and fitted up for the navigation of the Arctic ices, and for an early departure in the ensuing spring. Could a whaler or two be procured, either by purchase or hire as transports—as to which, I imagine, there would, at the present time, be no difficulty—an advantage might be gained in economy, as well as in the time that would otherwise be requisite for strengthening ordinary vessels for collision with the ice. A vessel of this class would have abundant capacity for the one suggested as a depôt. A second vessel, as a depôt, might advantageously be planted at Melville Island, which would serve as an additional security for the whole expedition in this quarter, as well as being sufficiently well placed for active operations."

According to the plan here proposed, it would follow that the three or four ships would be thus disposed:—

"The largest vessel of the series (which might be a whaler) would be appointed to take position in, or not remote from, Port Leopold; another vessel—say the next largest—might take up a position as a second dépôt and place of refuge at Melville Island. A third—a small vessel—would be directed to the west side of Cape Walker, for penetrating from thence, as far as she conveniently might, to the south-westward, should the position of the land and the condition of the ice permit an advance in that direction. The other small vessel would have assigned to her the search of Wellington Channel, and other inlets proceeding out of Barrow Strait northward; whilst the boat, being dropped, after the passage of the 'middle ice,' might undertake, with great advantage, the researches which are still requisite within the different indents of the upper part of Baffin's Bay (principally that of Jones Sound, and secondarily that of Smith Sound, with any other penetrable channels which might be discovered), such indents seeming to promise additional outlets, westward, after the manner of Lancaster Sound."

With regard to this plan, it may be observed, that something similar will no doubt be followed out by government; the number of outlets from Barrow's Straits are not so numerous but that almost every possible or likely channel will be investigated. As far as Dr. Scoresby's other suggestions go, we cannot, however, but think that the passages west of Cape Walker, and between Banks' Land and Melville Island, are of primary importance. With respect to the weight attached by Dr. Scoresby and Mr. McCormack to the exploration of Smith's and Jones' Sounds, at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, such cannot but be looked upon but as deviations from the great and primary objects of an expedition of relief; and even Wellington Sound, although within Barrow's Straits, does not present itself to us as worthy of the same efforts as the due westerly and southerly line which the *Erebus* and *Terror* would in all probability have pursued, once the ices of Barrow's Straits had been encompassed.

Dr. Scoresby conceives, with regard to expeditions from the northern coast of America, that one starting from the mouth of the River Colville, and proceeding northward, would be of considerable utility; and he recommends that another should proceed from Cape Bathurst in the direction of Banks' Land. The learned doctor, it is to be observed, however, by no means makes out his case of Arctic expeditions being attended

with little risk. When illustrating the power of moving bodies of ice, he gives a long and detailed account of the total loss of twenty ships out of a fleet of whalers in the offing of Melville Bay in 1830. He describes ships as being actually run through their broadsides by the ice, and then thrown on their beam ends, or fairly on their broadsides, some actually tossed up almost in the position of rearing horses, others capsized, and others again overrun by the advancing floe, and totally buried by it!

The Lords of the Admiralty, on obtaining the sanction of the House of Commons, lost no time in deciding on the plan to be adopted for another expedition to proceed "onward to Melville Island" in search of Captain Sir John Franklin and the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The services of Captain H. T. Austin, C.B., were immediately engaged to command the new expedition, which is to consist of two sailing vessels and two small steamers, having a small draught of water, and both fitted with screw-propellers. Highly to the honor of the officers of the British navy, a host of volunteers, among whom Captains William Peel and Caffin, Commander C. Forsyth, Lieutenants M'Clintock, Browne, Osborne, and others, at once offered their services in this arduous and perilous enterprise. It will be at once felt that an expedition so constituted will meet all that has been proposed to be done by means of boats and fixed stations, and with the aid of two small steamers, we should think far more efficiently.

Mr. Penny, formerly of the *Adrice*, has at the same time been retained by Lady Franklin for an especial expedition, to be accomplished in a vessel of his own selection at present at Aberdeen, and he is to be entirely under his own control, independent of Captain Austin's expedition, excepting the mutual good services they may render to each other should they meet in the Polar Seas.

The President of the United States, appealed to in the cause of the missing expedition by the same lady, whose indefatigable exertions have won for her the admiration of the civilized world, has transmitted a message to Congress, in which he states that he had been hitherto prevented from "accomplishing the object he had in view," in consequence of the want of vessels suitable to encounter the perils of a proper exploration, and the want of an appropriation by Congress to enable him to furnish and equip an efficient squadron for that object; but Congress being now in session, the propriety

and expediency of an appropriation for fitting out an expedition to proceed in search of the missing ships, with their officers and crews, were respectfully submitted to their consideration.

Truly, whatever ingenuity can suggest, or the means at the disposal of government can effect, is in the way of being done to relieve

the anguish and suspense of the hundreds of persons who are interested in the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to carry succor to our brave countrymen in suffering and affliction, and to wipe away the stain to our national honor that would be sustained by leaving the devoted and gallant crews of two ships to an unknown fate in unknown regions.

THE FEMALE DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LAURA MARIA CATHARINE BASSI was born 29th October, 1711. Her parents and friends, remarking in her, from the earliest age, a most ardent desire to learn, and a gravity much beyond her years, believed that by cultivating her mind by study they might develop some remarkable powers. Her rapid progress amply justified the hopes they had conceived. While she was yet very young, she easily acquired a knowledge of the Latin writers, so as to be able to appreciate their beauties. This proved of great advantage to her; for to write Italian with elegance and purity a most careful study of the Latin language is indispensable. In this way the value of the words which have in such large numbers been transplanted from it is estimated, and the majesty of the Latin tongue is imitated within the limits dictated by sound judgment. But as the loftiest genius is, by its very nature, bent upon the search for truth, which alone furnishes repose to the soul, Laura gave herself up to the study of philosophy, and there in discovered such charms, that to the end of her days it remained her favorite pursuit. The study of the laws of the universe, the observation of natural phenomena, everything which related to general and experimental physics, were for Laura the objects of indefatigable application. It would be difficult to paint the delight with which her friends and instructors observed so much wisdom in one yet in the budding of her youth, and how ardently they desired that her merits should be crowned by public approbation. They conjured her to overcome her sex's bashful-

ness, alleging that, since she was endowed by superior genius, and the cultivation of her powers had obtained for her so distinguished a position, it became her to demonstrate, in a public disputation on philosophy, that women have a right as well as men to penetrate into the mysteries of knowledge. But Laura, whose natural disposition led her, above all things, to delight in a quiet and retired life, and who also feared she might be accused of pride by acting in a manner so contrary to the usages of her sex, replied, "I have devoted myself to study in order to find incentives to good actions and models to follow. I know that glory is a vain and fugitive thing, frequently denied to him who is most arduous in its pursuit. I never felt any ambition to become illustrious in the eyes of the world, and am nowise solicitous to furnish arms to envy, which is always ready to tear to pieces even the most worthy. Leave me to continue, unknown to the public, my delightful studies; and greatly will they profit me, if I can by their aid procure some gratification for my relatives, and deserve the esteem of the worthy." The will and prayers of her relatives at last triumphed over her modesty. On the 17th April, 1732, she furnished a brilliant proof of her acquirements, by replying to five of the most celebrated professors of the university of Bologna, who interrogated her on the most important philosophical subjects before a large assemblage of the principal personages of the city. The audience were at a loss which most to admire, her elegant enunciation of the most profound

doctrines, or the modest reserve of her demeanor; and as a mark of the esteem and admiration she inspired, by the consent of all present it was determined to invest her solemnly with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The 12th May, when this prize of wisdom was conferred on Laura, was indeed a day of triumphant rejoicing for her friends. Accompanied by ladies of the highest nobility, Laura presented herself before the authorities of the university assembled to receive her, and having assumed the doctor's robe and a silver crown, thanked, with tears in her eyes, those to whose good opinion she felt herself indebted for so remarkable an honor. For several days the entire population celebrated with festivities an event which they regarded as adding to the glory of their town.

The favors which Laura had so deservedly received at the hands of the public were continued to her undiminished as long as she lived. Persons of note arriving at Bologna from foreign countries were at once conducted to her as being the person who could most advantageously represent Italian genius; men rendered eminent by their acquirements or dignities felt honored by her friendship; and foreigners, who were so sparing in their praises of her contemporaries, lauded her to the skies. All this failed to diminish the simplicity of her manners; her actions and language continued as gentle and benevolent as ever, and she always appeared anxious rather to conceal than exhibit her rare qualifications. Scarcely had she attained her twenty-first year, when the senate confided a professor's chair to her in the university; and her activity, her judgment and quickness, the luminous order in which she expounded the most difficult theories, and the gracefulness of her demeanor, placed her on a level with the most distinguished in the art of teaching. Students flocked from distant countries to hear her, and on their return, celebrated her wisdom and excellence. The Church of Rome was at that period governed by Benedict XIV., a pontiff who proved to the world that the sanctity of religion may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agree-

able relaxation; and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary; and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently; for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity, and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we clearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the "Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna," exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements; and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so remarkable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr. Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honorable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labors of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that mortal enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant and respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though of infirm health, she never abandoned her habitual labors—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th February, 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

From the Athenæum.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE following Memoir of the life of the late Ebenezer Elliott, written by himself, in the middle of the year 1841, has been obligingly furnished to us for publication. Here and there we have omitted certain passages, to be found in the manuscript; which omission may perhaps appear occasionally to disturb the continuity of the narrative. But various reasons have suggested these several suppressions:—which, after all, sacrifice nothing that is material or essentially characteristic in the autograph.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Soon after my Corn-law Rhymes had made me somewhat notorious, I was strongly urged by sundry persons to write a history of my life; which I then refused to do, because I had nothing remarkable to relate of myself, and because I knew not that I had done aught that could reasonably induce any person to ask, six months after my death, "What sort of man was Ebenezer Elliott?" I placed, however, in the hands of my friend G. C. Holland, M.D., a series of letters, in which I narrated some incidents of my early life, that had probably influenced the formation of my mind and character,—and which might form the basis of a posthumous narrative, if wanted. I embody in the succeeding narrative the substance of those letters now, following the advice which I rejected several years ago—reluctantly, for the same reasons;—not that this is "a world to hide virtues in," but that I have none to hide. I have another reason for my reluctance. The portion of my history which I am about to publish is not that portion of it which would be most instructive were it written as I alone could write it; that is, if I were brave and honest enough so to write it,—which I am not. Even that portion of it, however, would not be more instructive than the history of almost any one person out of millions of the Queen's subjects, if truly written; nor could I write it all without saying to dead sorrows, "Arise, and weep afresh,"—and to errors and failings that would fain sleep forgotten, "Be

ye remembered!" Two men alone in our time, Rousseau and Byron, told the truth of themselves; and how have they been requited? Yet the time may come when my present unwillingness to look back on days of trouble will be lessened; for there is might and majesty in the tale of the honest battle for bread, and of the strength which the struggle gives to weakness.

Of my birth no public registry exists. My father, being a Dissenter, baptized me himself, or employed his friend, and brother Berean, Tommy Wright, the Barnesly tinker, to baptize me. But I was born at the New Foundry, Masbro', in the parish of Rotherham, on the 17th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1781; and I narrate the fact thus particularly that about an event of such importance there may be no contentious ink shed by historians in times to come. Robert Elliott, my father's father, was a whitesmith, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; a man in good circumstances, or he could not have given to his son Ebenezer, my father, what was then considered a first-class commercial education, and put him apprentice to Landell & Chambers, of that great city, wholesale ironmongers, who received with him a premium of £50. His wife, who rejoiced in the pastoral name of "Sheepshanks," was a Scotsman,—and, speaking metaphorically, wore breeches: a circumstance which does not seem to have lessened the love her husband bore her,—for he lamented her with tears long after she had been laid in the grave, even until the day of his death—especially when he was drunk. The ancestors of my grandfather Elliott, I have been told—and have the honor to believe—were thieves, neither Scotch nor English, who lived on the cattle they stole from both. That my grandmother Sheepshanks had ancestors is probable; but of what they were neither record nor tradition hath reached me,—which is the more pity, because my great difficulty in writing this narrative is want of materials. Famous men are fated to have wants; but ask yourselves, ye Famous! who could write

your histories, if all the children of want were famous? After my father left Landell & Chambers, he became one of the clerks of the Walkers of Masbro', where he lodged with a surgeon called Robinson; under whose roof he first saw my mother,—one of the daughters of a yeoman, at Ozzins, near Penistone, where his ancestors had lived on their fifty or sixty acres of freehold time out of mind!! I think, then, I have made out my descent, if not from very fine folks, certainly from respectables, as (getting every day comparatively scarcer) they are called in these days of "ten dogs to one bone."

If famous men are fated to have wants, so are they to have misfortunes, truly such,—and some of mine were born before me; for the whole life of my mother was a disease,—a tale of pain, terminated by death—one long sigh. Yet she suckled eleven children, and reared eight of them to adult age. From her I have derived my nervous irritability, my bashful awkwardness, my miserable proneness to anticipate evil, that makes existence all catastrophe. I well remember her sending me to a dame's school, kept by Nanny Sykes, the beautiful and brave wife of a drunken husband,—where I learned my A B C. I was next sent to the Hollis School; then presided over by Joseph Ramsbotham, who taught me to write,—and little more. In those days the science of monitorship was undiscovered; and as he had seldom fewer perhaps than 150 scholars,—of course none but the naturally clever made much progress. About this time, my poor mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a true believer in dreams, related to me one of her visions. "I had placed under my pillow," she said, "a shank-bone of mutton to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little, broad-set, dark, ill-favored man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stob nose and tup-shins: it was thy father."

And a special original my father was:—a man of great virtue, not without faults. One of the latter had its origin probably in some superstitious reverence for the cabalistic number "three." I allude to his bad habit of ducking his children thrice, and keeping them the third time some seconds under water when he bathed us in the canal; which produced in me a horror of suffocation that seems to increase with my years. To avoid this cruel kindness, I was obliged to show him that I could do without his assistance, by bathing voluntarily; a consequence of which was, that on one occasion I narrowly escaped drowning;—"the more the pity!"

I have often said since. I never knew a man who possessed the tythe of my father's satiric and humorous powers: he would have made a great comic actor. He also possessed uncommon political sagacity, which afterward earned for him the title of "Devil Elliott,"—a title which is still applied to him, I am told, by the descendants of persons who then hated the poor and honored the king. He left the Messrs. Walker to serve Clay & Co. of the New Foundry, Masbro', for a salary of sixty or seventy pounds a year, with house, candle, and coal! Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires,—for glorious fires we had; no fear of coal bills in those days. There, at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlor like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to persons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism (he called himself a Berean) and hell hung round with span-long children! On other days, pointing to the aqua-tint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of "The glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the Rebels at Bunker's Hill!" Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics. If ever there was a man who knew not fear, that man was the father of the Corn-law Rhymer. From his birth to his last gasp I doubt whether he knew what it was to be afraid, except of poverty; about which he had sad forebodings,—ultimately realized, after he had become nominal proprietor of the Foundry of Clay & Co.—the partners having sold him their shares on credit.

I have left some earlier incidents for after-narration, that I may found on my father's peculiarities a claim to speak now of my own—or rather of certain physical or constitutional weaknesses, to which, I fear, all that is poetical in me or in my doings is traceable.

"Oh blessed are the beautiful!" says Haynes Baily, uttering forever a sentiment to which I can feelingly and mournfully respond; for in my sixth year I had the small-pox, which left me frightfully disfigured, and six weeks blind. From the consequences I never recovered. To them quite as much as to my poor mother's infirm constitution,

I impute my nerve-shaken weakness. How great was that weakness I will endeavor to show the reader. When I was very young—I might be twelve years old,—I fell in love with a young woman called Ridgeway,—now Mrs. Woodcock, of Munster, near Greasbro,—to whom I never spoke a word in my life, and the sound of whose voice, to this day, I have never heard; yet if I thought she saw me as I passed her father's house, I felt as if weights were fastened to my feet. Is genius diseased?—I cannot remember the time when I was not fond of ruralities. Was I born, then, with a taste for the beautiful? When quite a child,—I might be seven or eight years old,—I remember filling a waster frying-pan with water, placing it in the centre of a little grove of mugwort and wormwood that grew on a stone-heap in the foundry yard, and delighting to see the reflection of the sun, and clouds, and the plants themselves, as from the surface of a natural fountain; for I so placed the pan that the water only was visible, and I seldom failed to visit it at noon, when the sun was over it. But I had also a taste for the horrible—a passion—a rage, for seeing the faces of the hanged or the drowned. Why I know not; for they made my life a burden,—following me wherever I went, sleeping with me, and haunting me in my dreams. Was this hideous taste a result of constitutional infirmity? Had it any connection with my taste for writing of horrors and crimes? I was cured of it by a memorable spectacle. A poor friendless man, who, having no home, slept in colliery hovels and similar places, having been sent, one dark night, from the glasshouse for a pitcher of ale, fell into the canal, and was drowned. In about six weeks his body rose to the surface of the water,—and I, of course, ran to see it. The spectacle which by that time it presented was daily and nightly, whether I was alone or in the street, in bed or by the fireside, for months my constant companion. Had this morbid propensity any relation to my solitary tendencies? Healthy man is social; but in my childhood I had no associates. Although the neighborhood swarmed with children, I was always alone; and this is perhaps one reason why I was deemed rather wanting in intellect, and why I might really have had fewer ideas than other children of my age, for I cut myself off from communication with theirs. But though I was alone, I have no recollection that my solitude was painful. On the contrary, I employed my time delightfully in swimming

my little fleets of ships, and repairing my fortresses on the banks of the canal between the Greasbro' and Rawmarsh bridges. My early fondness for carpentering is no proof that if I had been bred an engineer I should have made any improvements in machinery,—for all children are more or less fond of knickknackery; but I certainly excelled in handicrafts. I was the best kitemaker and the best ship-builder. Most captains of sloops and other vessels possess a model of a ship of some sort. By borrowing such models, I completed, when I was about thirteen years old, a model of an eighteen-gun ship. I gave it, many years afterward, to a boat-builder of Greasbro', called Woffendin, who begged it of me, that it might obtain for him the office of boat-builder to Earl Fitzwilliam. He gave, or sold it to Lord Milton, the present Earl Fitzwilliam, then a youth; and it was, I believe, a few years ago still at Wentworth House. But my imitative talents won me no respect; nor is this very surprising. Placed beside my wondrous brother, Giles, who was beautiful as an angel, I was ugliness itself; and in the presence of his splendid abilities, I might well look like a fool, and believe myself to be one. As I grew up, my fondness for solitude increased; for I could not but observe the homage that was paid to him, and feel the contempt with which I was regarded. But I am not aware that I ever envied or at all disliked him.

When I look back on the days of rabid torism through which I have passed, and consider the then almost universal tendency to worship the powers that were, and their worst mistakes,—I feel astonished that a nerve-shaken man, whose affrighted imagination in boyhood and youth slept with dead men's faces,—a man, whose first sensation on standing up to address a public meeting is that of his knees giving way under him,—should have been able to retain his political integrity, without abjuring one article of his fearless father's creed. But even in those days, I find, I was a free-trader—though I knew it not. So barbarous were some of the deeds done in that time in the name of law, and so painful was the impression which they made on me when I was about sixteen years old, that I should certainly have emigrated to the United States had I possessed sufficient funds for that purpose; nor should I, I fear, have been very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them,—so fully had the idea of emigration obtained possession of me, so passionately had my

mind embraced it, and so poetically had I associated with it Crusoe notions of self-dependence and isolation. It is not improper to blush for uncommitted offences. Even now, after forty-five years have been added to my previous existence, I shudder if I chance to meet an expedience-monger who tells me "that the end justifies the means:"—a false doctrine and fatal faith, which have wrought the fall of many an all-shunned brother, and of ill-starred sisters numberless, once unstained as the angels. Oh, think of this, ye tempted and ye tempters, even if ye be magistrates! but let no man believe that good effected by evil can be aught but evil done, and an apology for more!—I must return from these digressions.

My ninth year was an era in my life. My father had cast a great pan, weighing some tons, for my uncle, at Thurlestone, and I determined to go thither in it, without acquainting my parents with my intention. A truck, with assistants, having been sent for it, I got into it, about sunset, unperceived, hiding myself beneath some hay, which it contained, and we proceeded on our journey. I have not forgotten how much I was excited by the solemnity of the night and its shooting stars, until I arrived at Thurlestone, about four in the morning. It is remarkable that I never in after life succeeded in any plan which I did not execute in a similar way. If I ask advice, either the plan is never executed or it is unsuccessful. I had not been many days at Thurlestone before I wished myself at home again,—for my heart was with my mother. If I could have found my way back I should certainly have returned; and my inability to do so (though my having come in the night may in some degree account for it) shows, I think, that I really must have been a dull child. My uncle sent me to Penistone school, where I made some little progress. At this school, one of the boys, who had a bad breath, took a liking to me. He would always sit close to me, and almost poisoned me; yet if at any time he happened to be absent I felt as if I could not live:—so necessary has it ever been to me to have some kind bosom to lean upon. When I got home from school I spent my evenings in looking from the back of my uncle's house to Hoyland Swaine, for I had discovered that Masbro' lay beyond that village; and ever, when the sun went down, I felt as if some great wrong had been done me. At length, in about a year and a half, my father came for me:—and so ended my first irruption into the great world. Is it

not strange, that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see, for the first time, the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?

On my return from the land of the great pan I was again sent to Hollis school; where, as was my wont in all cases, I took the shortest ways to my object;—and the easiest way to get my sums done was, to let John Ross do them for me. This practice, in its consequences, added not a little to my reputation for duncery at home. Yet I have an impression that I was looked up to by my schoolfellows—I cannot tell why; for I never fought, and I think they must have suspected me to be rather wanting in certain learned accomplishments. I say, I never fought,—and yet my brother Giles, when in danger, always took me out to defend him. How all this happened I am at a loss to conceive, for I took no pains to bring it about. But having got into the rule of three, without having first learned numeration, addition, subtraction, and division, I was sent by my despairing parents to Dalton school, two miles from Masbro'; and I see at this moment, as vividly as if nearly fifty years had not since passed over me, the kingfisher shooting along the Don as I passed schoolward through the Aldwark meadows, eating my dinner four hours before dinner-time. But, oh! the misery of reading without having learned to spell. The name of the master was Brunskill,—a broken-hearted Cumberland-man,—one of the best of living creatures,—a sort of sad-looking, half-starved angel without wings; and I have stood for hours beside his desk, with the tears running down my face, utterly unable to set down one correct figure. I doubt whether he ever suspected that I had not been taught the preliminary rules. I actually did not know that they were necessary, and looked on a boy who could do a sum in vulgar fractions as a sort of magician. Dreading school, I absented myself from it during the summer months of the second year—"playing truant" about Dalton, Deign, and Sliverwood, or Thrybergh Park, where I stole duck eggs, mistaking them for the eggs of wild birds, and was brought before Madam Finch. She, seeing what a simpleton I was, released me, with a reprimand.

Let it not be supposed that these were happy days. I was utterly miserable. I

trembled when I drew near home, for I knew not how to answer the questions which I feared my father would put to me. Sometimes I avoided them by slinking to bed without supper,—which to a lad who took care to eat his dinner soon after breakfasting could not be convenient. It was impossible, however, to prevent my father from discovering that I was learning nothing but vagabondism,—or from suspecting that my slow progress was owing more to idleness than to want of ability to learn. He set me to work in the foundry, as a punishment. But working in the foundry, so far from being a punishment to me, relieved me from the sense of inferiority which had so long depressed me; for I was not found to be less clever there than other beginners. For this there was a sufficient reason: I had been familiar from my infancy with the processes of the manufactory, and possibly a keen though silent observer of them. The result of his experiment vexed the experimenter,—and he had good cause for vexation; for it soon appeared that I could play my part at the York-Keelman with the best of its customers. Yet I never thoroughly relished the rude company and coarse enjoyments of the alehouse. My thoughts constantly wandered to the canal banks and my little ships; and—I know not why, but—I always built my fortresses, aye, and my castles in the air, too, where the flowers were the finest. The “yellow ladies’ bed-straw” (I did not then know its name,) was a particular favorite of mine; and the banks of the canal were golden with it. At this time I had strong religious impressions; and (when there was service) I seldom missed attending the chapel of parson Allard—a character who might have sate for Scott’s picture of Dominie Sampson. But I sometimes went to the Masbro’ chapel, (Walker’s, it was then called,) to hear Mr. Groves, one of the most eloquent and dignified of men, but hated by my father (who was a capital hater) for some nothing or other of discipline or of doctrine. I was on my way, I believe, to hear him, when I called, one Sunday, on my aunt Robinson,—a widow left with three children and about £30 a year, on which (God knows how!) she contrived to live respectably, and to give her two sons an education which ultimately made them both gentlemen. I thought she received me coldly. She did not, I think, know that I had been tipsy a night or two before; but I was conscience-stricken. After a minute’s silence, she rose, and laid before me a number of “Sowerby’s English Botany,” which her son Benjamin, then appren-

ticed to Dr. Stainforth, of Sheffield, was purchasing monthly. Never shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half-convinced that the mealiness on the leaves was real. I felt hurt when she removed the book from me,—but she removed it only to show me how to draw the figures, by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse at least a foot in mental stature. My first effort was a copy from the primrose; under which (always fond of fine words) I wrote its Latin name, *Primula veris vulgaris*. So, thenceforward, when I happened to have a spare hour I went to my aunt’s to draw. But she had not yet shown me all the wealth of her Benjamin. The next revealed marvel was his book of dried plants. Columbus when he discovered the New World was not a greater man than I at that moment; for no misgiving crossed my mind that the discovery was not my own, and no Americo Vesputius disputed the honor of it with me. But (alas, for the strength of my religious impressions!) thenceforth often did parson Allard inquire why Eb. was not at chapel?—for I passed my Sundays in gathering flowers, that I might make pictures of them. I had then, as now, no taste for the science of Botany; the classifications of which seemed to me to be like preparations for sending flowers to prison. I began, however, to feel mannish. There was mystery about me. People stopped me with my plants, and asked what diseases I was going to cure? But I was not in the least aware that I was learning the art of poetry, which I then hated—especially Pope’s, which gave me the headache if I heard it read aloud. My wanderings, however, soon made me acquainted with the nightingales in Basingthorpe Spring,—where, I am told, they still sing sweetly; and with a beautiful green snake, about a yard long, which on the fine Sabbath mornings, about ten o’clock, seemed to expect me at the top of Primrose Lane. It became so familiar, that it ceased to uncurl at my approach. I have sate on the stile beside it till it seemed unconscious of my presence; and when I rose to go, it would only lift the scales behind its head or the skin beneath them—and they shone in the sun like fire. I know not how often this beautiful and harmless child of God may have “sate for his picture” in my writings—a dozen, at least; but wherever I

might happen to meet with any of its brethren or sisters—at Thistlebed Ford, where they are all vipers, black or brown—or in the Aldwark meadows, on the banks of the Don, with the kingfisher above and the dragon-fly below them—or on Boston Castle ridge—or in the Clough dell, where they swarm—or in Canklow Quarry—or by the Rother, near Hail-Mary Wood,—whatever the scene might be, the portrait, if drawn, was sure to be that of my first snake-love.

I had now become a person of some note; and if I let my wondering adorers suppose that I copied my figures of plants, not at second-hand, but from the plants which they saw I was in the habit of collecting—pardon me, outraged spirit of Truth! for I had been so long a stranger to the voice of praise, and it sounded so sweetly to my unaccustomed ears, that I could not refuse to welcome it when it came. But my dried plants were undeniably my own; and so obvious was their merit, that even my all-praised and all-able brother sometimes condescended to look at and admire my “*Hortus Siccus*”—as I pompously named my book of specimens. It was about this time that I first heard him read the first book of Thomson’s *Seasons*; and he was a capital reader,—well aware, too, of that fact. When he came to the description of the polyanthus and auricula, I waited impatiently till he laid down the book; I then took it into the garden, where I compared the description with the living flowers. Here was another new idea—Botany in verse!—a prophecy that the days of scribbling were at hand. But my earliest taste in poetry was like that of Bottom the weaver, who of all things liked best “a scene to tear a cat in.” Accordingly, my first poetical attempt was an imitation in rhyme of Thomson’s blank-verse thunder-storm. I knew perfectly well that sheep could not take to flight after having been killed, but the “rhyme” seemed to be of opinion that they should be so described; and as it doggedly abided by this perversity, there was nothing for it but to describe my flock “scudding away” after the lightning had slain them. I read the marvel to my cousin Benjamin, from whom I received inflection the first of merciless criticism. God forgive him!—I never could. Neither could I help perceiving the superiority which his learning gave him over me; and never was I so happy as when listening to his recitations of Homer’s Greek, of which I did not understand a word,—and yet, after the

illapse of nearly half a century, its music has not departed from my soul.

Willingly, too, would I have shared the praises showered on my brother Giles:—but, alas, how was that to be accomplished? Hitherto, I had been fat and round as a ball,—I now became pale and lean. —My health visibly suffered: but I had only resolved to undertake the great task of self-instruction. I purchased a grammar; but proved unable to remember a single rule, however laboriously committed to memory. About a year afterward, I added the “Key” to my grammar, and read it through and through a hundred times. I found, at last, that by reflection, and by supplying elisions, &c., I could detect and correct grammatical errors. The pronouns bothered me most,—as they still do. At this moment I do not know a single rule of grammar; and yet I can now, I flatter myself, write English as correctly as Samuel Johnson could, and detect errors in a greater author, Samuel Bailey. Flushed with success, my enthusiasm knew no bounds. To the great joy of my father, I resolved to learn French. But though I could with ease get and say my lessons, I could not remember a word of them; I, therefore, at the end of a few weeks gave up the attempt. For once, however, I was lucky in calamity; for my French teacher not understanding the language himself, I was allowed to throw the blame on him,—which I did gloriously.

It would seem that my poetical propensities are traceable to certain accidents; but that about the end of my fourteenth year my mind began to make efforts for itself. Those efforts, however, were favored by an accident of importance in the history of my education. A clergyman, called Firth, who held a poor curacy at a desolate place called Middlesmoor, bequeathed to my father his library, containing, besides scores of Greek and Latin books, Barrow’s “*Sermons*,” Ray’s “*Wisdom of God*,” Derham’s “*Physico-Theology*,” Young’s “*Night Thoughts*,” Hervey’s “*Meditations*,” Henepin’s “*Travels*,” and three volumes of the “*Royal Magazine*,” embellished with views of Bombay, Madras, the Falls of Niagara, Pope’s Villa at Twickenham, and fine colored representations of foreign birds. My writings owe something to all these books; particularly to Henepin, who carried me with him from Niagara to the Mississippi. I was never weary of Barrow; he and Young taught me to condense. Ray also was a

favorite. The picture of Pope's Villa induced me to buy his "Essay on Man,"—but could not enable me to like it. In the "Royal Magazine" I found the narrative of a shipwreck on a South-Sea island; on which I made a romance in blank verse, twenty years before Scott printed his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." My next treasure was Shensstone: I could repeat all the mottos, translated from the Greek and Latin, which he has prefixed to his poems. I think he is now undervalued. Then followed Milton,—who held me captive long. I have said, I always took the shortest road to an object: this tendency led me into some errors, but is the principal cause of my ultimate success as an author. I never could read a feeble book through: it follows that I read masterpieces only, the best thoughts of the highest minds,—after Milton, Shakspeare—then Ossian—then Junius, with my father's Jacobinism for a commentary,—Paine's "Common Sense,"—Swift's "Tale of a Tub,"—"Joan of Arc,"—Schiller's "Robbers,"—Bürger's "Leonora,"—Gibbon's "Decline and Fall,"—and, long afterward, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the *Westminster Review*. But I have a strange memory. Sometimes it fails me altogether,—yet when I was twelve years old, I almost knew the Bible by heart; and in my sixteenth year I could repeat, without missing a word, the first, second, and sixth books of "Paradise Lost!" If, then, I possess that power which is called genius, how great must be my moral demerits,—for what have I written that will bear any comparison with the least of my glorious models? But I possess not that glorious power. Time has developed in me, not genius, but powers which exist in all men and lie dormant in most. I cannot, like Byron and Montgomery, pour poetry from my heart as from an unfailing fountain; and of my inability to identify myself, like Shakspeare and Scott, with the characters of other men, my abortive "Kerhoneh," "Taurepdes," and similar rejected failures, are melancholy instances. My thoughts are all exterior,—my mind is the mind of my own eyes. A primrose is to me a primrose, and nothing more:—I love it because it is nothing more. There is not in my writings one good idea that has not been suggested to me by some real occurrence, or by some object actually before my eyes, or by some remembered object or occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men, heard or read. If I possess any power at all allied to *genius*, it is that of making other men's

thoughts suggest thoughts to me which, whether original or not, are to me new. Some years ago my late excellent neighbor, John Heppenstel, after showing me the plates of Audubon's "Birds of America," requested me to address a few verses to the author. With this request I was anxious to comply: but I was unable to write a line, until a sentence in Rousseau suggested a whole poem, and colored all its language. Now, in this case, I was not like a clergyman seeking a text that he may write a sermon; for the text was not sought, but found—or it would have been to me a lying and a barren spirit.

From my sixteenth to my twenty-third year I worked for my father at Masbro' as laboriously as any servant he had, and without wages except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money: weighing every morning all the unfinished castings as they were made, and afterward in their finished state, besides opening and closing the shop in Rotherham when my brother happened to be ill or absent. Why, then, may not I call myself a working-man? But I am not aware that I ever did so call myself;—certainly never as an excuse for my poetry if bad, or if good as a claim for wonder. There are only two lines in my writings which could enable the reader to guess at my condition in life. I wrote them to show that, whatever else I might be, I was not of the genus "Dunghill Spurner,"—for in this land of castes the dunghill-sprung with good coats on their backs are not yet generally anxious to claim relationship with hard-handed usefulness. But as a literary man I claim to be self-taught; not because none of my teachers ever read to me or required me to read a page of English grammar; but because I have of my own will read some of the best books in our language, original and translated, and the best only—laboriously forming my mind on the highest models. If unlettered women and even children write good poetry, I, who have studied and practiced the art during more than forty years, ought to understand it, or I must be a dunce indeed.

I have laid before the reader a history of my boyhood and youth. What excuse can I plead for troubling him with these commonplace incidents in the history of a commonplace person? That I write not for the strong but for the weak; who may learn from this narrative that as by the mere force of will such persons can write poetry, no honest man of good sense need despair of accomplishing much greater because more useful matters. The history of my manhood

and its misfortunes (your famous people have a knack of being unfortunate, and of calling their faults misfortunes,) remains to be written. It would not, I have said, even if honestly written, be more instructive than an honest history of almost any other man; but when I said so, I forgot that it would be, in part, a history of the terrific changes of fortune, the alternations of prosperity and suffering, caused by over-issues, or by the sudden withdrawal, of inconvertible paper-money, in those days "when none but knaves thrived and none but madmen laughed—when servants took their masters by the nose, and beggared masters slunk aside to die—when men fought with shadows, and were slain—while, in dreadful calm, the viewless storm increased, most fatal when least dreaded, and nearest when least expected." I am not yet prepared—not yet sufficiently petrified in heart and brain, by time and trouble—to tell a tale, in telling which I must necessarily live over again months and years of living death.

When I made the astounding assertion many years ago (in *Tait's Magazine*) that the food-taxes were costing, or destroying, or preventing the earning of more than a hundred millions sterling a year,—I knew well that in a short time the truth of that assertion would be confirmed by the wisest and best informed of my countrymen. It has been objected to my political poems that I sometimes repeat in them the same thoughts

and words. Why should I not repeat the same thoughts and words, if they are wanted and I cannot find better? My countrymen were robbed of knowledge as well as food; and it is not my fault that, born dull and slow, I find thoughts and words with difficulty. I husband my materials because I am intellectually poor. No man can, "by taking thought," add an inch to his stature; but any man may do the best he can with the means in his power—and he who would usefully live in his deeds "must fight for eternity with the weapons of time." Newspaper-taught as I am, and having no ideas of my own, I can only seize those of others as they occur, earnestly applying them to current occasions. If I have been mistaken in my objects I am sorry for it; but I have never advocated any cause without first trying to know the principles on which it was based. On looking back on my public conduct—thanks to that science which poor Cobbett, ever floundering, yet great and brave, called in scorn "Poleetical Economy"—I find I have had little to unlearn. And when I shall go to my account, and the Great Questioner whose judgments err not shall say to me, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" I can truly answer, "Lord, it is here; and with it all that I could add to it—doing my best to make little much."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sheffield, 21st June, 1841.

From Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

The infant weeping in its parent's arms,
In age of innocence, that knows no guile,
Sweet solace finds for all its vague alarms
In the soft influence of woman's smile.

The schoolboy, plodding onward with his task,
Dwells fondly as he goes, the way to while,
Upon the sole reward he cares to ask—
The kindly radiance of a mother's smile.

The wayward wooer, in th' impassioned strife
Tween love and duty, when false friends revile,

Needs only, to inspire him with new life,
The soul-entrancing charm of woman's smile.

The soldier, fighting for his country's right,
And marching over many a weary mile,
Both in the blaze of day and dead of night
Thinks of his cottage-home and woman's smile.

And as old age and sickness come apace
Upon life's autumn, what can then beguile
The tedious hour, and smooth the wrinkled face?
The summer gladness of fond woman's smile.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

READER, the mere mention of Americans is probably associated in your mind with much that is wild, savage, and frightful—sanguinary duels, Lynch law, nigger babies boiled for breakfast, swamps and yellow fever; in short, a pleasing and promiscuous mess of “a’ things horrible and awful.” Or if, through some Whiggish leaning, or large feeling of fraternity for all the Anglo-Saxon race, you are disposed to stand up for your Transatlantic brethren, you will panegyrize them much in the same way that Rousseau and others have maintained the superiority of savage over civilized life. You will say, “These people are inferior to us in the graces and the courtesies of civilization, but they are more frank, more natural; fashion exercises no capricious tyranny over them; there is no room there for servility or luxury.” Doubtless, then, you will be surprised when, in presenting you to American society, I introduce you among a set of exquisites,—daintily-arrayed men, who spend half their income on their persons, and shrink from the touch of a woollen glove,—who are curious in wines and liqueurs, and would order a dinner against the oldest frequenter of the *Trois Frères*; delicate and lovely women, who wear the finest furs and roll in the most stylish equipages,—who are well up in all the latest French dances and the newest French millinery,—who talk very much such English as you do yourself, and three or four Continental languages into the bargain. And, moreover, in comparing English and American merits (for, knowing something about both Mr. Bull and Master Jonathan, belonging partly to both and loving both, I would rather compare their merits than their faults), I should say that the American was more successful in the minor elegances and amusements, and the Englishman in the more solid and domestic virtues of life. Now if you grow incredulous, and conclude

that I am trying to quiz you, or going to write about America without ever having been there, even *that* is no more than Englishmen have done before, ay, and turned out a big volume, and made “tin” by it, and been praised by “the Thunderer” for accuracy and fidelity of description. But, in sober earnest, I am writing about what I see and know. If, then, I tell you nothing about alligators, or regulators, or any such wild animals, it is simply because I have never met with any; not that I think it much loss to either of us, for, sooth to say, we have lately had enough of this bowie-knife school of writing, which, after all, is much as if one were to go to the wilds of Connaught, or the dens of St. Giles’s, to collect materials for “A Country Residence in England” or “London and the Londoners.” Suspend your opinion, then, or at least your incredulity; open your eyes and shut your mouth, and see what the Yankee will send you.

No. I.

THE THIRD AVENUE IN SLEIGHING TIME.

A heavy snow on Broadway! The house-tops are all iced over like so many big holiday cakes. The ugly telegraph posts, that suggest to the occupants of the second floors the idea of an execution perpetually about to take place under their windows, are not destitute of the same tempting white covering; and high up in the gutters are piled heaps of the plentifully-dispensed commodity — so high, that in places the foot-passengers can hardly see over them. But on the causeway (*Americaine*, “side-walk”) the feet of pedestrians, and in the middle of the street the hoofs of horses and the runners of sleighs, have packed down the smoothest and sweetest of all “metal” for roads into a hard pavement three or four inches thick, of a dirty dun hue. Out of doors it is cold, but pleasantly cold,—brisk, exhilarating, sparkling,—as if an extra quantity of electricity

(and is it not really so?) were abroad in the atmosphere. This sensation is particularly observable during a snow-storm, and renders it absolutely agreeable to walk in one, until the insidious moisture begins to penetrate your garments; but both before and after the actual fall it is plainly perceptible, nor is it now unaided by the musical accompaniment of the sleigh-bells. Everything feels the influence, and goes a-head accordingly. Men shuffle and slip along in their India-rubber overshoes at a five-miles-the-hour pace. Boys half sliding, half running, with skates suspended on arm, are hurrying to the nearest ice-pond, or other temporary skating-ground they know of; and sleighs are swarming up and down the street, of all sorts and sizes, from the huge omnibus with its thirty passengers, that lumbers along behind four or six horses, some trotting and some cantering under great pressure of whip, to the light, gaily-painted cutters, with their solitary fur-capped tenants, their embroidered bear-skin robes flaunting down behind, and their iron-mouthed, lightning-footed pacers, that seem to draw them entirely by the bit, so slender and all but invisible is the attaching harness. And every now and then passes a family party, a little red or blue about the noses, but very jolly for all that; beautiful girls buried in furs and glancing from under their wrappings with demure looks of mischief, as if the bells rang for them the tune "I'm owre young to marry yet;" lots of children, who have always an intense appreciation of the fun; a tall black coachman, all alive to the dignity and responsibility of his position; the large and roomy sleigh decked with buffalo* and black bear and gray lynx robes, red-riband-bound and furnished with sham eyes and ears, so that the carriage resembles a portable menagerie; while the gallant horses, curbed with their heads well out from the pole, are stepping twelve miles an hour and ready to keep up that pace for half the day. The Londoner, who in his complacency brags of the carriages and horses of his native city as the

finest in the world, should go to New York to learn wisdom in coach-horseflesh. There he would see many a pair sold for six hundred dollars, that a duke would be glad to get for as many guineas. You can scarcely find a carriage-horse that is not a beauty; and they exhibit all varieties of beauty, from the blood chestnut colt, a-fire in every muscle, yet gentle and tractable amid a crowd of vehicles, to the heavy gray, sixteen-and-a-half hands high, firm as a statue, traveling on with a majestic action and a steady pace. A lover of the noble animal on arriving here congratulates himself on having reached the paradise of horses and horsemen, until he resides long enough to require a mount, when the mystery is explained. He finds that all the best horses in the country are trained to harness, and that a good saddle beast is for a gentleman the work of months to find,—for a lady, a very phoenix.

But there is one particular sleigh to which I must direct your attention—though, indeed, you would be likely to notice it without my doing so, as it sweeps round from one of the side-streets, for its style and equipments are in some respects unique. The body is a sea-green shell, not answering exactly to any known species, extant or fossil, but carved out of wood, after a fantastic pattern, something between a scallop and a nautilus, evincing considerable imagination on the part of the designer or builder. And you can see the owner is proud of the idea; for, while all the other sleighs that pass are so hung behind with bear or buffalo robes that you can scarcely discern the color, much less the shape of their bodies, this one, to show off its peculiar form, and also perhaps to do justice to its crimson velvet lining, has no back-robe at all, the black bear being placed in front, instead of the ordinary wild-cat or wolf lap-skin. The runners are a pale straw-color; the harness, which is rather more elaborate than usual for a one-horse sleigh, is adorned with silver crests, and the double-plated bells (suspended by a band of red leather, which encircles the body just behind the saddle of the collar) are acorns instead of the customary walnut pattern. The horse is not exactly such an one as a London exquisite might select for his cab; he has neither commanding stature nor clambering step, finely-arched neck nor gracefully-sweeping tail; but he is "all horse, what there is of him," and his points irreproachable for a roadster. He is a dark bay, fifteen hands and a half high, with the compact figure, chunky neck, powerful fore-arm, and projecting hip

* It would be as pedantic in America to call this animal *bison*, as to speak of "the earth bringing the sun into view," for "the sun rising." "Buffalo" is often used independently for "buffalo-robe," whence they tell a good story of two Englishmen just arrived in Boston. They ordered a sleigh, having heard of such a thing in a general way, without being conversant with the particulars of it. "Will you have one buffalo or two?" asked the hostler. "Why," says Cockney, looking a little frightened, "we'll have only one the first time, as we're not used to driving them."

of a trotter, and he steps fair and square in his gait, without a pause or a hitch anywhere, as a gentleman's trotter should. The portion of the turn-out most open to criticism is the groom, an unmistakeable Pat. He has on a Parisian hat, probably a second-hand of his master's; an old pair of fashionably-cut trousers, most likely derived from the same source; a white cravat; and a coachman's greatcoat of dark blue cloth, with huge plated buttons and a crest on them. Such make-shift liveries may be seen all along Broadway on fine days, marring the appearance of the otherwise perfect equipages that congregate before Stewart's, the Howell and James of Gotham. When some enterprising imitators of European customs first introduced liveries, there was a great outcry against them on the part of the sovereign people. They were hooted out of Boston, and remain banished to this day. In New York the hatband has gained a partial and the button a general footing, but the plush has not been able to keep its ground; so that the servants' costume presents a walking allegory of society, part English form and deference, part French affectation and dandyism, part native independence and outward equality.

The sleigh stops before a house in the upper part of Broadway. Broadway was once the fashionable place of residence, as it still is the fashionable promenade, and most of the city magnates lived in it; but the progress of business northward crowded them out, and their dwelling-houses became shops, till, throughout its three miles of extent, from the Battery to Union Place, scarcely a private residence remains, except in the most northerly half-mile, which still partly sustains its claim to be in the fashionable quarter of the town. Even here the dwellings are interspersed with shops; elegant mansions are beginning to be elbowed by dentists and boarding-houses, and to assume an appearance of *having been* in the aristocratic precincts. Such is the house in question; but, though hard pressed by a business neighborhood, it is still evidently the residence of a man of wealth and position. What is more remarkable, two or three garden lots are attached to it, and the garden and shrubbery form a marked break in the line of regularly-built four-story houses above and below. This is certainly a phenomenon in an American city, where a man will sip Cordon Bleu and Latour every day, or buy two hundred dollar handkerchiefs for his wife, or pay a fancy price for a fast trotter;

but to lose the interest on a town lot by making a garden of it, is an extravagance not to be thought of.

Two young men come out of the house. The first stands five feet ten (in his boots, which help him an inch), and is, probably, not a bad-looking fellow to begin with. At any rate, whatever he may be by nature, he has made the most of himself by art, being got up like a picture with a fine eye to effect and contrast. He has a very white overcoat, with a white velvet collar and large white silk buttons, and very black pantaloons (*Anglice*, trousers), chequered with a white bar, so ambitious in its dimensions, that there is not more than a square and a half of the figure on each leg, said legs not being very large. For a muffler he wears a read India scarf, leaving a little aperture under the knot at the throat to let us have a glimpse of the diamond pin that fastens his red and black satin long cravat. His black hair is as glossy and neat as a woman's, and his moustache, which not being so old as his hair by twenty years is considerably lighter, has been brought up to a corresponding sable by some skillfully-applied dye, so as to set off to the best advantage the clear red and white of his complexion. Even through those thick white buckskin gloves and heavy cork-soled boots you may see that his extremities are delicately small; and even through the carefully-buttoned sack-coat you may notice that his figure is more slender in the waist and hollow in the back than you would have expected from his height, judging him by an English standard. His head is protected by a rich otter-skin cap, nearly as tall as a hat. The front and ear-pieces are turned up, and it is set rather jauntily on one side; but should the day prove too cold he can bury his features in it, till only the tip of his nose is exposed. That is Harry Benson, a young man of the exclusives, rejoicing in nothing to do and ten thousand a-year (dollars, not pounds) to spend. He has not long returned from his travels, and next week is to marry one of the most beautiful women in the city. She has just attained her majority, and he is just twenty-three.

His companion is about ten years older, though he might be any age, from twenty-five to forty, so far as his face shows, being one of those dark, wiry men, who retain the same appearance for fifteen or twenty years, and make up for looking like old men in their youth by looking like young men in their middle age. Not that Tibbets Schuyler the broker is an ugly man; on the contrary, he

is rather handsome—decidedly handsome, we might call him, according to the American type of men. He stands six feet two in his boots, and weighs barely one hundred and fifty pounds, great-coat and all. His hair and whiskers are jet black, his features regular and well-proportioned (except that his nose is a trifle long), and his dark eyes keen and expressive. If you were told that he was a jolly good fellow and a trump, there is nothing in his countenance to belie it; if you were told that he would take in his own father for sixpence, there is nothing in his countenance to belie that either: one thing only you would infer immediately and correctly, that it is no easy matter to take him in. His features, we have said, are good, but his face is of a uniform sallow tint, without freshness or color. In this dyspeptic countenance, in the lines about his mouth and the absence of a moustache, you read the young man of business, who works hard and lives high, smokes abundantly, and, though too frugal of time to indulge in after-dinner or midnight revelries, has a pernicious habit of taking small drinks in the morning. These men present a singular contrast and combination of strength and weakness. They can work at their desks all day, for days together; they walk like locomotives when they do walk; are impervious to the intoxicating effects of any known liquor; and though generally prudent enough to keep out of a row, acquit themselves manfully if ever caught in one. But they are continually bilious, dyspeptic, and altogether seedy; are subject to rheumatism and other venerable disorders, require strong excitement to amuse them, and know little of that every-day enjoyment of mere animal existence which a man derives from good health and consequent cheerful spirits. Of course Schuyler is not an exquisite. His drab great-coat is a real working, traveling garment, with plenty of pockets, and no superfluous ornament in the way of cording, velvet, or fancy buttons. His pantaloons (as he would call them) are an old black pair that have already done duty for dress, as long as they were presentable, for evening parties; his hat is not of the newest, and his neck is defended by a blue worsted comforter. Yet are none of these things put on carelessly, but with the air of a man who has been fashionably dressed when younger, and may be again when richer. His tastes now, however, are certainly not fashionable, nor can they be called literary. In the evening—if it is not the night before packet day, or no other business

call interposes—he patronizes Burton's Theatre or the Ethiopian Singers; and at three in the afternoon, when his office and the banks are shut, and his day's work generally through, he reads the papers (the usual extent of his reading), if the weather is unfavorable; if it is fine he drives a trotter, or rather assists at the driving of one. For he does not keep a "fast crab" now himself; he is too intent on making a fortune, in the pursuit of which he has missed fire once already. No, he goes out driving with one or another of his friends, and in this way partially gets the interest of his earlier investments in horse-flesh.

And now the two friends are in the quaint little machine, filling the shell body full to overflowing, so that the bronzed railing which runs around the top of the back seems very necessary to keep one or both of them from being canted out; Schuyler coils his long legs under him, the bear-skin is tucked in on both sides, "Ke-ip, Charlie!" and the sleigh glides off at a five-minute pace.

It is a nice position altogether, that of Benson's. Take a young man, handsome and clever enough to make him courted by others and on very good terms with himself, in exuberant health (for Harry has not been home long enough to lose his fresh tint and grow dyspeptic), comfortably off in point of "tin" for the present, and rich in anticipation and imagination for the future, in all the flush and exultation of a rapid, fervent, and successful courtship, and all his other delights swallowed up in the delight of reflecting that a witty and beautiful woman is soon to be his—put him into a well-appointed sleigh, and let an indefatigable trotter take him along eleven or twelve miles an hour, with the potentiality of nearly doubling that speed, and as he glides away musing on all his good luck, it would be a hard case if he were not happy and thankful.

Yet why is not his ladye-love with him? Poor girl, it is so near the time that half her mornings are spent in consultation with dress-makers, and the accepted one is postponed to the milliner. But he has the memory of her last ineffable smile in his heart, and feels content. Schuyler looks amiable, too. His are not the rosy visions and golden dreams of Benson, the pleasant realities rivaled by more pleasant anticipations; but he is thinking of the good hit he made in government sixes last week, and how comfortable the sleigh is.

"Why, you might go to sleep in this, Harry," says the broker, who has just settled down into the position that affords per-

fect support to his back, and is lying coiled up like a sea-serpent in repose.

Not the beginning of an answer from the other, who is dreaming of *that smile*, no doubt. The horse, meanwhile, seems to be taking care of himself. Having no winkers, he sees his own way and keeps a look-out, not only before but behind him. Were a hand lifted or a handkerchief exhibited by his driver, he would take it for a signal to be off, and would be off like a hurricane accordingly. And therefore is the cherry-handled whip kept completely out of his sight, lying in the hollow between Benson's side and the side of the sleigh, with the top sticking out behind under Harry's right arm, and appearing to grow out of his pocket. Few trotters will bear even the sight of the whip—at least, not till half tired. A man usually wants all his hands to hold them to their trot.

"That's really a nice animal," says Schuyler, at last. He has hit the right topic to arouse his friend, who immediately begins to show signs of returning consciousness.

"Yes, Charlie is a good horse. But I am not quite sure that he is now at the work he is best fit for. I rode him the other day and found he had the remains of a real canter, and all his paces were so good under the saddle that I think of devoting him to that purpose after this snow is over. He is not fast enough for harness."

"How fast?"

"Three seventeen with two in a wagon."

"But he is young."

"Seven."

"A horse does not fairly begin to trot till nine or ten. I wouldn't give up my original purpose. But we are out too early to test his speed against anything. It is only just past two." (He has taken a half-holiday to-day on the strength of its being his birth-day.)

"Exactly the reason I came out so early. I don't want to race him, at least on the out-road. He has been in the stable for two days, and is too free to trot. We will go to Yorkville at an exercise gait, and then turn."

While thus talking they have left Broadway, and, turning to the right, have passed through Lafayette Place, a short, wide street, with a marble colonnade on one side and large brick and granite mansions on the other. Another turn to the right brings them into the Bowery, the great democratic, as Broadway is the great aristocratic, thoroughfare. It is a wider and straighter

street, but the houses have a very different appearance. Markets, butchers' stalls and second-hand furniture shops, abound in it. Leaving this not very interesting ground, they shoot transversely into the Third Avenue, which, however, for the first five minutes, presents nearly the same features, till at the distance of a mile from their starting-point it begins to assume its proper characteristics.

The Third Avenue has been ever since it was made, that is to say, for twenty years, the exercise and trial ground of all the fast trotters and pacers in the city. It runs about a mile in town to the end of the "stones" or pavement, and nearly five miles out of town to Harlaem Bridge. In these five miles of road there are just as many hills, not steep, but gradual and pretty equally distributed, so that every third or quarter of a mile presents a different level; and in every mile you have the alternation of ascent, descent, and level ground. At the top and bottom of each hill are several taverns, at which the horses may rest and their masters "take a horn;" but more of these establishments are at the foot than at the summit, as it is the custom of the "fast crabs" to make a brush *down* the hill after ascending it leisurely. Besides the taverns the only houses along the road are blacksmiths' and coachmakers', so that if you break a tire or lose a shoe you may be set to rights on the spot. The Avenue is wide, and in good order. The middle of it is macadamized, the sides are left in soft earth for the benefit of the trotters, whose feet would be broken to pieces by hard pavement at their rate of going. These distinctions are now, of course, obliterated by the snow.

From three till dark the fast horses and fast men are in their glory here. It is too early for them yet, as Schuyler said; there are only family or omnibus sleighs out, so Charlie keeps on at one steady pace, without pulling very much, as there is nothing alongside to worry him. In fifteen minutes they are at Yorkville, a small and not over-clean suburb, inhabited chiefly by Irish, and here there are more taverns than ever. Benson does not stop at any; his horse needs no rest, and it is not altogether *comme il faut* to do so; but he has a word to say about some of them in passing.

"Wintergreen's is clearly the pet stopping-place now," he observes, glancing toward a white house on the highest ground in Yorkville. The long, low, white shed near it is tenanted, even at this early hour, by twenty

or more cutters, whose owners are tipping inside.

"A queer fellow Wintergreen is, too; When sober (those are the mornings when he comes to sell you a horse) he behaves like a gentleman, and if he were put into a decent suit might almost pass for one. When drunk, which he is invariably at night, and frequently at noon, he is the beastliest of buffoons, and the fancy men use him for their court-jester. His father was rich once; he had money himself and good prospects when a youth, and might have done well."

"Yes," says Schuyler, with an ironical smile, "he might have gone through college, traveled in Europe, learned the polka, and been one of us."

There are two miles more to Harlaem Bridge, but Benson suddenly determines to go back. Perhaps his fingers are a little cold. "Let us turn here," and round sweeps the sleigh. Charlie begins to bear on the bit. Benson is far from dreaming now. All his energies are concentrated on his horse, who is a handful on the homeroad.

"Now we shall see them to the best advantage as they meet us."

"I must confess I should like one race, just to beat something before going in. I'm sure your horse is faster than you think him."

"Well, if anything comes along to give us a fair chance we *will* have a race. See, here comes a batch from the city already, all doing their best to be first at Wintergreen's."

Here they come, sure enough! First advances an old black pacer, that looks only fit for the crows: he is so fine-drawn as to appear all skin and bones, and steams like a lime-kiln; but he has come down the last hill at a 2' 40" stroke, and is going as well now if he can only keep it up a few seconds longer. What a pace it is! not like trotting in the least, nor yet like running—more a scramble than anything else. His feet rise two on the same side at once; sometimes all four are off the ground together, and he rocks till you fear he will roll over laterally. He tears along behind him a sleigh of the commonest construction, a mere deal box on runners, furnished with an ancient and fragment buffalo, which serves for robe and cushion both. The driver is "one of 'em," a young butcher probably, in glazed leather cap and pea-jacket, despising gloves, yelling frantically to his animal, and putting on the string unsparingly, while he holds him up as

VOL. XX. NO. I.

if for life with his left hand. Close in the rear comes a beautiful clipped chestnut, a fair square trotter, driven in a handsome cutter by a fashionably-dressed youth. The young gentleman cannot be much above twenty, but he holds the ribands as carefully as an experienced jockey, and like a gentleman, too—no recourse to the whip, no screaming at his horse, but a perfect management of his mouth, so as to get his full speed out of him without risk of a break. His nag has less foot for a brush than the pacer, therefore he is behind; but more strength and endurance, therefore he sticks to him, and hopes to catch him. About two lengths behind come an old gentleman and his negro servant, with a fine team of bays. They are large and handsome enough for carriage-horses, matched exactly, and go "to the pole," i. e. together, in 3' 5"—in fact, they are going at that rate now. Down the hills they fall behind the single horses, but up-hill, where the weight tells, a team has the best of it, and accordingly you see them gaining now. The old fellow, who is as ardent for the sport as a boy, knows this well, and keeps them up to their work. The team gains on the chestnut, the chestnut on the black: they are not more than three lengths from the tavern. Suddenly the pacer stops short and capers. He is used up, and has "broken." The chestnut glides by like an arrow, and being none too fresh himself, escapes further pursuit of the team by slipping triumphantly under Wintergreen's shed, whither the discomfited black follows him; while the big bays keep their way up the road, and after them trail two men with a gray horse, who, though visibly tailed off, still persist in a fruitless attempt to overtake the gallant pair.

"There goes twelve hundred cash," says Schuyler, as he glances back at the receding trotters. "But it's a good team, and well worth the money if a man has it."

"I mean to treat myself to a team whenever I can pick one up at a fair valuation—when some one breaks or goes abroad, and wants to sell his horses. But I don't mean to trust myself in a jockey's hands again. I have had to do with the fraternity three times already, and come off tolerably well. Fortune is not to be tempted too often."

"You have no reason to quarrel with your last purchase. He goes prettily, and keeps it up well. Does he pull much?"

"Not as trotters go; but he requires a tight rein. Hallo! Wo-o, Charlie!"

The horse has made a leap that jerks both the occupants of the sleigh nearly out of it, and would be off in a run but for the ready hand of his driver. At the same moment a large brown mare rushes by with the least possible quantity of harness on her, a shadowy sleigh behind her, and a little black-eyed, fur-capped man in it. Though Charlie is stepping off at least fourteen miles an hour, he is left behind in an instant as if standing still.

"There's a fast one! Can you catch him?"

"I should be sorry to try it with the double weight we have, and the start he has. Even if I were ten seconds in the mile faster than he is, I could not overhaul him before he gets to Sparks."

"True; he will stop at the Four-mile House, no doubt. His pace is too good to last. I didn't think of that."

About a minute and a half passes in silence. Schuyler, not wishing to be caught again without notice, has roused himself from his recumbent attitude and keeps a good look-out behind. Benson is wholly occupied with his horse, who grows more eager as he approaches home. They are near the Four-mile House, when two common-looking men in a common-looking sleigh, with a long-legged roan pacer, emerge from the shed some hundred yards in front and dart off at full speed.

"Now for it," says Benson: "we'll try those fellows."

"Do you think you can have them? Their horse is going very fast."

"You never can tell how fast a pacer goes till you are alongside of him. There is no stopping-place between this and town: they must go to the stones, or where the stones should be, that's a mile and a half, and Charlie will outlast them that distance if they outfoot him at first. G'lang, old fellow."

While thus delivering himself of his opinion, Benson has been making hasty preparation for the trial. Taking an equal hold of the reins at that point where he can best apply his whole weight and power to them, he twists one round each hand to prevent their slipping; then bracing his feet against a little iron bar that runs inside the swelling dash-board (for they would go right through the leather), he throws himself back on the lines simultaneously with the "g'lang" that starts his horse. The ever-ready beast leaps off as if his run were arrested midway and turned into a trot; at every step his hind legs

are lifted quicker and tucked further under him, and his fore feet rise higher from the ground as he darts down the slight descent before him at a three-minute velocity. The reins are so tight that you might stand upon them; Benson is nearly standing behind them, for as he neither will nor can give an inch (his arms being already stretched straight out and the reins secured by the twists in them), the pull all but lifts him to his feet. So rapid is the brush that they are soon close upon the other sleigh, and Schuyler can distinguish that its occupants are of not-to-be-mistaken Bowery cut—veritable "b'hoys." Charlie is just lapping their sleigh when the driver breaks out with an unearthly yell, which has the double effect of stimulating his own horse and frightening the other. The next moment Charlie is dancing in the air, and the old roan racker glides away as if by very magic, skimming over the snow like a bird, and looking ready to shake himself out of his ancient and scanty harness.

"Wo-o, Charlie! What y'about? Ho-o, poor fellow!" and Benson hauls his horse first to one side of the road and then to the other, in vain efforts to make him catch his trot. Charlie throws his head up and jerks it down, and keeps cantering for ten seconds in spite of all that can be done, till at last, just as they reach level ground, he strikes his true gait with a bound like a hunter's, and is off faster than ever. If the road continued to descend there would be little chance of closing the gap; but it now rises for a quarter of a mile, and a trotter generally climbs better than a pacer. This is what Benson depends on, and accordingly he drives as if for a fortune to come up with the racker before the road dips again. Now he eases out his horse the least bit by bending slightly forward; now he lifts him with the rein, and again holds on with all his might to keep him from breaking; now he stimulates him with a gentle chirrup, and now sends at him a prolonged growl, such as trotters and the drivers of trotters delight in. Meanwhile he carefully scans the road a-head, so as to avoid every inequality and keep on a smooth and even surface, nearly, but not quite, in the middle of the road, where the snow is neither so much worn down as to make it hard running for the sleigh, nor so deep as to clog the horse's feet. Schuyler sits motionless and breathless, watching the rapidly-diminishing interval between the sleighs. Benson's calculation proves true. Before the ascent is completed, the gap of eight or ten lengths

has been shut to within one and a half. Charlie's head is in a parallel line with the pendent buffalo of the Bowery sleigh, and not more than three feet behind it. The broker's excitement overpowers him. His long body and sharp nose reach over like those of a cockswain when he bobs to the stroke, and his eyes flash with eagerness.

"Now hold him, Benson, hold him! Don't let him break; don't, for God's sake! shall I drive?"

"Teach your grandmother!"

Benson is comparatively cool; he feels sure of catching them before the descent, and then he means to wait on them down till he can tire out or break up the racker. And now the b'boy, finding himself overhauled, emits another hideous screech and lays the string about fearfully. But either he has been premature in his manoeuvre, or Harry is better prepared for it this time: the only effect of all the row is to help Charlie on. Three of his bounding steps,—with the first he laps the other sleigh, with the second he is alongside the roan, and the third puts his belly on a line with the pacer's nose. He is a neck and shoulders a-head, and going his very best.

"Hi-i-i! G'lang! He-e-e-h!" shout both the Bowery boys at once, and slash goes the long whip again. All they can accomplish by this demonstration is to bring their horse up even with Charlie, who has lost a little ground by swerving to the right to avoid an omnibus that takes up half the road. This movement brings the sleighs so close that they almost touch, and thus they go down the hill at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, locked like a double team. The b'boy is pouring out a stream of yells at his horse, and Benson is holding on to his as a man holds on for his life. The pacer, black with sweat, and dropping foam from his mouth, scrambles along with his head down like a lame cat. Charlie's glossy flanks are marked with a dark streak here and there, and a few beads of white hang about his mouth; he trots fair and square still, with his head well up and his legs striking out regularly as a steam-engine. The contest will be decided by this hill, for neither horse is fresh enough to make up a gap in the preceding half mile of level ground, which brings them to the city. It is safe betting on the trotter if his temper and his owner's arms only hold out, for he goes better at every step, while his opponent flags visibly. See, Harry is a head and shoulders in advance again—all that he wishes to be at present, so he keeps his

horse well in hand, with a hard, steady pull. They are half way down, and the momentum of the descent is at its maximum when the b'boy makes his last effort. Whip, voice, and rein, are combined in one final push, and, aided by the ground, he absolutely shoves his horse once more even with Charlie. At this critical instant Benson feels the pull slacken a little—very little, but enough, combined with his keen eye for pace, to tell him that his horse is coming back to him.

"He-e-eh! Why, Charlie, are you going to leave your master, old fellow? He-e-eh! steady, boy! g'lang!" The lines are drawn tight as a bowstring; Charlie's neck goes out and his head down as he reaches away in his bounding trot, and gains half a length on the enemy at two steps.

"Steady, boy! so-so! G'lang, now!"

"He-e-e-eh! Gr-r-r! G'lang, you beggar!"

"Take care, Benson, take care! Now you have 'em! Hurrah!"

Splut! There is a great scattering of snow. The racker has broken short up, and fairly disappeared in a cloud of his own raising.

For a hundred yards or more the trotter sweeps on triumphantly at the top of his speed. Then his owner draws him in very carefully, it being nearly as nice a matter to diminish as to increase the velocity of a fast horse, since the least jerk or sudden check will break him. More by the voice than the reins he is sobered down to his wonted pace of twelve miles an hour, at which the sleigh continues to slide on merrily, and our friends have a little leisure to look about them. They are passing the Three-mile House, once a tavern on the road, but now less than half a mile from the pavement. It is past three, and every one is going out. The road is beginning to be thronged.

"What a lot of them!" says Benson. "There is Henderson with his clipped bays, not so fast for a brush, but equal to anything for three miles. And there is Black Modesty—good for 2' 38". They call her Modesty because she travels with her head down. And there is Löwenberg, with four white horses."

And the fiery little foreigner dashes by with two dashing Creole-looking women in his sleigh, and a neat groom, dangerously like himself, on the driving-seat alongside him.

"Löwenberg is to follow your good example, isn't he? and join the ranks of the respectable married men; or is his match broken off?"

"Broken off! No, indeed! There was some scruple, or talk of scruple, as to his creed. People said he was a Socinian, and the lady's father brought him to book, whereupon Löwenberg pathetically asseverated that he was of no religious persuasion or prejudice whatever; and, I believe, challenged any one to prove that he had ever been inside any place of worship."

"Nothing could be fairer than that, certainly. There goes the horse of horses, Jim Polk. His owner told me, that just before this snow came on he paced half a mile in fifty-nine seconds."

"He ought to repeat that in public, then, for his best mile time on record is 2' 23''. But I wouldn't have him for a gift, unless I wanted to meet with what the newspapers call the 'painful accident' of getting my neck broke."

Benson casts one look at "the fastest pacer in the world." Polk is a middle-sized chestnut, with a flowing tail and mane, handsome enough for a lady's horse, and with power written in every muscle. He is pouring foam from a desire to get off, and his owner's efforts to restrain him. And then Harry turns round and starts off his horse once more, for his old enemy, the roan, is creeping up behind, and trying to steal a march on him. But it's no use. Charlie has lost his superfluous fire; he can be held with one hand, and will take the whip. Benson puts it on him—three light strokes—and at every one he doubles himself up faster and throws more road behind him. By a great effort the pacer has put himself close behind Benson's sleigh, so that he is almost looking over Schuyler's head; but not another inch can he better his position, nor can he hold it more than a few moments. There is no more left in him, and he falls back exhausted, and is pulled up to a walk. And now as Harry, for the second time, eases down his horse another four-horse sleigh meets them. It cuts more dash than Löwenberg's—richer furs, showier livery, finer horses, more paint and gilding. The team are grays and chestnuts (*sorrels* they are called in America), driven *chequered*; that is, the horses of the same color diagonally. Highly polished steel chains take the place of martingale and pole-strap; and the rest of the harness, except the collars and traces, is made of white silk cord. Within are two men and two women, elaborately dressed; but they are not of "our set," or any set that Benson knows.

"Schuyler, whose team is that? Some rowdy's, I perceive."

"It shows you are a virtuous youth to ask such a question. You know all the proper celebrities, and none of the improper ones. That is Mrs. —, whose occupation shall be nameless."

"That vile woman! I thought she was in prison."

"So she was, and got out again on some technicality."

They did "quod" the woman permanently some months after; but it was only accomplished at great trouble and expense to the city, and Schuyler has already seen so many rogues go unwhipt of justice, that he may be pardoned a little skepticism.

"Doubtless there are several causes of this mal-administration, or non-administration of the laws, but one is particularly obvious. I consider the Anti-Capital-Punishment agitators—Whitey, Carroll, and that set—directly responsible for half the rascality in this city and state. Their arguments, though nominally directed at the death penalty merely, really aim at all penalties, create a morbid sympathy for all criminals, and resolve all crimes into disease or insanity, according to phrenology or some other of their hobbies, which they have dignified with the name of sciences."

"Yes; and these scamps aim at all the property in the county, and want to resolve it into their own pockets. And that is why I think the *Jacobin* a worse paper than the *Sewer*, though the former preserves a decent exterior of language. It has been the great abettor of the Anti-Renters throughout."

"Does it preserve a decent exterior of language? Is not Whitey an avowed Fourierite and Communist? and are not his contributors following suit?"

"But you don't know Whitey's excuse?"

"No."

"He is the most henpecked and curtain-lectured of men, and therefore goes in for Fourier's plan, hoping that, in the general distribution of women and goods, some one else may get Mrs. Whitey."

"A precious fellow, too, that correspondent of his, who has just been writing some city sketches—'Bits of Gotham,' he calls them. They are all constructed on this pleasant and easy syllogism,—'Some men in good society are hypocrites; therefore all respectable people are scamps.' To read this vagabond, a stranger would believe that our fashionable ladies were in the daily habit of making assignations at confectioners', and that all our church deacons and trustees lived upon the wages of iniquity, sanctioned,

if not practiced, by themselves. A pretty storm there would be if any foreigner dared to talk so; but this pestilent fellow, it seems, may slander his countrymen and countrywomen with impunity and profit! Did you ever hear of this man Goldsmith—P. P. Goldsmith, *Esquire*, as he calls himself?"

"No; but I believe he was cut or snubbed by some gentleman with whom he was trying to scrape acquaintance, and hence his hatred and abuse of the 'Upper Ten.'

"As to Carroll, one understands him well enough. *Est proprium humani generis*, and so forth. A benevolent Whig* merchant took him up when a poor boy, educated him, and

* The American Whigs are *Conservatives*, except some of those in New York.

gave him a fair start in life. Of course he became a violent Democrat, intensely hostile to all Whigs, and all merchants. His descent tells there. It's a real specimen of Irish gratitude."

Benson remains half sulky, half pensive. They sweep down the Avenue into the broad Bowery, and through Lafayette Place again. Benson likes to drive past Lafayette Place, for he owns a house there, and it gives him a chance to talk about "my house," and "my tenant." They are in Broadway again.

"Won't you come and dine with us, Schuyler? Four sharp. The grand-governor is ill, and I have the cellar key and the butcher's book. There is a bottle of Cordon Bleu in ice; our cook makes good tomato soup; smelts are prime now; and I laid in a tall Philadelphia capon this morning. Come!"

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE LATE DR. ZUMPT.

At an early stage of our labors, many years ago, we took occasion to offer, for the consideration of the young, a memoir of Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest scholars of the age, and who, by dint of perseverance, rose from a very humble to an exalted station in life. Heyne presented not an uncommon instance of German enthusiasm in scholarship. In our own country, erudition seems to be pursued chiefly for the sake of professional advancement, and consequently it seldom attains to any very lofty pitch. How few of our scholars, it may be asked, know anything critically of the ancient classics? How few write or speak Latin with elegance or purity? How few ever saw any more recondite exemplars of Roman literature than elementary school-books—the copy of a copy? In Germany, where no sort of painstaking seems to be grudged, scholarship has gone, and still goes on, immeasurably farther. As in the case of Heyne, Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Vater, Gesenius, and others, men are there found devoting themselves to a whole lifetime of earnest study in complete forgetfulness of self. Living perhaps on the merest trifle, they bury themselves in a library surrounded by old vellum-bound classics; and there, poring over dingy yellow pages, they compare words with words, examine

into the merits of punctuation and orthography, and detect new meanings, till they transmute into themselves, as it were, the very soul of their author. In this way, by collating old and priceless versions of the classics—some of them in manuscript, and unique—they are able to produce modern editions, which are greedily accepted throughout European universities, and which have usually formed the basis of elementary works for British compilers. We at least knew of few works in Latin common in our schools which have not been copied in a reduced form from the painfully-constructed editions of German scholars. We have been led into these observations from a desire to do honor to the memory of one whose name has gone to swell the already long list of German philologists.

Carl Gottlob Zumpt, the individual to whom we refer, was born at Berlin in 1792. His parents were not wealthy; but in the circumstances in which Prussia was placed at the beginning of the present century, this was a matter of little importance. The oppressions of France pretty nearly brought down all ranks into one common mass of distress and poverty. To meet the cruel exactions of Napoleon, families gave up every article of value to the state. For their gold

they received tokens in iron; and these acknowledgments are still treasured by families, as lasting memorials of an adversity which took away almost everything but life. Amidst these national sufferings and humiliations, Carl Gottlob Zumpt received such an education as could then be procured. Fortunately he required no incitement to learn: from childhood he had been a diligent porer over books; and the acquisition of languages cost him no trouble. Nature made him a scholar. After passing through a series of schools and gymnasia in Berlin, he was sent, by the advice of Buttman, the well-known grammarian, to the University of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed a high reputation. Kreuzer, Voss, Boeckh, belonged to it, all of them men of talent, and celebrated for their philological learning. During Zumpt's residence at Heidelberg, the University of Berlin was founded; and returning home, he finished his education in his native city.

Though still a young man, Zumpt was already noted for his remarkable attainments in the Greek and Roman languages. Thrown upon his own resources, he soon distinguished himself, and was appointed a teacher in one of the principal seminaries. From this position he subsequently rose to be Professor of History in the Royal Military Academy, and finally to be Professor of Roman Literature in the University of Berlin.

The life of a scholar is usually barren of incident. There is little to tell about Zumpt. Amidst the cares of public teaching, he found time to occupy himself in writing various works, critical and historical, all connected with his favorite branch of study. To improve his knowledge of antiquities, he made a tour through Italy and Greece, which, while of considerable service to him as a man of letters, unfortunately tended to injure his health. This tour was made in 1835, and after that year Zumpt labored still more assiduously at his critical editions of the classics, unmindful of aught but that love of digging among ancient words and thoughts which seems a fanaticism in the German mind. His great aim was to be a Latinist worthy of the Augustine age itself. Nor was he unsuccessful; for he wrote Latin with great elegance. He was seldom required to speak the language; but when called on to do so, he delivered himself with correctness and fluency. In this respect he is supposed to have had no superior among his learned countrymen.

Holding this man in respect, not alone for his intellectual, but his moral and social quali-

ties, we shall always consider it as something to say that we have enjoyed his personal acquaintance. In the course of a tour in Germany, and short residence in Berlin in 1847, we had the pleasure of visiting him at his house in the Burgher Strasse—a terrace-like street on a branch of the Spree. We found Zumpt entombed amidst his books. Tall in person, emaciated from study, and wrapped in a dressing-gown, he rose and affectionately welcomed us to Berlin in tolerable English—a language which, in compliment, he insisted all his family should speak on every occasion of our visit. At this time he was engaged on his edition of "Quintus Curtius"—a work which will long be regarded as a monument of his industry and learning.

One of the objects of our visit to Zumpt was to consult with him on the subject of an enterprise in which he had recently engaged—the joint editorship, with Dr. Schmitz of Edinburgh, of a series of Latin classics for use in schools. The projectors of this undertaking were the publishers of the present sheet. Having in our own early days experienced the dreary heaviness of ordinary school classics, unrelieved by the slightest explanations in English touching the subject or the authors, we were glad to be instrumental in putting into the hands of youth a series which they could peruse with some degree of pleasure, or at all events not with absolute weariness and disgust. As Dr. Zumpt entered heartily into the design, the arrangement promised to have the advantage of naturalizing in Britain a set of editions drawn freshly from comparatively original sources, in place of the bald reprints of antiquated copies. The task occupied the amiable scholar during the remainder of his too short life, at the close of which he had prepared the whole series excepting a portion of Horace, which has consequently fallen into the hands of his nephew and son-in-law, A. W. Zumpt. A victim to his study of ancient literature, his failing eyesight first, and afterward disordered viscera, admonished him to take some species of relaxation. This counsel he took when too late. In the hope of relief from his sufferings, he repaired to Carlsbad, a watering-place in Bohemia; and there, to the great grief of his family and friends, he died on the 25th of June last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The decease of the illustrious Zumpt, together with the loss of Orelli, and the veteran Hellenist, Gottfried Hermann, both of whom died within the last eighteen months, leaves a blank among European scholars which will not soon be filled up.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE are many poems in the English language of loftier merit, and more loudly applauded, than the *Deserted Village*; not one so universally beloved. There are many poets and authors amongst the literary men of England who rank much higher in our esteem and approbation than Goldsmith; not one whose memory calls up a kinder feeling. We smile at his follies, we reprehend his culpable imprudence; the brow bends somewhat sternly at those departures from perfect rectitude of conduct into which sometimes want, and sometimes vanity, betray him; but the native goodness of his heart is such that we soon begin to pardon, and end always with the language of affection. His very weaknesses contribute to that feeling of tenderness which hangs about his memory. Men like to admire; men like also to overlook, to pity, and reprove. The character that gives occasion for all these is sure to be highly popular. The foibles of Goldsmith, his blunders of conduct, his precipitancy, his incurable improvidence, the dullest observer can note and reprehend; whilst the coldest of men must warm at that un-failing benevolence, that genial heart of friendship, that sweet clemency of disposition, that untutored charity, which more than covers all his transgressions. The man whom we all can censure, and whom all must love, was, moreover, the author of *The Traveler*, and *The Deserted Village*.

Strange, that one whom the simplest of his readers can look down at, as from a superior standing-point; who in his conduct appeared, and was to the last, a very child—always to be chidden, counseled, criticised, reprovèd—should yet have seized upon the heart of all England, wise and simple. This truant from study, this vagabond tourist, flitting for bed and board, or subsisting no one knows how, has given us a survey of the several countries of Europe, and their national character, as truthful as it is poetic. And our English village home, and our own rural landscape, so dear to the national taste—this homeless wanderer saw them as none other

had seen before, and gave them back to us with added endearment. They live forever in his verse, as the pleasant banks endure forever in the lucid, flowing stream, which at once reflects and vivifies them. Sir Christopher Wren could claim the whole of our metropolitan cathedral for his monument. Every village church in England is a monument to Goldsmith. Every cottage in the village speaks of him; we seem to hear his name in the ticking of the clock that stands behind the door; we hear it on the green or across the common, in the distant shout of the boys let loose from school: the whole landscape has been made his own.

If an illustration were wanted of that subtle quality, or rare combination of qualities, which we designate by the name of genius—which comes not at our bidding, which no learned discipline can secure, which grows up by an education of its own—an education, lawless, capricious, indescribable, imperceptible to any but the learner himself, and not recognized by him till the hour of study has long since past—we could not point to one more perfect than may be found in the intellectual history of Goldsmith. Schoolmasters, tutors, colleges, professors can make nothing of him; he has neither patience nor industry, nor perhaps much aptitude to gain anything from them. "Never was so dull a boy; he seemed impenetrably stupid," says Miss Delap, the schoolmistress who has to teach him his letters. He is the same at school, the same at college. Every teacher tells the same story; every Miss Delap finds him impenetrably stupid. He can learn nothing that others learn, or as others learn it. At the University of Dublin he makes no figure. In the lecture-room he is an idler, or he is a truant. He is "a loungee at the college gates." But he is a student there! He is reading something in these streets of Dublin. There, or in any book picked up by chance, he finds his lecture-room. In this process of study, he has quite unconsciously taught himself to write ballads, which the street musician sings

and finds profitable, extracting therewith from many a pocket—surely no slight testimony to their power—the halfpence devoted to apples and gingerbread. Goldsmith steals out at night, and hears them sung.

He is designed by his good uncle Contarine for the church; he presents himself to the bishop for ordination, and is rejected. Some have laid the blame upon a pair of scarlet breeches, in which he thought fit to array himself for episcopal inspection. But the whole scholastic career of the youth plainly demonstrates, that it was not the outward, or the nether man, that was in fault. His uncle then dispatches him to the Temple, to study law. Here, he does not even get into his school-room. Stopping by the way, at Dublin, he loses all his money at the gaming-table, and returns to be dispatched in a quite different direction, and for a quite different purpose,—to Edinburgh, to study medicine. At Edinburgh, he is distinguished for his convivial talents, and his Irish songs. But he is seized with a strong passion for studying medicine at Leyden or Paris! Neither at Leyden nor at Edinburgh does he ever get so much medical science as would justify him in prescribing for a case of measles or the chicken-pox. Such, at least, is our strong conviction. We are persuaded that he would have picked up more of medicine from his miscellaneous reading and observation, if he had never designed to practice it, than, having to get his living by the profession, he thought it prudent to acquire. Years after, when he carried a gold-headed cane, and *dressed for the part* of a physician, (it was all the preparation he ever made for it,) he could not pass his examination for a surgeon's mate. In all the highways of learning or science, he makes no advance; he is a sluggard, or a loiterer, or a truant. But in this truant idleness, along some by-ways of his own, he has been going through a course of study of which we can give no account, except that his own warm heart and overflowing sympathies have had much to do with it. When a loungee at the college gates, it had already taught him to write ballads, which drew audiences in the streets of Dublin. Pursued still further, it taught him to write, for all the three kingdoms, for all hearts, and for all time, the very sweetest pastoral that—no production of Greece or Italy excepted—was ever penned.

It is in this vagrant, occult manner that the man of genius always studies. But (and let the saving clause be noted) it follows not that he should fail in other, and ordinary methods

of study. The higher spirits—the Dantes and the Miltons—the “thrones and principalities,” take all learning for their province. Of Goldsmith, however, it may be said that he studied in this, and no other way. Like Burns, and some other names which might be mentioned, his mind was indebted only to what, being unable to describe it, we call the inspiration of genius.

That beautiful style of his, how and where did he get it? He spent his youth much amongst roistering collegians, or the choice spirits of a rustic ale-house, the club that met at *The Three Jolly Pigeons*—and he has hardly taken his pen in hand than he writes a style as chaste as Addison's—graceful, musical, refined. And what is more surprising, this refinement of *mind* which pervades all his writings, how did he contrive to obtain and preserve it through the influence of so loose and unsettled a life, wherein coarser pleasures took their turn, and even the excitement of gambling, and all those hardening and degrading artifices that poverty must have recourse to, if poverty would eat? The only answer we hear of, and can report, is, that Goldsmith was a man of genius.

If the contradiction seems extraordinary between the visible blundering process of education which our poet goes through, and the intellectual power which he nevertheless manifests, how still more striking is the contradiction between that intellectual power, between that which we call the author's mind, and the blundering, buoyant, vacillating being, whom we know as the man Goldsmith! Surely never was the man of thought and the man of action seen in the same individual in such striking contrast. His biographers have often remarked how largely and repeatedly Goldsmith drew the materials for his poetry and his works of fiction from himself, and his own life. The author drew perpetually from the man. But how sagacious is the author, how incurably unwise the man! Goldsmith the man seems to have committed, and to continue committing, every folly and absurdity, that Goldsmith the author, with shrewd observation and admirable humor, might note and describe them. There are hosts of men, it is true, who think wisely and act foolishly; but they either think wisely on some other matter than those in which they act foolishly, or else the contradiction is but occasional. In Goldsmith, the wise thinking is exactly exercised on the subject-matter of the foolish acting, and the contradiction is sustained through life. His moral character, beautiful in parts, is a mere confusion; every impulse

reigns its hour despotically; and there are impulses of all kinds. Everything is there but reason. He is open as a child to the impression of the moment; yet with what a calm and veteran sagacity does the author Goldsmith look down upon his child, and scan and depict its follies, and dry its tears, and reprove its wanderings!

In this point of view we think the biography of Goldsmith without a parallel. Fond of the tavern, it is by no drinking song that he is remembered. Cited as a rake, and, at all events, of no very strict demeanor, he never employs his pen to defend or promote licentiousness. He makes no use of his follies but to analyze and reprove them. In real life he wanted self-respect, and the guidance of moral principle; vanity, or thoughtlessness, or mere companionship, or his good-nature and keen sensibility, could lead him into errors more or less grave; yet in all English literature, so boastful of its morality, there is no writer who diffuses a more unaffected love of truth, or instills a higher sentiment of honor. And in this there is no hypocrisy. He is genuine Goldsmith with his pen in hand, satirizing folly and rebuking falsehood—as genuine as when he enacts the folly he rebukes. All his outer life is a perpetual make-shift; all his inner life of thought is pure and honorable. The two beings in one were never more strangely blended, or rather say held together in continual and irreconcilable opposition.

We have been recalled again to the memory of Goldsmith by a Life of the poet lately re-written and extended by Mr. Washington Irving. The appearance of another biography so shortly after the "Life and Adventures" of Mr. Forster will seem at first to be very inopportune. One of the two, at least, will be thought superfluous. But the two works are in some respects dissimilar. If the reader be desirous of a classic and almost uninterrupted narrative of the checkered career of Goldsmith, written in a style which Goldsmith himself would have approved, he will do wisely to address himself to the pages of Mr. Irving. The work of Mr. Forster is more miscellaneous, more discursive, more critical; anecdotes of contemporaries are largely, too largely introduced; the writings themselves of Goldsmith are criticised; and the politics of the day are occasionally discussed. This last topic, both Whig and Tory will probably agree with us in thinking is quite unnecessarily introduced in a life of Goldsmith, distinguished as he is by a peculiar abstinence from all party politics. Mr. Irving adheres

almost exclusively to the narrative; he does not even give us any critical estimate of the works of Goldsmith—an omission in which the reader will feel some disappointment; for no one, we apprehend, would be more capable of such a task than Mr. Irving. Neither does he appear to have bestowed any minute attention to biographical details; he has taken his facts as they were presented to him in the pages of the laborious work of Mr. Prior. He has reproduced the narrative, separate from extraneous matter, and clothed it in the charms of his own style. This is all he has done, or, we presume, professes to have done. Twice sifted, and at last clad in a classic and delightful style, we have the mere narrative of the life of Goldsmith in as complete a form as it is likely to attain.*

With little labor to himself, and little other merit than what is implied in writing elegantly, Mr. Irving has produced a very acceptable book. His work is less varied than his predecessor's, but its workmanship is more complete. The reader of Mr. Irving will resign himself into the hands of his biographer, and be carried on to the last page in uninterrupted gratification. The reader of Mr. Forster, to whatever other pleasure he may derive, will certainly add that of an occasional controversy with his author; he will gain more, but he will often lose his temper in the acquisition. The titles of the two biographies ought to be reversed. At all events, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Forster should have added to his work its second title, "Life and Adventures;" for, in spite of its green and gold, and its pictured page, it is far from possessing that popular character which the word "adventures" would imply. One who, in reading it, should be interested only in the career of Goldsmith, would often find the gilded and be-pictured leaves passing with unexpected rapidity through the finger and thumb.

* We did not look for what are called *Americanisms*, in the writings of Mr. Irving, whom we are accustomed to regard as one of those who assist in preserving the purity of our common language from useless novelties. But one or two have unexpectedly crossed our path. "To loan" is used for to lend (p. 69); we have "*illy assorted*" for *ill assorted* (p. 73); and we suspect the word *flush*, as expressive of sufficiency of cash, must have attained to a degree of dignity on the other side of the Atlantic which it has not acquired with us, since Mr. Irving uses it with all the gravity in the world, and with no appearance of humor, or that air of condescension which sober writers assume when they find it convenient to employ an expression which may be thought bordering upon slang.

It would be on our part, indeed, a mere work of supererogation, if we were here to reproduce in chronological order the events of Goldsmith's life. We shall allude to them only for the sake of illustrating certain points in his character, and notice such only as appear to be most significant.

At first, we have to quarrel with both our biographers for what appears to us a false refinement, and an instance of wasted ingenuity. Of what use this subtle and most unsound defence of Goldsmith from the charge of vanity? Almost as well attempt to clear him of that providence to which his vanity often conducted him. We love our Goldsmith too, but we cannot shut our eyes to a weakness, which his contemporaries and intimate friends attributed to him, and which so many anecdotes illustrate. Boswell, it seems, has related one or two anecdotes in a most absurd manner—representing the poet as speaking in earnest when he was evidently jesting. We thank Mr. Forster, or whoever has performed so kind a part, for correcting these errors. But these are only a few out of many cases; and what could so grossly have misled Boswell but the prevailing impression of Goldsmith's vanity? A man who has once obtained a marked character will always become the subject of many a false anecdote illustrative of it; just as a celebrated wit is sure to have many a jest attributed to him that he never made.

Mr. Irving, following Mr. Forster, resolves into bashfulness and over-sensitiveness, what has been described by contemporaries as the vanity of Goldsmith. The two may be confounded once or twice, but cannot be mistaken for each other during a long intimacy. Highly sensitive to the ridicule of failure he may have been, but this did not prevent his constant wish to distinguish himself in little matters, or on trivial occasions—a love of distinction which is generally understood as vanity. They are not incompatible. One of the earliest anecdotes recorded of him manifests this thirst for display, accompanied, we are told, with no little confusion and embarrassment at the absurd predicament in which it involved him. Mr. Irving shall relate the story.

"An amusing incident is related as occurring in Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edgeworthstown. His father's house was about twenty miles distant; the road lay through a rough country, impassable for carriages. Goldsmith procured a horse for the journey, and a friend furnished him with a guinea for traveling expenses. *He was but a stripling of sixteen, and being thus*

suddenly mounted on horseback, with money in his pocket, it is no wonder that his head was turned. He determined to play the man, and to spend his money in independent traveler's style. Accordingly, instead of pushing directly for home, he halted for the night at the little town of Ardagh, and, accosting the first person he met, inquired, with somewhat of a consequential air, for the best house in the place. Unluckily, the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a notorious wag, who was quartered in the family of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. Amused with the self-consequence of the stripling, and willing to play off a practical joke at his expense, he directed him to what was literally 'the best house in the place;' namely, the family mansion of Mr. Featherstone. Goldsmith, accordingly, rode up to what he supposed to be an inn, ordered his horse to be taken to the stable, walked into the parlor, seated himself by the fire, and demanded what he could have for supper. On ordinary occasions he was diffident, and even awkward in his manners, but here he was 'at ease in his inn,' and felt called upon to show his manhood, and enact the experienced traveler. His person was by no means calculated to play off his pretensions, for he was short and thick, with a pock-marked face, and an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast. The owner of the house, however, soon discovered his whimsical mistake, and being a man of humor, he determined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally learned that this intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance.

"Accordingly, Goldsmith was 'fooled to the top of his bent,' and permitted to have full sway through the evening. Never was schoolboy more elated. When supper was served, he most condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife, and daughter, should partake, and ordered a bottle of wine to crown the repast, and benefit the house. His last flourish was on going to bed, when he gave especial orders to have a hot cake at breakfast. His confusion and dismay, on discovering the next morning that he had been swaggering in this free-and-easy way in the house of a private gentleman, may be readily conceived. True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, we find this chapter of ludicrous blunders and cross-purposes dramatized many years afterward in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.'"

We think that something of the youth of sixteen, who delighted to play the part of *grand seigneur* in an inn, though but for one night, may be traceable in the mature man, so solicitous to deck out his person in all the glories of "Tyrian bloom," and the peach-colored coat. Mr. Irving, however, explains it otherwise.

"This proneness to finery in dress which Boswell, and others of Goldsmith's contemporaries, who did not understand the secret plies of his character, attributed to vanity, arose, we are con-

vinced, from a widely different motive. It was from a painful idea of his own personal defects, which had been cruelly stamped upon his mind in his boyhood, by the sneers and jeers of his playmates, and had been ground deeper into it by rude speeches made to him in every step of his struggling career, until it had become a constant cause of awkwardness and embarrassment. This he had experienced the more sensibly since his reputation had elevated him into polite society; and he was constantly endeavoring, by the aid of dress, to acquire that personal *acceptability*, if we may use the phrase, which nature had denied him. If ever he displayed a little self-complacency on first turning out in a new suit, it may, perhaps, have been because he felt as if he had achieved a triumph over his ugliness."

A triumph over his ugliness! So every old fop achieves a triumph over both his age and his ugliness. Men really conscious of personal defects do not generally solicit attention to their form and features by singular gaudiness of attire. Moreover, Mr. Irving draws a picture of the youth of Goldsmith, not at all justified by anything related in his own biography. We nowhere find that "the idea of his personal defects had been cruelly stamped upon his mind by the jeers and sneers of his playmates." Goldsmith appears always as a great favorite amongst his associates. Ugly he might be—there is no proof that he ever thought himself irredeemably so—but he was not the less acceptable on this account. He was the leader of their sports, noted for his conviviality, and beloved for his cordiality and good fellowship. Mr. Irving feels that he has not taken quite secure ground, and therefore, to eke out his explanations, he has—upon very slender authority—thrown poor Goldsmith into love.

"It has been intimated that the intimacy of poor Goldsmith with the Miss Hornecks, which began in so sprightly a vein, gradually assumed something of a more tender nature, and that he was not insensible to the fascinations of the younger sister. This may account for some of the phenomena which about this time appeared in his wardrobe and toilet. During the first year of his acquaintance with these lovely girls, the tell-tale book of his tailor, Mr. William Filby, displays entries of four or five full suits, besides separate articles of dress. Among the items we find green half-trimmed frock, and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's-blue dress suit; a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking breeches, and another pair of a bloom color! Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this silken finery was dictated, not by vanity, but humble consciousness of thy defects; how much of it was to atone for the uncouthness of thy per-

son, and to win favor in the eyes of the Jessamy Bride!"

In this forced explanation, Mr. Irving seems to have followed the lead of his immediate predecessor. Mr. Forster had said:—"If Goldsmith was vain, it was the wrong way. It arose not from overweening self-complacency in supposed advantages, but from what the world had forced him since his earliest youth to feel, intense uneasy consciousness of supposed defects." This intense uneasy consciousness—if it existed—must have made the suit of "Tyrian bloom" very uncomfortable wear; but it is hardly the sentiment that would have led to its selection.

But to quit this subject of dress—for which the bad taste of the young Irishman is partly to blame—the anecdotes are too numerous to be explained away, which show that Goldsmith had that passion or weakness which all the world calls vanity. Take the well-known story of the trick which Burke practiced upon him.

"Colonel O'Moore and Burke, walking one day through Leicester Square, on their way to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom they were to dine, observed Goldsmith, who was likewise to be a guest, standing and regarding a crowd which was staring and shouting at some foreign ladies in the window of a hotel. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between us at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on and reached there before him. Burke received Goldsmith with affected reserve and coldness. Being pressed to explain the reason, 'Really,' said he, 'I am ashamed to keep company with a person who could act as you have just done in the Square.' Goldsmith protested he was ignorant of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' 'Surely, surely, my dear friend,' cried Goldsmith with alarm, 'surely I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'"

Now, it is not the confession into which Goldsmith was entrapped which gives, we think, the chief significance to this anecdote. How came Burke to be confident of the success of his trick, or to think of practicing such a jest, if he had not well known what was the prevailing weakness of his friend? Here lies the main force of the anecdote, and

we do not see how it is to be broken or turned aside.

Another little story, illustrative of the same weakness, we will quote in the words of Mr. Forster :—

"The little sculptor, as he (Roubiliac) is called in the *Chinese Letters*, being a familiar acquaintance, and fond of music, Goldsmith would play the flute for him; and to such assumed delight on the part of his listener did he do this one day, that Roubiliac, protesting he must copy the air upon the spot, took up a sheet of white paper, scored a few lines and spaces (the form of the notes being all he knew of the matter), and with random blotches pretended to take down the tune as repeated by the good-natured musician; while, gravely and with great attention, Goldsmith, surveying these musical hieroglyphics, said they were very correct; and that, if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him. Sir John Hawkins tells the story with much satisfaction. Exposure of an ignorant flute-player, with nothing but vulgar accomplishments of 'ear' to bestow upon his friends, gives great delight to pompous Hawkins as a learned historian of music."

Exposure of an ignorant musician! No; the exposure is of one who, to be thought able to read music, descends to a silly falsehood. What necessity was there for Goldsmith to read music? He played from ear, and at another time might have made this a matter of especial boast. Just now, he thinks it will exalt him more in the opinion of his present company, if he is somewhat of the learned musician; and this puerile vanity leads him into a ridiculous position, much like that of the sapient burgomaster in the play, who, pretending to the faculty of reading, *holds the book upside down*.

But we must not dwell longer upon this topic, or we shall run the risk of putting ourselves in a false position, and leave it to be inferred that we consider this vanity as a far more conspicuous element in the character of Goldsmith than it really was. That character, we think, is not likely to be mistaken by any one who reads his life and writings, and allows them to make their natural impression. We are in danger of misapprehension only when we begin to subtilize and refine.

In such a character, so full of unrestrained impulses, we must expect to meet with inconsistencies. The combination of vanity with over-sensitiveness is not the only apparent incongruity we encounter. We detect in Goldsmith a propensity to gaming, we see it break forth very forcibly on several occasions. Much of his early history is obscure, but, where the light falls on it, we more than

once discover him at the gaming-table; and it is not uncharitable to suppose that, if we could follow him more closely through his needy campaigns abroad and at home, we should see him there still more frequently. Now, it is not often that we find this propensity united with an uncontrollable charity. There is no incompatibility between them; still, it is not often that the youth who frequents a gaming-table, is the same youth who gives his blankets to a poor woman and her children, and, cutting a hole in the bed, keeps himself warm amongst the feathers.

These blankets were not his own to give. At least it is not the habit of students, or lodgers of any description, to carry about such articles. If he had nothing to bestow in charity, he had no money wherewith to replace these blankets. He was charitable, and not just. An inconsistency, it will be said, by no means uncommon.

His conduct to his uncle, Contarine, his early friend and benefactor, betrays, in a still more striking manner, the incongruous elements of his character. He plays a little with this good uncle; he practices upon his good-nature and his credulity. You would augur very ill of the youth from this circumstance. But Goldsmith defies augury. He does talk over the good, believing uncle—and for the sake of his guineas—but for all that, he would spend his own last guinea to do a pleasure to that uncle.

By the aid of this constant friend, and generous, though far from wealthy benefactor, Goldsmith, we have seen, has got to Edinburgh.

"He now attended," says Mr. Irving, "medical lectures, and attached himself to an association of students called the Medical Society. He set out, as usual, with the best intentions, but, as usual, soon fell into idle, convivial, thoughtless habits. Edinburgh was, indeed, a place of sore trial for one of his temperament. Convivial meetings were all the vogue, and the tavern was the universal rallying-place of good fellowship. And then Goldsmith's intimacies lay chiefly among the Irish students, who were always ready for a wild freak and frolic. Among them he was a prime favorite, and somewhat of a leader, from his exuberance of spirits, his vein of humor, and his talent at singing an Irish song, and telling an Irish story."

After spending two winters at Edinburgh in this profitable manner, he found it absolutely necessary to complete his studies on the Continent. His uncle Contarine was to furnish the funds. Under the plea of study, he wished, in fact, to see the world, and grat-

ify a roving propensity. "*I intend*," he thus writes to his uncle—" *I intend to visit Paris, where the great Farnheim, Petit, and Du Hamel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with the language, and few who leave Ireland are so. I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.*"

The great Albinus! We see him laughing in his sleeve as he pens this *rigmarole* to Uncle Contarine, evidently more distinguished for his good-nature than his penetration. "The great Farnheim, Petit, and Du Hamel de Monceau, instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine!" Having drained the Scottish professors of all their knowledge, he will add to his store whatever the Continent can teach. And "they speak French," which probably Uncle Contarine was not aware of, and consequently he will have a great advantage over certain of his countrymen whom he represents, we know not with what justice, as going to Paris to be taught medicine in a language they do not understand!

When he gets to Leyden—for to that capital, and not to Paris, he first bends his steps—we hear little enough of "the great Albinus." We hear that, after some time, he gets so much into the habit of gambling, that a certain friend he has, of the name of Ellis, who, on several occasions, has lent him money, will assist him no more, unless he promises to leave Leyden altogether, the scene of his temptations. We should have thought the same temptations would follow him to Paris, or to any other city. However, so runs the story: Ellis lends or gives him a sum of money, and he promises to start forthwith for Paris. He has not escaped the environs of Leyden when he sees in a florist's garden some beautiful tulips; recollects that Uncle Contarine is fond of tulips; and incontinently spends all he has, except one solitary guinea, in the purchase of rare tulip roots, to be dispatched to Ireland. We hope they reached their place of destination. Goldsmith pursues his way to Paris with one guinea in his pocket, and his flute.

It is very little we know of Goldsmith's Continental journey—how he occupied himself, what route he took, or how he subsisted. His flute has the merit of providing for him,

especially in France. In the country districts we can understand this, but are we to represent Goldsmith to ourselves as street musician in the town of Paris? In this dearth of information, his biographers show a disposition to have recourse to his works of fiction and other miscellaneous writings, where he drew so much from himself and his own experiences. This is rather a hazardous method of getting at facts.

When the events of an author's life are known, it may be well to trace and illustrate them in his fictions; but to reverse the process, and piece out the biography by aid of the fictions, is manifestly a far too conjectural method.

"At Geneva," Mr. Irving tells us, "he became traveling tutor to a mongrel young gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker, who had been suddenly elevated into fortune and absurdity by the death of an uncle. The youth, before setting up for a gentleman, had been an attorney's apprentice, and was an arrant pettifogger in money matters. Never were two beings more illy assorted than he and Goldsmith. We may form an idea of the tutor and the pupil from the following extract from the narrative of the 'Philosopher Vagabond,' the son George, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

Then follows an extract from that novel, which the reader, if he is not upon his guard, will be apt to confound with the biography, and which has evidently colored the account Mr. Irving gives of this ridiculous tourist, to whom Goldsmith performed the part of tutor, or guide.

"Once more on foot," continues Mr. Irving, "but freed from the irksome duties of 'bear leader,' and with some of his pay as tutor in his pocket, Goldsmith continued his half-vagrant peregrinations through part of France and Piedmont, and some of the Italian states. He had acquired, as has been shown, a habit of shifting along and living by expedients, and a new one presented itself in Italy. 'My skill in music,' says he in the *Philosophic Vagabond*, 'could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, and dinner, and a bed for one night.'"

We are told (though not, as we remember, by Mr. Irving,) that Goldsmith had to

conversation claimed to be himself the hero of these disputations; but even this is not sufficient to let in the evidence, as the lawyers would say, of the Philosophic Vagabond. We can readily admit that Goldsmith had been present at some of these disputations, and had earned a supper and a night's lodging by taking a part in them; but we cannot agree with Mr. Irving in placing this amongst the "expedients" of subsistence, amongst the ways and means of travel.

"At Paris," writes Mr. Irving, with great gravity, "he attended the chemical lectures of Rouelle, then in great vogue, where he says he witnessed as bright a circle of beauty as graced the court of Versailles." This statement is evidently founded on a passage in his essay on *The Present State of Polite Learning*. Goldsmith, in that essay, is remarking on the influence of the fair sex in France, in preventing the decline of taste, by requiring a certain literary qualification from their admirers. "A man of fashion," he says, "at Paris, however contemptible we may think him here, must be acquainted with the reigning modes of philosophy, as well as of dress, to be able to entertain his mistress agreeably. . . . I have seen as bright a circle of beauty at the chemical lectures of Rouelle as gracing the court of Versailles." But such a passage as this by no means implies that he had "attended," as a student, the lectures of Rouelle. If he had been present at them once, it would have been quite sufficient to allow him to speak of the array of beauty he had seen there.

"I have seen," a tourist returning from his visit to Paris might say, "at the college of the Sorbonne, a set of grimy, bearded figures, wild as young Cossacks, listening breathless to wire-drawn discussions on the Alexandrian school of metaphysics!" It would not follow from this, that such a person had attended the lectures of M. Simon, or whoever else might have been professor of ancient philosophy at the time. That he put his head into the lecture-room is all that, in strictness, we are called upon to believe.

But the good Uncle Contarine is dead—all expedients for travel, of whatever kind, fail—and Goldsmith returns penniless to England. After all this medical study in Edinburgh, Leyden, Paris, and Padua, at which last place, "it is said," he obtained that doctor's degree which decorated his name, he now applies in vain for "employment in the shop of a country apothecary!" Some rumor reaches us, about this time, of theatri-

cala in a barn, and a trial of his talents as a strolling player. It seems that no wandering genius could fulfill his destiny without *this* experience. At length we find him launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few halfpence in his pocket. "The deserts of Arabia," adds Mr. Irving, "are not more dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time, and to a stranger in such a plight."

For a short time he is usher in some school, of which we hear nothing; then assistant in a laboratory of a chemist; then practicing medicine in a small way in Bankside, Southwark, chiefly amongst the poor, "decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and neckcloth of a fortnight's wear." In this costume he meets an old schoolmate and college companion. He assumes a prosperous air—cannot endure to be thought poor by him: "he is practicing physic, and doing very well!" poverty, meanwhile, pinching him to the bone. Then we hear of a half-written tragedy, and of "a strange Quixotic scheme of going to decipher the inscriptions of the *written mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic or the language in which they might be supposed to be written—the salary of three hundred pounds being the temptation."

Something like a home he at length obtains as usher in a respectable school at Peckham, kept by Dr. Milner. Dr. Milner is acquainted with Griffiths, the proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. Hence his introduction to the literary craft. Goldsmith quits the school, becomes contributor to the *Monthly*, at a fixed salary; commences, in short, his literary career.

He has not yet, however, accepted this as his true calling and final position in society. On the contrary, he has hopes, through the influence of his friend Dr. Milner, of a medical appointment in India; and he is publishing his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, in order to obtain funds for his outfit. He is, in fact, promised the appointment of physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel.

"His imagination was immediately on fire with visions of Oriental wealth and magnificence. It is true the salary did not exceed one hundred pounds; but then, as appointed physician, he

would have the exclusive practice of the place, amounting to one thousand pounds per annum, with advantages to be derived from trade, and from the high interest of money—twenty per cent.; in a word, for once in his life the road to fortune lay broad and straight before him."

Therefore he labors sedulously at his *Essay on Polite Learning*. At this period, it seems, our law of copyright did not extend to Ireland. He fears his work may be pirated, and is anxious that such friends as he may have in that country, who may be disposed to purchase it, may give their orders to the London bookseller. Accordingly he writes several long letters to his Irish friends and relatives, explaining the matter, and, in short, soliciting their interest in his forthcoming publication. In one of these, he enters into a vague rhapsody upon his future prospects, which he describes as very gorgeous and splendid, and then suddenly turns from the bright future to the actual and the present. Dismounting from his Pegasus of hope, he says:—"But now—where is I? Gods! gods! Up in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score!"

It is just at this point, we call to mind, that Mr. Forster, in his biography, breaks out into an energetic protest against the cruelty and injustice that could leave a man of genius in this lamentable plight. We regret that any man should suffer—and still more that a man of genius, in whom the world suffers too, should be left to struggle with the hard necessities of life. But angry reproaches, which are not even followed by any distinct enunciation of the duty neglected, or of the line of conduct to be henceforth pursued, can lead to no good result. Society has so many faults of omission and of commission to reproach herself with, that it is something worse than wasted breath when false accusations are brought against her. It is thus Mr. Forster writes:

"In a garret writing for bread, and expected to be dunned for a milk-score.' The ordinary fate of letters in that age. There had been a Christian religion extant for now seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years; for so long a time had the world been acquainted with its spiritual responsibilities and necessities. Yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the one common eminence conceded to the spiritual teacher—the man who comes upon the earth to lift his fellow-men above its miry ways. Up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunned for a milk-score he cannot pay. And age after age, the comfortable, prosperous man sees it, and calls

for water and washes his hands of it, and is glad to think it no business of his; and in that year of grace and of Goldsmith's suffering, had doubtless adorned his dining-room with the *Distrest Poet* of the inimitable Mr. Hogarth, and invited laughter from easy guests at the garret and the milk-score."—(Forster, p. 120.)

The remark, to say the least of it, is not judiciously introduced, and certainly does not come commended to us by the singular display of rhetoric for which it is made the occasion. What wrong has society done to Goldsmith at this time? What service has it received from him? No *Traveler*, or *Vicar of Wakefield*, or *Citizen of the World*, has yet appeared. He is not even yet resolved to cast in his lot with literary men. So far from being, or aiming to be, our "spiritual teacher," he is more than ever bent upon practicing, with very slender amount of knowledge, upon our bodily infirmities. It is true that, willingly or unwillingly, he undergoes a severe apprenticeship to the profession of an author. We wish we could have lightened it for him. But it is manifest that, until he has passed through this period of toil and probation, and proved himself to be the man of genius, by the work of genius, the world at large can do nothing for him. It knows nothing of him. No one would propose to pension five hundred ordinary penmen, in the hope that one man of genius would be found hidden amongst the number.

But applying these observations of Mr. Forster to any period we please of Goldsmith's history, we are still left in the dark as to the specific measure, act, or proceeding, which he would have required of society, or, in a similar case, would now require of it. When Goldsmith had published his *Traveler* and *Vicar of Wakefield*, these works, it is true, did little immediately toward supporting him. He, the poet, who can write a *Deserted Village*, has to obtain his subsistence by mere compilations—histories of Greece, of England, of Animated Nature—or by literary labors far more obscure and far less useful. Ought this to be? Ought we to leave the man of superior powers to do what those of inferior ability might execute almost as well? Nay, it is not always that the man of poetic or philosophic genius can execute these more profitable but less meritorious works. They, too, require some peculiar aptitude which he may not possess. In that case, are we to leave him to starve, or, what is almost as bad, to live in a state of miserable dependence, begging and borrowing of this or that individual?

Here is a distinct evil ; it existed at the time of Goldsmith, and it exists now ; but Mr. Forster has not suggested any remedy for it.

The author and the public do not stand toward each other in altogether a satisfactory relationship. This must be confessed. We congratulate ourselves, and justly, on the substitution that has long since taken place of the bookseller for the patron. Under this new regime has grown up a class of literary men, if not of the highest order, yet yielding only to the very highest in their usefulness, and the honorable attitude they assume for the literary man, who, without exactly professing to originate new ideas, is constantly occupied in disseminating knowledge, in disentangling truth from the partial or obscure statements of others, and the like critical and explanatory labors, is performing a most beneficial, and indeed an indispensable office, in the education of mankind. He is exercising a profession second to none in its useful and honorable character. And if not a lucrative profession, yet, upon the whole, it appears that the intellectual demand of the public will call forth and remunerate the intellectual supply he has to offer.

But there are men who, while in point of genius, invention, originality, and independence of thought, they are raised above this class, are far less sure of being adequately remunerated, or remunerated at all. It is a chance. They may be elevated at once to the highest honors in the hierarchy of literature, be the most richly endowed, or they may be compelled to enroll themselves amongst its friars-mendicant. The works they produce may be admired at first by a few only ; their circulation may be limited. They are works which demand the labors of the whole man, and for some years, and after all may occupy but little space : their mercantile return must then be small. The bookseller here is manifestly an inefficient patron. But where is the remedy ? Mr. Forster would not recommend to us the patronage of government, the systematic and habitual gift of pensions. He would be the first to tell us that nothing would more certainly destroy whatever remains to us of independence of thought, or genuine love of truth, than such an official patronage. The government pension, indeed, would rarely come to the only man who very much needs it—to him who is struggling, unfriended, against the tide of popular opinion.

The only hint we receive from Mr. Forster

is, that the literary man should be more "respected." We hope that he does not mean by this that he should have a larger share of those titular honors, knighthood or baronetcy, which appear to be extending themselves amongst us. Besides that this has no relation whatever to the peculiar evil we are pointing out, and the only one of which there seems ground to complain, we should extremely regret to see literary men become candidates for these honors. They do not want them ; they have already taken a title from their works. The title-page of their book is their best order of knighthood. The "Author of Waverley !"—can any prince's sword dub a man with a title like that, or any title that shall be remembered by the side of it ? These distinctions are becoming common amongst scientific men of eminence, and what is the result ? Not that those are more honored who possess them, but that many who possess them not, feel slighted and aggrieved. And yet the common forms of language are enough to show how superfluous such titles are, to both literary and scientific men of distinguished merit ; for no sooner does a man become famous than all prefix whatever to his name is dropped. The highest honor is to be stripped bare to the simple surname. It is plain Newton or Locke men speak of. No one talks of *Sir Isaac's Principia*. A Sir Joseph Banks may keep his title. But even a Sir Humphry Davy has some difficulty to retain his. Whenever the language of the writer rises into panegyric, we have remarked that it becomes plain Davy. We hear and read always of one *Faraday*. The living man has already obtained this highest of nominal distinctions, to be without a prefix. For ourselves, we know not whether it is *Mr.* or *Sir* that is omitted ; but we know this, that if the *Sir* is yet to come, it will drop off, it will not *stick*.

But is it not possible to suggest any remedy for the evil we have pointed out ? The man of genius, to whom the bookseller can be no patron, shall he find a patron nowhere else ? There is one practical suggestion we would offer. We put it forward with extreme embarrassment and hesitation, because we know the delicate ground on which we tread ; but it is the only remedy which occurs to us for an admitted evil. The man of genius, in the predicament we have mentioned, ought to find a patron in that "select few" who have given him audience, and acknowledged his merit.

Would it have been an unnatural thing, or

an unreasonable, if the biographer of Goldsmith had it to record, that, after the publication of his *Traveler*, the readers of that poem had, by each contributing no very large sum, raised a sufficiency to shield the author from want?

Or, to come nearer home, what man had a more ardent circle of admirers than Coleridge? They looked to him for some great work of philosophy or religion—the metaphysics of theology. Whether their hopes would have been realized is another matter, but why did they do nothing to enable him to prosecute such a work? Each looked on at a distance, and marveled that a man of insecure position in his social and economical relations, should fall into desultory abits of thought and study.

For these cases we do not ask the patronage of government, and it would be idle to appeal to society at large, or to what is called public opinion; but we would fix a duty upon the consciences of those who profess to have read the works of the man with profit or delight.

We pay some guineas to a lecturer for a few hours' instruction; we pay other guineas, in the course of the year, to see the drama performed, or to hear music. For the book which has, perhaps, given us more gratification, more mental occupation, more intellectual excitement, than lecture, and drama, and concert put together, we have paid a few shillings. It is very cheap. No harm in that, however. But if the case required aid of a financial character, would it be other than a grateful act of justice if we made the payment somewhat more equivalent to the benefit received?

Neither could there be any objection on the ground that the delicacy of the recipient would be wounded by this act of liberality. The gift would have the character, rather of an honorable tribute, than an eleemosynary donation. It would surely be as little derogatory to accept such a present, as to accept a pension from government.

But where have we left Goldsmith all this time? Writing his *Essay on Polite Learning*, to provide his outfit for the coast of Coromandel. The essay was published, but the appointment never came.

"Alas! poor Goldsmith!" thus continues his biographer, Mr. Irving, "ever doomed to disappointment. Early in the gloomy month of November, that month of fog and despondency in London, he learnt the shipwreck of his hope. The great Coromandel enterprise fell through, or rather, the post promised to him was transferred to some

other candidate. The cause of this disappointment it is now impossible to ascertain. The death of his *quasi* patron, Dr. Milner, which happened about this time, may have had some effect in producing it; or there may have been some heedlessness and blundering on his own part; or some obstacle arising from his insuperable indigence. Whatever may have been the cause, he never mentioned it, which gives some ground to surmise that he himself was to blame."

How is it that, in this enumeration of the probable causes of the failure of his hopes, Mr. Irving avoids mentioning what must occur to every one as by far the most probable of all—namely, that those with whom the appointment rested had become aware of the very little medical knowledge which Dr. Goldsmith possessed, and of his incompetency to perform the duties of such a position? A month afterward, he underwent his examination at the College of Surgeons for the humble situation of hospital mate, and was rejected as unqualified.

There is no help for it now: he must apply himself to the pen in downright earnest—there seems no other occupation for him. But for this occupation, and apparently for this only, nature had fitted him. His efforts are attended with success. The *Chinese Letters*, which first appeared in a daily newspaper, are collected and published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. He is introduced to Johnson, becomes the friend of Reynolds and of Burke, and a member of the *Club*. Then appear *The Traveler* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The man of genius at length stands out revealed to, and recognized by the world.

A cruel apprenticeship to letters did Goldsmith pass through in that *Green Arbor Court*, so sadly misnamed,—or elsewhere, "up in a garret, writing for bread and dunned for a milk-score." It is painful to contemplate, painful to read of. Yet there is one turning-point in his history we read of with still greater pain. Success, and some measure of prosperity, has at length arrived. His play of *The Good-Natured Man* has brought him in some four hundred pounds; the bookseller, at the same time, has paid him one hundred pounds more. Here is a fund on which he might at least subsist some time, while he wrote other works. He spends it all at once, in getting into better chambers in the Temple than those he had been occupying, in buying furniture, and replenishing his wardrobe. On the proceeds of future plays he begins to give dinners to

his aristocratic friends. He makes no other use of his good fortune than to get as fast and as deep as possible into debt. In debt he, of course, continues to the last day. He dies in debt to the amount of two thousand pounds. "Was ever poet so trusted?" says Johnson. He was trusted, for it was known that he paid as soon as his earnings permitted him. The man was honorable, but incurably improvident.

But we have not heard the last of this hapless profession of medicine. It is a peculiar trait in the character of Goldsmith, this tenacity with which he clings to a profession for which he never prepares himself, except, as we say, by dressing for the part. It is impossible to give him credit for ever having studied medicine seriously. All that we know of his life at Edinburgh, and on the Continent, forbids the idea. Neither in his writings do we find any traces of the physician, or even of the medical student. We believe that he was quite as well prepared to read the *written mountains of Arabia* as to cure the diseases of the human frame; and that it was quite as honest a scheme to undertake the one as the other. Yet when his pen has earned him subsistence, and a position in the world, and he has no longer the excuse of want, he again brandishes the gold-headed cane. This time the profession is, in part, subsidiary; he is desirous of adding the *respectability* of the doctor to the reputation of the poet.

"He accordingly launched himself upon the town in style; hired a man-servant; replenished his wardrobe at considerable expense; and appeared in a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaure buttoned to the chin: a fantastic garb, as we should think at the present day, but not unsuited to the fashion of the times.

"With his sturdy little person thus arrayed in the unusual magnificence of purple and fine linen, and his scarlet roquelaure flaunting from his shoulders, he used to strut into the apartments of his patients, swaying his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his medical sceptre (the cane) in the other, and assuming an air of gravity and importance suited to the solemnity of the wig; at least such is the picture given of him by the waiting gentlewoman who let him into the chamber of one of his lady patients.

"He soon, however, grew tired and impatient of the duties and restraints of his profession; his practice was chiefly amongst his friends, and the fees were not sufficient for his maintenance; he was disgusted with attendance on sick-chambers, and capricious patients, and looked back with longing to his tavern haunts and broad convivial meetings, from which the dignity and duties of

his medical calling restrained him. At length, on prescribing for a lady of his acquaintance, who, to use a hackneyed phrase, rejoiced in the aristocratic name of Sidebotham, a warm dispute arose between him and the apothecary as to the quantity of medicine to be administered. The doctor stood up for the rights and dignities of his profession, and resented the interference of the compounder of drugs. His rights and dignities, however, were disregarded; his wig and cane and scarlet roquelaure were of no avail; Mrs. Sidebotham sided with the hero of the pestle and mortar, and Goldsmith flung out of the house in a passion. 'I am determined, henceforth,' said he to Popham Beauclerc, 'to leave off prescribing for friends.' 'Do so, my dear doctor,' was the reply; 'whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies.'

"This was the end of Goldsmith's medical career."

He who would have practiced medicine without, we cannot help thinking, an honest qualification in an average amount of knowledge, would not, however, be a *quack politician*. He would not enter the field of party politics, or write for the minister of the day. He might have done so with little or no sacrifice of opinion, for he had no sympathy with the *patriots* of his time; but he chose to preserve his independence. When Lord North, attacked by Junius and Wilkes, looked round for literary support, he thought of enlisting the pen of Goldsmith, at that time still struggling very hard for subsistence. One Scott, a chaplain to Lord Sandwich, and himself a political writer, was sent to negotiate with the poet. "I found him," Scott used afterward to relate, "in a miserable suite of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority: I told him how I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him in his garret." Bravo, Goldsmith! we exclaim.

In the latter and brighter portions of Goldsmith's life, there is one aspect in which we contemplate him with peculiar pleasure. It is not when he is at the Club, striving, with uneasy efforts, to sustain in conversation the reputation of the author of the *Traveler*; it is not even when visiting the amiable family of the Hornecks, where his genial and bland nature can expand and be appreciated, and with whom he travels on the Continent, and views those scenes from the interior of a carriage which he had formerly passed through on foot; it is when he retires to some rural

retreat in the neighborhood of London, to Canonbury House, Islington, then a very different place from what it is at present, or to his cottage on the Harrow-road. Here he is occupied, it is true, by some mere literary task-work, probably one of his historical compilations; but he is a genuine lover of nature, and as he is wandering amongst the fields and hedge-rows, he is unconsciously storing in the materials of his *Deserted Village*. These, we feel confident, were the happiest days of the poet's life.

But although in this later period there are some positions—pleasant solitudes and delightful companionships—in which we are glad to contemplate Goldsmith, we cannot, upon the whole, dwell with more satisfaction on the close of his career than on its commencement. There is something peculiarly melancholy in these last struggles of the debt-encumbered writer, working amidst anxieties and with impaired health, at a toil that no longer kindles. Youth in a garret, though writing for bread, has hope before it, and the conscious wealth of an unexhausted mind. But when this wealth has been extracted, wrought up, and presented to the world—when the man has done his best—when, to the energy of youth, succeeds the infirmity of age—when the horizon darkens every hour, instead of growing brighter—it is very sad then to read of debt, and unreposing toil, and the worn brain called upon to supply the exigencies of life.

Such is the gloomy position in which we are last called upon to contemplate Goldsmith. Gleams of sunshine break in upon the scene, but only to leave it sadder by the contrast. After a happy Christmas spent at Barton, the residence of the Hornecks, amidst the cordiality of a friendly circle, he returns to his solitary chambers at the Temple; returns to debt and ceaseless drudgery; returns to be harassed by creditors, and driven, well or ill, to his unremitted task-work.

We quote from Mr. Irving his account of the closing scene, and of the death of Goldsmith. It is touchingly told, and forms in itself a compendium of his character. He had formed the wise resolution of retiring into the country, and spending only two months of the year in London; and, having made arrangements to sell his right in the Temple Chamber, he had already taken up his country quarters at Hyde. But—

"An access of a local complaint under which he had suffered for some time past, added to a

general prostration of health, brought Goldsmith back to town, before he had well settled himself in the country. The local complaint subsided, but was followed by a low, nervous fever. He was not aware of his critical situation, and intended to be at the Club on the 25th of March, on which occasion Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury (one of the Horneck connection), and two other new members were to be present. In the afternoon, however, he felt so unwell as to take to his bed, and his symptoms soon acquired sufficient force to keep him there. His malady fluctuated for several days, and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but they proved fallacious. He had skillful medical aid, and faithful nursing, but he would not follow the advice of his physicians, and persisted in the use of James's powders, which he had once found beneficial, but which were now injurious to him. His appetite was gone, his strength failed him; but his mind remained clear, and was perhaps too active for his frame. Anxieties and disappointments which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint, and rendered him sleepless. In reply to an inquiry of his physician, he acknowledged that his mind was ill at ease. This was the last reply; he was too weak to talk, and in general took no notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep, and it was hoped a favorable crisis had arrived—to awake, however, in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired on the 4th of April, at five o'clock in the morning; being in the forty-sixth year of his age.

"His death was a shock to the literary world, and a deep affliction to a wide circle of intimates and friends; for, with all his foibles and peculiarities, he was fully as much beloved as as he was admired. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears; Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress. 'I was abroad at the time of his death,' writes Dr. M'Donnell, the youth whom, when in distress, he had employed as an amanuensis, 'and I wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart, as if I had lost one of my dearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency.' Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily. In writing some time afterward, to Boswell, he observed—'Of poor Goldsmith, there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?'

"Among his debts were seventy-nine pounds due to his tailor, Mr. William Tilby, from whom he had received a new suit but a few days before his death. 'My father,' said the younger Tilby, 'though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to Goldsmith; he had been a good customer, and, had he lived, would have paid every farthing.' Others of his tradespeople evinced the same confidence in his integrity, notwithstanding

his heedlessness. Two sister milliners in Temple Lane, who had been accustomed to deal with him, were concerned when told, some time before his death, of his pecuniary embarrassments. 'Oh, sir,' said they to Mr. Cradock, 'sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than apply to any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can.'

"On the stairs of his apartment there was the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women; poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty."

"But there was one mourner, whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was requested for a lady, a particular friend, who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Horneck, the Jessamy bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off; which she treasured to her dying day."

To add a word of eulogium after this simple description, where the wise, the gentle, and the poor are seen lamenting his loss, would be quite superfluous. Here we may

safely leave the character of Goldsmith to our readers; sure that they will not carry away with them too harsh an impression, and that no remarks we have been induced to make, will have diminished materially from the affectionate regard in which they have been accustomed to hold his memory.

Mr. Irving, as we have already intimated, has not entered upon any critical survey of the writings of Goldsmith, and this might of itself be sufficient excuse for our own silence on this topic. The reviewer is supposed to follow where his author leads. As attendant satellite, it would be quite out of order to explore a space remote from the orbit of his primary. But we are afraid we are not altogether so modest as to be controlled by this technical objection. A simple and imperative reason restrains us—we have not space here to enter on such a topic. We had been refreshing our memory with a perusal of some of the works of Goldsmith, but such hints and fragments of criticism as had occurred to us we must postpone, and throw together in a subsequent paper.

From the People's Journal.

I WEEP WHEN I REMEMBER THEE.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

I weep when I remember thee,
My mother fond and true,
When fancy brings thy gentle face
Once more before my view.
I weep when I remember thee,
So patient and so mild,
So gentle with the stubborn will
Of me, thy wayward child.
Oh! many a look of petulance
That knit my youthful brow,
Many a thought, unheeded then,
Comes back upon me now—
Comes back, altho' long years have past,
Long, busy, anxious years,
Since we upon thee looked our last,
And wept our parting tears.
*Oh, mother, when I think on thee,
And thy sweet, quiet brow,*

I know I must have loved thee then,
But feel I worship now.
I weep when I remember thee
Upon thy dying bed,
When death, with slow but steady aim,
Advanced with noiseless tread.
We saw thy fixed, unconscious gaze,
We felt ourselves unknown,
Near thee, and yet how far removed,—
With thee, yet so alone.
Oh! mother dear, 'twould be a sin
To wish thee back to me;
Yet oft I think how I should feel,
If such a thing could be.
Oh! it would seem so dear a boon,
A bliss so near divine;
Naught but a life's idolatry
Could show a love like mine.

From Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO NEVER HAS CHANGE.

LADIES who are contemplating the matrimonial union should beware of the gentleman who never has change. He may possess a thousand recommendations. He may be handsome, graceful, intelligent, and kind-hearted—nay, he may even be generous and fond of giving, but it will always be out of another person's purse, most likely his wife's—not out of his own. He may be a man who makes large payments, too, in the form of cheques, and these he may pay punctually and without grudging, but come to him for a small sum, and he never has change. It would seem almost as if the fault were in his purse, for he cannot listen to the appeals of poverty and distress without immediately feeling in his pocket, for that, to him, most useless article—useless, because on drawing it out, it is always found to be light, thin and empty, without so much as a stray sixpence lurking in its lowest corner. Thus, while he feels all the pity and all the pain which other people feel on being solicited for charity, he is either compelled to refuse, in consequence of the state of his purse, or to look about to see if there is any one within speech of him, of whom he may borrow a shilling.

The man who never has change always *feels* poor, whatever his resources may be; and during the greater portion of his life, he feels cross. He feels poor because he is unable at the moment to gratify the generous impulses of his heart, and absolutely cannot give where he gladly would; and he feels cross because he is always in debt for small sums, and liable to paltry claims from all parties with whom he is associated—claims of so trifling and vexatious a nature, and often, too, preferred at such inappropriate times, that his whole life becomes a series of petty annoyances, which he would at any time willingly get rid of by the payment of a good round sum. In fact, he would do anything but adopt the habit of having change.

But the reason why this gentleman's peculiarity needs to be made the subject of a warning, is this—that the consequences of such a habit fall inevitably upon the wife, who of-

ten finds herself involved in the disagreeable predicament of being compelled to let it pass that she and her husband are the meanest couple in the world, or to throw her beloved spouse into a fit of rage by plucking his sleeve at some critical moment, making mysterious signals, whispering, or actually speaking out; or, lastly, paying the money out of her own purse, and leaving grooms, coachmen, and porters to wink and draw their own conclusions as to who rules the roast; to say nothing of the consequent dudgeon in which her husband drives away with her, after he has seen this conclusion written upon the countenance of every bystander.

The way to avoid being plunged unconsciously into these difficulties, is, if possible, to travel in company with a gentleman before marriage, and to watch his small payments; to ascertain if he gives the servants anything on leaving your father's house, and *what*; above all, if he should happen to leave small debts behind him, for the mending of whips, boots, or fishing-rods, to make the discovery of such facts a hesitating point to pause at, in order to look further into the subject before connecting yourself with that man for life.

How much good might be done to society, and to the world, by the combined instrumentality of ladies during this brief season of their power, it is really quite encouraging to think. If, for instance, there should occur such a thing as a general strike amongst unmarried ladies, all protesting against marriage until certain ends were brought about. In the first place, if all would shake hands, and set their maiden faces against the delayed payment of just debts, and would vow that no church bell should ring the marriage peal for them until this great work of social improvement was accomplished; what a delightful sound would that be to many an honest and industrious tradesman, when the merry peals rang out again to announce that every bill had been faithfully paid up, and that no others would be contracted.

It is beforehand that this and many other

items of public as well as private good might be attained, if ladies would but think so. It is beforehand that they are all-powerful, and may then, with a reasonable amount of certainty, secure some requisites to their own happiness, even if they look no farther. In order to such happiness, it is extremely important to study, not only how to please, but how *not to vex*; for that is what it comes to after marriage; and, as already stated, there is a world of vexation to both parties consequent upon the fact that the gentleman at the head of an establishment never has change. A wise and prudent woman will therefore avoid this vexation, by looking well into the matter beforehand. Once married to such a man, there is no escape from the trials of such a lot; the tenderest affection will not be able to keep a supply of ready money in her husband's purse; the profoundest regard for his honor will not be able to cover the disgrace of those humiliating exigencies which must necessarily occur; the most magnanimous determination to discharge for him on the instant whatever claims are due, will only make the matter worse, by the aspect of assumption and forwardness which her act will unavoidably wear. There is, in fact, no other alternative in such a case, than either vexing your husband, or allowing him to be thought mean. Watch carefully, therefore, before marriage: that is the time for escape. Watch when you are out together on an excursion of pleasure—see whether he pays the poor boy who holds his horse, or whether, on receiving the bridle from his hand, he elbows the boy off as if he had done him an injury instead of a service; for those people who are not going to pay where they know they ought, do generally put themselves on the defensive, even before the application is made—watch, then, whether he fumbles in his empty pockets for change, which he knows he has not got, and then mounts his horse, and while the poor boy respectfully touches his cap, says, not unkindly to him, "I have no change about me this time, my boy, I will remember you the next." Watch also whether he says to a gentleman close at hand—"Lend me sixpence will you, Barlowe? yon poor fellow has been holding my horse for this half hour, and I haven't got a farthing of change." All this may sound very kind, but it is at the same time very suspicious.

In one of Sir Walter Scott's pleasant ballads it is said, that—

"Lover's eyes are quick to see
And lover's ears in hearing."

Well would it be for some lovers if they were as quick to see small delicate points of this nature, as they are to perceive a trifling flaw in dress or manner, or the faintest shadow of a slight toward themselves. Let not, then, the present of a gold bracelet, or a collection of popular songs, or any other evidence of tenderness and generosity on the part of your lover, beguile you into forgetfulness that the poor boy who held his horse was not promptly and properly remunerated.

But with the man who never has change, this habit is scarcely a cause of greater uneasiness to others, than to himself. Amongst many vexations it is not the least that he has a sort of standing conviction of being poor, of money being perpetually oozing away from him in minute fractions, of tradespeople being troublesome, impertinent, and reproachful, because they add the borrowed shillings to their accounts, and of small bills being always sent at the wrong time, inasmuch as they invariably arrive when he has no change, and therefore cannot pay them. He has an impression, too, that even his friends behave unhandsomely when they gently remind him, as they would wish to be reminded themselves, of the five shillings which they advanced for him, toward a public subscription, on an occasion when he happened to be without change.

If the gentleman in question be a benevolent and kind-hearted man, which is very probable, the case is still worse, because charities accumulate upon him in the shape of debts, and so become so odious and offensive, that he resolves, and re-resolves, he will never be charitable again, if such must be the results; for having in *idea* bestowed his gift, and thus dismissed the supplicant, he has little relish for paying the sum over again in hard cash to the party from whom it was borrowed, and that at some after-time, when the object of interest was forgotten, and the fountains of pity in his heart again sealed up.

If the man who never has change be naturally a miser, and anxious on all occasions to save his money, this plan will answer his purpose admirably; but we prefer to describe a man who is naturally generous, and rather lavish than stingy in his gifts, only they do not come immediately out of his own purse. Indeed, he has an habitual impression that he himself, in his own person, cannot very well afford to give, or pay so much. His wife and daughters may do so, if they like. He seems rather to prefer that they should, for he does not wish the poor to be sent empty away. It is true he does not promise

to repay them, he leaves this an open question; but as they give at his suggestion, they very naturally come upon him for the sum, and come, perhaps, when he is least prepared to welcome such an application. Hence, sometimes, as a natural consequence, follow a few sharp words, and a few wounded feelings.

Acting upon the dictates of a kindly heart, our gentleman not only gives, but employs. Perhaps he finds a poor man whom he pities and respects, out of work, and he contrives for him a few days' occupation in his garden, his farm, or his house. Nothing can be more opportune for the poor man. He has a payment to make on the following week, and he has been at his wit's end how to raise the whole amount. He asks on the Saturday evening for the wages of his labor, but the gentleman has gone out, and the ladies of the family decline acting in the matter. On Monday, he has two or three days' work again, in an opposite quarter of the neighborhood, and he must be up early in order to reach the place in time. But he comes first for his wages, and, of course, arrives a great deal too soon. The gentleman has not left his room. Application is made at his door. He is extremely angry, and, moreover, has no change. The poor man goes away to his work, but is later than was stipulated for, receives a severe reprimand for idleness, and is very reluctantly permitted to take out his tools and begin. This is on Monday, on Thursday the payment must be made. On Tuesday, he knows not what to do, but considers himself in high luck, because, as he is returning from his work, he meets accidentally in a lane with the gentleman who owes him his wages, and, touching his hat very humbly, he ventures to stop him, though riding at full speed. The gentleman is, of course, angry again, calls him a troublesome fellow, but draws up, and fumbles in his pocket as usual. He seems, on this occasion, to be rather gratified that he has no change, as it affords him an excuse for not being longer detained, as well as for punishing impertinence. So Tuesday passes over, and the poor man sees no other alternative but to give up his day's work altogether on Wednesday, in order to secure a chance of payment. By doing so, he offends his new employer, who engages another hand; but "no matter," he says to himself, "I must pay this money, and in order to do so, I must have my wages." On Wednesday, then, he makes it his sole business to wait upon the gentleman who owes him his wages. He

wonders as he goes toward the house what hour will be most convenient, and wishes from his heart that he may be fortunate enough to hit upon this hour. On reaching the house he finds it all in a bustle with company, servants scarcely to be met with who will take the poor man's message. Heloitors about the back door, stared at with no friendly eye by all who pass, is asked by the grooms what he is doing there, and told by some who know little about the matter, that the master is not at all likely to see him then, and that he ought to come at a more convenient time. At last the master himself bustles out, very much like a bee out of a hive that has been disturbed. He feels annoyed at being asked so many times for so small a sum; and particularly just now, when he has his friends to attend to. He speaks and looks angrily at the poor man. The laborer states his case, that he has a payment to make on the following day, or he would not be so troublesome. The gentleman uses expressions quite foreign to the feelings of his better nature, and puts on looks which belie his heart, simply because he is conscious only of his own press and hurry, and does not enter at all into the poor man's situation. He snatches out his purse, however, and drawing it through his fingers, finds it light and thin as usual. He calls for his wife; she is still at her toilette, and cannot possibly be interrupted: to his daughters, they are walking in the grounds with their young guests. The case is plain—nothing can be done now, it is not likely. The poor man must come another time. "Come to me about noon, to-morrow," says the gentleman, "I shall be more at liberty then." The poor man would remonstrate, but the gentleman is gone, and the benefit he had intended to confer is turned to gall and bitterness in the poor man's heart.

In the same manner the kind and liberal gentleman is misunderstood by all with whom he associates. If he steps out of his chaise and wants his horse holden at a tradesman's door, he has nothing to give the expectant holder, although he feels in his pocket, and says he wishes he had something; but the boy does not believe him—how should he, when it is a generally prevailing idea amongst such people, that gentlemen have always their pockets full of money, and can at any time shower down shillings and sixpences, as the clouds scatter rain? Hence, there are ill-natured glances thrown after the gentleman wherever he goes; nor is he spared the vulgar witticisms of the stable and the tap-

room; sometimes before he has fairly driven out of the inn yard. Even where he is best known, many little services are withheld from him which are freely offered to others; or if rendered, it is grudgingly, and with a bad grace, as if the officiating party was aware of having to do with a selfish, stingy, and ill-natured man.

But his absolute charities are perhaps the most troublesome part of this gentleman's *no change* system. "Just lend me a few shillings for that poor woman in the lane, will you?" says the gentleman, as he passes the shop of some tradesman with whom he is in the habit of dealing; or, "Alice, give me your purse," to his daughter, "I am shocked to find the poor Smithsons without bread;" or, to his wife, "Have you change, my love? I met old Martha this morning, and told her to come up for half-a-crown, and here she is." All this, of course, amounts to a good deal in after-payments—to much more than the gentleman could at all have imagined it would; and what with vainly attempting to recollect the circumstances which others are anxious to set before him; what with disputed claims between himself and his wife and daughters; what with the sudden conviction now and then occurring, weeks afterward, of odd shillings borrowed from parties whom it would be next to impossible to meet with again, the life of the gentleman who never has change becomes the very opposite of an easy or a pleasant one.

Charities, however, are not all. There are sudden emergencies, the arrival of parcels, for instance; the payment of rates, and taxes; and other incidental expenses, when the gentleman *must* pay; and then it is that he makes a rush upon all the purses in the house, his own being, of course, empty as usual; and these claims also accumulate toward the end of the week, besides those of accidental labor; and all having had to be defrayed out of any pocket but the gentleman's own, he feels very naturally, when any member of the family claims their own, as if he should be literally eaten up by the greediness of his household. He does not believe that any man is worried as he is for money, money—always money. His wife and daughters seem to him like voracious, whose insatiable beaks are perpetually picking at his flesh; and he even, at times, suspects—quite *privately* to himself, for he has no means of proving the fact, that they not only devour, but *cheat* him. Indeed, no argument of theirs can convince him that he really has borrowed of them anything like the amount which they demand in repayment.

Thus many disagreements ensue, and many hard words, accompanied by a mutual sense of injury and wrong, all destructive to the peace of that family, of which the head and master is a gentleman who never has change. Beware, then, fair ladies, before it be too late.

"NOT ALWAYS SHALL THE CLOUD OBSCURE."

BY WILLIAM JOHN ABRAM.

Though the heaving billows roll
O'er the sorrow-stricken soul—
Though the spirit, tempest-tost,
Seem inevitably lost—
The billows soon shall cease to roar,
The howling winds shall howl no more.

Though the clouded sky to-day
Drive each cherished hope away,
And each fond affection blight;
Though the sun be veiled from sight,
Not always shall the cloud obscure,
Not always shall the storm endure.

Though the rose be prostrate lain,
And the lily snapt in twain—
Though to-day the lonely bower
Scarce can own one blooming flower—
To-morrow thou shalt garlands twine;
To-morrow's sun shall brightly shine.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES.

THE Impossible is often only an unknown point in the future. That which we deem an impossibility in the present day may become even in a short time a familiar fact. We know that the discovery of the New World, and the traveling to it by steam, were each in their turn declared impossibilities, and yet are now familiar things. As it is with the physical, so it is in the moral world. A material philosophy keeps physiological discoveries in co-relation with mental phenomena; yet but a short time ago, all inquiry into the relations between mind and matter were deemed impossible and hopeless. Consciousness, it is now admitted, implies a brain, and nervous system; that nervous system being divided into parts—centres of function and threads of communication, such also imply diversity of influence. Nerves of voluntary, nerves of organic life, were gradually disentangled from those which connect us with an external life; and nerves of involuntary motion were distinguished from the nerves of sensation. The nerves belonging to special senses were detected; and the sense of taste was discovered to be in the same category as those of smell, sight, and hearing. The law, that size and amount of nervous tissue constitutes a direct element of functional power, became at the same time generally recognized. The brain, or encephalon, was recognized in man, not only to be the greatest nervous centre, but also the organ of the mental faculties. Whether the functions of the brain are performed as a whole or by separate parts, is not of much importance to the object we have in view. The distinctness of the external senses, and separateness of their organs—the comparative independence of the sentient, voluntary, and excito-motory system, would tend to show that action in this great centre is complex, not simple. This is the basis of the phrenological system; and the supporters of that system argue with much plausibility, that mental differences being innate, no general agreement could ever be arrived at as to what constitute fundamental or primitive faculties of the mind,

so long as mental phenomena were studied apart from organization. From that moment, psychology and physiology, marching hand in hand, left metaphysics at a remote distance. It was the light of modern civilization succeeding to the darkness of the middle ages.

Power and energy being associated with the existence of a considerable quantity of cerebral structure in particular regions, the question presents itself, which has not yet been sufficiently inquired into, as to how far that power is like the function itself, independent and inherent. The intimate relations of assimilation with circulation, of nutrition and functional power, and the harmony and mutual dependence in the higher animals of the different parts of the nervous system, forbid us to expect perfect independence or functional power inherent in any one centre independent of the other ordinary phenomena of life; but still this is subject to a certain modification, more marked in the lower animals, less so in a higher grade. The vitality of parts of a worm or eel is well known. Fowls, both cocks and ducks, have, when decapitated, been known to preserve so much excito-motive power as to run a distance. But in man the separation of one part from another entails almost instant death; that is to say, loss of sentient and motory power. But even this has slight exceptions; motory powers of a very marked character have been seen in cases of death from Asiatic cholera, and manifestations of sensibility after death are upon record.

The gradual death of the extremities previous to general dissolution, the mental faculties remaining almost unimpaired, has come under the observation of most people. The possible existence of sensibility in the brain itself after the loss of life in the whole of the trunk, as by its actual separation from the body, is a more delicate question. It is one also that involves inquiries of a philanthropic character. Much discussion has arisen as to the comparative certainty and least painful modes of vindicating the rights of society by the infliction of death. The immense volume

of blood flowing from the trunk to the brain, and returning by other capacious vessels, and the great nervous relations existing between head and trunk, attest that decapitation must inevitably be followed by almost instantaneous loss of sensation to both head and trunk, and that it is upon the whole as merciful a mode of putting to death as any other that is accompanied by an act of violence. But as the act is performed by the guillotine, it is so instantaneous that there is reason to believe that the brain may be cognizant for the briefest space of time of its removal from the body: under particular circumstances, where there has been great self-collection, and the shock has not produced confusion of ideas, it is possible to conceive the brain reasoning upon the circumstance with a most distressing pertinacity, which would, however, very soon be cut short by the loss of blood. Suppose, then, another case in which the loss of blood was stopped by either accidental or intentional means; and it is not out of the range of possibility, that the consciousness of decapitation may be so prolonged as to allow even of time to communicate to the external countenance some expression of that which is for such few short and last moments—moments of supreme interest—going on in the mind. All have heard of the whole life-record of ideas, which are hurried together in the few last moments of a drowning man; most have witnessed the supernatural lighting up of the mind of the dying young and innocent. What may not be the intensity of the last lightning-like impressions of the victims of violence, or the sacrifices of society—often, possibly, in its laws more vindictive than He who judges more by men's hearts than men's actions!

But passing over this digression, we must quote an instance from one who, though a writer of fiction, has, from a peculiar idiosyncrasy, made a particular, and in many instances very successful study of crime and punishment, in connection with the more obscure and oftentimes mysterious phenomena which are attendant upon both; in which the possibility of consciousness after decapitation was accidentally and curiously illustrated.

The plaster-quarries of Montmartre are more familiar to English visitors in Paris than are the stone-quarries of the plain of Montrouge, to the south of the metropolis. Yet these latter quarries are very extensive, and form a continuation of those well-known catacombs from which old Paris was built. The population which inhabits these subterranean galleries has a peculiar character of gloomy

ferocity. It seldom happens that there are riots in the capital, in which the quarrymen of Montrouge are not concerned. M. de Lamartine relates, in his "History of the French Revolution," how he availed himself of the combativeness of these dwellers in subterranean passages, to strengthen the hands of the Provisional Government.

M. Alexandre Dumas relates the following story of one of these quarrymen. He was shooting one day on the plain of Montrouge, when he turned off for refreshment to the village of Fontenay.

It was striking one o'clock (he relates) when I reached the first houses of the village. I followed a wall that enclosed a property of some pretensions, and had arrived where the Rue de Diane terminates in the Grande Rue, when I saw coming toward me, from the direction of the church, a man with so sinister an aspect, that I stopped short and instinctively cocked both barrels of my fowling-piece.

But, pale, his hair standing on end, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his clothes in disorder, and his hands bathed in gore, the man passed by without noticing me. His look was fixed. His progress was like that of an object carried away by its own gravity along the slope of a mountain, yet his labored breathing spoke more of dread than fatigue.

The man turned out of the Grande Rue into that of Diane, and hurried toward the door of that residence along the walls of which I had been walking for the last few minutes. The man stretched forth his hand some time before he could reach the bell-pull, which, when he succeeded in grasping it, he agitated violently; and this accomplished, he sat himself down upon one of the other two corner stones which served as advance works to the gate. Once seated, he remained motionless, his arms hanging down, his head resting upon his breast.

I retraced my steps, so certain did I feel that this man had been the principal actor in some unknown and terrible drama.

Behind him, and on both sides of the street, were several other individuals, upon whom he had no doubt produced the same effect as upon myself, and who had come out of their houses to gaze upon him with a surprise similar to what I experienced myself.

A woman of about forty or forty-five years of age answered the bell by opening a little door cut in the panel of the gate.

"What, is it you, Jacquemin?" she said; "what are you doing there?"

"Is Monsieur the mayor at home?" inquired the man, whom she thus addressed, in a muffled voice.

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mother Antoine, go and tell him that I have killed my wife, and that I am come to give myself up."

Mother Antoine uttered a shriek, which was

echoed by two or three other persons who had approached sufficiently near to hear this terrible avowal. I myself took a step in a retrograde direction, and feeling a lime-tree behind me, leant back against it. As to the murderer, he had slipped from the stone down upon the ground, as all strength had left him after having pronounced the fatal words.

Mother Antoine had, in the mean time, disappeared, leaving the little door open; it was evident that she had gone to fulfill her commission and bring the mayor; and after the lapse of about five minutes the functionary made his appearance, accompanied by two other persons.

"Jacquemin," said the mayor to the quarryman, "I hope Mother Antoine is gone mad; she has come to tell me that your wife is dead, and that you accuse yourself with having murdered her."

"It is too true, Monsieur the mayor," replied Jacquemin, "and I wish to be tried as soon as possible."

"Come, you are mad!" said the mayor.

"Look at my hands," answered the man.

And he held out his two brawny arms, the left covered with blood up to the wrist, the right up to the elbow.

The two assistants approached the quarryman, and had some difficulty in lifting him up, so great was both his moral and physical prostration. The commissary of police and a surgeon were sent for; and when it was proposed that the examination should be proceeded with in the quarryman's abode, the latter exhibited the most extraordinary feelings of terror and horror. He begged to be taken at once to prison. "Go to the house," he said; "you will find the body in the cellar, and near it, in a sack full of plaster, the head; but oh, for God's sake do not oblige me to see it! Had I known I was to have been taken back to it, I would have killed myself." It is almost unnecessary to say how much these strange expressions increased the curiosity of all who were present; and our author followed the others to the house where the crime had been committed, and where, after actually seeing, as the quarryman had described, the body swimming in a pool of blood, and the head of the woman stuck upright in an open sack of plaster, the following examination of the self-accused took place.

"You acknowledge yourself to be the author of this crime?"

"Yes."

"Relate to us the causes, then, which led you to commit so heinous an offence, and the circumstances attendant upon its commission."

"The causes which made me do it—that is use-

less," answered Jacquemin; "they are secrets that will remain with me and her who lies there."

"But there is no effect without cause."

"The cause, I tell you, you shall not know. As to the circumstances, I will relate them to you. You must know, in the first place, that when people live below ground as we do, working in the dark, that when we think we have a grief we allow it to eat into the depths of the heart, and thus bad ideas suggest themselves."

"Oh! oh!" interrupted the commissary of police, "you acknowledge premeditation, then?"

"What if I acknowledge everything; is not that enough?"

"Oh yes, go on."

"Well! the bad idea that came to me was to kill Jeanne. My thoughts were filled with it for upward of a month; the heart opposed itself to the head, but at last a word that escaped from a fellow-laborer decided me."

"What was the word?"

"Oh, that is among the matters which do not concern you. This morning I said to Jeanne, 'I shan't go out to work to-day; I wish to amuse myself as if it was a holiday, and I shall go and play at bowls with some companions. Mind you have the dinner ready at the proper hour.'

"But—"

"Come, now, no observations; the dinner at one o'clock, do you hear?"

"Very well," said Jeanne, and she went out to fetch the material for the daily soup. During her absence, instead of going away to play at bowls, I took the sword which you found in the cellar and sharpened it on the back step. I then went down into the cellar and hid myself behind a barrel; and in doing so I said, 'She must come down into the cellar for the wine: when she does so we will see.' And then a voice repeated in me and around me the word which the quarryman had uttered the day before."

"But come, do tell us what this word was," repeated the commissary.

"Useless. I have already said you will never know it. After waiting some time I heard steps approaching. I saw a tremulous light, then the lower part of a dress, then the body, and next the head. I could see her head well, for she held the candle in her hand, and I repeated to myself the word my fellow-workman had cast in my teeth. All this time she kept getting nearer. Word of honor! one would have thought that she doubted that some evil awaited her, for she was frightened, and looked about her, but I remained quiet behind the cask. She then went down on her knees before the cask, put the bottle to the cock, and turned it. I, on my part, got up. You understand, she was on her knees; the noise made by the wine pouring into the bottle prevented her hearing any slight noise,—but I made none. She was on her knees like a guilty one, like a condemned criminal. I lifted up the sword, and—I do not know if she even uttered a shriek, but the head rolled away from the body. At that time I did not wish to die; I intended to make my escape. My idea was to make a hole in the cellar and to bury her. I rushed upon the head, which rolled on its side,

while the body was agitated by convulsive movements on the other. I had a sack of plaster all ready to hide the blood, and I took the head and placed it at once in the plaster. I had scarcely withdrawn my hand when—perhaps it was an hallucination—but I fancied that the head was alive. The eyes were wide open: I could see them well, for the candle was on the barrel; and then the lips—the lips began to move; and as they moved the lips said to me, ‘Wretch! I was innocent!’”

I do not know what effect this statement had upon others, but as to myself (says the narrator) a cold perspiration bedewed my forehead.

“Ah! that is too good!” exclaimed the doctor. “The eyes looked at you? The lips spoke to you?”

“Listen, doctor: as you are a philosopher, you believe in nothing that is supernatural, but I can tell you that the head which you see there said to me, ‘Wretch! I was innocent!’ And the proof that it said so to me is, that instead of endeavoring to escape, I went at once to the mayor’s to give myself up.”

“Examine the head, doctor,” said the commissary of police.

“When I am gone, M. Robert, when I am gone!” exclaimed Jacquemin.

“What! are you frightened that it should speak again, stupid?” said the doctor, as he took the light and approached the sack of plaster.

“M. Ledru!” exclaimed Jacquemin, “in the name of Heaven, let me be taken away to prison. I beg of you! I pray you!”

“Messieurs,” said the mayor, at the same time that he motioned to the doctor to wait a moment, “you have nothing more to ask the accused; he may be removed.”

“Thank you—thank you!” exclaimed the miserable man, as he dragged the two gendarmes with almost superhuman strength up the staircase. That man gone, the drama went with him. There remained nothing in the cellar but two things hideous to contemplate: a body without a head, and a head without a body.

The case here related is an extreme one. It is possible to believe that the blood, arrested in its descent by the plaster, gave to the head a moment of life and energy which may possibly have lent to it sufficient power to communicate to it expression; but the speaking must be laid to the hallucination of awakened conscience and pity on the part of the murderer, for the presence of the lungs would have been necessary to produce the emission of a whole sentence, like that which the murderer imagined himself to have heard. Our author, who, we have before said, has consulted learned authorities for explanations of events of a supposed supernatural character, quotes the celebrated anatomist Sömmering, and the assertions of Alcher, and of Dr. Sue, in favor of sensibility after decapi-

tation. The great physiologist Haller also relates, in his “*Elemens de Physique*,” t. iv. p. 35, that a decapitated head opened its eyes and looked at him obliquely, because he had touched the spinal marrow with the point of his finger. Weycard also relates in his “*Arts Philosophiques*,” p. 221, that he has seen the lips move of a head which had just been cut off. Our author also quotes Sömmering as arguing the possibility of heads speaking. The passage is as follows:—“Several doctors, my colleagues, have assured me that they have seen a head separated from the body grind its teeth with agony; and I am convinced that if *the air still circulated in the organs of the voice, heads would speak*.” Not impossible; but in admitting the possibility of decapitated heads having actually spoken, M. Dumas is going altogether in advance of the position laid down by the distinguished anatomist.

A more curious case of sensibility of the head after death is an historical record in connection with the last moments of the celebrated Charlotte Corday. M. Dumas gives the following version of this tradition of modern times, as related to him by an eye-witness:—

When the cart which conveyed the convict girl to the scaffold drew up, Charlotte jumped down, without allowing any one to assist her; and she ascended the steps of the guillotine, which had been rendered slippery by rain that had fallen the same morning, as quickly as a long red shift in which she was enveloped, and the pinioning of her arms behind her, would permit her to do. When she felt the hand of the executioner placed on her shoulder to remove the kerchief from her neck, she turned pale for a moment, but a second afterward a smile came to give the lie to that pallor; and to avoid the indignity of being tied to the infamous plank, she, with a sublime and almost joyous effort, passed her head through the hideous aperture. The knife came down, and the head separated from the body fell upon the platform and rebounded. It was then that one of the assistants to the executioner, Legros by name, seized that head by the hair, and out of vile adulation to the populace, gave it a blow. At this blow the whole face reddened—not the cheek alone which received the blow, but the two cheeks, and that with an equal glow; for sentiment still dwelt in that head, and it felt indignant at a treatment which was not included in the punishment awarded.

Every system, it may be observed, is founded upon conviction, and that conviction is based upon facts more or less authenticated. The attempts made by the skeptical to explain away as hallucinations the realities of individual experience, because the facts

themselves do not carry conviction simply as recorded by others, are always legitimate where there are many obvious sources of error, or where the will to admit the truth of some popular superstitions or mysteries of a rare description is overtaxed. Few, for example, will be ready to give entire credence to the story of the worthy Vicar of Etampes, in which he details a wondrous act of sensibility on the part of a hanged man. The vicar in question, devoted to the church at an early age, had received from his mother a medal consecrated at the shrine of *Notre Dame de Liesse*. To the possession of this gift he was in the habit of ascribing an unusual amount of piety, for which he had gained credit, not only with the laity, but even among his ecclesiastical colleagues. At the period when this holy man flourished, Etampes and its environs were continually put under contribution by a daring successor of the Cartouches and the Mandrins, one Artifaïlle; whose wife, living in the Etampes, was on the contrary a model of propriety, and who spent her days praying for the conversion of her husband.

It happened that one evening, exhausted by his labors, the holy man fell asleep in his confessional, and was awoke at midnight by unusual sounds in the church. When sufficiently aroused to a sense of his position, he was enabled to discern that the noise he had heard came from a man who was busy striking a light close by the choir. He was a man of moderate height, carrying in his waistband two pistols and a dagger; and, casting at once a threatening and searching glance around, he prepared, his candle being lighted, to force open the tabernacle. This he soon accomplished, and he drew forth, first the holy pyx, a magnificent cup of old silver chiseled in the time of Henry II.; and next a massive chalice, which had been given to the town by Queen Marie Antoinette; and, lastly, two crystal bottles. He then shut the tabernacle, and drew from beneath the altar a *Notre Dame* in wax, crowned with a wreath of gold and diamonds, and the dress embroidered with precious stones.

Being determined that if possible such a sacrilegious robbery should not be thus quietly effected, the abbé issued forth from the confessional, and confronted the robber. The latter, on hearing footsteps approaching, drew a pistol from his girdle; but the tranquillity of the man of God awed even the rude bandit.

"Friend," said the holy man to the robber, "you shall not commit this sacrilege."

"Who will prevent me?" replied L'Artifaïlle.

"I will—not by physical force, but by persuasion. Friend, it is not for the church that I wish to save those things—the church can afford to buy other holy vessels; it is for your sake, who cannot purchase salvation from sin at any price."

"My good man, do you think that it is the first time that L'Artifaïlle has committed sacrilege? Besides, as to my soul, that concerns my wife; she is pious enough for two, and will save mine with hers."

"Yes, friend, your wife is a good and a pious woman, but who would die of grief did she know the sin you are now about to commit. For her sake and your own, I offer you 1000 crowns: 1000 francs to be given now, 2000 after I have sold my mother's heritage to obtain them, if you will restore those objects to their places."

"Your mother is rich, then?" observed the bandit.

"No; she is poor, and will be ruined; but she will give up her all gladly, if she knows it is to save a soul. Now, will you follow me to the presbytery?"

The bandit did as was desired, casting, however, many furtive glances around him, lest he should be betrayed into an ambuscade. Arrived at the presbytery, he remained at the door while the abbé went in to fetch the money. He soon returned, carrying a weighty bag.

"And now," said the bandit, "I give you six weeks to pay me the other two thousand; and you may place them in the hands of my wife, but you must not tell her how I came by them."

"It shall be done; and now go, brother, and sin no more." And the good priest turned away, and bending on his knees, he prayed humbly and earnestly for the conversion of the bandit. He had not finished his prayer before there came a knock at the door. "Come in," said the abbé, without rising; and when he did so, L'Artifaïlle stood behind him.

"Here," he said, "I bring you back your money. I do not want it, or your other two thousand." And so saying, he deposited the bag on the side-board.

"What do you want?" said the priest to the bandit, seeing hesitation depicted on his countenance. "What you have done is well: do not be ashamed to do better."

"You believe that, by the intercession of our Lady, a man, however guilty he may be, can be saved at the hour of death?" ob-

served L'Artifaille. "Give me, then, in exchange for my three thousand francs, a relic or chaplet, such as I can carry about with me, and embrace at the last moment."

The holy man did not hesitate; he took the consecrated medal, which had wrought so much good to himself, from his neck, and he gave it to the bandit. The latter pressed it to his lips, and hurried away.

A year elapsed before the good abbé heard anything more of the bandit. At the expiration of that period, he left his diocese for a short time to visit his mother; who, being unwell, he remained with her for six weeks. Upon his return, he heard that the celebrated robber had been captured near Orleans, and having been condemned to death, had been sent to Etampes, as the principal scene of his misdeeds, and that he had suffered the last penalty of the law the very morning of his return.

Without stopping even to shake the dust off his shoes, the good priest repaired at once to the house of the widow; who, he was informed, had been incessant in her applications during his absence. He found her engaged in prayer.

"Ah! M. l'Abbé," she exclaimed, on seeing her visitor, "you come too late; he died without confession. He would not confess to any other but you; and saying so, he embraced with fervor a medal which hung suspended to his neck."

"Was that all he said?" inquired the abbé.

"No; he told me that you would come to see me to-night, and he begged me as a last request—I dare scarcely tell you what strange favor!—actually that you should go where his body hangs, and repeat five Paters and five Aves. He said you would not refuse."

"And he said right," replied the holy man; "I shall go and do his last bidding. His soul may then be in repose."

The widow embraced the hands of the priest, and wept with gratitude.

It was about half past ten o'clock in the latter days of April; the sky was clear, and the air refreshing. The good priest followed the city walls till he came to the gate of Paris—the only one that remained open at that late hour. The point to which his steps were directed was an esplanade which dominated over the whole town, and upon which, to the present day, are to be seen the traces of the scaffold, upon which in former times three gibbets were erected. But we shall

now proceed with our story in the words of the narrator—the worthy abbé himself.

My heart beat. The feeling came over me that I was going to see, not that which I came to see, but something unexpected. Still I kept ascending.

Arrived at a certain height, I began to perceive the summit of the gibbet, composed of three pillars and their horizontal beams of oak.

I distinguished at the same moment the body of the unfortunate Artifaille driven to and fro by the wind, like a moveable shade.

Suddenly I stopped; the gibbet was now exposed to me from its summit to its base, and I perceived a mass without form, that looked like an animal on four legs, and that moved about. I stopped, and hid myself behind a rock. The animal was larger than a dog, and more massive than a wolf.

Suddenly it raised itself upon its hind legs, and I discovered that the animal was neither more nor less than that which Plato designated as an animal with two feet and without feathers: that is to say, a man.

What could a man be doing under the gibbet at such an hour, unless he came with a religious heart, to pray—or with an irreligious heart, to commit some sacrilege?

Under any circumstance I determined to keep aloof and to watch. At the same moment the moon came forth from behind a cloud, and shone brightly upon the gibbet. I could now distinguish a man distinctly, and see every movement that he made. The man picked up a ladder from the ground, and placed it against the upright that was nearest to the swinging body. He then mounted the ladder. The next moment he formed with the hanging body a strange group, in which the living and the dead appeared to be confounded in a mutual embrace.

Suddenly a fearful shriek resounded through the air. I saw the two bodies moving as if in conflict. I heard cries of help shouted by a voice which seemed to be strangling; and at the same moment one of the bodies detached itself from the gibbet, whilst the other remained suspended by the cord, beating with its arms and legs.

It was impossible that I should comprehend what was really taking place under the infamous machine; but certainly—work of man or work of the devil—something extraordinary had taken place—something that called for help, that claimed assistance.

I accordingly hastened forward. At the sight of a new comer, the struggles of the hanging man increased; whilst beneath him lay the body which had fallen from the gibbet, motionless and lifeless.

I ran first to the living. I hastily ascended the steps of the ladder, and, cutting the cord with a knife, the hanging man fell to the ground, and I jumped down to him from the ladder. He was rolling on the ground in fearful convulsions, whilst the other body continued to be perfectly motionless.

I saw that the running-knot was still strangling the poor devil, so I knelt down, and with great difficulty loosened it. Whilst so doing I saw the man's face, and recognized that that man was no other than the executioner.

His eyes were starting out of their orbits; his face was blue, his jaw distorted. I placed him against a stone: gradually the fresh air revived him; he breathed more freely, and finished by looking at me. His surprise was not much less than mine had been.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," he said, hesitatingly, and with an effort, "is it you?"

"Yes, it is I. What were you doing here?"

He appeared to take some time to collect his ideas; and then, turning round, he looked at the corpse lying close by.

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé!" he then exclaimed; "let us hasten from this place. In the name of Heaven let us go!"

"Why so? I have promised to say five Paters and five Aves for the soul of the gibbeted man."

"For his soul, Monsieur l'Abbé. He is Satan personified. Did you not see him hang me?"

"Hang you! why, I thought it was you who had rendered him that particular service."

"Truly so; and I thought that I had hung him as well as a man could be hung; but it appears that I was deceived. I wonder, when he made me take his place, he did not take advantage of the circumstance to run away."

"Run away! why he is dead and motionless. There is some mystery beneath this. Tell me what brought you here."

"Well, I suppose I must tell you, in confession or otherwise. The miscreant, then, do you know, Monsieur l'Abbé, would not confess, even at his last moments. He always asked for you on his way here, and again at the gibbet. 'Is the abbé not come?' he repeated at each step. 'No,' I answered. There is nothing so annoying as to be perpetually asked the same question. I put the cord round his neck, and bade him mount the ladder. 'Stop a moment,' he said, when he had got up about one third, 'let me see if the abbé is not arrived.' 'You may look,' I answered; and I thought I had nothing to do but to push him off, but he anticipated me. 'One moment more,' he said; 'I wish to kiss a medal of our Lady, which is suspended to my neck.' 'Well, as to that,' I said, 'it is but fair—kiss away.' 'And my last wish,' he added, 'is to be buried with this medal.' 'Hum!' says I, 'all that is upon a man that is hung belongs to his executioner.' 'That does not concern me,' he insisted; 'I will be buried with this medal.' 'You will, will you?' said I, losing all patience; 'you may go to the devil.' And so saying, I threw him off, and jumping at the same moment upon his shoulders. 'Our Lady have pity!' he said; but the cord strangled the man and the sentence at the same time."

"Well, but all this does not explain to me why you came here this night."

"That is because that is the most difficult part of the story to relate."

"Well, I will save you the trouble; you came to take the medal."

"You are right. The devil tempted me. I said to myself, 'You will? That is all very good; but when night is come we will see.' So when night came I returned to the gibbet. I had left my ladder in the neighborhood, and knew where to find it. After carefully looking around, and seeing that nobody was watching me, I placed my ladder against the nearest upright, I got up, and drew the corpse toward me."

"Well! and what then?"

"Why, I had got hold of the medal, and had just succeeded in drawing it off the neck, when, believe me if you will, the corpse seized me bodily, and withdrawing its head from the running knot, passed my head in instead of his, and just threw me off as I had thrown him off. That is exactly what happened."

"Impossible! you must be mistaken."

"Did you find me hanging, or not? Well, I promise you that I did not hang myself."

"And the medal? Where is it?" I inquired.

"You must search for it on the ground. When I felt that I was hanging, I was glad enough to get rid of it."

I accordingly sought for the medal, and was not long in discovering it. Having picked it up, I once more fastened it to the neck of the ex-bandit. At the moment that it came in contact with his chest a shudder pervaded his whole frame, and he uttered a sharp and painful cry. The executioner made a spring on one side, and trembled like a leaf. I, however, insisted upon his replacing the corpse in its former situation. He at first refused, but by pointing out to him that the bad demon had left the corpse, I ultimately prevailed, and once more the body swung in the void, motionless and inanimate. I then went down on my knees and repeated the prayers which the sufferer had demanded of me. As I finished, midnight struck at Nôtre Dame.

"Come," I said to the executioner, "we have nothing more to do ere."

We quitted the Esplanade together, my companion turning round every ten paces to see if the body was really there.

The next morning, when I woke up, I was told that the bandit's wife was waiting for me below.

Her face wore an expression of satisfaction, and of a mind relieved.

"M. l'Abbé," she said to me, "I have come to thank you: my husband appeared to me last night, just as it struck twelve by Nôtre Dame, and said to me, 'Go to-morrow morning to the Abbé's, and tell him that, thanks to him and to our Lady, I am saved!'"

In our times, when the marvelous and the supernatural are fast disappearing; when the superstitions which have chequered the horizon of the human mind in different ages have been found to have foreshadowed the revelation of important scientific truths; when the law of sensorial illusions has explained away the mysteries of second sight, ghosts, and dreams; when the phenomena

of mesmerism, including mesmeric coma, sleep-talking, convulsions and insensibility, have explained satisfactorily the whole history of witchcraft and imputed demoniacal possession—we must not despair of some explanation being offered, even of the above strange and half-ludicrous incident. There may have been a magnetic power in the medal which plays so important a part in the good abbé's story; but allowing a magnetic or mesmeric shock to have thrown the corpse out of the halter, why the executioner should have put his head into it, unless the same jerk that loosened the one threw it over the other, or that he was in such a dreadful state of trepidation as not to know what he was doing, would be difficult to say.

There are still those who believe that there is a class of superstitions which are purely imaginary, and the elements of which escape any mode of palpable demonstration. Such more particularly is the vampire tradition, which has been generally assumed to be a pure fiction. A well-known medical philosopher, Dr. Herbert Mayo, has, however, in a work recently published at Frankfort, and entitled "Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions," undertaken to vindicate the possible authenticity of even this most incredible and horrible of all traditions. Dr. Mayo does not actually go so far as to believe in vampires; but believing, as we do, that there is a certain amount of truth in every delusion—that as there can be no effect in the physical world without some fixed cause, so no belief will attain popularity without some cause for its prevalence,—he supposes that the bodies found in the so-called vampire state, instead of being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been so some time subsequent to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them.

Having premised so much, we must leave it to the reader to determine how far in the following story the possible solution offered by the medical philosopher can be made to explain away the difficulties of the case. The story is told by Dumas, as related to him by a Polish lady, a native of Sandomir.

The year 1825 [says the narrator] witnessed one of those terrible struggles between Russia and Poland in which one would expect all the

blood of a nation would be exhausted, as we sometimes see in the case of a family.

My father and my two brothers had taken arms against the new Tsar, and had gone to fight under the flag of Polish independence, always struck down, yet always raised up again.

One day I learnt that my youngest brother was slain; the next day I was informed that my elder brother was mortally wounded. At length, after a day, during the whole of which I had been listening in horror to the sound of guns and musketry, which kept coming nearer and nearer, I saw my father arrive with 100 horsemen, all that remained of 3000 men whom he had led to battle!

He came to shut himself up in our castle, determined to be buried under its ruins.

My father, who feared nothing for himself, trembled for me. Choosing ten from among the hundred men that remained to him, and collecting all the gold and jewelry that was at hand, he remembered that at the time of the second depopulation of Poland, my mother had found a safe asylum in the monastery of Sahasten, situate in the heart of the Carpathians; and he ordered the house steward to conduct me, under the appointed guard, to that monastery, which, having preserved the mother, might also shelter the daughter.

I hastened to put on the dress of an Amazon, in which I was accustomed to accompany my brothers upon hunting expeditions. My horse was brought out; my father gave me his own pistols. Our last interview was not a long one: the Russians were approaching.

All night long, and during the whole of the next day, we kept along the banks of a tributary to the Vistula, and got twenty leagues from my ancestral home. This took us beyond the reach of the enemy. By the falling rays of the sun we had seen the snowy summits of the Carpathians. By the end of the next day we reached the outlying ranges of this great mountain barrier, and the day following entered into its rugged passes.

The scenery was magnificent—rocks, and wood, and water, in every kind of wild contrast. Ten days passed by without accident. We could already perceive the summit of Mount Pion, which lifts its head above all the surrounding family of giants, and on whose southern slope is the monastery of Sahasten. Three days more, and we were there. It was near the end of July: the day had been extremely hot, and we had just begun to enjoy the cool breeze of evening, when the sound of a gun was suddenly heard, and our guide, who was a little in advance, fell dead. At the same moment a loud shout was heard, and about thirty bandits showed themselves from among the rocks. Every one seized his arms; they were old soldiers that accompanied me, and they soon returned the fire of the brigands, while I set the example of endeavoring to force our way to a plain beyond. But this movement had been anticipated. While the bandits kept up annoying us on our flank, our further progress was soon disputed in front by a young man, who awaited us at the head of a

dozen mounted followers. All these men were covered with sheep-skins, and wore great round hats like Hungarians. As to their leader, he was scarcely twenty-two years of age, of a pallid complexion, with large black eyes, and his hair fell in locks on his shoulders. He wore a Moldavian habit trimmed with fur, and fastened to the waist by a sash of silk and gold. A curved sabre glittered in his hand, and four pistols sparkled in his waistband. The bandits on foot kept up a continual fire with their long Turkish muskets; and as, the moment they had discharged their pieces, they threw themselves on the ground, they avoided the shots that were given in return.

One after the other, two-thirds of my defenders had fallen. Four that remained grouped themselves around me, resolved to die rather than forsake me. The young chief pointed expressively with his sabre to this little group, and in a moment a dozen muskets were directed toward us. At that instant another young man rushed down from among the rocks, shouting out in a loud tone of voice, "Enough!" This arrival of unlooked-for help had more effect upon me than the combat. I fainted away.

When I came to myself, I found that I was lying on the grass, supported in the arms of the young man who had come to my assistance, whilst before me stood, his arms crossed over his chest, the young chief who had led the attack.

"Kostaki," said he who supported me, in good French, "you must withdraw your men, and leave this young woman to my care."

"Brother! brother!" answered the one to whom these words were addressed, and who appeared with difficulty to restrain himself, "brother, do not try my patience too far. I leave you the castle: leave me the forest. In the castle you are all-powerful, but here I am the master."

"Kostaki, I am the eldest; that is, I am master everywhere. I am of the blood of the Brancovans as well as yourself—royal blood, and am accustomed to command. This young woman shall not go to the cavern; she shall be conveyed to the castle, and given in charge of my mother."

"Well, Grégoriska," replied the other, "let it be so, but she shall not the less be mine. I find her pretty, and I won her by conquest."

Upon this the young man who supported me placed my head on a stone, and rose up to speak in Moldavian to the bandits. He was about twenty-four years of age, tall, handsome, with expressive blue eyes and long light hair, indicating his Slavonian origin. But at the same moment Kostaki took me up in his arms, and calling for a horse, placed me upon it, and then vaulted into the saddle. But Grégoriska was as quick as he; and seizing the horse of one of the bandits, he hurried along without saying a word by the side of his brother.

It was a singular sight to see these two young men galloping along side by side without uttering a word, through woods, and amid rocks, and by frightful precipices. Nor was our perilous course stopped till I found myself in the court-yard of a Moldavian castle of the fourteenth century. The

servants hastened forward on seeing the two young men arrive thus in charge of a female; and Grégoriska spoke in Moldavian to two of the women, who showed me the way to an apartment. This apartment, naked as it was, was in keeping with everything else in the castle. A large divan, covered with green baize, served as a seat in the daytime, as a bed at night; as to curtains, either for the bed or for the windows, there were none. I had not been long in the room before my trunks were brought to me. Soon afterward some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," I said in French.

"Ah, madame," said Grégoriska, as he entered, "I am glad to hear you speak French."

"I also, sir, am happy in understanding that language, since it enabled me to appreciate your generous conduct toward me."

"Thank you, madame. How could I do otherwise than be interested in a lady placed in such a situation? Might I inquire by what accident a lady of quality like yourself should thus be found in the midst of our mountains?"

The Polish lady related her history in a few words; and in return for her confidence, Grégoriska narrated that of his family.

"My mother," he said, "was the last princess of the house of Brankovan. She had wedded first Serban Voivode, whose son I am, and with whom I traveled throughout Europe. During our absence my mother had guilty relations with a Count Giordaki Koproli—half Greek, half Moldavian, and a chief of partisans; so we call in the mountains," added Grégoriska, smiling, "the gentry with whom you had to do in the pass. My father dying, left my mother free to wed the count; this was after the birth of Kostaki, the child of adultery, whose passions are his only law, and who knows nothing sacred in this world save his mother. The count did not dwell long in this castle, having been killed, it is said, by some of my father's followers. And at his death I returned to the home of my ancestors—for I loved my mother, notwithstanding her faults; and, as eldest, I was made master; but the indomitable creature you saw yields to me but a nominal obedience, and it was on that account I came to warn you to keep your room for a time, and not to attempt to leave the castle. Within, I will defend you with my life: once outside, I cannot answer for anything."

"Cannot I get, then, to the convent of Sahasten?"

"You would never be allowed to get there. Wait here a time. You shall be introduced to my mother, who is good and generous in her disposition, and a princess by birth—that is saying everything. She will defend you from the brutal passions of Kostaki, and you can then await events in safety."

After thus advising with me, Grégoriska led the way to the dining-room, where I was introduced to and kindly received by the Princess Brankovan. The princess was dressed in a semi-oriental costume of great splendor, and by her side was Kostaki, in the brilliant costume of a Magyar noble. Each took his place at dinner,

Gregoriska seating himself next to me. He had also put on the dress of a noble Magyar, and from his neck hung the splendid nikan of Sultan Mahmoud. The repast was gloomy enough; Kostaki did not address his captive once, although his brother spoke to me several times in French—a language understood by both, but not by the princess. On retiring to my room at night I found a note upon the table; it was to the effect that I might sleep in tranquillity, and it was signed "Gregoriska."

From this time henceforth I was fairly established in the castle, with both brothers in love with me. Kostaki had openly avowed his love; had declared to me that I should be his and no one else's; and that he would kill me before I should belong to another. The princess seconded the younger son, and was, if possible, more jealous of Gregoriska than Kostaki himself. Gregoriska on his side said nothing, but paid me a thousand little attentions. Before three months had elapsed, Kostaki had told me a hundred times that he loved me; and I hated him. Gregoriska had not spoken a word of love; yet I felt that whenever he asked me, I was his.

One night, after I had retired to my room, I heard some one knock gently. I asked who was there.

"Gregoriska," was the answer.

"What do you want?" I inquired, shaking from head to foot.

"If you have faith in my honor, open the door; I wish to speak to you."

I admitted the young man, but trembled so that he led me to a chair. Taking my hand in his, "I love you," he said; "do you love me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"If you love me, then, you will follow me. We have no safety but in flight."

"I will follow you anywhere."

"Listen, then," he said. "I have sold lands, and herds, and villages, to the monastery of Hango, so that I can support you in comfort, if not in affluence. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, horses will be in readiness a hundred paces from the castle. I will be here again at the same hour, and we will fly together."

Saying this, Gregoriska pressed me to his heart, and bade me farewell. I could not sleep for thinking of my hoped-for escape. Day came: I went down to breakfast. Kostaki appeared to me to be even more gloomy and more morose than usual. Gregoriska ordered his horse after breakfast, and said he would not return till evening. Kostaki did not appear to take much notice of his brother's departure, but about seven o'clock, as it was growing dark, I saw him cross the court and go to the stables. I was anxious, and watched him. He soon came out with his favorite horse saddled, and mounting, he issued forth from the castle, and I saw that he took the road of the monastery of Hango. Then my heart shrank within me; I knew that he was going out to meet his brother.

I remained at the window till the darkness of night prevented me distinguishing one object from another. I then went down-stairs, convinced that

the first news of either of the brothers would come to me there. The princess was then giving her orders for supper as usual; nothing in her countenance betrayed that anything extraordinary was going on. As to me, I shuddered at every noise. A few minutes before nine, the usual supper-hour, I heard a horse gallop into the yard. I knew that only one rider would return, but which was it to be?

I heard steps in the antechamber, the door opened, and Gregoriska walked in calm and quiet, but his face pale as death.

"Is it you, Gregoriska?" said the princess mother. "Where is your brother?"

"Mother," Gregoriska replied, with a calm voice, "my brother and I did not go out together."

At the same moment, a loud noise was heard in the court, and a valet rushed into the saloon, exclaiming,

"Princess, Count Kostaki's horse has just come into the castle without rider, and covered with blood!"

"Oh!" muttered the princess; "it was thus that his father's horse also came in one night!" and, with a resolute, threatening look, she took up a light and descended into the court-yard. Looking at the saddle, she saw a large stain of blood on the pommel. "I expected it," she said; "Kostaki has been killed face to face—in a duel, or by one assailant."

She then gave orders for the attendants to go out by the gate of Hango, and search for the body. As if convinced that the search would not be long, she remained in the court. Gregoriska stood near her; I, by Gregoriska. Soon the torches which we had watched disappearing in the distance were seen again; but this time they were grouped around a common centre. Ten minutes more, and by their light we could distinguish a litter, and on it a body. The heart-broken mother said nothing, but motioned that the corpse should be borne into the hall.

The attendants being dismissed, there remained the princess, Gregoriska, and myself alone with the corpse. The princess had turned the gory hair from off the dead man's brow, and contemplated it for some time in silence, and without shedding a tear. Then opening his dress, she looked at the wound.

"It has been inflicted by a double-edged sword," she remarked. Then asking for some water, she dipped her handkerchief in it, and washed the wound. A stream of clear and fresh blood gurgled forth!

"Gregoriska!" she said, turning round to her son, "I know that you and Kostaki did not love one another; but you were children of the same mother. Now, Gregoriska, you must swear that the murderer of your brother shall die—that you will never cease to pursue him until death, or the curse of your mother rest upon you!"

"I swear," said Gregoriska, stretching out his hand over the corpse, "that the murderer shall die!"

At this strange oath, the bearing of which I and the dead man could alone comprehend, a strange prodigy took place. The corpse opened

its eyes, and fixed them upon me with a gaze more earnest than when alive. I felt them like a ray of fire penetrating to my heart; and, unable to bear the trial any longer, I fainted.

When I came to myself, I was in my own room. Three days and three nights I remained there, buried in painful thought. Flight was no longer necessary; Kostaki was dead: but marriage was also out of the question. Could I wed the fratricide? The third day they brought me a widow's mourning. It was the day of the funeral, and I went down-stairs. The princess met me in the hall. She appeared like a statue of grief. When she embraced me she said, as she used to say before Kostaki's death,

"Kostaki loves you."

I cannot describe the effect these words had upon me. This protestation of love made in the present instead of the past tense—this profession of affection coming from the tomb—terrified me so, that I leant against a door for support. The princess, seeing that I was so much afflicted, would not allow me to join the procession. I was led back to my own apartment.

We were now in the month of November. The days were short and cold. By five o'clock it was already night. The night of the funeral, overwhelmed by conflicting emotions, and terrified by the strange incidents that had taken place, I was more melancholy than usual. It was a quarter to nine, the hour at which Kostaki, four days previously, had been so mysteriously deprived of life by my lover; and I was pondering on the circumstance, when I suddenly experienced an extraordinary feeling: a cold, icy shudder pervaded my whole frame, my mind felt stupefied, and I involuntarily fell back on my bed. At the same time I was not so completely deprived of my senses as not to hear the door open, and the step of some one approaching me. Beyond that I heard or saw nothing: I only felt a sharp pain in my throat. I then fell into a complete state of lethargy, from which I did not awake till the morning. When I attempted to rise I was surprised at the weakness that I felt, and at the same time I felt a slight pain in my neck. I looked in the glass, but nothing was visible save a slight mark, like that of a prick of a needle. All day I remained listless and uneasy. I felt no wish to leave my room, or indeed to put myself to the slightest inconvenience. To this feeling of extreme debility was superadded the sentiment of some unknown horror.

The next night, at the same hour, I experienced the same strange sensations. I wished to rise up and call for assistance, but I had not the power. I felt the pain at the same point: that pain was followed by the same insensibility, only I awoke the next day more feeble even than the day before, and the unearthly pallor of my countenance filled me with strange terrors.

The next day Gregoriska came to see me. He uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "What makes you so pale? That pallor is not natural!"

"If I was to tell you, Gregoriska," I answered, "you would think I had lost my senses."

"No! no!" replied the young man; "you are here in a family that resembles no other family. Tell me everything, I beg of you."

I accordingly related to him the strange feelings by which I was overcome every night at the period when Kostaki fell, the noise I heard of approaching footsteps, and the sharp pain I experienced in my neck, followed by total prostration. When I had finished my narrative, which Gregoriska listened to with a profound and melancholy interest, he asked to look at the wound. Having done so, he said—

"You must not be terrified when I remind you of a tradition that exists in your own country, as well as in ours."

I shuddered, for the tradition presented itself at once to my mind.

"You mean vampires," I said. "I have heard of them in my childhood. I saw forty persons disinterred from a neighboring village, among whom seventeen exhibited signs of vampirism—that is to say, they were found in a fresh and rosy condition; the rest were the victims."

"And what did they do," asked Gregoriska, "to deliver the country of them?"

"A stake was stuck through the chest of each."

"And so it is with us," muttered Gregoriska; and after a hurried farewell he repaired at once to the monastery of Hango, where he communicated to a worthy monk, Father Basile, in whom he had every confidence, the dangerous position in which I was placed. It was accordingly agreed, with the consent of the superior of the monastery, that a party of monks should proceed at once, armed with pickaxes and holy water, to disinter the body of Kostaki. Gregoriska in the mean time kept me company, to prevent another attack. Leaning upon his arm, it seemed to me that the mere contact with his noble heart infused new blood and new life into me. I felt certain of triumphing over my mysterious enemy.

A little after dusk Father Basile came to us, to say that the body had been disinterred, and had been found as fresh as when first put under ground. The bad spirit had, however, been exorcised, but not until he had been fairly dispatched in the domicile he had taken up within the deceased count's body.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this, the vampire no longer persecuted the young Polish maiden, but she gradually regained her strength and youthful bloom. Gregoriska having explained the circumstances of the fatal night, upon which Kostaki, having unfortunately become suspicious of his intentions, went out to slay him, but himself fell a victim to his treachery, she could no longer see an act of fratricide in one of mere self-defence; nor did she longer refuse her hand to her noble protector, but by the death of the princess mother soon afterward became sole mistress of the castle of the Brankovans, where herself and her husband labored not ineffectually in intro-

ducing civilization, a happier and more pleasing aspect, and especially a higher tone of morality.

The notion of a vampire is not, as is imagined by many, a mere romancer's dream. It is a superstition which to this day survives in the east of Europe, where little more than a century ago it was frightfully prevalent. At that period vampirism spread like a pestilence through Servia and Wallachia, causing numerous deaths, and disturbing all the land with fear of the mysterious visitation, against which no one felt himself secure.

The Polish maiden in Dumas's story makes allusion to the disinterment of a number of vampires in one single village. As this is probably the most extraordinary case of vampirism on record, we shall transfer an account of it to our pages from Dr. Herbert Mayo's newly-published work, previously quoted.

In the spring of 1727 there returned from the Levant to the village of Meduegna, near Belgrade, one Arnod Paole, who, in a few years of military service and varied adventure, had amassed enough to purchase a cottage and an acre or two of land in his native place, where, he gave out, he meant to pass the remainder of his days. He kept his word. Arnod had yet scarcely reached the prime of manhood; and though he must have encountered the rough as well as the smooth of life, and mingled with many a wild and reckless companion, yet his naturally good disposition and honest principles had preserved him unscathed in the scenes he had passed through. At all events, such were the thoughts expressed by his neighbors, as they discussed his return and settlement among them in the Stube of the village Hof. Nor did the frank and open countenance of Arnod, his obliging habits, and steady conduct, argue their judgment incorrect. Nevertheless, there was something occasionally noticeable in his ways, a look and tone, that betrayed inward disquiet. Often would he refuse to join his friends, or on some sudden plea abruptly quit their society. And he still more unaccountably, and as it seemed systematically, avoided meeting his pretty neighbor Nina, whose father occupied the next tenement to his own. At the age of seventeen, Nina was as charming a picture as you could have seen, of youth, cheerfulness, innocence, and confidence, in all the world. You could not look into her limpid eyes, which steadily returned your gaze, without seeing to the bottom of the pure and transparent spring of her thoughts. Why, then, did Arnod shrink from meeting her? He was young, had a little property, had health and industry, and he had told his friends he had formed no ties in other lands. Why, then, did he avoid the fascination of the pretty Nina, who seemed a being made to chase from any brow the clouds of gathering care? But he did so. Yet less and less resolutely, for he felt the charm of her pres-

ence. Who could have done otherwise? and how could he long resist—he didn't—the impulse of his fondness for the innocent girl, who often sought to cheer his fits of depression?

And they were to be united; were betrothed; yet still an anxious gloom would fitfully overcast his countenance, even in the sunshine of those hours.

"What is it, dear Arnod, that makes you sad? It cannot be on my account, I know, for you were sad before you ever noticed me; and that, I think," and you should have seen the deepening rose upon her cheeks, "surely first made me notice you."

"Nina," he answered, "I have done, I fear, a great wrong, in trying to gain your affections. Nina, I have a fixed impression that I shall not live;—yet, knowing this, I have selfishly made my existence necessary to your happiness."

"How strangely you talk, dear Arnod! Who in the village is stronger and healthier than you? You feared no danger when you were a soldier: what danger do you fear as a villager of Meduegna?"

"It haunts me, Nina."

"But, Arnod, you were sad before you thought of me; did you then fear to die?"

"Ah, Nina, it is something worse than death." And his vigorous frame shook with agony.

"Arnod, I conjure you, tell me."

"It was in Cossova this fate befell me—here you have hitherto escaped the terrible scourge. But there they died, and the dead visited the living. I experienced the first frightful visitation, and I fled; but not till I had sought his grave, and exacted the dread expiation from the vampire."

Nina's blood ran cold. She stood horror-stricken. But her young heart soon mastered her first despair. With a touching voice she spoke:—

"Fear not, dear Arnod, fear not now. I will be your shield—or I will die with you."

And she encircled his neck with her gentle arms; and returning hope shone, Iris-like, amid her falling tears. Afterward they found a reasonable ground for banishing or allaying their apprehensions, in the length of time which had elapsed since Arnod left Cossova, during which no fearful visitant had again approached him; and they fondly trusted that gave them security.

It is a strange world. The ills we fear are commonly not those which overwhelm us. The blows that reach us are for the most part unforeseen. One day, about a week after this conversation, Arnod missed his footing when on the top of a loaded hay-wagon, and fell from it to the ground. He was picked up insensible and carried home, where, after lingering a short time, he died; his interment, as usual, followed immediately. His fate was sad and premature; but what pencil could paint Nina's grief?

Twenty or thirty days after his decease, says the perfectly authenticated report of these transactions, several of the neighborhood complained that they were haunted by the deceased Arnod;

and what was more to the purpose, four of them died. The evil looked at skeptically was bad enough; but aggravated by the suggestions of superstition, it spread a panic through the whole district. To allay the popular terror, and if possible to get at the root of the evil, a determination was come to publicly to disinter the body of Arnod, with a view of ascertaining whether he really was a vampire; and in that event of treating him conformably. The day fixed for this proceeding was the fortieth after his burial.

It was on a gray morning in early August that the commission visited the quiet cemetery of Meduegna, which, surrounded with a wall of unhewn stone, lies sheltered by the mountain, that, rising in undulating green slopes irregularly planted with fruit trees, ends in an abrupt craggy ridge feathered with underwood. The graves were for the most part neatly kept, with borders of box or something like it, and flowers between; and at the head of most, a small wooden cross, painted black, bearing the name of the tenant. Here and there a stone had been raised; one of considerable height, a single narrow slab, ornamented with grotesque gothic carvings, dominated over the rest. Near this lay the grave of Arnod Paole, toward which the party moved. The work of throwing out the earth was begun by the gray crooked old sexton, who lived in the Leichenhouse beyond the great crucifix; he seemed unconcerned enough; no vampire would think of extracting a supper out of him. Nearest the grave stood two military surgeons, or feldscheers, from Belgrade, and a drummer-boy, who held their case of instruments. The boy looked on with keen interest; and when the coffin was exposed, and rather roughly drawn out of the grave, his pale face and bright, intent eye showed how the scene moved him. The sexton lifted the lid of the coffin; the body had become inclined to one side; when turning it straight, "Ha! ha!" said he, pointing to fresh blood upon the lips. "Ha! ha! what, your mouth not wiped since last night's work?" The spectators shuddered—the drummer-boy sank forward fainting, and upset the instrument-case, scattering its contents; the senior surgeon, infected with the horror of the scene, repressed a hasty exclamation, and simply crossed himself. They threw water on the drummer-boy and he recovered, but would not leave the spot. Then they inspected the body of Arnod. It looked as if it had not been dead a day. On handling it the scarfskin came off, but below were *new skin and new nails!* How could they have come there, but from its foul feeding? The case was clear enough; there lay before them the thing they dreaded—the vampire. So without more ado they simply drove a stake through poor Arnod's chest; whereupon a quantity of blood gushed forth, and the corpse uttered an audible groan. "Murder! oh, murder!" shrieked the drummer-boy, as he rushed wildly with convulsed gestures from the cemetery.

The drummer-boy was not far from the mark. But quitting the romancing vein, which had led me to try and restore the original colors of the picture, let me confine myself, in describing the rest

of the scene and what followed, to the words of my authority.

The body of Arnod was then burnt to ashes, which were returned to the grave. The authorities farther had staked and burnt the bodies of the four others, which were supposed to have been infected by Arnod; no mention is made of the state in which they were found. The adoption of these decisive measures failed, however, of entirely extinguishing the evil, which continued still to hang about the village. About five years afterward it had again become very rife, and many died through it. Whereupon the authorities determined to make another and a complete clearance of the vampires in the cemetery; and with that object they had again all the graves, to which present suspicion attached, opened, and their contents officially anatomized; of which procedure the following is the medical report, here and there *abridged* only:—

1. A woman of the name of Stana, twenty years of age, who had died three months before of a three days' illness following her confinement. She had before her death avowed that she had *anointed* herself with the blood of a vampire, to liberate herself from his persecution. Nevertheless, she, as well as her infant, whose body, through careless interment, had been half eaten by the dogs, both had died. Her body was entirely free from decomposition. On opening it, the chest was found full of recently-effused blood, and the bowels had exactly the appearances of sound health. The skin and nails of her hands and feet were loose and came off, but underneath lay new skin and nails.

2. A woman of the name of Miliza, who had died at the end of a three months' illness. The body had been buried ninety and odd days. In the chest was liquid blood. The viscera were as in the former instance. The body was declared by a heyduk, who recognized it, to be in better condition and fatter than it had been in the woman's legitimate lifetime.

3. The body of a child eight years old, that had likewise been buried ninety days; it was in the vampire condition.

4. The son of a heyduk named Milloc, sixteen years old. The body had lain in the grave nine weeks. He had died after three days' indisposition, and was in the condition of a vampire.

5. Joachim, likewise son of a heyduk, seventeen years old. He had died after three days' illness; had been buried eight weeks and some days; was found in the vampire state.

6. A woman of the name of Rusha, who had died of an illness of ten days' duration, and had been six weeks buried, in whom likewise fresh blood was found in the chest.

(The reader will understand, that to *see* blood in the chest, it is first necessary to *cut* the chest open.)

7. The body of a girl ten years of age, who had died two months before. It was likewise in the vampire state, perfectly undecomposed, with blood in the chest.

8. The body of the wife of one Hadnuck, buried seven weeks before; and that of her infant

eight weeks old, buried only twenty-one days. They were both in a state of decomposition, though buried in the same ground, and closely adjoining the others.

9. A servant, by name Rhade, twenty-three years of age; he had died after an illness of three months' duration, and the body had been buried five weeks. It was in a state of decomposition.

10. The body of the heyduk Stanco, sixty years of age, who had died six weeks previously. There was much blood and other fluid in the chest and abdomen, and the body was in the vampire condition.

11. Millac, a heyduk, twenty-five years old. The body had been in the earth six weeks. It was perfectly in the vampire condition.

12. Stanjoika, the wife of a heyduk, twenty years old; but died after an illness of three days, and had been buried eighteen. The countenance was florid. There was blood in the chest and in the heart. The viscera were perfectly sound; the skin remarkably fresh.

The document which gives the above particulars is signed by three regimental surgeons, and formally countersigned by a lieutenant-colonel, and sub-lieutenant. It bears the date of June 7, 1732, Meduegna, near Belgrade. No doubt can be entertained of its authenticity, or of its general fidelity; the less that it does not stand alone, but is supported by a mass of evidence to the same effect. It appears to establish beyond question, that where the fear of vampirism prevails, and there occur several deaths in the popular belief connected with it, the bodies, when disinterred weeks after burial, present the appearance of corpses from which life has only recently departed.

What inference shall we draw from this fact?—that vampirism is true in the popular sense; and that these fresh-looking and well-conditioned corpses had some mysterious source of preternatural nourishment? That would be to adopt, not to solve the superstition. Let us content ourselves with a notion not so monstrous, but still startling enough—That the bodies which were found in the so-called vampire state, instead of being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been for some time subsequently to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them. In the following sketch of a similar scene to that above described, the correctness of this inference comes out with terrific force.

Erasmus Francisci, in his remarks upon the description of the Dukedom of Krain by Valvasor, speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of Kring, who died, was buried, and became a vampire, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him.

"When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a color, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ, who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood."

But this is not all; there still remains the vampire-visit to be explained. The vampire-visit! Well, it is clear the vampire could not have left his grave bodily; or at all events, if he could, he never could have buried himself again. Yet there they always found him. If the body could not have been the visitant, then, in popular language, it was the ghost of the vampire that haunted its victim.

"There are two ways," Dr. Mayo remarks, "of dealing with this knot; one is to cut it, the other to untie it."

It may be cut, by denying the supposed connection between the vampire-visit and the super-vention of death-trance in the second party. Nor is the explanation thus obtained devoid of plausibility. There is no reason why death-trance should not in certain seasons and places be epidemic. Then the persons most liable to it would be those of weak and irritable nervous systems. Again, a first effect of the epidemic might be, further, to shake the nerves of weaker subjects. These are exactly the persons who are likely to be infected with imaginary terrors; and to dream, or even to fancy, they have seen Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one, the last victims of the epidemic. The dream or impression upon the senses might again recur, and the sickening patient have already talked of it to his neighbors, before he himself was seized with death-trance. On this supposition the vampire-visit would sink into the subordinate rank of a mere premonitory symptom.

To myself, I must confess, this explanation, the best I am yet in a position to offer, appears barren and jejune; and not at all to do justice to the force and frequency, or, as tradition represents the matter, the universality of the vampire-visit as a precursor of the victim's fate. Imagine how strong must have been the conviction of the reality of the apparition, how common a feature it must have been, to have led to the laying down of the unnatural and repulsive process customarily followed at the vampire's grave, as the regular and proper and only preventive of ulterior consequences.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

LAST DAYS OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE wide-spread popularity of Macaulay's History of England has awakened attention and curiosity to some of the unexplained points with which all history abounds. Perhaps the most striking passage in the book is the account of the battle of Sedgemoor; the last, happily, which polluted the soil of England. Connected with it and the miserable flight of Monmouth, two or three interesting circumstances have come to light since the publication of Mr. Macaulay's volumes, which we think it will be interesting to notify.

The readers of the first volume need hardly be reminded how picturesque and clear his description has been rendered by the trouble the author took in personally going over the moor, and collecting from it and the neighboring town of Bridgewater a store of the local traditions which still float about the district. It will be remembered that on the fatal Monday morning (July 6, 1685), after the five or six thousand colliers and ploughmen which composed the rebel army of the Duke of Monmouth had fought against James II.'s battalions of regular cavalry and infantry for a couple of hours—enveloped in a dense marsh fog—the routed rustics came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater utterly broken. "The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favored the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbors who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given."

It was perhaps unfortunate for Monmouth and the leading Whigs that they had not sought protection from such generous Jacobites, instead of flying across the country as the duke did, with Lord Grey, Buyse, and a few other friends, making such good speed toward the Bristol Channel, that although

the party commenced their flight at four in the morning, their stout horses had put twenty miles behind them by six. They then mounted fresh ones, changed their course, and pushed on for Hampshire, in the hope that the cabins of the deer-stealers of the New Forest might for a time afford security. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages; but on Cranbourne Chase, in Dorsetshire, the strength of their steeds failed, and they turned them loose, hiding the saddles and bridles. Here they disguised themselves as peasants, and proceeded on foot toward the New Forest.

Thus far Macaulay; but since his account was published, some persons interested in the minute illustrations of these events have notified the precise spots at which these little incidents occurred. The horses were, it seems, dismissed near a well-known roadside inn, a few miles south-west of Salisbury, on the road to Blandford, called "Wood-yates Inn." It would seem that Monmouth had changed once again his determination, and was making the best of his way to the Hants coast, either to Christ Church or to Bournemouth, "where he expected to find a vessel," says the Earl of Shaftesbury, the present owner of the estate on which the duke was ultimately captured.* He and his companions passed the night in the open air, and when morning dawned, they found by certain indications—even around the remote spot where they had been concealed—that their enemy's scouts encompassed them on

* This, and some of the subsequent information we shall presently adduce, was elicited in an exceedingly useful weekly publication which has been recently established in London, called "Notes and Queries, a Medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, &c." In this instance Mr. John Bruce, the antiquary, put in one number of the work certain "queries," which were promptly answered from the best possible authority—the nobleman on whose ground the Duke of Monmouth was taken. This single example shows the utility of "Notes and Queries."

all sides. In fact, Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction; while Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. Still, the wretched fugitives tried to pursue their way, but with the precaution of occasionally separating. We now once more take up Macaulay:—

"At five in the morning of the 7th, Grey was seized by two of Lumley's scouts. . . . It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley, and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the peas, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man; others were overgrown by fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share in the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded; the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the search could be completed; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge; but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then separated, and concealed themselves in different hiding-places.

"At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely gray, was of several days' growth. He trembled great-

ly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this was the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw peas, gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles II. had decorated his favorite son."

All who love particular localities for their historical associations, must have regretted the vague description here given of the place in which the rash but unfortunate duke was arrested. A knowledge of such spots fixes the events enacted on them in the mind, and gives them a vivid and enduring interest. Even when the charms which time throws over remarkable circumstances are absent, particular places are cherished and eagerly visited; and pilgrimages are made to the landing-place of royalty, the scene of a recent crime, or the death-place of a great character, merely from the associations they call up. What would the Nether Bow in Edinburgh be but for John Knox's house? and would St. Leonard's, under Salisbury Crags, be half so much visited as it is but for the cottage which fiction has made classical by the bare supposition that it was the residence of Jeanie Deans? It is, therefore, doing good service to rescue scenes of even minor historical interest from obscurity. This, then, has been done in reference to the exact spot on which the Duke of Monmouth fell into the hands of the emissaries of his uncle. It is correctly but too generally described by Mr. Macaulay, as "separated by an enclosure from the open country." The enclosure, in fact, lies in the parish of Woodlands, Dorsetshire, and being a kind of oasis in a small desert called Shag's Heath, has always had the name of "The Island." At the north-eastern extremity of this enclosure the duke was found, on the 8th July, 1685, crouching in a ditch under an ash-tree. The field, of which the ditch is a boundary, has ever since been called "Monmouth Close." Lord Shaftesbury gives some account of it:—"The whole of Woodlands now belongs to me. The greater part of it was bought by my late brother soon after he came of age. I knew nothing of Monmouth Close till the year 1787. When I was shooting on Horton Heath, the gamekeeper advised me to try for game in the enclosures called Shag's Heath, and took me to see Monmouth Close and the famous ash-tree there. I then

anxiously inquired of the inhabitants of the neighboring houses respecting the traditions concerning Monmouth Close and the celebrated ash-tree, and what I then learnt I have printed for the information of any person who may visit that spot."*

We subjoin his lordship's interesting memorandum:—

"The small enclosure which has been known by the name of Monmouth Close ever since the capture of the Duke of Monmouth there in July, 1685, is one of a cluster of small enclosures, five in number, which stood in the middle of Shag's Heath, and were called 'The Island.' They are in the parish of Woodlands.

"The tradition of the neighborhood is this: namely, that after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, he rode, accompanied by Lord Grey, to Woodyates, where they quitted their horses; and the duke having changed clothes with a peasant, endeavored to make his way across the country to Christ Church. Being closely pursued, he made for The Island, and concealed himself in a ditch which was overgrown with fern and underwood. When his pursuers came up, an old woman gave information of his being in the Island, and of her having seen him filling his pocket with peas. The Island was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighboring cots. As they were going away, one of them espied the skirt of the duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery. The duke, when taken, was quite exhausted with fatigue and hunger, having had no food since the battle but the peas which he had gathered in the field. The ash-tree is still standing under which the duke was apprehended, and is marked with the initials of many of his friends who afterward visited the spot.

"The family of the woman who betrayed him were ever after holden in the greatest detestation, and are said to have fallen into decay, and to have never thriven afterward. The house where she lived, which overlooked the spot, has since fallen down. It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be made to inhabit it.

"The duke was carried before Anthony Etterick, Esq., of Holt, a justice of the peace, who ordered him to London.

"His gold snuff-box was afterward found

in the pea-field, full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uvedaile, of Horton. One of the finders had £15 for half the contents or value of it.

"Being asked what he would do if set at liberty, the duke answered that if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again."

Thus much of the localities: we have now to describe the recent discovery of one of the cherished articles found on the duke's person at the time of his arrest.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the above facts, an interesting relic of them was brought to light at a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Dr. Anster exhibited a manuscript volume of 157 pages, which he declared to be the identical "album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms," found in Monmouth's pocket when seized. It was purchased at a book-stall in Paris in 1827, by an Irish divinity student, was given by him to a priest in the county of Kerry, and on the priest's death, became the property of the present possessor. Respecting its identity and history, from its removal from the rebel duke's pocket down to its production at the Royal Irish Academy, Dr. Anster showed that after Monmouth was beheaded—which he was on Tower Hill, by the too-celebrated John Ketch, on the 15th July, 1685—the articles found on his person were given to the king. At James's deposition, three years afterward, all his manuscripts, including those that had belonged to Monmouth, were carried into France, where they remained till the Revolution in that country a century afterward. Dr. Anster, in exhibiting the book, showed that the remains of silver clasps had been destroyed, and a part of the leather of the covers at each side was torn away, seemingly for the purpose of removing some name on a coat of arms with which it had been once marked; and this he accounted for by the belief that at the period of the French Revolution the persons in whose custody they were, being fearful of the suspicions likely to arise from their possession of books with royal arms on them, tore off the covers, and sent the books to St. Omer's. The after-fate of the larger books was, that they were burned; some small ones, we are distinctly told, were saved from this fate, but seem to have been disregarded, and all trace of them lost. The Abbé Waters—a collateral descendant of Lucy Waters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother—was the person with whom

* Notes and Queries, No. 6.

George IV. negotiated for the Stuart papers, and from whom the volumes which have since appeared as "Clarke's Life of James the Second" were obtained; and it is from the Abbé Waters we have the account of the destruction of King James's autograph papers. Dr. Anster showed, written on the inner cover of this volume, the words, "Baron Watiers" or "Watrers."

As to the identity of the book, Dr. Anster quoted several passages from contemporary authors to test their account of the contents of the "album" with those of the book he was describing. In the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. vi. p. 323, it is stated in Sir John Heresby's memoirs, that "out of his [Monmouth's] pocket were taken books, in his own handwriting, containing charms or spells to open the doors of a prison, to obviate the danger of being wounded in battle, together with songs and prayers." Barillon describes the book in what is nearly a translation of this—"Il y avoit des secrets de magie et d'enchantement, avec des chansons des recettes pour des maladies et des prières." Again, in a note by Lord Dartmouth to the modern editions of "Burnett's Own Times," we have the following statement:—"My uncle, Colonel William Legge, who went in the coach with him [Monmouth] to London as a guard, with orders to stab him if there were any disorders on the road, showed me several charms that were tied about him when he was taken, and his table-book, which was full of astrological figures that nobody could understand; but he told my uncle that they had been given to him some years before in Scotland, and he now found they were but foolish conceits."

The actual contents of the manuscript volume show a great resemblance to these descriptions. The most curious passages which it contains are the duke's memorandums of his journeys on two visits to the Prince of Orange, in the year previous to his last rash adventure. His movements up to the 14th of March, 1684-85, are given. The entries do not seem to be of much moment; but they may accidentally confirm or disprove some disputed points of history. There is an entry without a date, describing the stages of a journey in England, commencing with London and Hampstead: it ends with Toddington. This forms a strong link in the chain of identity; for Toddington is a place remarkable in the history of the duke. Near it was the residence of Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, baroness (in her own right) of Nettlestead, only daughter and heir of Tho-

mas Lord Wentworth, grandchild and heir of the Earl of Cleveland. Five years before the duke's execution, her mother observed that, despite the duke being a married man, her daughter had, while at court, attracted his admiration, and she hurried her away to Toddington. In 1683, after the failure of the Rye-House Plot, Monmouth was banished from the royal presence, and it was to Toddington he retired. When, on retracting the confession which he had made on the occasion, he was banished the kingdom, the companion of his exile was Lady Henrietta Wentworth. "I dwell on this," said Dr. Anster, "because the accidental mention of Toddington seems to authenticate the book: the name of Lady Henrietta Wentworth does not occur in it, and the persons in whose hands the book has been since it was purchased in Paris do not seem to have noticed the name of Toddington, or to have known that it had any peculiar relation to the duke's history. It occurs twice in the book—once in the itinerary, and again in a trifling and unmetrical song which is probably the duke's own composition; written probably on the eve of his flight with his romantic but guilty companion to Holland:—

'With joy we leave thee,
False world, and do forgive
All thy false treachery,
For now we'll happy live.
We'll to our bowers,
And there spend our hours;
Happy there we'll be,
We no strifes can see;
No quarreling for crowns,
Nor fear the great one's frowns;
Nor slavery of state,
Nor changes in our fate.
From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be;
We'll sit and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars
Did this glorious place give
(Or did us Toddington give)
That thus we happy live.'

In Macaulay's history we find that the latest act of the duke on the scaffold, before submitting to the stroke of the executioner, was to call his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick-case, the last token of ill-starred love. "Give it," he said, "to that person!" After the description of Monmouth's burial occurs the following affecting passage:—"Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington in Bedfordshire witnessed a yet sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept

of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestead. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest; her name, carved by the hand of him she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park."

In further proof of identity, Dr. Anster pointed out several charms and recipes which the manuscript volume contains. The conjurations are in general for the purpose of learning the results of sickness in any particular case, and of determining whether friends will be in certain circumstances faithful. There are also incantations for the use of several maladies, and one to make gray hair grow black. No "charms against being wounded in battle," such as Sir John Meresby mentions, are to be found in the volume; but

there are some prayers against violent death, which have the appearance of having been transcribed from some devotional book. There is evidently a mistake in supposing that this book contains any charm for breaking open prison doors, and it is likely that Sir John Heresby was misled in this way:—There is in page 7 a charm in French to procure repose of body and mind, and deliverance from pains; and the word for "pains" is written in a contracted form; it might as well stand for prisons; but examining the context, it is plainly the former word which is meant.

The rest of the entries consist of extracts from old recipe-books, mixed in the oddest way with abridgments of English history, and the most trifling memorandums, chiefly of a private and personal kind. Altogether, this commonplace work is highly indicative of the weakness, vanity, and superstition which stood forward so prominently in the character of the rash but unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AIR SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

War' ich die Luft um die Flügel zu schlagen.

WERE I the breeze that the birds' wings move,
Or could I chase the clouds as they rove,
Over the mountain peaks to speed—
That were a life indeed!

The pines to rock and the oaks to shake,
Farther and farther my flight to take;
A soul to the whispering shades to give—
That were indeed to live!

The slumberer Echo to vex and wake,
To startle the nymphs by stream and brake,
To hover above the quivering mead—
That were to live indeed!

To win by caresses the smile of the rose,
To fan the young bud of the pink as it glows,
Gently the veil of the lily remove—
That were a life of love!

To rustle and sigh in the robe of the bride,
To curl the long locks that her charms would hide,
To take, as a due, the fragrance they give—
That were a life to live!

Myrrh and all perfumes as offerings to bear,
—Oh, what delight in that odorous air!—
A breath to the flame of the altar to give,
That were indeed to live!

To shake the thick branches with treasure that swell,
And to bend the full ear of the corn-stalk as well,
In the lap of the vine the rich clusters to kiss—
Oh, what a life were this!

To sound forth the early *reveillé* of morn,
To waken the roe, and the flowers on the lawn,
And at evening the dreams of Creation to twine—
Oh, what a life were mine!

When noon in its ardor may burningly glow,
To plunge in the cool wave that freshens below,
In a soft passing show'r the faint fields to revive—
That were indeed to live!

The doors, closely fastened, at length to unclose,
And draw from its cell the soft breath of the rose,
To the song of the poet her sweetness to give,
That were indeed to live!

From the British Quarterly Review.

GILFILLAN'S LITERARY PORTRAITS.

A Second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. 8vo., pp. 429. Hogg, Edinburgh: Groombridge, London, 1850.

THE author of this volume subscribes himself plain "George Gilfillan." It is no secret, however, that he is something of a pluralist, being at once a portrait-painter and a divine. But he does not suffer in our estimation from this fact. Indeed, it would be grateful to us to see a larger number, not only of "Secession" ministers in Scotland, but of Christian ministers everywhere, combining, in this manner, the man of the community with the man of the pulpit. There is a sense, and a momentous one, in which the guides of the church should be guides to the world; and it is not easy to see how they should become equal to the full breadth of their function, except as they learn to regard whatever concerns man as a matter in which it behoves themselves to be concerned. The Christian, it is said, is the highest style of man; and on the same grounds, the instruction of the pulpit should be viewed as the highest style of instruction. Christianity is not intended to subdue, but to consecrate our manhood. So the office of the Christian instructor is not intended to limit the range of a man's intelligence and culture, but rather to give to it a higher tone and a nobler purpose. For obvious reasons, we feel a special interest in the religious authorship of laymen, and in the religious teaching of devout and gifted laymen in any form; and for reasons no less obvious, we are pleased when we see the Christian minister giving proof that his special studies and avocations have not prevented his becoming all that men in general are, with his Christianity and his particular acquisitions and aptitudes to boot. But judging from the feeling and opinion sometimes indicated on this subject, we should suppose that the man who becomes a Christian minister, thereby consents to relinquish his manhood, and to be henceforth classed among women. It will not be well with Christian-

ity in the world until this sickly prejudice shall have come to an end—until the ministers of religion are felt to be in their place, not only as expounding the formal doctrines of their creed, but as extending their influence, in as far as their more immediate duties may permit, to whatever may contribute to ameliorate the condition of humanity, and to advance its highest culture.

The author of the volume before us, whether he has ever expressed himself to this effect in words or not, is evidently a man who thinks and feels after this manner. He has shown himself to be as much a student of the world as of the church. He is not to be cribbed in to the ordinary routine of his priesthood, nor to the narrow limits of a sect. He must be allowed to find his proper country in the great commonwealth of mind—his large church in the brotherhood of man. Scotsman though he be, it is plain he has no more thought of regarding Christianity as the possession of one church, than of regarding natural virtue as the possession of one nation. In common with all men who are not enslaved to a wretched ecclesiastical conventionalism, he may see his own idea of Christianity more nearly realized in his particular church than elsewhere, but he is, we doubt not, prepared to tell you, that he does not see it perfectly realized anywhere, apart from those Scriptures whence he has derived it, and from that heaven where all is perfect. The Apollo and the Venus of old Greece came not from nature as she is, but from nature as she might be. The parts are in nature, but their combination and the reality—the life breathed into the whole, these came from the genius of the artist. Too much thus is it with an object of much higher beauty—with our ideal Christianity. We find traces of the religion of the cross in all churches, even in the most corrupt, but its completeness, as a living reality, in no

church. Men will give the impress of themselves,—of their own dear selves—to whatever they touch of the divine, and thus the brightness is obscured, the image is distorted.

Of course, the man who shall break away from the straightness of his sect only so far as our author has done, must lay his account with being judged, in certain very sage connections, as not a little eccentric, and hardly sound. But such men are content to leave the shibboleth people to their own paradise. Honor to all such men, say we!—the men who know how to do battle for their party, when the fitting occasion comes, and who are prepared to maintain a no less stubborn fight for what is of man, than for what is of their sect. It has been well and truly said, that the man who begins by loving his church more than truth, is a man likely to end in loving himself more than either.

But our business now is to see how our reverend friend has acquitted himself in dealing with themes which some very decorous persons may regard as rather beyond his province. The men whose portraits are given in this "second gallery" are the following:—John Milton, Lord Byron, George Crabbe, John Foster, Thomas Hood, Thomas Macaulay, Dr. George Croly, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Dawson, Alfred Tennyson, Professor Nichol, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Shelley, William Cobbett, James Montgomery, Sidney Smith, William Anderson, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Moore, Isaac Taylor, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Phillip James Bailey, and John Stirling. The preacher needs be a bold man, who commits himself to discoursing, in the presence of the wide world, on subjects such as these. But there is no sin in boldness, if it be only coupled with discretion; and it will be seen presently, that in the case of our author, these good yokefellows go very fairly together. Not that his discretion is infallible, nor that the logical faculty is very conspicuous in him—his strength does not lie there. His cast of mind, indeed, if we except his spirit of thorough self-reliance, has a strong oriental tendency, such as we might have expected to find near the Jordan, rather than on the banks of the Tay. His truth comes to him by meditation and insight, more than by breadth of research, or patience in reasoning. He believes, because the objects of his creed are *seen* as realities, are *felt* as truths. And he gives you his truth precisely as he gets it. It comes before you as pearls, which have succession, but which have been strung together you scarcely know how.

Nevertheless, though neither cause nor sequence may be readily perceptible, you feel that truth after truth, as it passes, presents clearness and beauty as if by its own light. This, it will be remembered, is very much the manner of the sacred writers. Paul is almost the only exception. He could reason out his theme, subordinating everything to its scientific development, as in the Epistle to the Romans; and it seems to have been designed by Providence that his genius should serve, in this manner, to bridge over the space between the mind of the east and west, imparting to a doctrine which had been hitherto local, a fitness for universality. But, in general, the inspired writers give their instruction in brief and isolated forms, or with a thread of connection which is rarely continuous. It is in the proverb, in the weighty saying, in the touch of pathos, and in the power of sentiment which gives a meaning, a poetry, and a personality to all things visible, that we find the chief characteristics of the sacred writers, characteristics resulting evidently from the peculiarities of race and of condition.

Now it is very much thus with Mr. Gilfillan. He abounds in the beauties and in the faults of this Asiatic manner. This is especially observable when he touches on the subject of religion. The severity of analysis which he brings to bear on human genius and on its products, has no counterpart in his manner when religion is the object contemplated. Religion he is prepared to receive in its great outline, in its broad and awful generalities. Here, his reverence of the manifestly holy is such as to teach him to confide in the logic of the heart, more than in that of the understanding. The microscopic faculty may have its uses elsewhere, but not here; and the habit of exacting a reason may be good in its place, but not in this place. In short, the man who is not content to be religious by means of truths which are clear as the light, and stable as the hills, will never be religious. Such would seem to be our author's manner of viewing religion, and there are minds to which it may be well adapted; but we suspect, that among the people of these western regions, and especially among those who live so far north as our author, there are many who must have something more certain and settled for their understanding to rest upon, if their emotional nature is to be brought into play. Mr. Gilfillan promises us a volume on "the Bards of the Bible." To no living writer could such a theme be more congenial; but we fear that

such an occupation may tend rather to stimulate than to discipline a natural tendency toward an oriental exuberance and gorgeousness.

The best work of our author is, we think, still to come, and still somewhat distant. But he will live and die the man of a happy temperament. He has an eye to discern the great and the beautiful wherever presented to him, a heart which responds, as by instinct, to all such appearances, and an imagination which readily brings the lights of contrast or resemblance to every topic, often diffusing over the whole the pomp of a court equipage in old Babylon, or beyond the Indus. All his thoughts speedily become pictures. It is as pictures, not as abstractions, that he remembers them. His ideas no sooner become his, than they pass—not in the sense intended by the schoolmen—into “sensible species.” Such is the vividness of his fancy, that his qualities of things become, not only visibilities, but personalities; as when he describes Macaulay’s paradoxes as being “so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved,” that you not only see them, but hear them speak, and witness the good reception given them in the circle to which they are introduced. The Bible does not need the graver’s art to make it “pictorial,” and the same may be said of the writings of Mr. Gilfillan. But his happy temperament does not consist in his power to see, or in his power to feel, so much as in the joyous freedom with which he can give utterance to it all. No man could play the critic so largely and so openly upon other and living men, who was not himself singularly free from the fear of criticism. This measure of self-confidence may be judged by some unfavorably; but, on the other hand, readers are pleased to find that in their author they have to do with a transparent man,—a man who wins their candor by giving them proof that he confides in it. John Foster would have pondered for a week over the use of figures which Mr. Gilfillan sometimes sends to the press within an hour. It will not be supposed, therefore, that his metaphors and illustrations are so nicely adjusted as those of our great essayist. Sometimes, indeed, they are grotesquely bad, as, when he tells us that his friend, William Anderson, “loves to stand by the burning bedsteads of Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Burns, and Byron, and to interpret the wild Babel of their confused blasphemies and piercing lamentations, forming out of the vague clamors the treble, tenor, counter, and bass of the music of hell;” or, as when he informs us that Em-

erson has broken away from the restraints of the pulpit, that he might “stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity.” But, more frequently, his touches and similitudes have in them much of the felicity of genius; as, when he compares poor Burns, in the drunkenness and foul-mouthed blasphemies of his latter days, to a ship on fire, whose sides you dare not approach because her guns are going off! No doubt, with a little more caution, the worst of Mr. Gilfillan’s figures might be made much more respectable; but then we fear lest the man should become lost in his respectabilities, his force being so manifestly dependent on his freedom. In Professor Wilson, our critics do not complain of the mixture of grave criticisms with frequent bursts of gayety and frolic, but the manner in which our author avails himself of this freedom will not, we fear, meet with the same tolerance. At present, with all kindliness be it spoken, we feel obliged to think of Mr. Gilfillan as a powerful artist somewhat in the rough. His mind is teeming with the elements of great things. His portraits are not so much finished pictures, as masterly sketches preparatory to something still to be done. You read paper after paper with the feeling that you have before you the jottings which are to be wrought up ere long into something brilliant and powerful. You are in a studio, with separate figures and groups of high promise all about you; you have to wait, however, to see these with their last touches, and with the advantage of place and relation in the intended picture. There is a compass and severity of taste, which knows how to extrude superfluous ornament, and how to subordinate the parts of a picture to the whole, on a great principle of unity; but it must be admitted that a taste of this order is not at present the strong feature in Mr. Gilfillan’s writings. In some of his papers we have been pleased to see what has seemed to indicate a sense of this deficiency, and an effort to make way in this direction. Both in science and art, it is necessary to the highest form of power that a man should see the end from the beginning, and should know how to determine the first step, and each successive step, in its relation to the last, so that your feeling as you reach the last is—now that is done. There is great beauty, and great power, too, in this matter of unity. In every sermon, argument, oration, poem, or work of art, this principle should have place—place so as to be *felt*, if not *seen*. Every step should be progress, and the progress should be that of a power growing on and on

until it becomes resistless. We remember that in our younger days, we once ventured to speak before John Foster in praise of a certain book—*Drew on the Soul*—as a work of some point. "O, yes," was the gruff reply, "plenty of point—it is all point; but it has no *great* point." The saying, we hope, was not lost upon us.

But we are free to say that, to us, it is very pleasant to read Mr. Gilfillan. His very faults, on which some minor critics show themselves so large, are often faults which the said critics could not commit. There is a freshness and naturalness in what he does that we enjoy exceedingly. Every page has thought worth looking after; and through the whole there are the signs of penetration, acuteness, and general mental power of a high order. He is bold in the avowal of his Christianity, but somewhat more lenient at times in his judgment concerning the deadly antagonism to that system evinced by some of his philosophical friends than we feel ourselves at liberty to be. On the whole, however, we know of no book in our modern literature which we should more readily put into the hands of intelligent youth than the volume before us. Its pulse is healthy and noble. It is evidently the feeling of the author that the next blessed thing to possessing genius, is to be possessed of the power that can appreciate it, that can discern the elements of which it is composed, and show the processes by which it works. His enthusiasm loses nothing from this scrutiny—it is the food, rather, on which it lives and grows. The good anatomist is involved in the good sculptor. To the initiated, the processes of genius are hardly less interesting than its results. To be admitted into its secrets is a high privilege; to be allowed to look on as it performs its miracles—miracles which are to fill the unborn with amazement, is next in enjoyment to being ourselves parties to such achievements. Nor is the pleasure small which the critic finds, as he is able, from his calmer point of view, to distinguish between weakness and strength in these "sons of the morning," and able to assign to each his relative place in the great gallery of Time. Our author knows what this means. The following passages from the paper on Milton will enable the reader in some degree to test the justness of our strictures:

"Milton has uttered more than one noble complaint over his completed blindness. We could conceive him to have penned an expostulation to the advancing shadow, equally sublime and

equally vain, for it was God's pleasure that this great spirit should, like himself, dwell for a season in thick darkness. And scarcely had the last glimmer of light been extinguished, than as if the coming calamities had been stayed and spell-bound hitherto by the calm look of the magician, in one torrent they came upon his head; but although it was a Niagara that fell, it fell like Niagara upon a rock. In an evil hour, as it seemed for the time at least, for Britain, for Milton, for the progress of the human race, the restored Charles arrived. The consequences were disastrous to Milton. His name proscribed, his books burned, himself obliged to abscond, and it was what some would call a miracle that this blinded Samson was not led forth to give his enemies sport, at the place of common execution, and that the most godlike head in the world did not roll off from the bloody block."

—p. 9.

"It is with a certain severe satisfaction that we contemplate the death of a man like Milton. We feel that tears and lamentations are here unbecoming, and would mar the solemn sweetness of the scene. With serenity, nay, joy, we witness this majestic man-child caught up to God and his throne—soaring away from the many shadows which surrounded him on earth into that bright element of eternity, in which he seemed already naturalized. Who seeks to weep, as he sees the river, rich with the spoils of its long wandering, and become a broad mirror for the heavens, at length sinking in the bosom of the deep? Were we permitted to behold a star re-absorbed into its source, melted down in God, would it not generate a delight, graver, indeed, but as real, as had we stood by its creation? And although there were no shouting, as on its natal morn, might there not be silence, the silence of joyous wonder among the sons of God? Thus died Milton, the prince of modern men, accepting death as gently and silently as the sky receives into its arms the waning moon. We are reminded of a description in 'Hyperion,' of the death of Goethe: 'His majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm like a god, the old man sat, and, with a smile, seemed to bid farewell to the light of day on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which has just dropped from his dying fingers. "Open the shutters and let in more light," were his last words. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air, and as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man was gone.'"

—p. 12.

"'Samson Agonistes' is perhaps the least poetical, but certainly by no means the least characteristic of his works. In style and imagery it is bare as a skeleton, but you see it to be the skeleton of a Samson. It is the purest piece of *literary sculpture* in any language. It stands before you like a statue, bloodless and blind. There can be no doubt that Milton chose Samson as a subject, from the resemblance in their destinies. Samson, like himself, was made blind in the cause of his country; and through him, as through a new channel, does Milton pour out his

old complaint, but more here in anger than in sorrow. It had required—as the Nile has seven mouths—so many vents to a grief so great and absolute as his. Consolation Samson has little, save in the prospect of vengeance, for the prospect of the resurrection-body had not fully dawned on his soul. He is, in fact, a hard and Hebrew shape of Milton. Indeed, the poem might have been written by one who had been born blind, from its sparing imagery. He seems to spurn that bright and flowery world which has been shut against him, and to create with his darkened tabernacle a scenery and a companionship of his own, distinct as the scenery and companionship of dreams. It is, consequently, a naked and gloomy poem; and as its hero triumphs in death, so it seems to fall upon and crush its reader into prostrate wonder, rather than to create warm and willing admiration. You believe it to be a powerful poem, and you tremble as you believe.

"What a contrast in 'Comus!' The growth and bloom rather than the work of his youth! It bears the relation to the other works of Milton that 'Romeo and Juliet' does to the other works of Shakspeare. We can conceive it the effluence of his first love. He here lets his genius run riot with him—in the colors of the rainbow live, and play i' the plighted clouds.' It is rather a dream than a drama—such a dream as might have been passing across the fine features of the young Milton, as he lay asleep in Italy. It is an exercise of fancy more than of imagination. And if our readers wish us, ere going further, to distinguish fancy from imagination, we would do so briefly as follows:—They are not, we maintain, essentially different, but the same power under different aspects, attitudes, and circumstances. Have they ever contemplated the fire at eventide? Then they must have noticed how the flame, after warming and completely impregnating the fuel, breaks out above it into various fantastic freaks, motions, and figures, as if, having performed its work, it were disposed to play and luxuriate a little, if not for its own delectation, for the amusement of the spectator. Behold in the evening experiences of the fire the entire history of the mind of genius. There is first the germ or spark, or living principle called thought, or intuition, or inspiration. That fiery particle coming into contact with a theme, a story, with the facts of history, or the abstractions of intellect, begins to assimilate them to itself, to influence them with its own heat, or to brighten them into its own light. That is the imaginative, or shall we call it the transfiguring process, by which dead matter is changed into quick flame—by which an old fabulous Scottish chronicle becomes the tragedy of 'Macbeth'—or by which some lascivious tale in an Italian novel is changed into the world-famous and terribly true story of 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' But after this is done, does the imaginative power always stop here? No; in the mere exuberance of its strength—in the wantonness of its triumph—it will often, like the fire on the hearth, throw out gushes of superfluous but beautiful flame, in the words, images, 'quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles'—and thus and here we find that glorious

excessiveness and luxury, which we call fancy. Fancy is that crown of rays round the sun which is seen in the valley of Chamouni, but not on the summit of Mont Blanc, where a stern and stripped stillness proclaims collected and severe power. It is the dancing spray of the waterfall, not the calm uncrested voluminous might of the river; or it may be compared to those blossoms on the apple-tree, which that tree pours forth in the exuberance of its spring vigor, but which never produces fruit. Imagination is the war-horse pawing for the battle—Fancy the war-horse curvetting and neighing on the mead. From such notions of imagination and fancy, there follow, we think, the following conclusions:—first, that true fancy is rather an excess of a power than a power itself. Secondly, that it is generally youthful, and ready to vanish away with the energy and excitement of youth. Thirdly, that it is incident to, though not inseparable from, the highest genius—abounding in Milton, Shakspeare, and Shelley—not to be found, however, in Homer, Dante, or Wordsworth. Fourthly, that the want of it generally arises from severity of purpose, comparative coldness of temperament, or the acquired prevalence of self-control; and fifthly, that a counterfeit of it exists, chiefly to be known by this, that its images are not representative of great or true thoughts; that they are not original; and that, therefore, their profusion rather augurs a mechanical power of memory than a native excess of imagination. In 'Comus' we find imagination, and imagination with a high purpose; but more than in any of Milton's works do we find this imagination at play, reminding us of a man whose day's work is done, and who spends his remaining strength in some light and lawful game. Our highest praise of 'Comus' is, that when remembering and repeating its lines we have sometimes paused to consider whether they were or were not Shakspeare's. They have all his mingled sweetness and strength, his careless grace or grandeur, his beauty as unconscious of itself as we could conceive a fair woman in some world where there was not even a river or lake, or drop of water to mirror her charms. In this poem, to apply his own language, we have the 'stripling cherub,' all bloom and grace, and liveliness; in the 'Paradise Lost,' we have the 'giant angel,' the emblem of power and valor, and whose very beauty is grave and terrible like his strength."—p. 22.

"Life, with him, was neither on the one hand an earnest single-eyed effort, nor was it, could it be, a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die, but did not sufficiently, if at all, feel that it was as serious a thing to live. He would not struggle; he must shine; but could not be content with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, 'like the Cyclops—mad with blindness, he turned at bay against society, man, and his Maker. And hence, amid all that he has said to the world—and said so eloquently, and said so mournfully, and said amid such wide and silent, and profound attention—he has told it little save his own sad story.'—p. 45.

Our readers will have seen in this passage something of that acuteness, power, and exuberance of which we have spoken—and something of the want of that finer feeling which prescribes where to stop.

Take the following, also, on Byron, not much heeding the one or two Scotticisms we have been wicked enough to put in italics.

"We would first ask *of* Byron the simple question, 'What do you mean?' A simple question, truly, but significant as well, and not always very easy to answer. It is always, however, our duty to ask it; and we have in general a right, surely, to expect a reply. If a man come and make us a speech, we are entitled to understand his language, as well as to see his object. If a man administer to us a reproof, or salute us with a sudden blow, we have a double right to turn round, and ask, 'Why?' Nay, if a man come professing to utter an oracular *delicérance*, even in this case we expect some glimmer of definite meaning and object; and if glimmer there be none, we are justified in concluding that neither has there been any oracle. 'Oracles speak'—oracles should also shine. Now, in Byron's case, we have a man coming forward to utter speeches, to administer reproofs, to smite the public on both cheeks—in the attitude of an accuser, impeaching man—of a blasphemer, attacking God—of a prophet, expressing himself, moreover, with the clearness and the certainty of profound and dogmatic conviction: and we have thus more than a threefold right to inquire, 'What is your drift—what would you have us to believe, or what to do?' Now here, precisely, we think, is Byron's fatal defect. He has no such clear, distinct, and overpowering object, as were worthy of securing, or as has secured, the complete concentration of his splendid powers. His object!—what is it? Not to preach the duty of universal despair, or to inculcate the propriety of an act of universal simultaneous suicide; else, why did he not, in the first place, set the example himself, and from 'Leucadia's rock' or Etna's crater, precipitate himself, as a signal for the species to follow? And why, in the second place, did he profess such trust in schemes of political amelioration, and die in the act of leading on a revolutionary war? Not to teach, nor yet to impugn, any system of religion; for if one thing be more certain about him than another, it is that he had no settled convictions on such subjects at all, and was only beginning to entertain a desire toward forming them, when the 'great teacher,' death, arrived. Nor was his purpose merely to display his own powers and passions in imposing aspects. Much of this desire, indeed, mingled with his ambition, but he was not altogether a vain attitudinizer. There is sterling truth in his taste and style of writing—there is sincerity in his anguish—and his little pieces, particularly, are the mere wringings of his heart. Who can doubt that his brow, the index of the soul, darkened as he wrote that fearful curse, the burden of which is 'forgiveness?'

VOL. XX. NO. I.

The paper on which was written his farewell to Lady Byron is still extant, and it is all blurred and blotted with his tears. His poem entitled 'The Dream,' is as sincere as if it had been penned in blood. And was he not sincere in sleep, when he ground his teeth to pieces in gnashing them? But his sincerity was not of that profound, constant, and consistent kind, which deserves the stronger name of earnestness. It did not answer to the best description in poetry of the progress of such a spirit, which goes on—

'Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont.'

It was a sincerity such as the falsest and most hollow of men must express when stung to the quick; for hath not he, as well as a Jew, 'eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, and hurt by the same weapons? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, does he not revenge?' Purpose, therefore, in its genuine simplicity, and deep, quiet, sincerity, was *avanting* in Byron's character. And this greatly accounts for the wreck which he became, and for that misery—a misery which was wonderful, passing the woe of man—which sat down upon his spirit. Many accounts have been given of his grief. Macaulay says that he was a spoiled child. Shelley declares—

'The thought that he was greater than his kind,
Had struck, methought, his eagle spirit blind,
By gazing at its own exceeding light.'

But, in plain prose and English, it lay in his union of intensity of power, with the want of intensity of purpose."—pp. 43-45.

The following, also, is too good to be omitted:—

"The relations in which a man stands to his age are, perhaps, three-fold. He is either before it or behind it, or exactly on a level with it. He is either its forerunner, or he is dragged as a captive at its chariot wheels; or he walks calmly, and step for step, along with it. We behold in Milton the man before his age—not, indeed, in point of moral grandeur or mental power—for, remember, his age was the age of the Puritans. The age of Hampden, Selden, Home, Vane, and of Cromwell, who was a greater writer than Milton himself—only it was with the sword he wrote—and whose deeds were quite commensurate with Milton's words. But in point of liberality of sentiment and width of view, the poet strode entire centuries. We see in Southey the man behind his age, who, indeed, in his youth, took a rash and rapid race in advance, but returned like a beaten dog, cowed, abashed, with downcast head and tail between his legs, and remained for

the rest of his life aloof from the great movements of society. We behold in Brougham one whom once the age was proud to claim as its child and champion, the express image of its bustling, versatile, and onward character, and of whom we still, at least, say, with a sigh—he might have been the man of his time. In which of these relations, is it asked, did Byron stand to his age? We are forced to answer—in none of them. He was not before his age in anything—in opinion or in feeling. He was not in all or many things disgracefully behind it, nor did he move with equal and measured step in its procession. He stood to the age in a most awkward and uncertain attitude. He sneered at its advancement, and he lent money, and ultimately lost his life, in attempting to promote it. He spoke with uniform contempt, and imitated with as uniform emulation, the masterpieces of its literature. He abused Wordsworth in public, and in private, ‘rolled him as a sweet morsel under his tongue;’ or rather, if you believe himself, took him as a drastic dose to purify his bilious and unhappy nature, by the strongest contrasted element he could find. He often reviled and ridiculed revealed religion, and yet read the Bible more faithfully and stately than most professed Christians—made up in superstition what he wanted in faith—had a devout horror at beginning his poems, undertaking his journeys, or paring his nails on a Friday—and had he lived, would probably have ended, like his own Giaour, as ‘Brother Byron,’ with hair shirt and iron-spiked girdle, in some Achaian or Armenian convent. He habitually trampled on, and seems to have really despised the opinion of the public; and yet, on some points, he felt it so keenly, that, says Ebenezer Elliot, ‘he would have gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him.’ And although, when the ‘Edinburgh Review’ sought to crush him like a worm, he rose from the heel a fiery flying dragon, yet, to the assaults of the meaner creatures of the press, he was pervious all over, and allowed minikin arrows, which were beneath his laughter, to rouse his rage. Absurd and ludicrous the spectacle of this Laocoon, covered from head to foot by these snakes of supernal vengeance, yet bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking at the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant had thrust into his foot. In one respect we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest, but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies; his voice was the deep, vague moan of the world’s dream; his writhing anguish the last struggle of its troubled slumber; it has since awaked, or is awakening, and ‘as a dream when one awaketh,’ it is despising, too much despising, his image. He stood high, yet helpless, between the old and the new, and all the helpless and the hopeless rallied round to constitute him first magistrate over a city of flames—supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm. In one thing he was certainly a prophet—namely, a prophet of evil. As misery was the secret sting of all his inspiration, it be-

came the invariable matter of all his song. In some of his poems you have misery contemplating; in others, misery weeping aloud; in others, misery revolving and reproducing the past; in others, misery bursting the confines of the world, as if in search of a wider hell than that in which it felt itself environed; in others, misery stopping to turn and rend its real or imaginary foes; and in others, misery breaking out into hollow, hopeless, and heartless laughter. (What a terrible thing is the *laugh* of the unhappy! It is the very echo to the seat where sorrow is throned.) But in all you have misery; and whether he returns the old thunder in a voice of kindred power and majesty, or sings an evening song with the grasshopper at his feet—smiles the smile of bitterness, or sheds the burning tears of anger—his voice still speaks of desolation, mourning, and woe; the vocabulary of grief labors under the demands of this melancholy genius; and never, never more till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with a more authentic and profound expounder of the wretchedness of man. And as such we deem him to have done good service: first, because he who approaches toward the bottom of human woe, proves that it is not altogether bottomless, however deep; because, if human grief spring from human greatness, in unveiling the grief he is illustrating the grandeur of man; and because the writings of Byron have saved us, in this country, what in France has been so pernicious, ‘the literature of desperation;’ they are a literature of desperation among themselves; they condense into one volume what in France has been diluted throughout many, and, consequently, our country has drained off at one gulp, and survived the experiment, the poison which our neighbors have been sipping for years to their deadly harm.”

From these portraiture we pass to a third possessing scarcely a trace in common with them—a portraiture which presents neither power, nor depth, nor feeling, nor earnestness, but in which there are the signs of a shrewd imitativeness, of a fluent cleverness, which have been sufficient, in these disjointed times, to give to their owner place and conspicuousness. We refer to the person who has been variously described as the Rev. George Dawson, A.M., as George Dawson, Esq., and, in his own chosen phrase, as a “Gentleman teacher of Religion.” It is in the following terms that Mr. Gilfillan introduces this gentleman to our notice:—

“For some time it might have been advertised in the newspapers—‘Wanted, an interpreter for Sartor Resartus.’ Without the inducement of any such advertisement, but as a volunteer, has Mr. George Dawson stepped forward, and has now for two years been plying his profession with much energy and very considerable success.

“It were not praise, it were not even flattery, it were simply insult and irony, to speak of Mr.

Dawson in any other light than as a clever, a very clever, translator, or, if he will, interpreter, of a greater translator and interpreter than himself. In all the lectures we have either heard or read of, his every thought and shade of thought was Carlyle's. The matter of the feast was, first course, Carlyle; second, ditto; dessert, ditto; *toujours*, Carlyle: the dishes, dressing, and sauce only, were his own. Nor do we at all quarrel with him for this. Since the public are so highly satisfied, and since Carlyle himself is making no complaint, and instituting no hue and cry, it is all very well."

"To call this gentleman a cockney Carlyle, a transcendental bagman, were to be too severe; to call him a combination of Cobbett and Carlyle were to be too complimentary. But while there is much in the matter which reminds you of Carlyle, as the reflection reminds you of the reality, there is much in his style and manner which recalls William Cobbett. Could we conceive Cobbett, by any possibility, forswearing his own nature, converted to Germanism, and proclaiming it in his own way, we should have had George Dawson anticipated and forestalled. The Saxon style, the homely illustrations, the conversational air, the frequent appeals to common sense, the broad Anglicanisms, and the perfect self-possession, are common to both; with some important differences, indeed, since Dawson is much terser and pointed—since his humor is dry, not rich, and since he is, as to substance, rather an echo than a native though rude voice.

"To such qualities as we have now indirectly enumerated, we are to attribute the sway he has acquired over popular, and especially over English audiences. They are not, while hearing him, called profoundly either to think or to feel. They are not painfully reminded that they have not read. Enthusiastic appeal never warms their blood. A noble self-contempt and forgetfulness is never inculcated. Of reverence for the ancient, the past, the mysterious, there is little or none. They are never excited, even to any fervor of destructive zeal. A strong, somewhat rough, voice is heard, pouring out an even, calm, yet swift torrent of mingled paradoxes and truisms, smart epigrammatic sentences, short, cold, hurrying sarcasms, deliberate vulgarisms of expression, quotations from 'Sartor Resartus' and Scripture, and from no other book—never growing and never diminishing in interest—never suggesting an end as near, nor reminding us of a beginning as past—every one eager to listen, but no one sorry when it is done; the purpose of the whole being to shake, we think too much, respect for formulas, creeds, and constituted authorities—to inculcate, we think too strongly, a sense of independence and individualism—and to give to the future, we think, an undue preponderance over the past."—pp. 197–199.

But our purpose in calling the reader's attention to the subject of this sketch is indicated in the following passage:

"So far as Dawson is a faithful renderer or doer

into English of Thomas Carlyle's sentiments, we have, we repeat, no quarrel with him. But in some points we dislike his mode of expounding and illustrating these, or if he be in all things an accurate expounder of his principal, why, then, we must just venture to question his principal's infallibility. Mr. Dawson, for instance, sets himself with all his might to inculcate the uselessness of the clergy as teachers of truth, and the superiority of the lecturing class or prophets, as he modestly calls them. Samuel, he told us, was a much greater personage than the priests of his day. We do not, in all points, 'stand up for our order.' We are far from thinking that the clergy, as a whole, are awake to the necessities of the age, or fully alive to its tendencies. We know that Dr. Tholuck, when in this country, was grieved at the want of learning he found in some of our greatest men, and especially at their ignorance of the state of matters in Germany. We know that he advised two eminent doctors of different denominations to read Strauss's 'Life of Christ;' and that while one of them declined in very strong language, the other, Dr. Chalmers (how like him!), said, 'Well, I will read it, Dr. Tholuck; *is't a big book?*' Strauss, of course, he recommended, not from sympathy with his theory, but because his book is as necessary to be read now by defenders of Christianity as was Gibbon's 'History' fifty years ago. But while granting much to Mr. Dawson, we are far from granting all. Ministers do not profess to be prophets, except in so far as they are *declarers* of the divine will, as exhibited in the Scriptures, or as they may be endowed with that deep vision of truth and beauty which is now, by courtesy, called prophetic light. But who are prophets, pray, in any other sense? Who can now pretend to stand to ministers in the relation in which that Samuel, who had in his youth been awakened by the voice of God, and who in his manhood had, by his call, aroused the slumbering thunder, and darkened the heavens by the waving of his hand, stood to the priesthood of Israel? Not, surely, George Dawson, A.M., nor yet Thomas Carlyle—no, nor Fichte and Goethe themselves. Alas! may we not now, all of us, take up the complaint of the psalmist?—

'Our signs we do not now behold,
There is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
That knows the time how long.'

"It is as it was at the close of Saul's guilty and inglorious reign, when God refused to answer by dreams, by Urim, or by prophets; and when, in defect of the true vision, he went to consult with wizards and *quack salvers*. We are, indeed, rather more favored, and have still among us wise and gifted men; but if we would find prophets, in the highest sense of the word, we must just go back and sit at the feet of those awful bards of Israel—those legislators of the future—whose words are full of eyes, and the depth of whose insight communicates with the omniscience of God. As poets, as seers, as teachers, as truthful and earnest men, not to speak merely of their august

supernatural pretensions, they still tower, unsurmounted and unapproached, the Himalayan mountains of mankind.

"It is easy for a popular lecturer, primed and ready with his three or his six polished and labored efforts, to sneer at the ministers of Jesus. But it is not so easy for one of this now calumniated class to keep up for years a succession of effective appeals to the conscience and to the heart in season and out of season, through good report and through bad report. And it is not particularly kind or graceful in a gentleman who must have experienced the peculiar difficulties of the order to which he still belongs to turn again and rend them; enjoying as he does even yet some of the immunities of the class, it is mean in him to shirk its responsibilities, and, meaner still, to long to try to shake its credit in the estimation of his countrymen.

"He draws a distinction, to be sure, between a preacher and a man preaching—a distinction as obvious nearly as that between a fiddling man and a man fiddling, a barking puppy and a puppy barking. He is not a preaching man, but a man preaching. What a miserable quibble! Who means by a preacher anything else than a man who has voluntarily assumed the task of declaring the truth of God to his fellows? Does one necessarily cease to be a man in becoming a preacher? Or does one necessarily become a man by ceasing to be, or wishing to be thought that he has ceased to be a preacher? Nay, verily. In fact, a considerable share of Mr. Dawson's popularity with a certain class, at least, springs from the preacher-air and the preacher-phrases which still cling to his delivery and style. He is little else than a clever lecturer, made out of the elements or ruins of a second-rate preacher."—p. 204.

Yes, this is the talk now too common among us, employed for the purpose of superseding nearly the whole of the apparatus of means by which religious instruction is perpetuated among our people. The too frequent defectiveness of the religious teacher, and the too common want of a deep tone of spiritual feeling among professed Christians, are greatly exaggerated; and, in place of attempting to amend what is imperfect, the sage conclusion is, that our present ministry, as an order, should become extinct, and that our present church usages should be consigned for the most part to the same fate. Lecturers are praised as being much more expert in their vocation than preachers, and philosophical deists as being much more spiritually minded than evangelical believers! But it has been in our way to be able to compare these two classes of teachers, and, as the result, we feel that we have the right to affirm that the stimulus of the lecture-room has produced but a sorry supply of able instructors, compared with what has been called forth by the much-abused sys-

tem of our churches and chapels. For one lecturer in connection with our popular institutions who can command an auditory, you find a score that few will listen to: and for one deist possessing any apparent religious feeling, you may find as large a number who are known profligates, or who, at best, make no pretensions to anything religious. Far be it from us to deal otherwise than considerately and kindly with doubts that bear the stamp of sincerity; but equally far from us be the shallow and sycophant talk which teaches every empty stripling to believe that his reasons for being an infidel are far more weighty than ever found their way into the brain of Bacon or Locke, of Hall or Chalmers. We fear that this maggot-bred semi-skepticism has experienced too much fostering at the hands of Mr. Dawson.

We once heard this gentleman lecture. It was on Bailey's "Festus;" and had the sable personage himself, who fills so large a space in that poem, taken upon him for the evening the function of a "gentleman teacher of religion," the teaching could hardly have been more in accordance with his wishes. We had the lecturer's usual fluency—his best things and his worst, dropped with the same ease as if from his finger ends—the same hits at opinions deemed sacred by men possessing much wiser and older heads than his own—the same caricatures of customs accounted by the more virtuous portion of the community discreet and wholesome, the same everlasting negationism, demolishing everything and constructing nothing, and the same recurrent peals of laughter from the auditory. On leaving we felt disposed to ask the question—to what does all this amount, and what is the impression likely to have been made by it? We must confess that the answer returned filled us with sorrow as regarded the people who had listened, and with some other feelings besides sorrow as regarded the man who had been discoursing to them. The moral of the whole was, not simply that good often comes out of evil, but that evil is the natural parent of good, and needs be great where the highest form of goodness is to become great. Common-place minds never become chargeable with strong aberrations from received opinions or common usage, simply because they are not capable of the strong in anything. But with nearly all minds that rise above mediocrity, there is a sort of apprenticeship to evil which precedes the attainment of the good. Thus some two hundred young men, most of them but very slenderly educated,

are sent home with the lesson, that the best promise of their rising to something considerable in the years to come, would be found in the skill with which they should be seen to play the infidel and the profligate through the years immediately before them. We do not say that Mr. Dawson *intended* to convey this impression—but the mildest thing we can say is, that such was his levity, and his want of moral skill in that lecture, that this was its legitimate issue. Enough was said, as usual, about what men should *not* believe, about what they should *not* account sacred, and about what they should *not* do, but of what should come into the void thus produced we heard little. We could not but ask, why does the man halt at this point? Why is he silent upon that threshold where, as a teacher, it behoved him to be most prepared to speak? We regret to say that a voice seemed to answer—perhaps to speak out beyond that line is reserved for the bolder men of a coming age—an age in which the measure of our national corruptness will be more neatly filled up, and the judgment awaiting it will not tarry. Mr. Dawson may not mean to act as a pioneer to such a course of things, but we sometimes fear that this may prove to be the mission of the men of his class who are now so active in our midst.

Much has been said by this gentleman on the importance of adapting religious instruction to the masses of the people, and far from any of us be indifference to that object! But in so far as we can see, the talk on this subject, in the case of Mr. Dawson, has been mere talk. We are often told by persons who take up this language, that one thing strictly necessary to bring the people at large within the influence of our instructions is, that our places of worship should cease to indicate, by their general appearance, that they are intended for the rich or ~~well-to-do~~, rather than for the poor; that, in ~~fact~~, they should cease to suggest the ~~existence~~ of any distinction at all between the highest and the lowest. But, we must ask, is "the Church of the Saviour," in which Mr. Dawson officiates, an exemplification of this extreme democratic principle? Nothing of the sort. The said church, with its cold, massy, and ornate architecture, its richly-stained woodwork, its crimson cushions, and its studied elegance everywhere, is a place of more aristocratic aspect than any place of worship we have ever entered beyond the pale of our Established Church. It is true, there are no pews, their place

being occupied by uniform rows of benches with backs to them. But this does not prevent the building altogether from presenting the appearance of a first-class fashionable assembly-room. There is not really so much to repulse the poor man in Willis's Rooms, or in the Hanover Square Rooms, as in this would-be poor man's church.

It is true, there is no pulpit, and in the place of it there is that much coveted thing—an elevated platform. But here also the promise lacks performance. The platform is there, but the brotherhood, the companion staff, or whatever else you please to call it, of teaching-men, that should be there, do not make their appearance. The pulpit is gone, but the thing of which it is the symbol—the monopoly of teaching—remains. It is still a one-man system. The talent of the Church lies bound, silent, useless, on those cushioned benches and one separated to the work of teaching, does all the teaching, and takes his regular pay for the doing of it. Do we blame this course of proceeding? Not altogether. In itself we think it wise, but in such a connection we regard it as a huge inconsistency.

The Scriptural law, and, therefore, the *right* thing to be done in such matters, is, that those "who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel;" that the men who give themselves to this work should *not* be entangled with the affairs of this life, but be at liberty to give themselves, "wholly" to it, that their profiting may appear to all. This was the *rule*, even in the apostolic age, when the presence of miraculous powers and novel exigencies gave rise to many things that could never have been meant to serve as precedents to us. The instances in which men wrought with their hands to provide for their necessities, and to preach the Gospel without charge, being, even then, the rare exception. Precisely to this latitude, as we hold, is our present liberty. We scruple not to say that many good and needy men who do not aim to meet their necessities, at least in part, by such means, would be far more happy and useful were they to avail themselves of this freedom. But as regards Christian teachers generally, if these, in conformity with the Apostolic law, are to be men separated to their work, and sustained in it, like any other class of workmen, by a fair remuneration of their labor, then the question whether these men should be called an order, a profession, a guild, &c.

class, or the like, comes to be a question about names, not about things. There is, in reality, as much of the priestly in Mr. Dawson as in any Nonconformist minister in this kingdom. To him it exclusively pertains to preach, to be the administrator of the ordinances of the Church, and to hold at least the first place in it as a ruler. Again it may be asked, do we blame Mr. Dawson for this? Again we answer—only in part. It shows him to be a much wiser man in his generation than his loose talk would sometimes lead the unwary to suppose. It shows, moreover, the change that may come over a man's views when called to reduce his theories to practice.

Were Mr. Dawson to determine that the imputation of preaching for pay shall no more be cast upon him; that henceforth he will become a trader in packing-cases, brass nails, mouse-traps—in anything that may yield him an honest living; that in future he will take his place on the elegant platform of his church upon a Sunday as one teacher only among many, the group about him prepared to play the orator in common with himself, being all brother traffickers or brother craftsmen, the black, white, or gray in costume, that may hitherto have denoted order, being wholly dispensed with; that preaching shall give place on such occasions to discussion, the discussion itself being such as to allow questions, suggestions, and the expressions of opinion to any latitude, on the part of the auditory; were our young ecclesiastical innovator to resolve upon a reform thus thorough, we should certainly be curious to see its effect on the charge now subject to his oversight. We suspect that before the lapse of six months the change produced by such an experiment would be very edifying. Some of our readers will be aware that Sandemanism, Derbyism, Irvingism, and Plymouth Brethrenism, all have set out with a scheme of this description; and we know the result. No doubt our present usages admit of much amending; but could the substitution of any such course of things as we have now described as taking the place of them be made general, only for the space of one short generation, its damaging effect on the position of everything Christian among us would, we feel assured, be such as the wiser labors of many generations could hardly suffice to repair. Our comfort is, that the tendencies inherent in such a system, if system it may be called, are of a sort that can hardly fail to work a speedy cure.

Of course if the men who preach are to

live by preaching, as truly as other men live by their particular avocations, each laborer receiving his hire, only taking care that the labor in this case, as in others, shall be worthy of the hire, then the same means that are found expedient to give men efficiency in all kind of skilled labor must be in place here. The argument against colleges for divines, accordingly, if carried fairly out, becomes an argument against colleges for anything, against precautionary training for anything—in short, an ignoring of that common sense which is older than our Christianity, and which Christianity can hardly be meant to supersede. If, as seems probable, we are to have some controversy on this topic, this is the ground on which the battle must be fought, and perhaps the sooner we bring things to this issue the better.

In the case of the parties who have aimed in this manner to break down and efface the polity and customs of our churches heretofore, these peculiarities as to things external have generally been allied with something very dogmatic in the shape of doctrine, with high Calvinism, for the most part, often including a considerable infusion of Millenarianism. But in the case of Mr. Dawson, and of some others who are now avowing a similar disaffection to things as they are in this respect, the tendency is in an opposite direction. The aim is to substitute, more or less, the *Philosophist* for the divine, and a *Philosophism* for the Gospel—we use these terms advisedly, as the best, in our judgment, wherewith to describe a philosophy, "falsely so called," and the men who give themselves to the ministration of it.

Take the following passage as presenting some intimation of the ground on which it would be easy to justify our use of these designations:

"Too often, in Mr. Dawson's prelections, what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. In proclaiming the stern truth that there is something higher than happiness—namely, blessedness—he only repeated the finest sentence in that abysmal volume, 'Sartor Resartus.' But who instructed him, for once, to go beyond his master, and to ridicule the phrase, 'luxury of doing good?' Because duty can play its high part, at times, without public fee or reward, has it not always, in its own exercise, 'A joy beyond the name of pleasure?' Does not Scripture often appeal to the desire and to the prospect of happiness as stimulants to duty? Has not the Divine Being annexed even to sacrifice and to martyrdom a feeling which we may appropriately term 'luxury,' if luxury mean something at once delicious and rare? 'To be good for good's sake'

is the noblest reach of man ; but what does good imply in its very conception ? Surely some severe but real delight, partly in present feeling, and partly in future prospect. We know right well the tendency of Mr. Dawson's sneer—it is an attempt to scoff out the golden candlestick of celestial blessedness, as a reward of the good ; although as well might he seek to puff away to-morrow's sun."—p. 205.

Bentham reduced morality to a pure question of profit and loss, and because some men would thrust pain or pleasure into the place of virtue, Mr. Dawson must affect to deny that virtue knows aught about such things. The *consequences* of good and bad shall not be even the *criterion* of virtue, because they may not be its *foundation*. Inasmuch as to live *mainly* to such calculations, is not to be virtuous, to have any thought about them is accounted incompatible with virtue ! This may be taken as a specimen of what we mean by the teaching of a Philosophist, as distinguished from a philosopher, and by Philosophism, as distinguished from philosophy.

If further illustration were needed, we might refer to the manner in which Mr. Dawson substitutes the "new birth" of "Sartor Resartus," for that of the Gospel ; and the philosophical atonement, said to be in all sorrow, for that which comes to the guilty from the Cross—the scriptural phrases in these instances being retained, while the scriptural ideas denoted by them are discarded. We admit that the ethical element is not so strong as it should be in our modern evangelicism ; but any attempt to make the more abstract aspects of theism and moral government, more effectual as the means of producing spiritual life in men, than the doctrine of a Divine Mediation and of Divine Grace, as commonly expounded among us, must end, we feel persuaded, in a miserable failure. The Gospel proclaims *peace* for the *guilty*, *rest* for the *weary*, *blessedness* for the *spiritually-minded* and the *well-doer*, and it is not by its proclamation of any *one* of these, but by its proclamation of them *all*, that it becomes "the power of God unto salvation." But we have said more than we intended on this subject, and must now return to Mr. Gilfillan. The following paragraph in the paper on James Montgomery is full of vigor, but not more vigorous than just:—

"We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence. They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are en-

tirely distinct. Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion. Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective ; we find no traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's writings. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy. And as poets, Montgomery, with more imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humor, and the awful personal pathos of Cowper."

The following passage on Thomas Hood is in Mr. Gilfillan's calmer and more equal manner ; it cannot be read without interest ; and with this extract we must take our leave of the author :

"We look upon this writer as a quaint masquer—as wearing above a manly and profound nature, a fantastic and deliberate disguise of folly. He reminds us of Brutus, cloaking under pretended idiocy a stern and serious design which burns his breast, but which he chooses in this way only to disclose. Or he is, like Hamlet, able to form a magnificent purpose, but, from constitutional weakness, not able to incarnate it in effective action. A deep message has come to him from the heights of his nature, but, like the ancient prophet, he is forced to cry out, 'I cannot speak—I am a child !' Certainly there was, at the foundation of Hood's soul, a seriousness, which all his puns and mummeries could but indifferently conceal. Jacques, in the forest of Arden, mused not with a profounder pathos, or, in quainter language, upon the sad pageant of humanity, than does he ; and yet, like him, his 'lungs' are ever ready to 'crow like chanticleer' at the sight of its grotesque absurdities. Verily, the goddess of melancholy owes a deep grudge to the mirthful magician who carried off such a promising votary. It is not every day that one who might have been a serious poet will condescend to sink into a punster and editor of comic annuals. And, were it not that his original tendencies continued to be manifested to the last, and that he turned his drollery to important account, we would be tempted to be angry, as well as to regret, that he chose to play the Fool rather than King Lear in the play. As a poet, Hood belongs to the school of John Keats and Leigh Hunt, with qualities of his own, and an all but entire freedom from their peculiarities of manner and style. What strikes us, in the first place, about him, is his great variety of subject and mode of treatment. His works are in two small duodecimo volumes ; and yet we find in them five or six distinct styles attempted—and attempted with success. There is the classical, there is the fanciful, or, as we might almost call it, the 'Midsummer Night ;' there is the homely tragic narrative, there is the wildly grotesque, there is the light, and there is the grave and pathetic-lyric. And, besides, there is a style,

which we despair of describing by any one single or compound epithet, of which his 'Elm Tree' and 'Haunted House' are specimens—resembling Tennyson's 'Talking Oak'—and the secret and power of which, perhaps, lie in the feeling of mystic correspondence between man and inanimate nature—in the start of momentary consciousness, with which we sometimes feel that in nature's company we are not alone, that nature's silence is not that of death; and are aware, in the highest and grandest sense, that we are 'made to dust,' and that the dust from which we were once taken is still divine. We know few volumes of poetry where we find, in the same compass, so little mannerism, so little self-repetition, such a varied conceit, along with such unique harmony of sound.

"Through these varied numerous styles, we find two or three main elements distinctly traceable in all Hood's poems. One is a singular subtlety in the perception of minute analogies. The weakness, as well as the strength of his poetry, is derived from this source. His serious verse, as well as his witty prose, is laden and encumbered with thick-coming fancies. Hence, some of his finest pieces are tedious, without being long. Little more than ballads in size, they are books in the reader's feeling. Every one knows how resistance adds to the idea of extension, and how roughness impedes progress. Some of Hood's poems, such as 'Lyons,' are rough as the Centaur's hide; and, having difficulty in passing along, you are tempted to pass them by altogether. And though a few, feeling that there is around

them the power and spell of genius, generously cry, There's true metal here, when we have leisure we must return to this—yet they never do. In fact, Hood has not been able to infuse human interest into his fairy or mythological creations. He has conceived them in a happy hour; surely on one of those days when the soul and nature are one—when one calm bond of peace seems to unite all things—when the 'very cattle in the fields appear to have great and tranquil thoughts'—when the sun seems to slumber, and the sky to smile—when the air becomes a wide balm, and the low wind, as it wanders over flowers, seems telling some happy tidings in each gorgeous ear, till the rose blushes a deep crimson, and the tulip lifts up a more towering head, and the violet shrinks more modestly away, as at lovers' whispers; in such a favored hour—when the first strain of music might have arisen, or the first stroke of painting been drawn, or the chisel of the first sculptor been heard, or the first verse of poetry been chanted, or man himself, a nobler harmony than lute ever sounded, a finer line than painter ever drew, a statelier structure and a diviner song, arisen from the dust—did the beautiful idea of the 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' dawn upon this poet's mind: he has conceived his fairies in a happy hour, he has framed them with exquisite skill and a fine eye to poetic proportion, but he has not made them alive, he has not made them objects of love; and you care less for his centaurs and his fairies than you do for the moonbeams or the shed leaves of the forest."—pp. 103-105.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FLOWERS OF MERCY.

"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

MORTAL, condemning at a glance;
To judge *our* hearts so bold,
Wake from Presumption's dangerous trance!
Wouldst thou *thine own* behold!

Gaunt Conscience, with her painful wand,
Will point it out to thee;
'Tis a half-bright, half-shadowy land,
A land of mystery.

Where'er PRIDE's demon foot hath trod
With dark sulphureous power,
Scorched is the once fresh-colored sod,
And shrunk every flower;

Save where by Lethe's dismal lake
Some tangled nightweed sleeps,
Nor heeds the devilish, jeweled snake,
That through its foliage creeps.

But where rare MEROY, with white feet,
Hath left a dazzling trace,
There rise the young-eyed lilies sweet,
With more than earthly grace:

Their beauty blots out sin,—and thou,
In more remorseful hours,
Before the only Judge shalt bow,
And pray for Mercy's flowers.

B. N.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

THE air was warm, not sultry, and the sun rather brilliant than severe. Myriads of small fleecy clouds gambled across the sky, and threw their flitting shadows upon the rich and undulating landscape almost peculiar to England; where huts and hamlets, simple church-towers, and solitary half-hidden châteaux, lend a human charm to inanimate existence. The scene was commanded from an eminence at the side of a green lane where I was walking; and that spot had been chosen by some person of good taste for the site of a cottage residence. The house was half built, and many materials and implements were lying scattered about; but the workmen were absent, it being the hour of dinner, and thus the place had all the solitariness of a ruin without its melancholy.

I sat down upon the higher end of a plank which leant across an unsawn log of timber, preserving the equilibrium by my weight, and lost myself for a few minutes in an agreeable reverie. Presently, however, my meditations and the axis of the plank were disturbed at the same moment: some person had seated himself upon the opposite end, and I found my feet dangling.

"That will not do," said my unceremonious companion with a light laugh, "we have spoiled the balance;" and edging himself a little higher up, he restored the level, and we both sat with our feet resting alight on the ground. He was an old man, with white rather than gray hair, but a smooth cheek, unwrinkled brow, and lightsome eye. Good-humor was the characteristic of his regularly handsome features; but this was not disclosed in the common form of an habitual smile. The light seemed to come from within, and diffuse itself over his countenance without affecting the features. It was not the kind of good-humor you could take liberties with: you could not say to that good-humor, "Old boy;" you could not think of bringing its end of the plank to the ground by moving suddenly from your seat. This retaliation, I acknowledge, was my first impulse; but a second look made me ashamed

of the impertinence. The plank seemed to act as a conductor between the old man and me; and almost immediately I felt his mental smile stealing into my heart and rising to my eyes.

"Has it ever occurred to you," said he, after having looked at me observantly two or three times—"has it ever occurred to you that this is what we are doing all our lives?"

"I have read," replied I, "the 'Theory of Compensations,' in which the author supposes that in the seemingly hardest lot there is always something to make up the balance. But his arguments do not carry conviction: it seems to me that they are disproved by the facts of every-day life."

"I have not seen the book," said the old man; "but I suspect, from what you tell me, that it reveals at least a glimpse of the truth. What do you know of the facts you talk of? You see one man living in that hut, and another in yonder château, and you suppose happiness to be unequally distributed. But the denizen of the hut would no more be satisfied to sit down at the lordly table of the château, with the eyes of the guests and servants upon him, than he of the château would be content with the humble fare of the hut. The feeling of repulsion is mutual; for the men have been brought up in different trains of circumstances, and have each evils and compensations of their own. But this is nothing. Look at a man in himself, and in his own history, and you will still find the balance. What is the counterpoise of present sickness, poverty, or destitution? Nothing: they are themselves the counterpoise of comparative health, wealth, and prosperity. This world is not intended as a scene of unmingled enjoyment. The good probably predominates over the evil; but there is a certain level, the disturbances of which, upward or downward, and our unceasing aims at its restoration, form the true action of life. If this doctrine were better understood—and to confirm it, we have only to look into our own hearts and memories—our views would not be so confined as they

usually are. The evils of fortune would not appear so overwhelming; pity would not mingle with our admiration of the martyr; the millionaire would escape our envy; a repining spirit would be chased from our bosoms; and the mournful cypress would be uprooted from our church-yards."

"Do you remember," said I, interposing—for the old man's words came from him in a continued stream—"a very painful story related by Coleridge of a young woman whose life was a scene of continued misery, ending in unspeakable horror? Does not this show that there are at least exceptions to your rule?"

"It shows nothing more than the bad habits of thought in which both writers and readers are trained. If you have the patience to listen, I can relate to you an anecdote which, although it has no pretensions to the melodramatic effect with which Coleridge amused the public, I know of my own knowledge to be true, and which, if rightly considered, will illustrate the subject before us, and—'viudicate the ways of God to man.'"

I was very thankful for the proffer; I felt a stronger attraction toward this old man than can be accounted for by his words as I am able to repeat them; and after a brief pause, he began his story as follows:—

"I was once," said he, "a young fellow upon town, with little and sometimes no occupation, and like others similarly situated, made acquaintance, as a matter of course, with some strange companions. One of these, whose christened name was Alfred, was only strange when intimately known. Although with the advantages of a good person and a handsome face, he made no special impression upon strangers. He was not retiring, but merely insipid. He was not only destitute of the talent of society, but he did not know what it was, or what was its use. He was not wrapped up in his own thoughts in such a way as to acquire a reputation for eccentricity, but he paid no attention to the thoughts of others. He was calm, cold, quiet, distant; taking the rubs of fortune without a grimace, and pursuing, silently and patiently, his allotted path even when that led to destitution and despair."

"He was a philosopher," cried I: "that is the secret!"

"He did not know what philosophy meant. If he was anything at all, he was an artist—a creator; but our acquaintance had lasted a considerable time before I discovered that it was the pencil he used to express his ideas. He was the son of a poor curate, and had

come to London to try to live, and to see pictures. He knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and of these not a great deal. He was ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, and had no means of study. He could not even write a sufficiently respectable hand to have any chance of advancement in the great emporium of trade and commerce. What chance had he of being able either to paint or to live?"

"As a clergyman's son," said I—for I too have some knowledge, and dearly bought, of life—"his chance would be but small, for he was doubtless brought up, in some sort, as a gentleman; but if he had been the son of a peasant he might have carried parcels, or ground colors, and risen to be lord mayor of London, or president of the Royal Academy."

"You are wrong: Alfred had no pride at all. He would have carried a parcel cheaper than any porter in town, but he could not solicit the job. He was at one time employed as a junior teacher in a school; but his superior having committed some fault, laid the blame upon him, and he was turned off. At another time he was a sort of under-clerk for several months; but the concern failed. All his efforts, in short, to establish himself permanently were unavailing; but still he continued to live. I cannot tell you how he managed this: we used to do it somehow. The remarkable thing in Alfred was, that he preserved, in the midst of utter destitution, the appearance of a gentleman. In such circumstances young men on the pavé commonly look like the desperadoes they are; but Alfred was always scrupulously clean, and his well-saved coat was without a speck, even when there was not a vestige of shirt to be seen."

"You interest me in this Alfred. Where did he live in the midst of such dire distress?"

"I cannot tell you where he lived any more than how he lived. He lived somewhere: we all did so. The first time we talked intimately together he might indeed be said to have been ill off; for he had just sustained a robbery."

"A robbery? He!"

"Yes: one forenoon he had lain down to rest himself in Hyde Park, and the sun beat upon his head, and stupefied him. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, his portfolio was gone. I had never seen him in agitation before, and now this was betrayed only in a faltering of the voice and a catching of the breath. He told me, in answer to my inquiries, that

the sketches he had lost were worthless—he had tried in vain to sell them; but then he had lost a piece of card-board with them—his last, poor fellow!—on which he had intended to draw other sketches, from which he *hoped* better things. I was sorry for the lad; we were all sorry for one another; but we laughed and jibed notwithstanding, as if our comrade's mishaps were rare fun. Alfred's coldness was thawed by this misfortune; and I saw that he had a soul under his bare black coat. He pointed to a tree at a little distance—to the effect of the sunlight on its branches—to the figure of a sleeping destitute man lying under it, while his little destitute child played on the grass by his side. Was it not hard that he should lose all this? It was a pity, I thought; but he could come again when he was able to procure another card-board. There were always plenty of sleeping destitute figures to be seen in Hyde Park—men, women, and children. They came there to enjoy the warm sun and the soft turf, and were quite undisturbed by the line of magnificent carriages that circled at a distance round them on the drive. Yes, Alfred was a painter!—it was only his untaught hands that were bunglers—the divine flame of art burned within him!”

“And this, then, is the poor youth's *compensation*?” exclaimed I, waxing impatient.

“Only in part. Our acquaintance now ripened to an intimacy, and I at length obtained his confidence. This cold, silent, shy, and most destitute youth had loved and been beloved from his boyhood. The object of his attachment was a young lady whose christened name was Jane, the daughter of a captain in the army, for many years the friend and neighbor of Alfred's father. The love of the two young people ripened with their years; and when, after the captain's death, his widow and daughter removed to London, Alfred was perhaps as much determined by that circumstance in his choice of the scene of his adventures as by his devotion to art. The two youthful friends—for it was years before they talked of love—were born and bred in a condition of equality; but the balance after this migration was woefully overturned. The widow, indeed, was disappointed in the assistance and countenance she had expected from her relations in London; but it is wonderful the small sum that retired and abstemious women can live upon even in the metropolis. Jane and her mother not only lived on their pension, but in their lady-like, however economical dress, and in their neat first-floor, with its balcony

adorned with plants and flowers, they presented an appearance of ease and gentility which almost terrified the poor lad as he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. The widow was an ostentatious and somewhat empty person, who denied herself many solid comforts for the sake of retaining various articles of show on which she had prided herself during her husband's life; but her compensation for everything the heroism of her vanity endured, was the dream that her beautiful Jane would make a splendid marriage. Jane, however, hardly made an acquaintance, far less a lover; and the widow, losing patience with the hermit city, would after a time have returned to the country but for her absolute want of a surplus shilling.

“I do not know that his love was any compensation for Alfred. He never told even Jane of the excess of his misery; but sometimes, at every deeper plunge he made into the abyss, she read the fearful secret in his wan cheek and haggard look. The girl's heart was almost broken—but ‘brokenly loved on.’ He was all the world to her. As to his position in life, she remembered only their early equality; and the desperate contrivances of his penniless gentility, though they filled her eyes with secret tears as she walked with him in the street, never gave her one qualm of shame. Alfred winced under the searching eye of the mother; he sometimes even kept away from the house for a fortnight at a time; but then some new dream of hope would come, and yielding to the mystical attraction by which he was governed, he would suddenly reappear. On these occasions, when they were alone, and Jane hid her streaming eyes in his bosom, she often felt on her shoulder the burning drops that would have been congealed in his proud eyes had he known that she could be conscious of their fall. And so time passed on, weeks, months, years, till he had reached his twenty-fifth, and Jane her twenty-third birth-day.”

“So old!” interrupted I. “Compensation was long of coming!”

“But it came. Alfred's progress in painting was of course slow; interrupted, as it always had been, by the necessity of taking other employments when he could get them, and often by the want of the necessary implements. He at length, however, acquired as much mechanical knowledge as brought his notions of art into play, and there were moments in which he did fancy that he was at length a painter. But he did not get

richer. His expenses increased as he advanced; sometimes he fared worse (if that was possible) that he might dress better; and when the poor, friendless, unknown artist was disappointed in the sale of a laborious work, it came like a sentence of starvation.

"In one of these crises he was suddenly offered by a chance acquaintance—the master of a West Indiaman—a passage to Tobago, in return for certain services with his pen to be rendered during the voyage, and on arrival, the office of book-keeper on a plantation in the island. In his desperation he grasped at the proposal, which he looked upon as a God-send; and even Jane, who knew no more than he that a West Indian book-keeper meant something little better than a negro-driver, was reconciled to the temporary separation by the dreadful necessity of his circumstances. As the time approached for their parting, he dreaded the sight of Jane; he did not go near her for a week previous to the fateful day; but at length the last morning—the last hour—came, and he walked to the house like a criminal to execution.

"The street-door was open, and he stepped softly up the stair, hoping to find her alone. But her mother was with her, talking in so loud a tone of expostulation and command, that she neither heard the low tap at the door nor its subsequent opening. Alfred gathered in an instant that their secret was discovered; and the words 'beggar,' and 'outcast,' coupled with his name, showed the estimation in which she held her daughter's choice. But when Jane, who was staring wildly in her mother's eyes, obviously unconscious of what she was saying, observed him enter, she uttered a scream so wild, and shrill, and long, as to terrify the hearers; and then, dashing aside her mother's hands, she sprang toward him, clasped her arms round his waist, knotted her fingers together, and throwing back her head, burst into convulsions of hysterical laughter. Alfred was shocked and amazed; but the fit continued so long, that the mother's alarm made every other feeling give way, and she shrieked into her daughter's ear that she would no longer oppose her wishes.

"Then tell him!—tell him!"—cried Jane, gasping, and still shaking with the hysterics—"tell him, for I cannot!"

"Be calm, then, and I will tell him all. Sit down, my poor girl, I entreat you!"

"Stop! I will tell him myself—he must hear it from no other lips. Alfred—we are

rich!—we are rich!—we are rich!"—and Jane fell senseless in his arms.

"She was right. One of those exceptional occurrences had taken place which romancers make use of as the regular staple of fortune: a rich relation had died, and she had been pronounced the heiress of £2000 a year."

"Now comes the adjustment of the fearfully disordered balance!" cried I. "Now come the compensations!"

"True," said the old man; "there was not a happier pair within the bills of mortality. Jane, it is true, was still nervous at times. She seemed to mistrust so sudden and remarkable a change. In the middle of the night she awoke with a start, and was unable for some moments to persuade herself that her lover had not sailed for the West Indies. Even in the street she sometimes caught convulsively by his arm, and looked up with a wild suspicion in his face. But, upon the whole, they were a happy pair. Alfred was wholly undisturbed by the idea that the fortune was on her side; and if it had been suggested to him he would have treated it with a proud and exulting scorn. She was his, mind and body, and all that pertained to them. He was at this period the good genius of many of his desperate associates; and I myself am happy to acknowledge that I owe to his generous friendship an assistance which trimmed the balance of life, and eventually led to the competence I now enjoy, and to the construction of the dwelling, on a portion of the materials of which we are sitting. But the time appointed for their union approached rapidly."—

"Ay, come to the wedding!"

"Ay, come to the wedding, since you will have it! The last day of single life arrived, and on the next morning Jane was to be his wife. He bade her farewell that night with tearful joy; he walked home instinctively, he knew not how; he prayed devoutly, reverently—yet with a deep gushing tenderness and filial affection—to that Almighty Being who had thus led him through the valley of the shadow of death; and then he stepped lightly into bed, with the glory of heaven on his face, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, in his heart.

"The next morning I went to call him, for I was to bear a part in the ceremony. It was a morning"——

"Well, well"——

"He was asleep. He is still sleeping.

He was dead!" Here the old man, who had been looking upon the ground before him, as if it was the bed present to his mind's eye, turned full upon me; and his peculiar smile broke over his countenance like a flood of light from within, suffusing his chiseled features with a bright and joyous glow, which brought out his face in the midst of the sunshine as if that had been shade.

"The physician," continued he, "talked of disease of the heart: I only know he was dead."

"It was an awful death," said I, struggling against the old man's smile: "so young—so warm in hope—with such bliss before him! How does your philosophy reconcile this with—"

"With the justice and mercy of Providence? You shall hear. The events of this world are linked with each other by an eternal chain, a portion of which you have still to see. A week after his death, when Jane seemed to be fast sinking into the grave, her claims to the property which had been considered her own were all on a sudden disputed, and by one who turned out to be the true heir-at-law."

"What," said I, almost indignantly, "do you now talk of money? Would not starvation itself have been comparative bliss to that young couple?"

"Be tranquil: there is another link. The blow, unfelt for herself, awoke Jane from her despair, for it seemed to strike upon the image which lived in her mind. She thought of the horrors that Alfred had endured, and she asked herself—though with a bitter pang—whether it was the real love he so well deserved which grieved for his removal? Then came a new excitement. The pictures of the half-famished youth had attracted little attention; but his subsequent story threw around them an adventitious interest, and the fame of the artist seemed to spring from his grave. Many there still be who remember a pale, thin, almost transparent-looking young creature, in widow's weeds, attending the picture sales with pencil in hand. This was Jane; and when a painting of his was put up, she watched the biddings with the breathless interest of a gamester whose all is at stake; and then, counting her winnings, as it were, she turned away, and glided from the room with the air of one who goes to deposit them at his banker's. This went on for ten months after Alfred's death; and then Jane died."

"She would have lived!" cried I, choking—"she would have lived if"—

"Be tranquil: she died of an hereditary complaint received from her father; and autopsy having been performed, the surgeons pronounced that no happiness, no art, no circumstances whatever, could have prolonged her life for an instant. Now, do you see? Fancy Alfred a beggar with his beggar wife; fancy him closing her eyes in hunger and despair; fancy him, perhaps, the father of an infant destined to a life of struggles and an early grave! Which is wiser, which more merciful, God or you? You interrupted me while I was telling you what I saw in the death chamber; and I shall now conclude with that, for the masons are returning to their work."

"The bed, with its white furniture and spotless sheets, looked as if it was dressed for a wedding. The window was half open, and gave entrance to the breath of flowers and the shrill carols of birds. A flowering plant waved its head, half in, half out, on the morning breeze. The sun, warm and bright as it is to-day, glanced into the chamber, its beams silvering the bed-curtains, chasing each other along the wall, and falling on the young man's face, till his placid, beautiful smile kindled into joy. Such are the real details of a scene which appeared to me to be melancholy, nay, shocking, at the time. I learnt, ten months afterward, to feel and understand them. To that chamber my fancy has ever since retired for comfort and delight when I have been disconcerted by the events of mortal existence; and that heavenly smile, which then for the first time entered into this solitary heart, has there abided."

By the time the old man finished his narrative, the chirp of the chisel was heard upon the stones, and the joyous sounds of labor echoed through the skeleton house. I took my leave of him, promising to return when he was settled in his new abode; and I then walked homeward, plunged in a reverie.

With the withdrawal of his peculiar smile, however, I must say my temporary adhesion to his theory relaxed. I began to reflect that it was founded entirely on assumptions, and that the negative evils avoided were not necessarily attendant on the case. In the well-ordered march of events, special sufferings are continually occurring without any appearance of the old man's compensations, though, I think, not without a good result of a different kind. I believe the presence of what we call evil in the general scheme, as well as what we call good, to be necessary; for otherwise the state of action,

which is the condition of our mortal existence, would be incomplete. Without evil there would be no trial, no struggle, no sympathy, no active benevolence, but all would rest satisfied in their solitary bliss. The evil of early death is perhaps the most shocking of all; yet it serves to chasten the spirit, evoke the profoundest sympathies, and relax the hold of men from the things of time; while

to the individual removed it may, in certain conditions, be in the eye of the severest reason, as it assuredly is in the eye of faith, great gain. Actions and motives, in fact, are all that are our concern; for results, whether good or evil, are in the hands of the Almighty; and this world being only preparatory to a larger dispensation of being, it is to that we must look for the true Balance.

From Tait's Magazine.

A CHORUS.

SEMICHORUS I.

Spher'd in the ocean air,
An island wondrous fair,
Earth wheels along,
In mystic song,
All, all alone—
Aye rolleth on
'Mid starry isles,
In golden smiles;
Through silent night,
In cresset light;
Through babbling day,
In sheeny ray;
Through twilight dim,
Pealing her hymn;
Through storm and calm,
Chaunting her psalm;
Through billowy space,
Urging apace,
Rocks and mountains,
Seas and fountains,
Savage domains,
Beauteous plains,
Spirits sublime,
Of every clime.
Swerving never—
Ever, ever
Breathless hurrying,
Sleepless journeying,
Round, round her sire,
Whose eye of fire,
With magic might,
Controls her flight,
And chains her to his throne.

SEMICHORUS II.

Spher'd in a spirit sea,
An island mystery,
The human soul,
In music roll,
All, all alone
Circleth her throne;
Proudly careers,
'Mid rival spheres;
Through thought's deep night,
Steereth her flight;
Through thought's lit day,
Wingeth her way;
Through twilight gloom,
Seeketh her doom;
Horrent with fears,
Bedew'd with tears;
Hoping, dreaming,
Doubting, scheming;
Swerving ever,
Albeit, never
'Scaping the eye
That flames on high;
Tearing, turning,
Spinning, burning
Round, round her God,
Whose awful nod,
With kingly might,
Directs her flight
And binds her to His throne.

CHORUS.

Ye rolling isles that orb the sky,
Luming the lampless wilds on high;
Ye spirit spheres that light the world,
Through deep eternal ages hurl'd;
All hail! Praise ye the Great Supreme;
Him, central glory, be your theme.
Lowly sing, and loudly thunder,
Angels stoop to list and wonder

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Representative Men, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, published by TICKNOR, FIELD & Co., Boston, and republished in London by JOHN CHAPMAN, is noticed by nearly all the leading journals. The *Athenæum* says of it :

The idea of this series of lectures is a good one; though there are of necessity exceptions to be taken to the way in which it is realized. The idea is, to expose the course, the varieties, of human life, as exhibited in the world's great men. The subject is one of vast dimensions. Every great race which has contributed its quota to civilization—every great system of theology or philosophy—should send a representative to such a congress. All actions, all ideas, should find exposition. The biographies, so to speak, of art, of morals, of legislation, should be given. But as on a canvas necessarily limited only a few figures can be drawn,—then comes in the difficulty of selection. What are the greatest elements of man, of society, of civilization ? Those chosen by Mr. Emerson for exposition are,—Philosophy, Mysticism, Doubt, Poetry, Action, Culture. Many will deny that these things adequately represent the living world. * * It is not an ordinary book. It is remarkable as a suggestion of what its author may do hereafter when he descends from his tripod and walks the common earth. The true ore is in this American :—its uses ought not to be lost to mankind through a fantastic and wayward fancy for wasting it in unsubstantial filagree work.

The *Britannia* (edited by Dr. Croly) says :—

We have called these essays remarkable, and advisedly so, for Mr. Emerson's mind, although not of the highest, is of no common order. He revels in large abstractions and generalities, expressed in a style singularly fluent and rapid. All his writings are suggestive and thoughtful, and contain many original and some brilliant passages, unfortunately disfigured by a plentiful sprinkling of Yankeeisms here and there, and occasionally coarse and undignified expressions.

Mr. Kimball's fine work, *St. Leger ; or, the Threads of Life*, published originally in a beautiful 12mo. by Mr. PUTNAM, New York, and republished in London by BENTLEY, is thus noticed by the *John Bull* :

It is a powerfully written work. The variety of characters introduced, all sharply chiseled, their varied fortunes and destinies, all contribute to impart to "St. Leger" a character of originality and high moral and intellectual interest not often met with in works of fiction.

The *Morning Post* calls it :

A very extraordinary book. It is the "Tremaine" and "De Vere" of the metaphysical student.

Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange, by John Francis, published by WILLOUGHBY & Co.,

London, is noticed with great favor. The *Morning Post* says :

Who would have thought that the Stock Exchange of London would have furnished the most amusing and delightful descriptions,—the most exciting and stimulating narratives ! Yet are there good poems that are not more poetical, excellent dramas that are not more replete with impassioned interest, and very popular novels and romances that are far less brilliant and far less entertaining.

The *British Banner*, an able journal, edited by Rev. Dr. Campbell, speaks of it as

One of the most interesting, we had almost said romantic, books we have ever met with. We were so attracted, so excited, that on our first sitting down to it, we neither rose nor moved till we had exhausted 356 octavo pages, at the close of which we were so absorbed, as almost to forget whether it was night or day—at home or abroad.

The *Standard of Freedom's* review begins thus

There has at length stepped forward a man bold enough to expose the British Pandemonium called the Stock Exchange, and to let the light of day in upon its abhorrent practices. We advise every man in England to sit down at once to this most extraordinary of histories. It unfolds scenes and characters passing daily and hourly walking to and fro among us that will make the hair of all men stand on end.

Southey's Common-Place Book, edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D., originally published by LONGMANS, and reprinted in four handsome numbers by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus noticed in the *Literary Gazette* :

From a vast fund of reading, a vast variety of literary and interesting matter. Diligence and method, through a long life, were essential to the voluminous author, and still more so to the indefatigable reviewer. For the duties of reviewing, if rightly fulfilled, require much research, and must lead to the acquisition of extensive information. The reviewer ought to be master of the subject, and able to add to the intelligence and correct the mistakes (if any) of the original writer. And Southey was not a man to perform such tasks by halves, or in an indifferent manner.

Los Eringos, by Lieut. Wise, U. S. N., published by BAKER & SCRIBNER, New York, and republished by BENTLEY, London, is variously treated by the British journals. The *Literary Gazette* says :

If it be possible to have too much of a good thing, Lt. Wise, of the American navy, is the prolific writer to let us have it. He scribbles and dashes away in the smartest of smart styles, and carries the reader along with him through every sort of adventure and

incident, by sea and land; closely through Mexico and California, and more at large all over Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. Here, assuredly, is "scope and verge enough," and we may say it is fully occupied with accounts of the countries, of the natives, and of personal affairs of every possible sort, which could engage the eyes, mind, heart, and arms, of a "wide awake" sailor. There is plenty of amusement in the volume.

The *Athenæum's* criticism is as follows:

Lieut. Wise, the rambler and writer of these narratives, is one of the class of adventurers who betook themselves to service the moment the war-blast was sounded against the contiguous republic of Mexico. He formed part of an army which we begin to fear must have contained almost as many authors as warriors;—so varied and numerous have been the literary monuments already raised in commemoration of their prowess by the actors thereof. No future historian will have to regret the want of materials for making out the series of events called the Mexican War. We must confess to being almost weary of the topic. Of the marching and counter-marching, the proclaiming and counter-proclaiming, the battling and besieging, we have heard enough:—of Yankee boasting and grandiloquence, of the "destiny" of Anglo-Saxondom and the inferiority of every Hispano-American race on the Continent. To an extent which is both curious and commendable in one of his countrymen, Mr. Wise avoids these odious comparisons,—and his book is all the better and pleasanter for the omission. He eschews history and political philosophy altogether in his pages, and narrates the course of military movements only so far as it is needful in order to keep his own personal position distinctly in view of the reader. His object is that of a painter, seeking to place before the eye the picturesque forms and features of the countries through which he has traveled, the characteristics of the people, and the incidents of the journey. In this he has succeeded creditably:—having added another book of pleasant pictures to our table.

The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia, published by LONGMANS, London, is thus noticed by the *Morning Chronicle*:

Whoever wishes to while away an hour or two in the most charming company—whoever wishes to bask in an Andalusian sun, look on an Andalusian beauty—tread the marble pavements of the Moorish holy places—revel to excess in all the sensations of a most beautiful existence, and learn how to avoid the "pulga and chinche" of a Spanish inn bed—let him take the Hon. Dundas Murray in his hand, and if he does not thank us for the introduction, we will not give a peseta for his brains.

Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside, written by herself, published by COLBURN, London, is noticed as follows by the *Athenæum*:

This work has given us much pleasure. There are Mrs. Maitlands in real life, but we are not sure that the Maiden Aunt has ever found so favorable a representative in print. As regards purity of mind, generosity of heart, and great observation of charac-

ter, Mrs. Margaret Maitland might claim cousinship with the Rev. Micah Balwhidder.

The *Observer* says of it:

It is a work full of great power, abounding in natural feeling. The moral it inculcates will be held precious by all. Penned in a deep spirit, it produces a corresponding effect on the mind. Written by a woman, it is a book which any man, however high his reputation in literature, might have been only too proud to indite.

Lives of the Princesses of England, by Mrs. Everett Green, published by COLBURN, London, is noticed thus by the *Examiner*:

As a companion to Miss Strickland's *Memoirs of the English Queens*, this work may claim a similarly wide audience, and help to popularize historical tastes. Mrs. Green not only writes well and annotates copiously, but is an extremely exact, conscientious, and learned antiquarian.

The *Athenæum's* notice commences thus:

Mrs. Green is already favorably known as the Editor of "Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies,"—and she has brought to her present work the same careful research and the same diligence which characterized her former one. The stories of the Princesses present amusing and romantic incidents, which bring Europe in the middle ages vividly before us.

The *Britannia* calls it:

A valuable addition to the historical library, and forms a meet companion for the work of Miss Strickland,—to which, indeed, it is an indispensable addition. The author has executed her task with great skill and fidelity. There is a graceful combination of sound historical erudition with an air of romance and adventure that is highly pleasing.

Letters of William Von Humboldt to a Female Friend,—Translated by Catherine A. Cowper,—published by JOHN CHAPMAN, London, is thus noticed by the *Westminster Review*:

These admirable letters were, we believe, first introduced to notice in England by the *Athenæum*; and perhaps no greater boon was ever conferred upon the English reader than the publication of the two volumes which contain this excellent translation of William Humboldt's portion of a lengthened correspondence with his female friend.

Miss Martineau's History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, of which the second volume has been published by CHARLES KNIGHT, London, is noticed in the *Athenæum* thus:

A conscientious judgment presides, throughout, in the treatment of the stirring subjects brought under review; and Miss Martineau has spared no pains in making herself perfectly acquainted with the details and principles of the measures which divided the opinions, and not unfrequently roused the passions, of both the legislature and the public. The conscientiousness of this work is, indeed, its great recommendation. It is as impartial a contemporary history as could be hoped for from any pen.





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From the British Quarterly Review.

THE BAR IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

IN any country possessing constitutional, representative, or responsible government—in any country pretending even to a small amount of civilization, the rights, duties, and privileges of the Bar can never be held as of small account. A counselor learned in the law, admitted to plead at the bar, and there to take upon him the protection and defence of clients, is generally presumed to be a person of scholastic attainments, of disciplined intellect, of gentlemanly manners, and of unblemished character and reputation. To such men, in England and France, we entrust with confidence our characters, our fortunes, our lives; and often, also, have such men been called to argue great constitutional questions, and to plead in defence of our liberties. The Bar, in both countries, is the source and spring of justice. From that great body, the chancellors, the judges, chief and *puisné*, and many of the statesmen of England, are chosen. From that great body, in France, are selected the whole of the magistracy, the presidents of the different courts of *Cassation* and *Premier Instance*, the *procureurs* and *avocats généraux*, and their substitutes, the chiefs of the *Parquet*, and that very numerous and very useful class of men called *juges de paix*. Thus the welfare of numberless individuals—indeed, of whole communities—depends upon the Bar,

and of men risen to eminence and distinction out of its ranks.

Nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than success honorably and justly obtained; and where can there be a more honorable or a more splendid success than may be acquired in defending the innocent, in bringing the guilty to condign punishment—in unraveling the web of fraud, or in protecting the life, the liberty, the property, or the reputation of a client? In this respect, the successes of the Bar are more solid and more useful, present fewer regrets, and reminiscences more consolatory, than the successes of the hero, naval or military, whose renown is achieved at the cost, not merely of the enemy opposed to him, but of the lives and limbs of his own soldiers or sailors.

Independently of these considerations, the prominent position of the successful advocate, the place he fills in the mind and estimation of his fellow-citizens—the publicity given, in England and France, to his exertions—the suitability and adaptability of his particular legal and forensic acquirements to the highest walks of public and political life—all point him out as a man who may acquire rank, fortune, titled station, political and moral power—as one who may, sooner or later, have an important influence on

the progress, or even on the destinies of his country.

The Bars of England and Ireland are, independently of these considerations, much in the eyes of the people. Their functions, whether in London or on Circuit, are exercised publicly, and in the open face of day. The courts of justice at Westminster, at Dublin, and at Edinburgh, and in every circuit town from York and Liverpool to Bala and Bodmin, are open to all the world. To these courts flock not merely attorneys and clients, but a learned and instructed bar, professional and recognized reporters, and the representatives of that fourth estate of the realm, the provincial and metropolitan press. To these courts also flock such of the gentry, commonalty, and general public, "pioneers and all," as desire to be either instructed, edified, or amused by the pleadings, the law arguments, the cross-examination of the witnesses, or the addresses to the jury of the counsel on either side. There is not in England, as in Austria, Austrian Italy, Prussia, Naples, and the states of the church, any concealment or mystery in English, Irish, or Scotch courts, and within four or five, or, at all events, within twelve or fourteen hours after any important civil or criminal trial is decided, the evidence, the speeches of counsel, and the summing up of the judge, with the verdict of the jury, are all together either in an evening or a morning paper, in the hands of any one who has fivepence at command, or who is disposed to spend a penny, three halfpence, or twopence, in the hiring of the best possible instructor on the matter. Reports thus given in a popular and attractive form are altogether independent of the notes of cases taken for the use of the profession—notes which form no inconsiderable portion of the young barrister's expenditure, and almost the whole of his professional reading. The immense publicity thus given to the labors of English lawyers, rather enhances than diminishes the interest with which their professional course is watched. Their conduct of great or remarkable causes, generally and individually, is now openly commented on and criticised in newspapers, daily and weekly, in magazines, and in reviews devoted to general politics and to general literature. The fact, too, that most of the leading barristers—as the MURRAYS, the PRATTS, the DUNNINGS, the THURLOWS, the PIGGOTTS, the GARROWS, the ERSKINES, the LAWS, the GIBBS, the PERCEVALS, the ROMILLYS, the ABRAHAM MOORES, the NOLANS, the WETHERELLS, the COPLEYS, the

SCARLETTS, the RAINES, the BROUGHAMS, the DENMANS, the HORNES, the CAMPBELLS, the WILDES, the FOLLETTES, the MAULES, the THESIGERS, the ERLES, the JERVISES, the TALFOURDS, the COCKBURNS, in England—and in Ireland and Scotland, the DUQUERTS, PONSONBYS, CURRANS, PLUNKETTS, DOHERTYS, O'CONNELLS, LEFROYS, JACKSONS, O'LOGHLENS, PERRINS, WOULFES, JEFFREYS, MURRAYS, HOPES, and RUTHERFORDS, have been, or are, members either of the Imperial or Irish parliament, tends not a little to place them still more conspicuously in the eyes of the public.

Nevertheless, there is not, in the United Kingdom, as in France, any regular history of the Bar, or, as our neighbors on the other side of the Straits of Dover would say—a history of the order of advocates. Whilst among the dramatic and imaginative Gauls, ever famed as a "peuple *processif*," and renowned, from the earliest times, as trumpeters, public criers, and advocates, there are many works touching forensic history, customs, manners, and discipline, such works in England exist not at all in a separate shape, and you are obliged, if they interest you, to collect the scattered details from general history, from biography, and from memoirs, or from those less interesting chroniclers, the year-books and the reporters; from Jenkins and Keilway, in the reigns of Edward I., II., and III.; from Anderson and Brooke, in Henry VIII.; to East and Campbell, in the reign of George III.; from Barnewall and Cresswell, in the reign of George IV.; to Craig and Phillips, to Adolphus and Ellis; to Manning, Grainger, and Scott, and Welsby, Hurlstone, and Gordon, in the reign of Victoria.

Our neighbors, the French, have not merely interesting and learned histories of the bar, and a regular collection of the most celebrated discourses, revised, for the most part, by the speakers, made in all the great cases, but they have treatises *de modo gestu et habitu quem habere debet advocatus*. Few of the bar of England would possibly, at any time—fewer at the present moment than any other—come up to the standard required in this scarce French tract. The countenance of the advocate should be open, frank, affable, and lively,* says the writer; he should not distort his countenance, overstretch his muscles, or bite his lips, for, quoth the authority, "*labia quaque torquere vel mordere turpe est.*"

* Vultum affabilem, jucundum, et benignum.

The "Histoire Abrégée de l'Ordre des Avocats," published in Paris by Bouchier d'Argis, is a work of great interest, research, and learning. It collects together all the *ordonnances* and registers of the different *parlements*, whether metropolitan or local, relative to the profession, and all the *arrets* of the great magistrates which were binding on the French bar. This record of the bars of France was followed by the more copious volumes of Fournel, which brings down the history of the order of advocates to a comparatively late period. But independently of these two works, which treat directly, and at length, on the subject, there are a variety of others that shed much light on the history of the Bar, and of judicial institutions in France—such, for instance, as the "Dialogue des Avocats de Loisel," the works of D'Aguesseau, the letters on the profession of an advocate, by M. Camus, with the introductory discourse of M. Dupin, now President of the Chamber of Deputies; the "Traité de l'Autorité Judiciaire," by M. Henrion de Pansey, an edition of which was given to the public by M. Theophile Barrois; the collection of laws concerning the judicial organization of France, by M. Dupin; the memoirs of Berryer the elder, the father of the celebrated orator of the Chamber of Deputies, and many other publications not necessary here to name.

From these and other sources, it can be easily demonstrated that when the Franks seized on Gaul, in the fifth century, the bar of France enjoyed the highest consideration. The conquerors were the first to proclaim the calling noble. Though under the first and second races, and, indeed, under the third race of the French kings, the bar in France did not enjoy much lustre or consideration, and eloquence as an art was wholly neglected, yet the capitulary of Charlemagne made honorable members of the profession. Admission to the bar was limited to mild and pacific men, fearing God and loving justice. In the earlier history of the French bar, as in the earlier history of our own, none were advocates but churchmen—*nullus clericus nisi causidicus*, was the order of the day. Cyprian, Augustine, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Ambrose, had in the first ages of the Christian church followed the profession with credit and success; and Saint-Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, had also been an advocate and learned jurisconsult. The prohibition of Honorius III., forbidding ecclesiastics to teach and study the civil law, like a similar prohibition of Alexander III., in 1179,

had not issued until the outcry against the malpractices of ecclesiastics had become loud and general. The *avocats clerics*, Fleury tells us, had been guilty of many excesses; and a Latin historian of the time, speaking on the subject, says, "*Multos habuit advocationes ecclesie excommunicatos.*" In the earlier French juridical works, advocates are called "*Plaidours*," which is explained plaidours, or conteurs, from whence may have arisen our own name of sergeants, counters, and pleaders.

The tracing of matters of this kind, though not devoid of a certain interest, is nevertheless more within the domain of the antiquary than of the practical lawyer. Some of the *ordonnances* of the French kings are, however, more than curious, if they be not occasionally edifying. Thus an *ordonnance* of Philip III. directs advocates only to undertake just causes. Such causes they are directed to defend diligently and faithfully; they are enjoined to abandon them so soon as they shall be assured they are unjust. Barristers refusing to take an oath embodying these regulations are interdicted practice, or, as we should say, disbarred. Another regulation of the French bar, which has never been adopted into England, notwithstanding our fondness for Norman customs, was a provision that no advocate should receive, as *honorarium*, a sum of more than thirty livres.

In 1274, the advocate's oath of 1291 received in France important additions. Advocates were in the latter years forbidden to solicit delays, or falsely to interpret a rule or custom; and Fontaine and Beaumanoir tell us, that an advocate employed in any cause was not at liberty to abandon it at the solicitation of an adverse party who desired his neutrality.

In Dugdale's "*Origines*," in Madox's "*Exchequer*," in Gilbert's "*History of the Common Pleas*," in Spelman, in William of Malmesbury, in Roger of Wendover, in Hoveden, in Glanville, in Coke's "*4 Institute*," in Hale's "*History of the Common Law*," and in Reeves' interesting work, and also in "*Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Anglia*," will be found much interesting matter relative to early English legal history, and the pleading of causes.

But in details relative to the bar and their mode of life, the French beat us hollow, partly from the archives and *ordonnances* being better preserved, but principally from the circumstance that the French kings and magistrates legislated and directed more in detail concerning the profession, than the kings or

parliament of England. Before William had entirely subjugated England, he separated the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, confined the county court, from which the bishop was banished, to the cognizance of petty suits, and established a grand central tribunal for the whole realm, which should not only be a court of appeal, but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided. This was the *curia* or *aula regis*, of which Odo was the first justiciar. The administration of justice in this court continued nearly on the same footing for eight reigns, extending over rather more than two centuries. Although, says Lord Campbell, the most recent authority on the subject, during the whole of this period the *Aula Regis* was preserved, yet, for convenience, causes, according to their different natures, were gradually assigned to different committees of it, to which may be traced the Court of King's Bench and of Common Pleas, the Exchequer and the Court of Chancery. In the earliest law-books, in Glanville, or Bracton, or Fleta, we find few or no details respecting the members of the bar. The earlier history of the bar must, in truth, be sought in the records of the inns of Court and of Chancery, in the biographies of eminent lawyers, in antiquarian works and county histories, in the pages of Fortescue, Dugdale, and Wood's "*Athenæ Oxoniensis*;" in Selden, in Clarendon, in Roger North, in Burnett's "*Life of Hale*," and in such biographies of eminent lawyers as are afforded to us by Holiday, by Peter, by Townsend, by Roscoe, by Welsby, by Brougham, by Twiss, by Romilly, and lastly, by John, Baron Campbell, a man who has risen from the humblest condition to high legal eminence, to the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and ultimately—though this is but the accident of an accident—to the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet, as one of her Majesty's ministers.

Toward the end of the thirteenth century, the library of a French lawyer consisted only of, 1, "*Le Conseil de Pierre Fontaine à son Ami*," written in 1243; 2, The "*Contumes et Usages de Beauvoisins*;" 3, The "*Assizes du Royaume de Hierusalem*," which is a compilation of the laws, usages, and customs of France. About the same period, or even ten or twenty years later, a complete law library in England was formed of three works of Glanville, Bracton, and Fleta, which, in 1278, were the only authorities. These works might be purchased, at the pe-

riod we speak, for a sum under—certainly not exceeding £5, whereas, in less than five centuries afterward, a lawyer may lay out £5000 in a library, and yet find it wanting in many works of reference and authority. The library of Mr. Swanston fills the whole of the ground floor and first story of the spacious house 51 Chancery-lane, formerly occupied by Mr. Sergeant Merewether, and a house adjoining incorporated with it; and the better portion of the house No. 9, Sergeants' Inn, Fleet street, was formerly filled with the legal, and possibly the only library of Mr. Sergeant, now Chief Justice Wilde. But these libraries, though very costly, and among the best in the profession, were and are far from containing everything necessary to a jurist, though both contained within their ample shelves nearly every work necessary to a practicing lawyer. For a century and a half after the treatise of Hengham *Parva* and Hengham *Magna*, which followed Glanville, Britton, and Fleta, the legal literature of England had not to boast of much addition, and it was not till Sir John Fortescue flourished that we had the treatise "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," from which many things relating to the bar and legal history may be profitably gleaned.

But though the bar in England produced few books touching its own history, from the earliest ages, its members were recruited from men not merely of substance in a worldly sense, but of fortune and condition, as well as of learning.

Before the order of advocates had acquired in France a social position or a *locus stundi* very eminent—before the order was encouraged by St. Louis, or patronized by Philip VI., of the house of Valois, barristers and judges in England were important personages, and to finish your studies at an inn of court was deemed a necessary portion of polite learning. Though, therefore, it cannot be denied that the end of the reign of Philip de Valois was a brilliant epoch in the history of the French bar—though the recent services which so many of the order had rendered to the crown—though the union of the court to which they were attached—though the individual wealth and social position of the body—though their expenditure in a liberal and elegant hospitality, and their alliances with the great and powerful, gave to the French, at that epoch, a consideration apart from the respect and consideration which they derived from their learning and their eloquence, we are yet of opinion, that the bar of England, even thus

early, exercised a more important influence on society, in every relation, mental, civil, and social. Beaumanoir, the French legal historian, talks of the luxury of the French bar, and says that an advocate who has only one horse, ought not to be as well paid as a counsel who has three or more horses. Fournel, in commenting on this remark, states that it was then the custom for an advocate to be followed by several grooms on horseback, and that a counsel of renown had a relay of four horses, or more. Now, though Dugdale, Fortescue, and Wood, record the ancient lineage of our early barristers, and though Dugdale, Stow, and Pegg, recount the "number of great beefes," of "fat muttons," of great veales, of "porkes," of capons of Greece, of pullets, pigeons, swans, and hawks, consumed at the call of a sergeant, we do not find that any legal chronicle boasts of the number of horses kept by any barrister, celebrated or otherwise, or the number of grooms by which he was followed.

From a very early period in English history, barristers looked to better things than mere personal show and ostentation. Not, however, that they did not enjoy the good things of this life, or mix with the great and the gay world. They always did so. In 1531, when Edward Montagu put on the coif and took upon himself the degree of sergeant-at-law, he gave a feast at Ely-place, Holborn, which lasted for five days. On the Monday, which was the greatest day, the King, Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine dined there, with all the foreign ambassadors, all the judges, the lord mayor and aldermen of London, all the king's court, and many of the nobility. The king took great notice of Sergeant Montagu, whose manners were particularly agreeable, and invited him to the palace. From the period of the feast the monarch was especially pleased with his host, the sergeant, and ultimately he was made Chief Justice of England. However many horses and grooms the Bar of France may have kept in the contemporary reign of Francis I., we do not find it recorded in French annals that any barrister in the reigns of Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., or Charles IX., gave such magnificent entertainments—was on such a footing of equality with the great and powerful, or was so favored by his sovereign as this same Sergeant Montagu.

The first English reporter of law cases, the first recorder of the science and eloquence of the bar, was Dyer, afterward

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Queen Mary. He attended in the courts of law every morning from seven to eleven, with his note-book, in which he took down the arguments and judgments in all important cases occurring in Westminster Hall. When he returned to his chamber after supper, at six o'clock, he digested and abridged his notes, introducing only the facts necessary for raising the point determined, with a short summary of the arguments of the counsel, and of the opinion of the Judges.

So honorable, useful, and improving was this labor then held, that it steadily advanced Dyer in business and reputation, and procured him to be returned to the last parliament of Edward VI. In this parliament he was elected speaker, though without the rank of solicitor-general or sergeant, usually considered necessary for the deputy.

Till the age of Elizabeth we find, even in the state trials, few interesting particulars relative to the bar of England. But from the period of that reign the history of the bar became more and more intertwined with the general and constitutional history of the country, and we know very nearly as much of the lives of Bacon and Coke, as we know of the lives of Murray and Erskine, and more than we know of the life of Dunning. It is a curious and humiliating circumstance, and ought to be a taming thought to human pride, to learn that a man whose name has never been heard of by nine-tenths of the actual bar of England, one Thomas Fleming, who started in the profession at the same time as Bacon, was not only preferred to him by attorneys, but by prime ministers. Fleming (and there have been many Flemings, though not one Bacon, during the last half century) had the highest professional honors bestowed upon him, while the philosopher, orator, and exquisite writer, continued to languish at the bar without any advancement. It is creditable to Lord Campbell, himself very little more than a mere lawyer—that he states that Fleming enjoyed superior good fortune because he was a mere lawyer, because he harbored no ideas or aspirations beyond the routine of Westminster Hall, because he did not mortify the vanity of the witty, or alarm the jealousy of the ambitious. But though Fleming was made solicitor-general in preference to Bacon—thus inflicting, to use his own words, "an exquisite disgrace" on the

"Greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

a disgrace for which Bacon had resolved to shut himself up for the rest of his days in a cloister at Cambridge, when a soothing message from the Queen induced him to remain at the bar; but he had the mortification to see the man whom he utterly despised much higher in the law than himself, during the remainder of Elizabeth's, and a considerable part of the succeeding reign. Fleming, like many other mere lawyers since that period to our own day, utterly broke down in the House of Commons. In the great debate on monopolies he lost his recollection, and resumed his seat after an ignominious failure.

Though Coke, the great luminary of English law, was ignorant of science, and wholly unimbuéd with literature,—though he shunned the society of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson as vagrants—yet as member of parliament for Liskeard, for Norfolk, and for Buckinghamshire, he played an important part in the House of Commons, and carried resolutions in 1628, which were half a century after the foundation of the Habeas Corpus Act. Nor can any good Englishman forget that he framed the famous Petition of Right, and in the conference between the two houses, refuted the arguments of the Attorney-General, and other counsel, who were allowed to argue against the Petition at the bar as counsel for his Majesty, with a depth of constitutional learning, and a vigor of intellect greater than any one, or indeed than of all the law officers together. It was Coke alone, who, from his energy of character and constitutional learning, was able to carry the Petition of Right.* The public spirit which he there exhibited in defence of freedom raised up imitators who formed themselves upon his model, and Pym and the patriots of the Long Parliament were indebted to his example, as every constitutional Englishman is indebted to his precept and example, for denunciations against forced loans and benevolences, unlawful imprisonments, free quarters, and other enormities repugnant to the laws, customs, and constitution of the realm.

The barristers of the Commonwealth were men of great ability and sound professional learning. ST. JOHN, PYM, WHITELOCK, and MAYNARD, are men whose names will live forever in the constitutional and legal history of England. But though we have abundant proofs from the State Trials and the Reports that they were solid, learned, and laborious men, we have no proofs that they were men of eloquence,—men who charmed senates

and electrified juries,—who wrung reluctant verdicts in spite of an adverse court and powerful government.

Hale was at that period, beyond competition or question, the first advocate in Westminster Hall, and he led with great boldness the defences of those who were prosecuted by the Protector for political offences. His last appearance was in Lord Craven's case. Burnet, who had conversed with those who were present, says, that he there pleaded with such force of argument, that the Attorney-General threatened him for appearing against the Government: when he answered, "I am pleading in defence of those laws which you declare you will maintain and preserve, and I am doing my duty to my client, so that I am not to be daunted with threatenings."*

Hale was a conscientious man—who had been brought up a Puritan. His leaning toward Presbyterianism made him particularly zealous in defending Christopher Love, a young Presbyterian minister, though Cromwell declared he would not march into Scotland till he had the head of this apostle of the Covenant. For six days did the good advocate struggle with solemn and serious energy, and conscientious courage. But he struggled in vain, for Love was convicted and executed.

The example of Hale was not lost on his profession. More than thirty years afterward, Pemberton, Pollexfen, Treby, and Somers (afterward to be immortalized as the author of the Bill of Rights) nobly struggled in defence of the seven bishops, and exhibited a wonderful union of zeal, diligence, learning, if not eloquence. There can also be little question that the life and example of Hale had a prodigious influence on the career of that great lawyer and considerable advocate, Holt, who, with Somers, raised the profession to the highest position it had attained till the days of Mansfield.

William Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, was unquestionably the man who elevated advocacy to the highest point it attained till the days of Erskine. Accomplished, devoted to literature, and not without some portion of literary fame himself, he enjoyed every advantage which birth and a careful education can bestow on the man of ancient lineage. But it is not to his lineage or to his elegant attainments that he owes his success, but to the energy and determination of his character—to his habits of indus-

* 2 Parl. Hist. 848. Rushworth, i. 553. Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, ii. 339.

* Burnet's Life of Hale.

try and self-control—to his wary and feline circumspection—and to the steady pursuit, continuously and untiringly, of definite and well-defined objects, from the beginning to the close of his very long life.

As an advocate, his powers were greater, possibly, than those of any man that had preceded him; yet they were not first-rate. He had every attribute of the orator but genius and heart. Nature, in denying him genius and sensibility, had been most bountiful in other respects. He was gifted with unequalled sweetness of voice; in clearness of statement, and skill of arrangement, he was unrivaled; in caution, wariness, and discretion, he surpassed the cunningest of his lowland countrymen. His knowledge was accurate, and always, not only under subordination, but at command. But yet at the bar he wanted the vigor and variety, the genius and originality, the fine flow and daring of his countryman Erskine, and of that borderer of our own day, half his countryman by descent, and more than half his countryman by education, Henry Brougham.

Lord Campbell clearly overrates Lord Mansfield's merits as a parliamentary debater. That his reasoning was lucid—that his diction was polished—that his knowledge was varied and copious, may be allowed; that he was the only man capable of encountering the great commoner, is also certain. But a hundred, or a hundred and seven years ago, speakers were rare, debaters rarer still, orators rarest of all; and if Murray had been born fifty years later, though he must have filled a foremost place, yet he would not have been considered that burning and shining light that he was considered from 1743 to 1756.

Had Erskine, on the other hand, been cast into parliament at any season other than that in which the Foxes, the Pitts, the Burkes, the Sheridans, and the Windhams bore sway, there can be no doubt that he would also have been a consummate debater—that he would on great occasions have electrified the house as he electrified, not merely juries, but the auditors, the bar, and even the bench itself.

Of all advocates, either in ancient or modern times, there can be no doubt that Erskine was the greatest. The only man in his own profession that could be compared to him was the Irish advocate, Curran. Curran undoubtedly excelled him in imagination, pathos, and wit, and equaled him in fire and courage, but in taste, in strength, and Saxon purity of diction, the English advocate sur-

passed the Irish orator. No man that ever lived asserted so strongly and at such hazards as Erskine the dignity, the independence, and integrity of the English bar; no man that ever lived so elevated and honored his calling. He was ever ready to stand between the crown and the subject, and whatever the inconvenience, the risk, or the personal peril, to defend the oppressed. Juries, says Brougham, declared that it was impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted and fascinated them by his first glance. His motions, says the same writer, resembled those of a blood horse, as light and as limber, as much betokening strength and speed.

He had discretion as well as courage, and caution was blended with his enthusiasm. He had, moreover, a thorough knowledge of mankind, of their passions and of their feelings. Nor was this wonderful. He represented the interests of men in every variety of private and public affairs; and by the victories he gained, and the principles he established in the greatest public causes, he placed the free constitution of his country on an imperishable basis. In the scale of such intellectual power as is brought to bear on the reasons, passions, and feelings of men, he stood as high as any one that ever existed. In all the volumes of Hansard, there are no specimens of parliamentary eloquence which, as literary and tasteful productions, can be compared to Erskine's speeches at the bar, with the single exception of Burke's. Beyond all his predecessors—beyond all his contemporaries—beyond all who have yet followed him—he is allowed to have shone; and it should also be stated, that the exquisite English diction of this undaunted and unsurpassed advocate was pronounced by a voice of surpassing sweetness, and graced by a manner and bearing courageous, dignified, and manly. Men hitherto decided in awarding the palm of parliamentary eloquence to Chatham, to his son Pitt, to Fox, to Sheridan or to Burke, to Canning or to Brougham, are agreed in thinking, that in forensic eloquence Erskine surpassed any man that ever existed. If, as has been well said by Brougham, if there be yet amongst us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our constitution be still recognized as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor, let us acknowledge with gratitude, that to this

great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times.*

Romilly was a man of a different nature and character from Erskine. His general capacity was, perhaps, of a higher order; he had greater powers of abstraction, a more extraordinary reach of thought; he was the greatest jurist but one, and most certainly the profoundest lawyer of his day. But though his authority at the bar and with the bench was unexampled, and his success in parliament very great, though his language was choice and pure, his powers of invective grave and severe, and his sarcasm, according to Brougham, "tremendous," though his manner was perfect, his countenance of singular beauty, and his sincerity and honesty unquestioned, yet his fame was never to be compared to the renown of Erskine, and he lives not in the memory of the masses (though he lives in the memory of instructed men) "as a household word."

A man of great power who followed Erskine was Law, afterward Lord Ellenborough. He was leading counsel of Warren Hastings, and his talents as a lawyer and a speaker shone forth conspicuous even on that great occasion of oratorical display. He rose, in consequence, to the lead of the northern circuit—a lead which then and for some years afterward could only be obtained by a man of vigorous mind, of impressive powers of statement and of exposition, of some scholastic attainment and literature, as well as legal repute. We have lived to see these things altered. The northern circuit is not now led by a Dunning, a Law, or a Lee; by a Scott, a Cockell, or a Topping; by a Scarlett or a Brougham; by a John Williams, a Creswell, a Baines or a Knowles, but by men not fit to untie the lachets of the shoes of forensic giants, such as Erskine, Dunning, Law, and Brougham, and not to be named in the same year even with the Scarlets and John Williamses of former days.

We now come to the period of the Copleys and Wetherells, the Scarlets and Broughams—the Denmans, the Pollocks and Campbells, the Folletts, the Wildes, the Kellys, the Thesigers, the Hills, the Talfords, the Austins, the Cockburns, of the present day. There can be no manner of doubt that, although Copley never reached the eminence of Erskine or Dunning as an advocate, or the success attained by Scarlett and Follett as a winner of common jury causes, yet that he was a greater advocate than any man of

our own day, with the single exception of Brougham; and he greatly surpassed Brougham in knowledge of law, in clearness of statement, and in the symmetry and structure of a style beautifully clear and English. His knowledge, too, in classical literature and in history was far more correct and accurate than that of his celebrated contemporary. But though Copley excelled Brougham in clearness and conciseness of statement, though he possessed the faculty of putting his client's case in the plainest and most perspicuous light, though he argued a question of law in *banco* with a comprehensiveness, a vigor, a lucidity, and a depth, not attained by any man since, with the exception of the late Sir William Follett—though he examined and cross-examined witnesses with marvelous skill, yet there were *causes*—causes in which feelings of indignation and horror were to be roused—in which he could not compete with Brougham; and he was greatly inferior to that now eccentric personage in powers of exposition and of sarcasm.

Wetherell's greatest effort, perhaps his only great effort before a jury, was in the case of Watson. But though a repository of learning of all kinds, he had no qualification for an advocate in political causes, excepting great vehemence of feeling. Scarlett was the greatest winner of verdicts in his own day, and probably since the days of Erskine, with the exception of Garrow. He was a man of great ingenuity and acuteness, capable of drawing the most subtle and delicate distinctions; well informed in his own profession, and, indeed, generally well read, more especially in classical literature. Over common juries, and over special juries also, in mercantile cases, he ruled supreme. But his most fulsome flatterer never supposed, however ingenious his addresses, and however colloquially pure his language, that he was to be named as a great and eloquent advocate. It was the peculiar felicity of his career to have lived in quiet times, and to have been concerned in every-day causes, in which discretion, judgment, and sound sense, and the absence of all exaggeration, go further than eloquence.

In great causes, and more especially in the Queen's case, there can be no doubt that BROUGHAM exhibited many of the highest qualities of an advocate, and that he also, in the King's Bench, now and then, surpassed any man of his time. But though he took the foremost rank as a debater in the senate, and was capable of making a better speech

* Statesmen of the Reign of George III.

either to a single judge, to the full court, or to a jury, than any man who flourished at the bar, when he left it for the wool-sack in 1830, there can be as little doubt that he never shone with the luminous splendor of Erskine in England or of Curran in Ireland.

No man in our day has brought greater sincerity, zeal, ardor, and fearlessness, to the advocate's task than Thomas Denman. In fearlessness, he was the only man of his time to be compared to Erskine. In earnest energy, when he deemed his cause was good, or the principle he contended for just, neither the frowns of judges nor of princes could prevent him from doing his duty. Mr. Denman's voice was sonorous, deep-toned, and impressive; he was an excellent classical scholar, and a man of a liberal and ingenuous mind, and more learned in the lore of his profession than the world allowed.

Pollock—who is now Chief Baron of the Exchequer—who followed him, was an amiable man, of very considerable classical attainments, and some taste; but though a pleasing and rhythmical speaker, he was diffuse and wearisome, and had no pretensions to the title of advocate. Campbell, though a profounder and better read lawyer than any of those we have recently mentioned—though, indeed, a better read lawyer than any men of the elder school, with the exception of Scott, Abbott, Sugden, Holroyd, Richardson, Hullock, Park, Tindal, and Patteson, possessed no one gift or attribute of the advocate. His person was awkward and ungainly; his countenance, heavy, dull, and unimpressive; there was "the cheek of parchment and the eye of stone;" his voice was creaky and unmelodious; his style—if style it could be called—bald, disjointed, and graceless. Though a tolerable Latin scholar, and a passable historian, the ex-leader of the Oxford circuit had no pretensions to deep or elegant learning. Yet, by perseveringly plodding on, Lord Campbell, though as little brilliantly endowed as any man we know, has risen to be solicitor and attorney-general, to be Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and, as we before said, one of her Majesty's ministers. And now while we write he aspires to be Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

Sir William Follett possessed a much finer intellect than Lord Campbell, though we should hesitate in pronouncing him to have been a better lawyer. He was also gifted with the sweetest and most mellifluous voice, the utmost suavity of manner, great purity

of style, and a most comprehensive and a most subtle intellect. But though he stated a case admirably and luminously, and left nothing that could be explained unexplained in his reply, he wanted the higher gifts of oratory. He could always convince the understanding, rarely or ever did he touch the feelings.

Though his was an intellect that could accomplish almost anything, if his powers were directed to any given bent or direction, yet it so happened, that from being obliged to make his bread by the sweat of his brow, he dedicated himself wholly to the pursuit of his profession, and all its technicalities. He became, in consequence, a perfect and most accomplished English lawyer in every branch of law, from the minutest point of practice and pleading, up to the highest questions discussed before a court of appeal or of *dernier resort*. But he was not a scholar in any sense, nor a jurist. A man with less literature has seldom attained so high a position in a profession presumed to be learned, and believed to be acquainted with the elements, at least, of polite learning. He found a difficulty even in reading a French letter. The most eminent defect of Follett was his love of money—we may at once say, his avarice. To this he sacrificed his ease, his comfort, his real fame, and at length his life.

Wilde was a man less scholastically educated than Follett—more illiterate in the learning to be gleaned in books, in schools, and in universities, of which he knew little, and never had been an *alumnus*. But he possessed more of the qualities and attributes of a great advocate than Follett. Though almost always too diffuse, and not seldom turgid, he was earnest, he was ardent, and occasionally eloquent; and if he had not been intensely cockneyish and eminently underbred, might not have been so undervalued as he always was by the more fastidious of his brethren.

During the quarter of a century that intervened between 1805 and 1830, it must be admitted that the Irish and Scotch bars generally surpassed the English in eloquence, and in all branches of advocacy. Curran, Plunkett, Bushe, Ponsonby, Saurin, Joy, Pennefather, Burrowes, Ball, Quin, Goold, Wallace, Warren, Holmes, O'Connell, Blackburne, North, O'hoghlen, Shiel, Woulfe, present a rare combination of every kind of eloquence and learning; and in Scotland we may cite Clerk, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, Murray, Rutherford, Lord Robertson, and others.

The Kellys, the Thesigers, the Hill

Austins, the Cockburns are yet at the bar, but Talfourd, at the end of the summer circuit, was removed from it, and raised to a puisné judgeship in the Common Pleas—a late and insufficient testimony to his eminent merits. Talfourd had ever been, in the worst of times, a liberal politician, and from his earliest appearance on his circuit, was loved for the kindness of his heart, and the generosity of his nature; for his probity, simplicity, and unaffectedness; for his love of letters and of learning, and for his strenuous pursuit of the law under discouraging circumstances.

But his love of literature never for one moment interfered with the most zealous attention to his profession—a profession he perfectly mastered in early life. No circuit that he traveled for the last twenty years—i. e., from 1830 down to the summer of 1849—passed without affording some proof of his eloquence, pathos, and irresistible power over the noblest and most generous sympathies, and the best instincts of our nature. But with all his richness of fancy, variety of imagery, fertility of illustration, and copious flow of words—with all his tenderness and powers of persuasion, Talfourd, though a considerable advocate, never was to be compared to Erskine, to Curran, to Plunkett, to Bushe, to Brougham, or to O'Connell—this last a great, a very great advocate, though of most vicious taste and unequal powers. Talfourd—to his credit be it said—could only plead with heart and soul honorable and honest causes. He could not read an affidavit like a late eminent member of his circuit; he could not “lie like truth,” and take Heaven to witness to a falsehood. It is to the credit of the Whig ministry—it is to the credit of his old friend and brother circuiter, Lord Campbell, that this man of genius and irreproachable character, thoroughly conversant with his profession, has been at length promoted.

The members of the Oxford circuit, on which he reflected such lustre, gave him a farewell feast on Saturday, the 15th November, in the past year. His speech, on returning thanks for his health, proposed by the amiable and excellent Whateley, who succeeds to the lead of the circuit, will long be remembered, for its earnest, manly, and independent tone.

Although he admitted that a literary career had brought upon him the unfavorable judgment of the public,—a public which stupidly persists in thinking that no man can be a poet and a lawyer, or an orator and a

lawyer,—yet he proclaimed that his circuit and brother barristers had protected him against the public and against himself. This is undoubtedly true. From men who had gone fifty-eight or sixty circuits with him, Talfourd could, the day before he was made a judge, have called skilled witnesses to prove that he was lawyer, scholar, poet, orator, man of genius—and, better than all, a man of sincerity, truth, and honor. He is now a judge of the Common Pleas, and in so far as an estimate may be formed of a man who has only sat one term, he gives promise of being an excellent judge in a court which possesses the soundest of scientific lawyers, Mr. Justice Maule; and one of the ablest and most learned of municipal lawyers, and one of the most learned of pleaders, Mr. Vaughan Williams. Long may he enjoy the ermine which he has so well earned.

During the period to which we have last more immediately referred—i. e., to the quarter of a century from 1820 to 1845, there can be little doubt that the French bar, in eloquence, considerably surpassed the English, and, indeed, even long antecedently. Lemaistre and Patru were superior in fire, feeling, and enthusiasm, to any of the pleaders in our courts. Lemaistre was ardent, imaginative, fervent, and brilliant, but his efforts at the bar are disfigured by a misplaced erudition—by far-fetched and recondite illustrations—by a vain-glorious pedantry and discursiveness, travestied, more than two centuries afterward, by the late Sir Charles Wetherell.

Patru exercised more influence on the literature of France than any single advocate ever exercised in England, with the single exception of the great Lord Bacon. Patru, according to Voltaire, was the advocate who introduced a pure style at the bar. He cultivated his language with rare assiduity, and was the first to give to French that impress of clearness and precision by which it has been since his time distinguished. Patru was, like most of the French advocates, as much a man of letters as of law. Vaugelas was indebted to him for nearly all his critical remarks, and he is praised by our own David Hume as a man of fine genius.

Erard and Terasson were advocates distinguished by tact, by a certain rotundity of phrase, and by great adroitness. Both were without vigor and vitality. We have had many such advocates among the bar of our own day.

Among the advocates of the eighteenth

century, Gerbier was unquestionably the greatest. He must have somewhat resembled our own Murray. He is described, in the memoirs published about six years ago by the elder Berryer, as a person of the rarest natural endowments—a soft and sonorous voice, noble and dignified action, and majestic attitudes. But in addition to high mental gifts, he possessed a sensibility and a fancy of which Murray was destitute. No French advocate, and we believe no English, ever received the large fees obtained by Gerbier. It is recorded by M. Berryer that a French colonial governor handed to Gerbier a fee of 300,000 francs, or £12,000 of our money, a larger sum by £4000 than Sir Thomas Wilde received in the celebrated case of *Small v. Atwood*. On the death of Gerbier, in 1789, his mantle appears to have fallen on M. Delamelle.

The Revolution, which immediately followed, in dissolving the parliament, dispersed, and indeed it may be said, destroyed the order of advocates. A decree of the 11th Sept., 1790, declared that advocates were no longer advocates—that they should not form an order or corporation, or wear a professional costume. With the independence of the profession, its eloquence disappeared.

The modern bar of France may be said to date from 1810. But though the order of advocates was then restored, yet its ancient discipline was imperfectly established. Napoleon entertained an aversion against the profession. The tyrant loathed independence in every form and shape, and it needs not to be told that the spirit of inquiry and debate incident to forensic contests are unfavorable to despotism or military autocracy. The restoration of the order was therefore clogged with restrictions. The Minister of Justice possessed, of his own mere motion and authority, the power of disbarring, and of inflicting on the advocate such other discipline as he should think fit. A political test was also imposed on advocates, and petty spite was carried to the extent of not admitting a single advocate into the Legion of Honor.

The French bar, to its honor be it said, neither fawned on nor flattered Napoleon. They exercised their calling irrespective of his threats, as undaunted men, as men of conscience and of honor. Bonnet (like Curran) defended, environed by bristling bayonets, Moreau, with calm intrepidity, powerful reasoning, and consummate art.

The government of Louis XVIII. exhibited no prejudice against advocates. In the pro-

cess of Marshal Ney, Berryer the elder, and De la Croix Franville sustained their high reputations. It was in this trial, too, that Dupin aîné, now President of the Chamber of Deputies, first distinguished himself.

Of M. Dupin, we have already spoken at some length in an article on the public men of France.* Though not a person of genius, yet he is an advocate of great learning, subtlety, and dialectical skill, of great vigor and acumen, and thorough knowledge of his profession.

Marie, Chaix, D'Este, Ange, and BERVILLE, now stand at the head of the profession in Paris; for Hennequin, Mauguin, Berryer, Dupin, Odillon Barrot, may be said to have almost retired from the French Bar.

Hennequin was in his best day distinguished more for depth and scientific knowledge of his profession than for impassioned eloquence, resembling, in this respect, the Maules, the Tauntons, the Richardsons, the Erles, the Whitehursts, the Sergeants Stephens and Starkies of the English Bar.

Mauguin was and is a man of a different stamp. Without being deficient in professional lore, he was and is still an advocate of a facile and graceful elocution, somewhat in the style of Mr. Cockburn, but more graceful and less declamatory, and capable of higher flights than the English advocate.

M. Odillon Barrot, too, of whom we have before spoken in the article on the public men of France,† in the last two years has ceased to plead, and now may be said to have retired from the French bar. But previous to the Revolution of 1848, he was a good deal employed in considerable causes, and argued questions gravely and learnedly, but somewhat too philosophically.

The great orator of the French bar, however, though he now rarely pleads causes, is M. Berryer, till the death of his father called Berryer fils. M. Berryer is, without the slightest doubt, the greatest—indeed, the only orator in France, and one of the very few which Europe can boast. Of his powers in the Assembly we have already spoken;‡ and he is, when he appears at the bar, as unrivaled as in the Chamber. He comes nearer to Erskine than any man that ever appeared at the bar in France; and had occasion arisen for the very frequent exercise of his faculties in great political trials—as was the case in Erskine's day in England—

* See British Quarterly Review, No. XIII.
"Public Men in France."

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

he would have equalled Erskine at the bar, as he exceeds him in the Senate.

Ledru Rollin, when the French Revolution of 1848 broke out, was fast rising into eminence and importance as a political lawyer in jury causes; and he possessed considerable natural gifts which stood him in great stead for that purpose. But having entered the Ministry of the Interior, his career was suspended, and finally checked, by an involuntary exile.

Since M. Rollin's flight from France, M. Jules Favre seems, in a great measure, to have occupied his place. M. Favre is, possibly, a man of more solid attainments, but he wants suavity, grace, and a conciliatory spirit. He is too angular and morose, too much of a cold dialectician, to have great success in moving men's feelings.

Such are some of the prominent men now, or recently, before the public in France.

It now becomes necessary that we should state, that a candidate for the French bar must be a Frenchman by birth. He must also have gone through a three years' course of study, commenced after the completion of his sixteenth year, at a recognized school of law. He must, further, have obtained his diploma as a *licencié-en-droit*, which must be submitted to the attorney-general of the court at which he proposes to be admitted. If the attorney-general's consent be obtained, he is presented to the court by a third advocate, when he takes the prescribed oath. His name is then recorded by the registrar, and endorsed on his diploma. Thus commences his career as a *stagiaire*, in which position he remains for three years. At the expiration of that period, he is eligible to be placed on the tablet or roll of advocates, provided the inscription of his name be approved by the *Conseil de Discipline*—a council elected from among the whole body of advocates, and presided over by an officer termed a *batonnier*. These formularies in no respect resemble what in England is termed a "call to the bar," which with us takes place after dinner, in the private rooms of the benchers, at one of the four inns of court—namely, Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's, or the Inner or Middle Temple.

The limits assigned to us in this paper forbid further remark on the bar of France. But we ought, in taking leave of this portion of the subject, to say, that the leading men of the bar in that country are far less ponderous, prosy, and oracular, than their brethren, the leaders of the bar in England. There is about them more neatness, fluency,

and precision of phrase—more flexibility and gracefulness, than is found among the generality of their brethren of England. Barristers in France, of any note, are well grounded in the civil law and other branches of humane learning, and a very great many among them are what are called "*hommes de lettres*." Though we do not say there is more equality among them than prevails in the profession in England, yet there is a larger spirit of friendliness and brotherhood. They are less envious of each other's successes, and less jealous of each other's renown. There is also more generousness and disinterestedness in respect of money. In these last particulars they advantageously contrast with the bar of England, and resemble more the bar of Ireland and the advocates of Scotland.

We feel a great difficulty in speaking of the actual practitioners now at the bar of England. Never at any period within a century and a half was the profession at so low an intellectual ebb as at this moment. It is not that there is any deficiency of the day-laborers, the plodding formalists of the profession. These exist in greater numbers, and are probably as competent and well read in the lore of the blue books and practice cases as any of their predecessors. But superior intellects and brilliant talents are, in our day, altogether wanting. There is no Erskine, no Murray, no Law, no Romilly, no Brougham, no Copley, no Denman, no Follett; we have not even, in our time, a Best, a Garrow, or a Scarlett.

It will scarcely be credited by a lay reader—but the fact is not the less deplorably true—that with the exception of half a dozen men, we can scarcely name a barrister who can now address a jury, in an important cause, with average ability. Sir Frederick Thesiger, Sir John Jervis, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr. Mathew Hill, and Mr. Cockburn, may be mentioned as among the best specimens, and among these there is only one who can be called eloquent, and Mr. Cockburn's is the eloquence more of the rhetorician, than of the man of fervid and impassioned feeling.

Sir Frederick Thesiger is an exceedingly personable man, of prepossessing appearance, of pleasing and fluent utterance, of popular and animated manner. His style is limpid and flowing; he states facts clearly and lucidly; he declaims with peculiar emphasis and enunciation; and in a good cause, by his impetuous ardor and earnest zeal, carries the jury along with him. But though a pleasing and earnest declaimer, no man supposes him

to have the oratorical powers of an Erskine or a Brougham, the force and vigor of a Wilde, the sagacity of a Garrow or a Scarlett, or the legal lore of a Follett or a Campbell. The attorney-general of Sir Robert Peel is, we readily allow, an honorable and high-minded man, and one of the best advocates of the day with a just and good cause, but nobody believes that, in retaining him, he engages the services of a great advocate, a great lawyer, a great scholar, or a great jurist.

The present attorney-general, Sir John Jervis, understands the practice of the courts well, is an excellent case lawyer, and is generally well-read in his profession. He is a man of subtle and acute intellect, not wanting in courage or self-possession, and not deficient in fluency, but, albeit most respectable as a lawyer, as an advocate he cannot be compared with his father, Mr. Thomas Jervis, who for many years led the Oxford circuit.

A man of much more intellectual ability than either the Whig or the Peel Attorney-general is Mr. Mathew Hill. In any considerable cause, notwithstanding certain defects of manner, Mr. Hill is a really able and effective advocate. Occasionally, his efforts in this respect have been very masterly and vigorous, indicating a well-stored mind, and a greater degree of reading, research, and comprehensiveness than usually fall to the lot of practicing barrister in our day. It may be said that Mr. Hill's efforts smell of the lamp, that they are marked by the *limæ labor*. Granted that it is so, what does this prove but that no high degree of excellence can be attained without labor? Men do not become painters, sculptors, or actors, without study, reflection, and perpetual labor. How can they hope, then, to become advocates *d'emblée*, or at a bound?

Sir Fitzroy Kelly has, during the last twelvemonth, in a great degree, retired from the practice of his profession, and now rarely appears, unless before the House of Lords, or the judicial committee of the privy council, or in cases in which he is brought *special*, as it is called, into Westminster Hall. But from the elevation of Sir Thomas Wilde, until the beginning of 1849, he had the pick of the best legal business, and always performed his work with consummate acumen, subtlety, and address. The style of speaking of Sir Fitzroy Kelly is eminently legal. His sentences are short, clear, and symmetrical; he arranges his facts lucidly, he grasps his details with considerable artistic skill and effect.

He is ever chaste, natural, and uninvolved; and without being an *ad captandum* speaker, or descending to colloquial phrases, can make himself thoroughly understood by a jury. He possesses great judgment and tact, is an excellent pleader, a good mercantile lawyer, and generally is well-read in the common law of the land, yet, though a clear and dextrous arguer of cases, he is not a man of eloquence. To scholarship, Mr. Kelly has no pretensions whatever, though he has some knowledge of modern languages, and is tolerably read in English literature. Of a docile nature, and of flexible mind, he is, however, one of those men who can get up any subject on or for a particular occasion, so as to please and satisfy an attorney, if not to carry the court or lead captive the jury.

Mr. Cockburn is considerably the youngest in years of the gentlemen we have mentioned, and is certainly a more accomplished and elegant scholar, and much more a man of the world than any one of them. Not a very profound lawyer, he is yet so well skilled in the principles of the science, and has so scholarly a knowledge of the civil law, that he can readily grasp any principle of jurisprudence. His intellect is so clear, his power of generalization so rapid and so sure, his felicity of expression so great, that he readily makes himself master of details. In dealing with the passions of men, Mr. Cockburn possesses greater powers than any of his competitors wearing a silk gown. Within the last three or four years he has had a very great increase of business, and as he is yet comparatively young—his age is about five-and-forty—there can be no doubt that practice and a larger experience of men may make him a greater advocate than he now is—though confessedly he surpasses any of his brethren in eloquence since the elevation of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd to the bench. To say, however, that he is a great advocate, unless as great among smaller men, would be incorrect. Mr. Cockburn, when not very many years at the bar, obtained considerable practice, and latterly one of the largest practices before Committees of the House of Commons. In this branch of the law three times larger incomes have been made, than ever have been acquired in the regular pursuit of the profession. In 1844, 1845, and 1846, Mr. Charles Austin is said to have made on an average more than £40,000 a year. The Hon. John Talbot is known to have made more than £12,000 a year; and juniors who have never attained £200 a year at Westminster Hall, have made their ~~2000~~

and £4000 a year, during those three years before committees. This is an exceptional state of things, it is true, owing altogether to the railway mania, but Mr. Austin, from 1832, had steadily risen into the first rank in this parliamentary practice, and therefore it is necessary to say something of such a man.

Unquestionably Mr. Austin possesses great powers of exposition, and of lucid explanation—he has at command a copious flow of words and of ideas—he is ardent and cool at one and the same time—he possesses the reflective and the perceptive faculties in exceedingly well-balanced proportion, and he is a man, moreover, very well read in ancient and modern literature. But like most suddenly successful men—like men who from small beginnings have grown immensely and speedily wealthy, he is inordinately conceited—indeed, preposterously conceited for a man so generally capable and well-informed.

Of genius or imagination Mr. Austin possesses not a particle, and though a clear, and occasionally an ardent and impassioned speaker, he cannot be called eloquent. A man, however, of such acquirements and ability, and now of such large wealth—and said to be of such strong political opinions, ought to have taken some part either on one side or the other, and not have appeared only as a neutral on the political field. But the besetting and eminent vice of Mr. Austin is an insatiable love of money. While Mr. Cockburn, by no means a rich man, renounced a most lucrative parliamentary practice to enter the House of Commons, Mr. Austin is known as an immensely rich man, who has stuck by his parliamentary practice, and prefers to count his gains, rather than to do the state some service as a senator or a politician.

Of the barristers who are considerable juniors, as it is called—i. e., men who take the burden of cases upon their shoulders, we have not spoken. Many of the most successful of this dull tribe is composed of men who have been bred up as attorneys, attorneys' clerks (not articled clerks), or who have commenced life as errand-boys in an attorney's firm, or as sweepers of offices or chambers, or servers of summonses. Nineteen out of twenty of the men doing second or third-rate business at the bar at this moment, and making from £500 to £1500 a year, are persons who have either been attorneys a few years ago, or the sons, brothers, or cousins of attorneys—or who have

married the sisters, daughters, or the female relatives of successful attorneys. A gentleman of scholarlike education, of liberal attainments, of guileless and unsuspecting nature, just escaped from the university, has no chance with such men as these. There is no fair start for the man of this sort, who desires to know his profession as a science. The smart tradesman who knows it mechanically as a craft, beats him hollow. On a considerable circuit in England, at this moment, there is a gentleman of twelve years' standing at the bar, making his £1200 or £1500 a year, who, thirteen or fourteen years ago, traveled the very circuit, which he now follows as a barrister, as a clerk to a great attorney agency house of Lincoln's Inn. In this guise, he became acquainted with every attorney and every attorney's clerk through the whole circuit. When called to the bar, such acquaintances and friends were useful in a double sense. Then what a knowledge of practice and routine must any man have gained who learned his profession in this manner! It is curious that, while regularly admitted and sworn attorneys must be off the roll for a certain time, before they are allowed to enter as students for the bar, that an attorney's writing or copying clerk (we speak not of an articled clerk) or the sweeper of an attorney's office or chambers, may enter at once as a student, and may be sworn a barrister three days after he leaves the service of the lowest practitioner in Lyon's, Clement's, or Thavies Inn. If such a system produced Saunderses, or Pattesons, or Maules, or Parkes, or Vaughan Williamses, we could see the benefit of it—if it produced Erskines, or Currans, we might applaud it, but it produces excellence in no one way. It merely enables attorneys' clerks, ex-attorneys, attorneys' sons and brothers-in-law, brothers, and cousins, to start with a handful of briefs from the commencement of their career, and to daily acquire, by doing some business of a tenth-rate kind, a certain species of mental and professional dexterity of the very lowest character. The men of this calibre, and there are at least sixty or seventy of them in Westminster Hall, making from £300 to £2000 a year, are essentially neither more nor less than tradesmen—than journeymen lawyers, who set about their work in the spirit of mechanics or handicraftsmen. Either this system should be put an end to, or it should be adopted for all. Compel every candidate for the bar to pass one year in an attorney's office, and the evil—or, more properly to describe it, the unfair ad-

vantage—which a few very illiterate, and not very high-principled, yet well-drilled persons possess, would pass away.

In looking over what we have written, we feel obliged to confess that eloquence and high gifts, generally rare amongst the advocates of England, has now nearly perished from amongst us. It is well stated in a recently-published work of considerable research, which only fell in our way at the twelfth hour,* that one reason of the decay of everything resembling eloquence is the excessive degree of technicality which pervades every portion of English law. Though we do not deny that the principles of special pleading are based in rigid logic, yet we must admit—with Mr. John George Phillimore,—who has recently published an admirable summary of the Roman law, which we have prefixed to this article, and who had previously distinguished himself by a spirited pamphlet addressed to Lord Cottenham,† on law reform,—that the wire-drawn distinctions of special pleading are the disgrace and the opprobrium of our age. To meander through such mazes would puzzle the subtlest intellect, and tax to the utmost the powers of a really robust, masculine understanding, and sometimes tax such powers altogether in vain. The involved phraseology, the expletives, the synonymes, the pleonasms, the obscure and barbarous verbiage of the modern system of pleading, are really the disgrace of our time and system. These abuses are excrescences of comparatively modern growth on the ancient body of English law, for in the earlier time pleadings were delivered *ore tenus* at the bar, and not written. The evil has been much increased by a body of very ingenious and subtle gentlemen acting under the bar as special pleaders, and it must be averred that for the last half century or more, our courts of justice in England have been far too prone to lend a willing ear to refined and technical points of objection which subtle pleaders below the bar delight to raise, and pettifoggers at the bar have a peculiar glory in sustaining in court.

The overgrown mass—the immense, shapeless, and unwieldy body of the English law is an impediment not less formidable to oratory than the technicality of pleading. The

volumes of the statutes at large now amount, if we remember rightly, to about thirty-three volumes quarto, of about 850 pages each volume. On the construction of these statutes there are annually published about thirty volumes of Reports, containing, also, at an average, from 700 to 800 pages of matter, at a cost of about £2 a volume, or £60 a year to any one who subscribes to a complete set of Reports, beginning with the House of Lords, and ending with the Crown cases reserved. How can any one or any ten men master all this enormous or unwieldy mass, or properly digest and common-place it on his mind? Roger North, in his day, when the volumes of Reports were only sixty, spoke of them as innumerable. If he were now to revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he say, finding 600 volumes, containing, down to the end of 1849, 250,000 points of law, or more, as any man may see by a reference to Harrison's or Chitty's Index, or Jeremy's Digest? How can a man be eloquent, whose best days and hours are spent in learning to digest matter, and arrange in his mind, or to learn where to discover, and how to apply this vast mass of legislative verbiage, and the decisions upon it? Talents of a popular kind—the power of giving effect to large and comprehensive views, wither under such a discipline as this. All the fire, energy, and enthusiasm of a young man—all the genius and general principles he has acquired at college, and in the bosom of his family, die within him, smothered and overlaid by the forms and technicalities of a system, narrow, crabbed, and barbarous.

Independently of this, the practical work-a-day, money-getting, and business-like spirit of our time, is against the theory and practice of eloquence. A man particularly gifted with grace of manner and affluence of expression, is despised by the prig and the formalist, who has thoroughly conned his Chitty and his Archbold, and is looked on with ineffable disdain by the successful railway speculator, or the man or woman who has (what is called within the precincts of the city of London) three stars in India Stock.

The multiplicity and detail of modern affairs, abounding in particulars and small items, also tends to stifle and suffocate everything like eloquence. Ours is an age of debtor and creditor—of profit and loss—of tare and tret—of free trade and barter—of buying and selling—of quick returns and small profits; and men have

* Hortensius, or the Advocate, an Historical Essay, by William Forsyth, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-law, late Fell. of Trinity College, Cambridge. J. Murray: 1846.

† Phillimore's Letter to Lord Cottenham. Ridgway: 1847.

neither the time nor the taste to make fine phrases as of old. If we have perfected the steam-engine, and created railroads, we have also enthroned a servile, a crouching, and mammon-getting spirit in high places—we have deified dullness and formality, and worshiped mechanism, and drudgery, and cotton-spinning, and knife-grinding, as though they were things lofty, ethereal, spiritual, and immortal. With such feelings pervading the aristocracy of trade—ay, and the aristocracy of land, and of acres—is it any wonder that the mass of barristers are timid formalists—is it any wonder that they will not speak with decision, and fearlessness, and energetic eloquence, like Erskine—that they shrink from giving their better and nobler thoughts noble expressions—that they are dull, and decorous, and dead to the most generous and loftiest impulses? No doubt the times in which we live or vegetate are flat, level, and insipid. We are fallen on the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; yet we cannot but think that somewhat of the mediocrity of the profession in our day is owing to a man who was longer at the head of the bar as Attorney and Solicitor General than any man within a century. John Lord Campbell, though a sound and well-read lawyer, was neither a gifted nor a high-hearted man; neither a scholar nor an orator, nor a distinguished gentleman; and his leaden influence has operated in many ways most disastrously. When eloquence, or even a graceful and fluent elocution, is not prized, men will take no pains—will make no efforts to become successful speakers. Advocates will not labor earnestly to become eloquent when such barristers as the — and the — lead the Great Northern Circuit of England. We do not deny that there is great ingenuity and skill—a happy facility of dealing with entangled and complicated facts—that there are great judgment, quickness, tact, knowledge of practice and of cases now at the bar of England; but of eloquence there is none, and of scientific or historic learning very little. Ours is an age of no flagrant wrongs—of no deeds of violence or of rapine—of no great political trials—and the occasion has not, perhaps, arisen to call forth the eloquence of the “coming man.” In Ireland two eloquent advocates appeared at the state trials. One, a fine old gentleman of the name of Holmes, then in his 78th or 79th year, and a brother-in-law of the late Thomas Addis Emmett; the other, Mr. Whiteside, the author of a book in three volumes on Italy.

It is possible that in the back rows of the Queen's Bench and Exchequer there are some undiscovered Erskines, Currans, and Broughams; but so long as the system prevails among attorneys of giving the leading causes to seventy-nine Queen's Counsel wearing silk gowns, or rather to the thirty among them who have business in law and equity—and to the four or five sergeants who are still employed in the Common Pleas, the Erskines, the Currans, and Broughams are likely to remain undiscovered. Half a century ago, there were not above twenty silk gowns in the profession, ten of whom were men of real ability, and the remainder of great professional learning; but now silk gowns are given to men neither of eloquence, of legal learning, nor of high scholarship. Among the seventy-nine, there are not nine men capable of leading or conducting a cause better—many of them not so well—as the many astute and sensible men without a silk gown.

One might fancy that in the criminal branch of the profession we might find eloquent, ingenious, and able men at the Central Criminal Court. But there is scarcely one man above mediocrity, excepting Mr. Ryland and Mr. Prendergast. Mr. Adolphus is dead, and Phillips is now an Insolvent Commissioner.*

The bar of England is now a very numerous body. In the beginning of the past year it consisted of 3181 individuals, and there were called in the previous year of 1848, 130 gentlemen. The bar of England at this moment probably consists, to reckon new members, of 3350 members, but the returns cannot be accurately ascertained till the publication of the “Law List” for 1850, early in April. There are practicing under the bar 72 special pleaders, and 32 conveyancers.

In Ireland the profession of the bar is relatively greater than in England, and the Queen's counsel also more numerous. There are 66 Queen's counsel, and 1334 barristers.

We have no means of knowing the number of advocates in Scotland. No doubt there is much in success at the bar to ennoble and gratify the mind, and to attract the eyes of

* Mr. Sergeant Wilkins is said to have made some able defences, and consequently he is gaining *Nisi Prius* business rapidly. The writer, however, has only heard him once, and without further experience, he declines to pronounce an opinion on his powers.

those whose hopes outrun their judgment, but laymen and spectators perceive the spangles upon the robe of the advocate, profoundly unaware that all is not gold that glitters brightly. If the advocate has his triumphs he has also his troubles, and to the vast majority the troubles far exceed the triumphs. Crowds, says somebody whose name and book we forget, but who spoke truly—crowds admire the figures upon tapestry—the splendor of the colors, and the rich intertexture of its purple and gold; but who turns the array to contemplate the jagged ends of thread, rags of worsted and unsightly patchwork of the reversed side of

the picture, and yet it is from this side the artificer sits and works,—this is the picture as he sees it—the gay outside is for the spectator. Thus it is that we look upon life—ermine, lace, gold, jewels. Rank, station, ambition, glitter in our eyes, and we envy the good fortune of the possessors, and think they must be happy, seeing but the *show* side of their lives; yet not a life among them that has not, or has not had its rags and tags, and knotted ends, its wrong side in that in which the artisan has been drudging all his days, until the splendor he has made becomes distasteful, and only serves to enrich the eyes of ignorant lookers-on.

THE STORY-TELLERS.

ALL blessings on their name and fame,
The pleasant Story-tellers,
The benefactors of the world,
Care-soothers—sorrow-quellers.

Blessings upon them each and all,
From sweet Scheherazade—
(The best of story-tellers set,
And model of a lady;—)

To modern times when other dames,
As tender and loquacious,
Pour forth three volumes at a time,
Romantic and vivacious.

Blessings upon them! whatsoever
Their language or their nation,
Who people earth with deathless forms
Of beautiful creation:—

On old Boccaccio, gay as youth—
On Chaucer, fresh as morning,
On heavenly Shakspeare, friend of man,
Humanity adorning;—

On stanch Defoe, whose fruits were sweet,
Though somewhat stubborn-rinded;—
On honest Bunyan, firm of faith,
Sublime, but simple-minded;—

On Swift, from out whose bitterness
There came a sweetness after;—
On Sterne, the master of our tears,
The ruler of our laughter;—

On Fielding, from whose wondrous pen
Came forth a stream incessant
Of wit and mirth, and feeling too,
And genial fancies pleasant;—

On Smollett, Goldsmith, Richardson;—
And Rattcliffe, ruin-hauntress,
Dear to our hearts for youthful dreams,
A sweet, but sad enchantress;—

On Walter Scott, great Potentate,
Who ruled o'er wide dominions,

As wide as fancy e'er surveyed,
On her supporting pinions;—

On Dickens, monarch of our hearts—
The Wizard's fit successor:—
And on all Story tellers true—
The greater and the lesser;—

On all who've spurr'd through Fairyland
Their flying Rosinantes;—
On Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Lesage, and quaint Cervantes.

But if my voice might claim for one
A special benediction,
I'd pour it on Lesage's head,
For his immortal fiction.

The roguish boy of Santillane—
Who has not read his story!
Who has not revel'd o'er his faults,
His trials, and his glory!

Who has not learn'd in youth or age
Some wisdom from his preaching,
Some gem of truth he might have scorn'd
From more obtrusive teaching!

But blessings on them, each and all,
I make no reservation;
If in their page they love mankind,
And seek its elevation;—

If evermore, both right and wrong
They bring to due fruition,
And show that knavery in the end
Must work its own perdition;—

If evermore their words console
The virtuous in dejection,
And if their laughter like their tears
Teach goodness and affection;—

My choicest blessings on their heads—
Care-soothers—sorrow-quellers—
Creators of a magic world,
Immortal Story-tellers.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MUSINGS IN MY STUDY.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETTYE HOUSE," &c.

"As there are many way-side flowers scarcely worth gathering individually, which would nevertheless contribute to the beauty of a nosegay, so do spring up in the mind many thoughts of trifling separate value which may be well worth collecting into a posy."—FULTON.

A CONGREGATIONAL UNIT.

IN Ireland the Protestant Church has been supported by the state, even as a hanging man is sustained by the rope, until it has become a corpse. We have pampered it into an atrophy, enriched it into a spiritual bankruptcy, and given it new powers for collecting the faithful into its bosom, until it has nearly lost all its congregations. We have propped it with buttresses from without, not columns from within, and the more we thus bolster it, the more one-sided it becomes: while its Roman Catholic opponent, wanting all these privileges, aids, and revenues, has spread its roots far and wide, and flourishes like a larch-tree, which attains the most rapid growth and the most robust habit in the poorest soil.

Swift, it is said, finding one Sunday that his clerk formed his whole congregation, began service with the words, "Dearly beloved Roger," &c.; an anecdote which has been treated as a mere joke, though a recent occurrence shows that it may be taken *au pied de la lettre*. An English traveler, learning on his arrival at an Irish town that an old brother collegian was doing duty as a curate in the vicinity, invited him to breakfast on the following morning, which happened to be the Sabbath, stating that his intended departure did not leave him the choice of any other day. The invitation was declined, spiritual duties being urged as the reason of its refusal; notwithstanding which, the reverend gentleman made his appearance at the breakfast-table, and, in answer to the question, "What's the meaning of this?" he quietly replied, "She's not well to-day."

"*She's not well! who is not well?*"

"My congregation! No one ever attends my church except the clerk's wife, and as she is very poorly this morning, we have no service."

DERIVATION OF THE WORD CHURCH.

Written and spoken words are visible and audible thought. Words, however, are not only the signs of ideas, but sometimes the representatives of things, so that etymology may be said to include many other "ologies," a comprehensiveness to which Dr. Johnson did not advert when he derived the word Church from the Greek KURIAKE. It is assignable to the Celtic Kir-rock, or round of stones, within whose circle, itself a symbol of unity and eternity, the Druids solemnized their religious rites. In the contracted sound of Kirk the word is still retained in the North, though with us Southerners it is softened into Church. We may therefore say, literally as well as metaphorically, that our Church is founded on a rock; and by a curious coincidence a similar paranomasia occurs in the sixteenth chapter and eighteenth verse of St. Matthew. In point of fact, many of our churches stand upon the site of Druidical circles, others on the remains of Pagan temples; nor let it be imagined that such localities have been profaned by their antecedents, for every spot is consecrated that has been pressed by the knees of sincere worshipers, whatever may have been their creed. Every religious opinion that has once governed the thoughts and actions of mankind should be sacred in our eyes, for the heart is the real temple, and, where that is honest and devout, the religious feeling is true, though the doctrine may be false and the form idolatrous.

INSCRIPTIONS.

Among the recently-discovered ruins of Termessus Major, on the Pamphylian side of Lycia, in Asia Minor, was found an inscription to the philosopher Plato, carved on a rock in lands untrodden by European feet, and sealed to civilization since its olden inhabitants passed away. How poor is the fame of this imperishable but long lost memorial compared to the immortality secured by a fragile printed paper! One of the saints said he had rather write his maxims on the hearts of men than on the skins of beasts; but if he did not commit them to parchment, how were they to find their way to human bosoms? Rocks crumble and parchment wears out; no record so indestructible as macerated rags rolled into sheets, however slight their texture. There is even something hallowing in the imperishability of a printed volume. "A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life. We should be wary how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books."

Sir Charles Fellowes, while exploring the ruins of Tlos, in Lycia, amid sculptured figures of Bellerophon, Pegasus, the Chimæra, and other fabulous creations of an extinct mythology, encountered one short inscription which, in striking contrast to these imaginary beings, presented a memorial of that real, universal, and ever-existing religion whose temple is the human heart. Slightly, but still legibly, scratched on the wall of an ante-chamber to a rock tomb, were the following words:—"Moschus loves Philiste, the daughter of Demetrius." With what a strange evanescence, like the flitting of an apparition, does this Greek lover emerge from the unfathomable abysses of the unknown! And yet we cannot avoid making guesses at his history. For myself, I feel convinced that his love was thwarted by the pride and avarice of the nobly-born and rich old Demetrius. Oh, these unsympathizing fathers! Why else should the poor youth, afraid any longer to make an open avowal of his passion, retire to the solitude of the tombs, and find a pleasure in committing his secret to the wall of a sepulchre? Solemn and yet soothing must have been his thoughts, after having withdrawn from the bustle of the city, as he thus sate in the presence of the dead, silently meditating upon the charms of the living, and carving this

short but affecting confession of his attachment—a love-letter never seen, perchance, by his mistress, but destined to be discovered, after the lapse of so many centuries, by an English traveler!

No, fair and fond Philiste! no, tender-hearted Moschus! not thus can my imagination leave ye. Demetrius died: in due time your marriage was celebrated, making the chief temple echo with your chanted epithalamium; long and happily did ye live together: and finally your bones were deposited, in contiguous urns, within the very sepulchre upon whose walls the living lover had conjoined your names. Did I not feel assured of this, the inscription thus accidentally rescued from oblivion would have left a mournful impression on my heart.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

If an ephemeron, dancing out its hour's existence in the sunbeam, were to alight upon the leaf of an oak which had lasted for 1000 years, what idea could it form of such a duration? And yet the human ephemeron, almost as evanescent as his flying namesake, presumes to assign limits to the processes of nature, and holds the conjectural cycles of the geologists to be incredible, if not culpable assumptions. Are such objectors aware that, by the computation of enlightened astronomers, the period in which the star Mizar revolves round Alcor stretches over 190,000 years, which is the unit or single year of that stupendous system? An inscription on the Egyptian temple of Ypsamboul presumptuously intimates that it was founded for eternity. With what a contemptuous smile might Eternity reply—"I will bury the whole of your colossal pile at the rate of a single grain of sand in 100 years, and I shall then be as young as I am now."

In the British Museum there is a ponderous Theban sarcophagus which was dug up from a depth of 130 feet. It is probable that greater remains of ancient Egypt exist under the sand than above it; and as the same process is still in action, it would seem as if nothing but time were wanting for the ultimate entombment of the Pyramids. When we can calculate the grains necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose, we may attempt to reduce eternity to numbers. Mrs. Somerville estimates that nearly 4,000,000 of years must have been consumed in depositing a single stratum at the bottom of the present seas.

DISINTERESTEDNESS NOT ALWAYS UNSELFISH.

As "true self-love and social are the same," as he who is the best friend to others is generally, however unintentionally, the best friend to himself; as gifts bless the giver, and what we have bestowed is the only wealth we are sure of retaining, it may be said, without a catachresis, that we are selfish even in our unselfishness. But interested results of this kind are only the unsought and uncalculated rewards of our single-heartedness. All morality, in fact, resolves itself into some species of selfishness—into self-preservation, self-instruction, self-government, and in so living for others that others may live for us.

Even the objectionable self-love that leads to self-deception contributes not a little to the happiness of mankind, by prompting us to assign our successes to ourselves, our failures to others; but this, though a pleasant, is an injurious hallucination, since the former, thus construed, increase our vanity, while the latter do not teach us to correct our errors.

LOST STARS.

The Pleiad into which the sorrowing *Me-ropé* was changed after her death, is by no means the only missing star, several others having disappeared from the firmament which were enumerated even so late as the Catalogue of Flamsted, the first edition of whose "*Historia Cœlestis*" appeared in 1712. Who shall tell us whither they have gone? Have they accomplished the purpose of their creation, and then returned into chaos, making way for other agencies and forms; or have they been absorbed into the moon, the hiding-place, according to Ariosto, of everything that is lost? Whatever their final destination, may not the earth be doomed to follow them; and who shall assure us that the fiat of our extinction shall not go forth to-morrow? What an awful change from the imperceptible rotation around the sun which our globe has performed for so many countless ages, and with such unerring precision, to find ourselves suddenly thrown "sheer o'er the crystal battlements," and precipitated with inconceivable rapidity into bottomless infinitudes of space which have never been visited by a single ray of light! What utter blackness of darkness, what intensity and universality of freezing, what an unimaginable accumulation of horrors, until the last groan of the last man shall restore the silence of death to the blank and boundless solitudes of chaos, and the inhabitants of other planets

shall speculate upon the fate of the obliterated earth, the lost tomb of an extinct human race, even as we are now wondering what may have become of the lost Pleiad!

Our earth may be restored to the gaseous form which was probably its original state, and so be made subservient to new, more exalted, and more perfect combinations; but we have no reason to suppose that anything has been absolutely annihilated even by combustion. How sublime the thought that the sun itself, and the whole system of creation, as it now exists, may be destined to wear out, and to be renewed in other, and perhaps more glorious forms! Dr. Darwin has illustrated this idea in his "*Invocation to the Stars*," a passage which we may be excused for quoting, both on account of its appositeness to the subject, and of its great intrinsic beauty:—

Flowers of the sky!—ye too to Time shall yield.
Frail as your silken sisters of the field,
Star after star from heaven's bright arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all;—
Till from the wreck, emerging o'er the storm,
Immortal Nature shows her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.

EFFECTS OF AN ENLARGEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE.

If knowledge is power, the diffusion of education among the masses must inevitably tend to an increase of the democratic at the expense of the aristocratic influence: intellectual equality will eventually produce political equality; for where there is even an approximation toward one common republic of letters, there will be a constant yearning toward the same form in the constitution—a concatenation of cause and effect which may partly explain some of the late European convulsions. A transition so radical can hardly be effected without disturbance; but this distribution of power into new channels, like the overflowing of the Nile, though turbulent, and perhaps even destructive at first, will leave fertility and improvement behind it. The sympathy between knowledge and power will awaken other affinities which have hitherto been only partially developed. From the harmony and reactive influence of matter and mind, it is difficult to believe that physical science can continue to make its present marvelous progress without a correspondent moral advancement. Nations, moreover, are brought into such increased communication by steam traveling, while the most distant

minds may be received into such instantaneous communion by means of the electric telegraph, that a certain fraternization and homogeneity can hardly fail to pervade the whole family of mankind, when this expansion of intercourse shall have received its full development, and have produced its ultimate effects.—*Cito veniat optabile tempus!*

MEN OF GENIUS NOT ALWAYS MEN OF SENSE.

No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and few authors are deemed wise men by their intimate acquaintance. Finger-posts, not guides, their writings often teach us what road to pursue, their actions which to avoid. As Nature generally compensates the loss of one sense by an increased acuteness in another, so is pre-eminence in any mental faculty often accompanied by some deficiency in an opposite direction. Hence the inconsistency so frequently evinced by men of letters. The fleet greyhound has no scent, the beautiful peacock has a discordant voice, and the man of brilliant imagination has seldom a good judgment. "En vérité, mon cher La Fontaine," said Madame de la Sabière to that distinguished writer—"vous seriez bien bête, si vous n'aviez pas tant d'esprit." When one scale of our talent is heaped up, it will generally be found that the materials are taken from another.

COWLEY IN A SPLENETIC MOOD.

Cowley, in the autumn of his life, says, "Man is to man all kinds of beasts—a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civillest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon everything we can swallow."

Poor Cowley must have penned this misanthropical sally at a moment when he was suffering from the onslaught of some truculent critic, who had reviewed him with all the rancor of a fiend. Yet he reckoned his books and the muse among the dearest pleas-

ures of the world, for he says, in his Latin poems—

Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Horrique, sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONSTITUTION-MAKERS.

While we are shocked and amazed at the reveries with which the political quacks and visionaries of France have lately been insani-fying the world, it may inculcate a wholesome lesson of humility to recall a few of the dogmas which have been propounded by some of the most eminent philosophers of England. Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," recommends the entire abolition of property; that rewards should be offered for assassination as a mode of warfare; and that persons laboring under incurable diseases should be encouraged to commit suicide.

Harrington, in his "Oceana," maintaining that political power should always be based upon property, proposes an aristocratical republic as the best of all governments; all elections to be by ballot; and the popular assembly to be confined to the mere determination of measures proposed by the senate, as was the case in the old Venetian Republic.

Polybius, agreeing with Hippodamus, one of the ancient sages, asserts that all political constitutions must observe a general law of growth and decay, as the inevitable condition of man and his institutions.

Plato first conceived the idea of a providential arrangement of human society; but if we may judge by recent occurrences, man is left in the free, but self-punishing indulgence of his own political vagaries; and a looker-on would be rather tempted to exclaim with Shakspeare—"Thus do we play the fool with time, while the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us." Luckily, however, for our posterity, it is only with the present time that we can play the fool; while, therefore, we go not so far in our optimism as to adopt Condorcet's theory of human perfectibility, nor in an opposite direction as to agree with Voltaire in his "Candide," we may confidently believe that whatever may be the temporary fluctuations in the career of the human race, it must have been destined by a beneficent Deity to an ultimate progression and elevation.

From the Prospective Review.

RECENT POETRY—KINGSLEY—TRENCH—BURBIDGE AND CLOUGH.

1. *The Saint's Tragedy; or, the true Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN., Rector of Eversley. With a Preface by Professor MAURICE. London: John W. Parker, West Strand.
2. *The Story of Justin Martyr; Sabbath; and other Poems.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street.
3. *Poems from Eastern Sources.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.
4. *Ambarvalia—Poems.* By THOMAS BURBIDGE and ARTHUR H. CLOUGH. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. F. Macpherson, Oxford.

It has always seemed to us an assertion the most false and untenable, that as science extends its discoveries, the province of poetry must contract. As the theology of some would reduce the Deity to a great First Cause, not the immanent Spirit of all things,—would designate Him the original *Creator* rather than the all-sustainer,—and in every new-found law of the material world, find a fresh link in the tremendous chain that severs us from God Himself—the first of the great series—so the philosophy of others, following hard upon the same track, and by a mode of reasoning that we are unable to comprehend, has found likewise, in the increasing empire of scientific truth, a highway of banishment for the divine inspiration of the poet. What there can be in the recognition of a beautiful consistency, an harmonious order, characterizing this vast universe of nature as the natural expression of the changeless and ever-active will of the Great Supreme, to limit the sources or confine the action of poetic genius, we cannot even surmise, although we have often heard it confidently stated, that as Science advances, Poetry must retire; as the one spreads her dominion, the other must gradually shrink away, till Science having accomplished her work, and revealed to the world every secret of creation, gazes over her vast domains, sole monarch of the mind—beholding not even the last point of space from which she has finally dislodged the spirit that once delighted and enraptured man. The theory seems to have arisen from

an idea (partially true) that Poetry draws its vitality from the sphere of the *unknown*. Now though we believe that all the sublimest poetry of man is connected more or less with the mysterious, it is certainly not the case that all true poetry *must* owe its interest to its choice of topics above our human comprehension. There is a vast deal of descriptive poetry, of a high order, that concerns itself only with the beautiful things of this visible earth—hill and valley, and lake, and storm, curling vapor, and floating cloud—and though there should be a sense of the mysterious in the mind of the describing poet—a feeling of reverential wonder at the beauty or grandeur he would paint (the sources and continuous existence of which he cannot comprehend), still he is not necessarily conscious of this; at all events, he does not necessarily give expression to the feeling, and as he deals with visual phenomena familiar to all, every one can see the power of the poet and the fidelity of his pen, and many would confess it, who had no idea that there might be in his mind something more than a mere perception of the beautiful and sublime: there *might* be or there *might not*. The pleasure we derive from the purely descriptive poetry of Sir Walter Scott depends upon its faithfulness to the real beauties described, and perhaps to that infusion of the imaginative and the romantic, which leave the mind so much to fill up for itself; and though it may be said that his poems, like his stories, owe something of their interest to

the author's love of the *marvellous*, it can hardly be maintained that he deals much with the *mysterious*. Byron, too, one of the most vivid describers of Nature's beautiful and sublime features that can be cited, deals for the most part directly with the known, the visible and tangible, and not with the hidden powers beyond our reach. How did advancing Science affect his genius? Would he have written more or better, had its discoveries been fewer? We can see no reason why. But then we confess we hold mere descriptive poetry to belong decidedly to the lowest class, and it is certainly true that as we rise thence to a higher and a higher, we find ourselves approaching nearer and nearer to a conviction of the fact, that the poetical is largely based on the mysterious. At the same time, the truth is not one that will be always realized; for when we come to dramatic poetry, though now and then (as in the case of Hamlet) the mysteries of life are distinctly recognized, few would call the vivid delineation of fine characters by Shakspeare or Schiller, poetry that dealt directly with the mysterious and unknown. We do not say that this opinion would be strictly correct; for in the play of human affections, in the fluctuation of human feelings, in the inconsistencies of human character, there lies as deep a mystery as can well be found. The life of the spirit is indeed a *hidden* life; but still this mystery is one with which all are so familiar, consciously or unconsciously, that if it is not brought prominently forward by the dramatist, his works are not supposed to depend for their interest and vitality on their reference to things unseen and unsearchable. Nor is it so, indeed, more than incidentally. He may take his observations entirely from without; his instincts may give him free admission into the characters of men, and though nothing is more strange and inexplicable than this intuitive sympathy, the mysterious means by which his knowledge was obtained does not necessarily impress his own mind, nor will it appear upon the face of his productions. Here, then, is poetry dealing with the actual and familiar, rather than with the mysterious and unknown; and yet this is one of the most fruitful spheres of exercise for the divine art, and though really concerned with the deep secrets of human nature, and setting forth the strange varieties of human thought and feeling, purpose and disposition, is, to all appearance, treating of those manifest relations of life which owe their interest, not to our ignorance of the laws of mind which the progress of metaphys-

ical science has in some degree dispelled, and may dispel yet further, but to human sympathies and affections, which never change from age to age. When, therefore, it is said, that the existence of poetry is only compatible with limited knowledge, the statement can by no means receive our assent; for it seems to ignore the fact that half our finest Poets deal with human character familiar to us all, and claim our attention through the universality of those elements of our nature which they clothe in the beautiful garments of their inventive fancy. And what can science do here? It can never explain away the freedom of the human will, can never show us to be systematic pieces of mechanism, who are living voluntary agents, and, accordingly, the portraiture of man, with all his passions and willfulness, his nobleness and sin, his joys and sorrows, his speculative thought and ardent sympathy, will remain forever, and among all people, a subject of deep interest and profound study; and while the poet is penetrating the mysterious veil of the soul by a quick perception and ready experience, he may display his characters so completely in the true light of nature, as to leave no apprehension upon the reader's understanding of the mysteries which he grasps and rules: and though he is really treading in a land, the rise and growth of which he cannot possibly explain, still it cannot be called a land *unknown*, being, as it is, one which he has so carefully and so fully surveyed, though by means which he himself cannot comprehend. And, again, were the theory true that mystery must be the companion or nurse of poetry, the omniscient Creator, the great ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ of the Universe, could claim no such title at all; and indeed, according to some, He is but a wondrous mechanician of surpassing science, who performs His great works by availing Himself of His perfect *knowledge* of the properties which He has Himself *invented*. We, however, are wont to look upon His creations as produced at the same moment, and by the same spontaneous exercise of volition, with which their coherent properties are first conceived. We are wont to regard the Deity as *the great and sublime poet*; for what is the bright vision of this earth's beauty but the glorious realization of His grand imaginative thought? and what are His diviner works—the spirits of heroes and of saints, but the expression of His pure desire and wakeful affection? what the great ideal of humanity himself, but the fullness of the Deity's conception and the offspring of His perfect love? And yet there can be no

mystery with God. Poetry, therefore, which would seem to be, in all its higher phases, the expression of affections through the medium of imagination, *may* concern itself with things intelligible and familiar, that lie immediately *within* the region of experience: it does not necessarily require the aid of mystery; and yet we freely confess, that the noblest strains of man are those in which he rises above the actual and demonstrable to the invisible and unknown.

Now because poetry and mystery are perceived to be often closely bound together, therefore it has been alleged that the ancients only (Homer and Hesiod, e. g.) could indulge their imaginations with full freedom and success;—that they could sing of the dusky air and the pure ether, as we cannot do, who are taught to think of the atmosphere as an elastic fluid, composed for the most part of nitrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of 79 to 21: that Horace or Virgil could celebrate with effect the wandering moon or stormy winds, a task impossible for us to undertake with advantage, who know all about them, since we are able to predict and explain the eclipses of the former and even to describe its interior, and to account for the incursions and changes of the latter by the processes of rarefaction and condensation. But surely if the poet can no longer indulge his fancy upon these themes,—in picturing, e. g., the earth's real shape and limits (now discovered), or in conceiving brilliant theories about the stars, and their relative positions, and modes and periods of revolution, his eye is but opened to a vaster region of the infinite mysteries around him, which the discovery of Nature's secrets but enables him more keenly to discern. The old bards looked on earth and man with eyes unenlightened by the now explored wonders of creation, and the constantly increasing revelations to the wakeful soul, with which our modern poets *must* be familiar. The position from which inspired men of former times looked out upon the world, was certainly one girt closely with thick clouds and dense mists, which we may say have now been swept away; but if these clouds and mists once precluded the possibility of man's perceiving the *law* and *system* of the universe (unfavorable to poetry), of which we of the present day have become conscious, they also must have disabled him from perceiving, or even surmising, the power and grandeur of creation, and the vast infinitude of that realm of mystery beneath which he stood. The region of the unknown being

boundless, the changing of the point of sight of different generations can but alter the quality of their wonder and observations, and leave them still but as insect-spirits on the ocean's verge. Indeed, so far are we from thinking that there is any truth in the idea that there is less room for poetry now than formerly, that we entertain a strong and vivid hope, nay, a lively trust, that the coming ages will give to the world strains of inspiration such as Homer never sung, nor Dante wrote, nor Milton dictated in his most rapt and elevated hour. The more that man discovers thoughtfully, the more does he become conscious of the height, and breadth, and depth of being, through which no eye or penetrating mind can measure the infinitude of Deity. The further the ages bear us, the more light that is poured upon us from the growing past, just so much the more is the mind lifted up by cultivation and refinement, reading, and study, and expanding wisdom, to see the smallness of visible realities, and the immensity of the unsearchable dwelling-place of God. It is assuredly the narrow and material mind that sees in the increase of our learned expositions of the congruities, and consistencies, and possible scheme of created things (and our science is nothing more than this) the encroaching limits of all truth.

Paley, in the utilitarian spirit of his age, could see the revelation of a God only in the recognition of contrivance and the adaptation of means to an end: he did not see that the existence of a supreme mind was still more simply shown by the evidence in creation of that same love of beauty, and order, and general harmony, which is an instinctive property of the human soul. His arguments were framed to answer the *cui bono* question characteristic of his time, and (alas!) of our own also; and in the same spirit it has been reasoned, that according as we can carry our answers to this question further and further into the visible creation, is there less and less scope remaining for the play of the imagination, the materials of the poet becoming rapidly extinct. Now we believe that this view is decidedly false. His themes naturally change their character, but become neither narrower in extent nor of a lower order; on the contrary, we believe that they become continually more and more elevated, and that far from his being deprived of the ground upon which he stands, he is only removed a stage higher in the realm of thought, advanced another step through the daylight of

wisdom, and another step into the dark cloud of unfathomable mystery.

The utilitarian habit of thought is the only real check upon the spirit of poetry in *any* age: had it pervaded Homer's country in his day, no rhapsodist would ever have preserved for us the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*; the fact that little was known then of science, would in no way have assisted the lucubrations of genius when chilled by selfishness and bound down by mean ambition. Wherever is found a love of everything beautiful, and sublime, and pure, and good, for *its own sake*, and not because it is adapted to some rational purpose, and satisfies some definite earthly craving, there the spirit of the poet exists; and he who is inspired to weave the fair web of language into pictures, and arrange the rich notes of sound in the sweet lines of melody, failing not to do, so will find an eager response in many a breast. To our minds the theory we have been combating shows, in the first place, a strange blindness to the relation borne by humanity to the invisible world so vast and so mysterious, and also entirely ignores the action of the Deity upon the soul, which is ever constant, belonging as much to later as to earlier times; for it is by His immediate inspiration, we believe, that the poet, acting ordinarily by the influence of the Deity, though sometimes more peculiarly visited by the divine afflatus, alike with the musician and the religious teacher, and every good and earnest man, expresses himself with rare and signal success. And who shall say that when our scientific research has reached its *ultima Thule* (if the time should ever come), poets shall cease to be, not because the universal Father can no longer inspire men, but because subjects and materials will be wanting for the exercise of such inspiration? In this mechanical, matter-of-fact age of toil and acquisition, beneath the tyranny of material things, we lose sight of the sublime mysteries that encompass all mortal life, overshadowing the present time, and veiling the dim lights that shoot their fitful gleams into the future: and we forget that this must ever be; that the very constitution of finite natures implies the necessity of an ignorance ever during, that can only shift its ground. Let the most practical man in the world reflect for a while upon his powers, origin, and destiny; let him ask himself what his nature is,—how he exists,—whence he came,—and whither he is going,—and in what all his eager pursuits for wealth or comfort, enjoyment or

reputation, will really end? how far his calculations of profit and loss, of to-day's receipts and to-morrow's expenditure, will turn to account, when he feels his spirit throwing off its mortal coil? and he must become conscious that the realities about him, which he holds at so high a value,—contemplated, it may be, under the calm eye of evening, or the serene brow of night,—when earth shrinks into its hollow shell, and eternity presses on the living soul and expands before the upturned gaze,—are as the dust upon the whirlwind,—or the shadows of summer clouds, the most insignificant semblance of things, and no veritable realities at all. While, then, our spirits move through this vast sphere of the unfathomable, and we cannot learn by what means or to what issue our struggling wills, and strange fortunes, and soaring hopes, and deep affections, bear us through the labyrinth of life,—surely the truth contained in the theory that poetry exists only where mystery is found, *corroborates* instead of disproving the fact, that we may look for poets in the present and the future, as well as in the past. So long as the landscapes of earth and the colors of air, the everlasting play of ocean and the serene deeps of the firmament, still retain the eternal traces of majesty or beauty, grace or grandeur, given them by the creative thought of the Almighty, and so long as man,—awake to a lively and grateful perception of these phenomena of the supreme will, can combine with his impression of their glory, the tale of his human experience,—those far deeper interests which concern the soul on its mysterious transit from silence again to silence,—the day of the poet can never wane. Fancy and Imagination have materials enough for whole cycles of centuries; Thought and Faith will always find things new and old to furnish subject for the poet's contemplation; and till Enthusiasm be quenched, and Love grow cold, there will be well-springs—fresh and deep—of poetic inspiration, to carry on the solemn symphony of the ancient world, and fill up the pauses of toil and prayer, with melodious music and sweet praise.

But more than this, as a matter of fact, we ask, is not our modern poetry finer than that of the classic world? With all Homer's beautiful descriptions and rugged power, is his kind of poetry comparable with that of Milton? Or can you place the solemn pictures of *Æschylus* beside the grand and beautiful realities of *Shakspeare*? *Tasso* and *Virgil* may bear comparison, but then their

ages are not so widely sundered. Taste, however, must decide these matters, perhaps, and criticism will then be silenced.

It may be urged, however, against modern poetry, that it is obliged to seek for themes not belonging to it at all, and like the old Dutch painters, shows us the commonest utensils of the home, and the ugliest and oldest forms of human life, and demands our praise because of the skill of the representation. But this is to judge poetry by the eccentricities of poets, or the rhyming propensities of writers who are not poets at all, instead of by the manifest materials at the poet's command, and the capacities of real genius, and the inspirations of God. Because poets will stoop from their own natural sphere, and, having taken up some theory respecting their art, endeavor to prove its soundness, by giving to the world a flood of effusions only fit for the nursery, in which we suppose they find a beauty that none else can see,—we do not recognize in this anything more than a perversion of the poet's aim. Beauty and sublimity are *not* ubiquitous; and if men, whose power it is to present these as they really exist, and draw them into view when they would otherwise escape notice, *will* endeavor to *make* them, or to conceive them present where they do *not* exist, sentimentality or childish prose must be the result. Poetry cannot be written *upon a theory* by the efforts of the will; and wherever the experiment has been tried it has signally failed. But surely because Wordsworth has written much doggerel, and Tennyson not entirely free from affectation, it does not follow that the resources of the poet in the present day are few and unfruitful; those two just named are noble examples to the contrary. For our own parts, putting the drama aside, with the exception of old Chaucer and Spenser, and our great epic poet, we find all our best works to be of strictly modern date. What were Butler, Waller, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Shenstone, or Akenside? Some of them admirable satirists, but hardly poets any of them, though correct metrical writers? Dyer, Gray, Collins, and Thomson claim a higher rank, the first two especially. There must be an enthusiasm, a glow, an affluence of beautiful thought, and fancy, and feeling, to make a poet. Verse-writing and metre-measuring do not constitute the divine work. Prose-writing has often far more true poetry in it than whole volumes of Pope or Dryden. Two qualifications are essential to the poet—fullness of thought, imagination, fancy, feeling;

and freedom of harmonious expression. The putting rhymes together with some taste may be done by almost any lady of leisure as a pastime for the drawing-room. It is quite another thing to conceive and write what shall be true poetry. The conceiving and the expressing faculty, we say, are both requisite. In the highest poets they are wonderfully combined. In prose writers, too, as they are termed, because there is no metrical arrangement of their words and sentences, we often find these combined faculties in great perfection. Many passages, e. g. from Mr. Ruskin's works, are in the highest sense poetical, the most beautiful and choice language being employed to express grand ideas with exquisite imagery. And yet this is called prose, and Hudibras, and the Pleasures of Imagination, and the Essay on Man, poetry. We wish some new classification, and new terms, could be introduced, giving its proper rank to poetical prose, and sinking to its proper level mere metrical composition, animated by no genius of the really poetical cast.

We have heard it maintained that poets may exist without any power of expression whatever: this we hold to be simply a contradiction in terms, because the mastery of language is so essential a part of the poetical faculty, that we include it in our definition of a poet. How is *prose* made poetical, but by the writer's possession of this same talent for giving choice words to his ideas? Many a person, doubtless, has a vague sensitiveness to the beauty, harmony, or sublime character of things around him, or of the human relations in which he stands; and because he can find no words in which to embody this sensitive apprehension, he flatters himself he is a poet without words. Why, if this feeling ceased to be *vague*, grew into a full conception, fed by the fire and genius within, words *would* be found, and according as they were adequate or inadequate to realize the full feeling and thought laboring within, would the poet be deemed able or otherwise. Doubtless these faculties exist in very different proportions in ordinary minds. Of men, equally poetically constituted in thought, imagination, affection, and so forth, some will be able readily to express in suitable language the most commonplace ideas, while others cannot well express the most profound or beautiful. But it *generally* happens, we believe, that the two faculties go together in very equal proportions, so that in the great majority of cases it will prove true, that of any given number of men, he who expresses him-

self in prose or verse with the most facility and beauty, has in other respects the most poetical temperament. If a man be a true poet in power and vividness, and depth and beauty of feeling and conception, we hold that he will not remain obscure, from want of ability to use that mother-tongue which in childhood we find it so easy to acquire. The singular power of Byron to fuse his ideas into language—the very living representative of his thought, is certainly given to few; but when we see writers (like Miss Barrett, now Mrs. Browning, e. g.) to whom feelings, ideas, and imaginations seem much more abundantly supplied than words, still succeeding in giving an expression, albeit not the best, to their thoughts, and showing us their minds in their books, we are not disposed to believe in a hypothetical class of dumb poets. This century, at all events, has had a large share of eloquent speech from many melodious voices. And if our own generation is grown somewhat cold and worldly, still the soul and the voice of the poet have not yet vanished from the midst of us. The real check upon the poetical spirit of an age is the tyranny of mere formal conventionalism, hollow pretence, and mammon-worship, which have somewhat signalized our times, and which our modern prophets are everywhere inveighing against. And certainly while these remain, and the dominant interests of society can be expressed by such names as Hudson and California, the old affections of the human heart seeming to have fled from the world, and to linger only in a few of the toiling and striving Brotherhood of different lands, burning in the Hungarian's and the Roman's breast, and wakening here and there amongst us flashes of the old English fire, we may naturally have cause to fear that poetry should shortly steal away to some planet in the sky, or some island in the distant seas, and refuse to dwell among the calculating phlegmatics of this very civilized world. But in truth we have no fear. The deep human interests of our life can never be lost sight of, and if they were, diviner interests would fill up the void. The trust and aspiration of the religious mind are of perennial growth, and were the lesser perceptions of *fancy*, and the lower themes of earthly joy, all snatched from the poet at once, the diviner element within him would commence a strain that would never be silent more. Inspiration cannot fail till the Deity has either severed our souls from His, or ceased Himself to be.

Look to the facts before us. Let us only

glance at the list of our own modern poets, and mark their number and variety. We need not mention the particular merits of Scott or Byron, of whom we have already spoken, and who are certainly by no means among our best modern poets. But Coleridge has left behind him poems of a spiritual nature worthy of everlasting remembrance, showing, as they do, his consciousness of the mysterious, and his sympathy with the sublime and beautiful, to a degree, and in a manner, that had perhaps never been manifested before. Southey, too, has won a deathless fame. In his *Thalaba* he has given to future generations not merely a singularly vivid picture of oriental life, but a feast for young enthusiasm, and a lesson for Christian faith, that will receive the gratitude of earnest readers to the latest age. Wordsworth, in his *Odes to Duty and Immortality*, in his lines on *Tintern Abbey*, in parts of the *Excursion*, and in many *Sonnets*, has vindicated for all time the right of solemn thought to expression by the melody of numbers. Shelley's inspiration will live and move the soul forever. His brilliant creations, his terrible tragedy, his unrivaled *Adonais*, and his many wonderful effusions of exquisite lyric beauty, can never lose their power to astonish and delight the reader of the English tongue. Keats, too, through his less inspired productions, characterized, however, by their warm glow and rich luxuriance of imagery, is neither dead nor sleepeth. Tennyson stands unequaled for his fine fancy, his delicate perception of the beautiful, his glowing rhapsodies of feeling, his subtle discrimination of the fine shades of difference separating human characters, and his marvelous power of expressing inexpressible thoughts and states of the inmost soul by talismanic words, which, without describing at all, intuitively put the reader in possession of the oft-remembered feeling so strange and inexplicable even to the most ready sympathy. His burning truths, his pathetic melodies, his quaint fancies, his rich and refined coloring, have made his works treasures of rare hope and promise, to a country just bereft of grander genius of a more *masculine* order, in the youthful and unaccompanied Shelley!—and Tennyson is with us still, and one song in his *Princess* (Tears, idle tears!)—proves that he can still truly say,

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath
not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my
fancy yet!"

Kirk White was but in his youth some five and forty years ago, at the time of his premature decay, and had a spirit of rare promise quite in sympathy with our own times. Burns passed away but a short time before him, and long shall Scotland and Great Britain store up and sing his matchless songs. Campbell, by his vigorous writing, his simple ballads, and glowing descriptions, has won a noble fame. Hood has bequeathed to the world a few pathetic verses, and a few sonnets superior, we think, to any in the language. Browning claims an honored notice and true reverence for his deep thoughts, and powerful imagery, and the ease and boldness of his diction. To Procter (Barry Cornwall) we are indebted for songs of great force, and often of great beauty, and dramatic fragments no less remarkable. William Stanley Roscoe has cast upon the lap of time records of his graceful spirit, too divinely sweet, classical, and plaintive, ever to be lost. Leigh Hunt has written various pieces of real merit. Talfourd, from the cold courts of law, has given us *Ion*, with its exceeding grace, and gentle dignity, and that sculpture-like composure peculiar to the Grecian stage: and Cowper, Charles Wesley, Heber, Keble, Montgomery, and Milman, have furnished the Christian church with strains of religious fervor and poetic genius, so moving and melodious,—arrows of the spirit anointed so potently from the tissues of their own conscious being,—that entering, they must deeply thrill the heart of the sinner and the worshiper, so long as sinners and worshipers there shall be to take these inspired words upon their lips.

Living and dead, then, we have a very host of poets of our own age,—the greater and the less,—witnesses indubitable to the falsehood of the theory, that advancing time, as it leads on the march of science, must narrow the realm and lower the rank of the poet.

We might have cited instances innumerable from foreign countries, but surely our own affords a sufficiently ample catalogue. Nor is even this quite complete. Others live to whom we still look for greater and better works than they have yet produced. And across the Atlantic there are writers by whom the title of poet has been fairly earned, and who, using our own language, we are wont to think of as our own. Two at least we may mention,—Bryant, whose compositions are few, but some of them truly graceful, and others evincing power; and the more productive Longfellow, whose harmonious numbers seem sometimes like the wild

airs of an Æolian harp, or broken melodies borne upon the night-wind, or the echoes of some sweet symphony lost floating over crested waves. If his *Evangeline* had been written in any other metre, it might have been an immortal poem; and even as it is, the awkwardness of the metre escapes you as you read, and light and beauty gather round the page. This poem, like many others, exhibits the untraversed regions of song remaining still,—regions absolutely boundless,—where human history is the subject, and all creation the theatre of action, which the poet may deal with as he will.

The name of one venerated man we have omitted from the above list of our modern poets, because we look upon him more as a man of poetic temperament, than as, properly speaking, a poet, although he has written some few lines of real beauty. The friend and frequent host of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Godwin, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, and others of well-known names, with a character more interesting than any, and a genius almost more singular, Charles Lamb claims attention, rather as the author of the *Essays of Elia*, than as the writer of a fragmentary tragedy and a few sonnets. In his own line he can never be surpassed; his wit and humor, his quick and delicate sensibility, his large and overflowing sympathies, the vein of tender pathos that ran through his most beautiful thoughts, said or written,—the mixture of manhood's intellect with childhood's innocence,—the quaint sweetness and ineffable grace that invested his whole character, have given him a position in the literary world, isolated and remarkable; and while we cannot well class him with our poets, we could not pass, without a comment, one so eminently poetical in taste and temperament. And when we turn from his works to his life, this judgment only gains strength. His self-devotion *there* was heroic, and yet calmly veiled; it bore the true ideal stamp; and, beside a selfish, ungenue man like Coleridge, he rises up a phoenix of light and glory, and one true line of some simple verse of his carries more poetic inspiration with it to the reader, than all that Coleridge, in his three volumes, has left behind. Unfortunately for mankind, Lamb's very *failing* connects him with the poet race. For though there have been many bright exceptions, many whom we have mentioned, and others whom we have not, bore or bear the character of men of self-indulgent habits. The many exceptions, especially in latter days, prove the weakness we allude to, to be

not inseparable from poetical genius, which it so sadly blights and mars. Lamb had excuses to which none else can lay claim. One purpose the presence of this weakness seems, at all events, to answer to the outlying world. It draws an almost certain line of severance between those who *may* and those who *may not* be open to the direct inspirations of God. We cannot believe that the Father would *ever* continue *consciously* to breathe high and divine thoughts into the mind that had freely surrendered its own dignity, and yielded up the energy of will to the pressing inclination of the hour. In occasional bursts of sincere repentance He might not withhold His love,—but in cases of *habitual* weakness, we cannot suppose Him to assist with His awakened thought, the native genius He has given. Here He must act only in general laws—at a distance from the poet's mind. Hereby we learn what wonderful resources the mind has, in itself, and in the general laws under which it acts and moves; how the love of beauty can be cultivated, and the imagination enriched, and the feelings of the heart cherished, while still the noblest aid of God is absent. So we may give our truest love, and withhold our truest veneration; for we cannot choose but love all human capacities in themselves attractive,—themselves heavenly gifts; and yet we cannot look without pity and censure upon sin; and self-indulgence in the poet, whether in the grossest form of sensuality, or in the lesser one of intemperance, is not to be excused and smiled away, because passion is strong, or sensation vivid.

And if we turn from Byron or Burns, Coleridge or Campbell, to Shelley or to Wordsworth, or go back to Milton, we find at once that we have entered on a diviner element of being. We think we see in Shelley the direct inspiration of the beautiful, and perhaps that *alone*. He was singularly devoid (as we have noticed in a former article) of that religious reverence which gives harmony to creation and unity to life; but he had a pure and guileless soul, and lived by the light that was in him, though a wandering and mystic life it was. His intellect was peculiar; his character was incomplete; but he was full of noble enthusiasm to serve mankind, and was not given up to sensual indulgences or selfish pleasures; he was a wrong-headed, but pure-hearted man; and the fervor of his indignation at injustice and wrong was expressed (as in his *Adonais*) with a brilliancy and power that we can

think nothing less than inspired. With Wordsworth we are upon firmer ground. Of a contemplative and quiet nature, no one can deny, we think, that his poetical *gifts* (so to designate the natural faculty) are *decidedly*, if not *greatly*, inferior to any of the four poets above mentioned. Had he had the language of Byron, or the sensibility of Burns, or the imagination of either Coleridge or Campbell, his works would, perhaps, be less voluminous than they are, but certainly more inspiring. And had his life been less innocent and holy, unquestionably we should have none of those beautiful passages of elevated sentiment, which he has thrown off, here and there, in a rapt hour of religious musing or prophetic vision. When other poets of this kind arise, with finer powers, and more impassioned soul, walking his round of thought, and cleaving strenuously to his dignity of life, the golden age of poetry will dawn. It may, perhaps, be said, that this is impossible; that the very excellences of the poets we most admire arise from that very constitution of their nature which also works them mischief; but this, we affirm, is a *non sequitur*: that those excellences arise out of a constitution that promises or ensures *temptation*, we may admit, but nothing more; between temptation and habitual sin there is a great gulf fixed, and till we surrender up our deep conviction of man's freedom of will, we will never grant that the greatest poet may not be also a self-restrained, a chaste and temperate man. Genius was given for a great end—the uplifting of the human race toward the sublime perfection of the Unseen,—and we can never believe that God intended it to create the most exquisite delight for the intellect, and leave the moral and spiritual nature unedified and unimproved. The Deity, who is ever teaching us how to turn the forces of nature and the physical powers of man to the most account, cannot regard with complacency the perversion of our noblest mental powers; cannot but desire to see the imagination which conceives the beautiful and sublime, the fancy which lays hold of the finest combinations and the subtlest relations of ideas within or realities without us, and the affections which maintain a perennial flow in the human heart, employed to educate holy feeling, to strengthen moral principle, and lift up man to the true appreciation of his natural worth and his immortal destiny. If religion is to be an agency of good in the world at all, it must be turned into every channel of

powerful influence, and there is none broader or deeper than that of poetry.

That Poetry will become a noble channel of religious influence we firmly believe; that it is becoming so already, we have more than one proof before us, albeit only advances toward that which shall be. Some of these are the volumes cited at the head of this article, and first, "The Saint's Tragedy," by Mr. Kingsley, a cleryman of the Church of England. It forms, perhaps, the most valuable addition to our dramatic poetry that it has received for many years. We are aware, however, that this is not saying much in its praise, for, with the exception of Coleridge's translations from Schiller, and his fine tragedy of "Remorse," Shelley's "Cenci," and the dramas of Byron, Mr. Justice Talfourd's "Ion," and a few plays of some merit by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, there has been no dramatic production of any kind in our times claiming the attention of the literary student. For even the "Lady of Lyons," perhaps one of the best of Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton's writings, and remarkable for its dramatic effect, is rather interesting on the stage than valuable in the library. "The Saint's Tragedy" is a work of quite another character; and by its very nature, its length, its class of incidents, the serious thought and deep feeling scattered through its pages, is quite unsuited, as it was evidently undesigned, for public representation. We mean, of course, by this no disparagement to theatrical performances; we are grateful to all who endeavor to raise the moral influence and dignity of the stage, for we are disposed to believe that it might be made a powerful instrument for educating and refining the public taste; but it will at once be confessed that the aspirations of religion are too sacred to be shouted into the public ear: for ourselves we must say that even where these are not approached, words are sometimes uttered on the stage that it is painful to hear there; not because they are not noble and beautiful expressions of what the mind thinks or the heart feels, but because they are concerned with thoughts and emotions whose natural privacy should never be violated. This feeling may arise from the English reserve under which we are educated, but still it must carry some weight with it, belonging as it does to the most cultivated and refined.

Mr. Kingsley's tragedy is the deeply interesting drama of a religious life.* Though

our concern now is with it only as a *poem*, we may fairly give an opinion upon the characters, which seem to us admirably conceived and sustained: they prove that the author has not studied in vain either human nature in general, or the times and persons of which he writes in particular. The character of Elizabeth, Princess of Hungary and Landgravine of Thuringia—the subject of the piece—the saint of the Tragedy—is an historical character powerfully portrayed, and undoubtedly, we think, the masterpiece of the drama. Her fervid enthusiasm, her dominant piety, her uncontrollable benevolence, her fearless simplicity, and, more than all, perhaps, her strong human affection, are brought out with a vividness, force, and beauty, that could scarcely be surpassed. Her story, as here presented, contains a noble lesson on the right of natural instincts to dictate its duties to the human soul, and further reveals our nature to us with such a fearless truthfulness, that prudery might well study it, and blush to confess its own weakness and unhealthy thoughts. The character of Lewis, too, simple, affectionate, and easily moulded,—that of Conrad, stern, ambitious, prejudiced, devoted,—and that of Walter of Varila, a man of strong sense and noble nature, but (as it is expressed in the Introduction) "exhibiting the healthy animalism of the Teutonic mind," rather than any more spiritual feature,—all seem to us true types of character, carefully and powerfully drawn.

To these characters, and the simple air of reality pervading the history, and to the well-chosen language, the play owes its interest, for it is quite devoid of intrigue, there is no *plot* or counterplot, it has the even flow of a sad, powerfully-depicted drama of unvarnished human life.

We regret that the tragedy did not close with the fourth act. After the death of Elizabeth all interest is gone: and as no material end seems to be gained by the arrangement of the later acts, as the action of the play, after the close of the second act, is not marked by any obvious division, these four might have been extended into the legitimate five, or contracted into the allowable three, without adding to or taking from the poem, or breaking the continuity of the several parts. In regard to the rhythm, it seems to us a mistake to have introduced several varieties of metre. Besides the prevailing blank verse, there are Alexandrines used (as in pages 145-6), and also those still longer lines which Tennyson, with the additional use

* We recommend to the notice of our readers the admirable Preface by Professor Maurice.

of rhyme, has employed with so much effect in his "Locksley Hall;" there is an example of this in page 69. In pages 128-9, an irregular metre like that of an ode is employed with rhyme;—it might, however, be intended for a song. There are several songs of more or less beauty scattered through the play; those in pages 73 and 103 are particularly worthy of notice; the proem, too, is spirited. We must give a specimen or two of the poetry. Here is the speech of Lewis when informed of the love of Elizabeth, with whom he had been familiar, and to whom he had been betrothed from his youth, and who for want of his protection is suffering repeated insults from the courtiers:—

"*Lewis.* Loves me! Henceforth let no man,
peering down
Through the dim glittering mine of future years,
Say to himself, 'Too much! this cannot be!'
To-day, and custom, wall up our horizon:
Before the hourly miracle of life
Blindfold we stand, and sigh, as though God
were not.
I've wandered in the mountains, mist bewilder'd,
And now a breeze comes, and the veil is lifted,
And priceless flowers, o'er which I trod unheeding,
Gleam ready for my grasp. She loves me, then!
She who to me was as a nightingale
That sings in magic gardens, rock-beleaguered,
To passing angels melancholy music—
Whose dark eyes hung, like far-off evening
stars,
Through rosy-cushion'd windows coldly shining
Down from the cloud-world of her unknown
fancy—
She for whom holiest touch of holiest knight
Seemed all too gross—who might have been a
saint,
And accompanied with angels—thus to pluck
The spotless rose of her own maidenhood
To give it unto me!"—Act I. Scene 2, p. 54.

Here is the exclamation of Elizabeth, when she hears of this avowal:—

"*Elizabeth.* Tell him—tell him—God!
Have I grown mad, or a child within the
moment!
The earth has lost her gray, sad hue, and blazes
With her old life-light; hark! yon wind's a
song—
Those clouds are angels' robes. That fiery
west
Is paved with smiling faces. I am a woman,
And all things bid me love: my dignity
Is thus to cast my virgin pride away,
And find my strength in weakness."

Act I. Scene 3, p. 61.

Here is a fine passage from Act II. Scene 3, p. 76—

"*Eliz.* Oh! contemplation palls upon the
spirit,
Like the chill silence of an autumn sun:
While action, like the roaring south-west wind,
Sweeps laden with elixirs, with rich draughts
Quickening the wombed earth.

Gula. And yet what bliss,
When, dying in the darkness of God's light,
The soul can pierce these blinding webs of
nature,
And float up to the nothing, which is all things—
The ground of being where self-forgetful silence
Is emptiness—emptiness fullness—fullness God—
Till we touch Him, and like a snow-flake melt
Upon His light-sphere's keen circumference!"

With the two following lines, beautifully descriptive of winter, we must reluctantly close our notice of this very interesting little volume, returning Mr. Kingsley our sincere thanks, and expressing the hope that he may not leave us long without another occasion for drawing attention to his great merits.

"*Eliz.* The storms are still.
Beneath her eider robe the patient earth
Watches in silence for the sun: we'll sit
And gaze up with her at the changeless heaven,
Until this tyranny be overpast."

Act III. Scene 3, p. 162.

Mr. Trench's story of Justin Martyr is a short poem of great merit. It is too long to give in full, and we should be afraid to spoil its unity and charm by quoting a part of it, when it is all so well worth perusal. The truth of the feeling, the beauty of the language, and the deep spiritual meaning it contains, all claim for it a high place among the poems of the present day. It belongs to the highest kind of poetry, and is, in truth, of a rare quality. Unfortunately, it stands alone in the volume; no other poem having by any means equal merit. Mr. Trench belongs to Wordsworth's school of poetry, and has fallen into the same error of publishing too much. He gives us indirectly to understand in some pleasing lines which close the volume, that he does not write for fame, but for a sacred influence. We believe, however, it is a mistake to suppose that religious feeling or thought will influence through poetry, merely as metrical composition, when of an indifferent or third-rate description. Poetry is not read by every one; only by those who would throw aside at once serious poetry, not inspired either by the glow of enthusiasm, or the hues of fancy, or the pictures of imagination. Such a simple story as that of Honor Neale would tell much better.

prose. As a tract it might be useful, especially among the poor. Here Mr. Trench, whose view of things is always spiritual, follows Wordsworth too closely: but what has not inspired himself is not likely to inspire another. "The Monk and Bird," and "A Walk in the Church-yard," contain beautiful verses well worth perusal: they exhibit at once the style of the author's writing, and the religious aspect in which fiction or truth alike strike upon his serious mind.* Among the many sonnets we would refer the reader to five addressed to a lady singing (p. 136-9), and two upon the perception of beauty everywhere (p. 142-3), containing some of Mr. Trench's best thoughts, expressed in his best language. The two last verses of an Ode to Sleep are beautifully descriptive (vid. p. 152-3). At the close of the volume, where the verses are exclusively religious, the author seems to us most at home (see especially p. 260-3). There are some beautiful verses in the Day of Death, to which we would particularly direct attention (p. 264). As a specimen of Mr. Trench's descriptive power and spiritual application, we select the following sonnet:—

"THE HERRING-FISHERS OF LOCHFVNE.

"Deem not these fishers idle, though by day
You hear the snatches of their lazy song,
And see them listlessly the sunlight long
Strew the curved beach of this indented bay:
So deem'd I, till I view'd their trim array
Of boats last night,—a busy armament,
With sails as dark as ever Theseus bent
Upon his fatal rigging,—take their way.
Rising betimes, I could not choose but look
For their return, and when along the lake
The morning mists were curling, saw them make
Homeward, returning toward their quiet nook,
With draggled nets down hanging to the tide,
Weary, and leaning o'er their vessels' side."

P. 68.

The same serious spirit, the same sense of mystery, the same vivid consciousness of the Unseen in which we live and move—which characterizes the poetry of Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Trench—appear in the little volume called "Ambarvalia." Mr. Clough's poems are generally more remarkable for spiritual than for poetical thought: his language is often stiff, and his ideas obscure and involved, which makes it difficult to arrive at his meaning. He is too fond of alliteration, e. g. these

* We cannot understand why Mr. Trench always uses the word spiritual as one of two syllables, where the metre is constantly broken by its introduction: of this there are numberless examples.

phrases occur—"mortal moral strife," "sure assured," "seem to see," "dare not dare," "wills thy will," "priceless prize," "dreamier dreams," "bloomiest bloom," "primal prime,"—and are certainly awkward and unpoetical. The first poem we like much: it expresses well that mystery in which the mind gets entangled, in endeavoring to solve the difficulties which press upon the thoughtful. "Qui laborat orat" (p. 18) contains a true and noble thought, and reveals (as do all this writer's lines) a lowly yet manly and aspiring soul. He has more concentration of thought and expression than Mr. Trench, more metaphysical subtlety, but less of the poetical temperament. There are some fine verses under the title "When Israel came out of Egypt" (p. 23). The most poetical piece of all we think is the "Silver Wedding" (p. 28), celebrated in Germany when a couple have been married five-and-twenty years;—there is true poetical and deep human feeling in it, doing justice to our highest nature: it is too long to quote here. "Qua cursum ventus" (p. 50), lines suggested by a common experience of life, is forcible and earnest as well as beautiful; it is the only specimen we have space for in this short notice of Mr. Clough's miscellaneous effusions, where, it must be candidly allowed, that a want of taste is sometimes discernible:—

"As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er, that early parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze! O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!"

We should say that Mr. Burbidge (to repeat an expression already frequently used for want of a better) had a more decidedly poetical temperament than Mr. Clough: his lines throughout flow more easily, and there is more fancy and imagination, and less metaphysical thought in his poems. We like his opening lines upon Florence, and others further on in the volume (p. 95 and 116), suggested also in that city, when walking in the Boboli gardens. The following lines entitled "Portraiture" (p. 71) we think must be admired:—

"With pain her gloomy eyes did she uplift,
That woman old; with many a tempest torn,
Of sins and sorrows spent ere we were born,
Her sallow brow appeared, o'er which a drift
Of massive snow-white hair lay dead and still,
Or flew across, by fits, without her will.

There stood before her the inquiring child:
On the frail lids of his uncentred eyes
Lay no weight heavier than a light surprise;
His tresses soft, like silver undefiled,
Hung on his sunbright face, or in a (floating) wreath
Clouding his lips, moved mildly with his breath.

A rock long-bearded with cold weeds marine,
In whose wet womb the ocean-creatures sleep,
Should it uplift its scalp above the deep,
Were likeliest to that hellish Woman seen;
But he a Lily stood, caressed by eve,
And which the morning mists are loth to leave."

The verses next following, p. 72-79, have all more or less beauty in them. Those headed "Aspiration" are in the finest style of serious thought, in Mr. Clough's manner, with more simplicity of diction than he generally employs, although we do not comprehend the fifth verse. We should like to know what Mr. Burbidge would express by "the crystal wall." He assumes rather a

free poetical license (in p. 81), where he uses or rather *coins* the word "promont" for promontory—

"As I upon a promont of creation,
Where it o'jects the inexistent void
Had stood to gaze," &c.

This is not like Mr. Burbidge's usual style of writing, and ought to be avoided. Some lines entitled "I would" (p. 87) are well worth perusal for the beauty of the sentiment expressed in them. From among many sweet verses, and some beautiful sonnets, animated by a lofty religious spirit, we can only further select the following specimens of Mr. Burbidge's poetical powers (Sonnet, No. XIV. p. 143; and No. VII. p. 154), to close our review:—

"Searching the skyey depths all night in vain,
The starry seer hath known this mystery—
That the sky orb, which over half the sky
Had balked his chase and mocked his utmost pain,
Oft (haply while the daylight poured amain
Into the empty concave of the night)
Has slipped into his glass, as clear to sight
As the one Tree that stars a glassy plain.
So is it known that some secretive Truth
Which Thought and Patience strove in vain to find,
Just when Despair and Doubt were swallowing all,
Hath dropped into the heart without a call,
Conspicuous as a Fire, and sweet as Youth,
An everlasting stronghold to the mind."

"Lord, I will take no comfort but of Thee.
I had an earthly plant—a pleasant vine,
From whose dear grapes I pressed delightful wine,
That made my heart as merry as could be.
Thine anger hath cut down that cheerful tree;
Or, at the least (for yet I but divine),
Thou hast cut off its joyful fruit from me,
And made its precious shade no longer mine.
Shall I, then, murmur? If my road henceforth
Lies hot before me, wearisome and bare,
And no green garland, twined among my hair,
Will guard, as it was wont, my tortured eyes,
What then? The sweeter after this stripped earth
Will be the shady rest of Paradise."

SONNET ON THE WATER-LILY.

Oh! thou white nymph, that gracefully dost float
Upon the waters with thy snowy nest,
And art content within thy lovely boat,
Pleas'd, tho' unseen, from morn till eve to rest,
Thou seem'st a fit abode for fairies' haunt,
Calling to mind the days of old Romaunt;
Thy pearly petals, leaves, and calyx green,
And stamens spangled as with golden sheen.

VOL. XX. NO. II.

Like mermaid seen by ancient mariners,
Thy comely parts above the waves appear:
When Harvest's golden ears are ripening round,
In cool sequestered waters thou art found;
For God, who gemm'd with stars the radiant sky,
Plac'd on the stream thy flowers, our thoughts to
raise on high!

From Fraser's Magazine.

MARY FENWICK, OR THE ALIBI.

It was one of those bright and beautiful April mornings which nature sometimes throws in upon our eastern shores, as if in compensation for months of fog and fickleness, that I awoke from the uneasy slumbers of a mail-coach passenger, just in time to drink in, at eye, ear, and nose, the brilliant sparkle, enlivening dash, and invigorating odor of my native waves, as they leaped up in exulting fondness to kiss the rocky barrier which Scotland opposes to the fury of the German Ocean. I was, ere long, to pass a barrier of a different description, (now, happily, a modern one), between two sister nations; or, in plain English, to enter the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, a few miles beyond which, on the southern side of the border, business obliged me to proceed.

At the inn-door, where we stopped to change horses, in this capital of "no man's land," whose inhabitants assert their anomalous independence by speaking a dialect which they take care shall be neither Scotch nor English—I also exchanged, for the brief remainder of my journey, a taciturn, common-place sort of a fellow-passenger, from whose wooden physiognomy I never dreamt of extracting anything, for one from whose modest, yet speaking countenance, and the interest she evidently excited in the few who were astir at that early hour, it was impossible to avoid auguring a great deal.

The coach-door was opened, and with swimming eye, flushed cheek, and silver hair blowing about in the morning wind, a venerable-looking old man took leave, with more than parental tenderness, of a simply-dressed, yet genteel-looking young woman; who, returning his tremulous "God bless and reward you!" with an almost filial farewell, drew over her face a thick black veil, and sat down opposite to me.

I never felt more inclined, and at the same time at a loss, to open a conversation. To intrude on female sorrow is unjustifiable. That of my new companion seemed of a gentle, subdued sort, arising more from sympathy for others, than personal causes; and,

ere long, putting back her veil with the reviving cheerfulness of one whose heart is lightened of an unmerited burden, she looked calmly out on the fresh morning aspect of nature, (so in unison with her own pure and innocent countenance), and said, in the tone of one breathing at length from the pressure of painful thoughts, "How beautiful everything does look this fine spring morning!"

"It does, indeed," said I, struck with the confiding *naïveté* of this involuntary remark; "and I suppose you are the more sensible of it from being a young traveler." Her only answer was one of those quiet, intelligent smiles which admit of various translations, and which I chose to construe into assent. Coupling the remark with the circumstance of her only luggage being a small band-box, I set her down for a farmer's daughter of the neighborhood; and added, "I suppose, like myself, you are not going far?"

"I am going to London, sir," said she with a tone of calm self-possession, as if such a journey had been to her a daily occurrence; and so indeed it was, not metaphorically, but literally.

"To London!" repeated I, with more surprise than I could well account for. "Were you ever there before?" "Oh yes!" was the reply, rendered more piquant by its singular composure. "I came from seventy miles beyond it the day before yesterday."

It would be quite superfluous to say that my curiosity was excessively excited by this unexpected answer; and I dare say my readers will set me down (as I did myself when it was too late) as a very stupid fellow for not having the dexterity to gratify it.

But my companion, as if ashamed of having so far committed herself to a stranger, and rather a *young* gentleman, (though I have a wife and five children written upon my face, I believe, pretty legibly), sat back in the coach, and answered one or two indifferent questions with that laconic gentleness which is infinitely more discouraging than sullen silence. I felt I had not the smallest right to ask in direct terms, "My dear,

what could make you travel seven hundred miles for one day?" and as I saw she had not the least mind to tell me, I really must plead guilty to the weakness of being ashamed to use the advantage my station and knowledge of the world gave me, to worm out a secret; which, from a silent tear that I saw trickling down behind her veil, I guessed must be fraught with more of pain than pleasure.

The struggle between my curiosity and better feelings was still going on, when the arrival of the coach near my friend's gate gave to the latter an involuntary, and not very meritorious triumph. Now that all idea of intrusion was at an end, I could venture upon kindness, and I said, (I am sure in honest sincerity), "The idea of your going such a long journey by yourself, or with chance company, grieves me. Can I be of any use in recommending you to the protection of the guard, or otherwise?"

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times," said she, raising for the first time a pair of mild, innocent eyes to my face; "but He who put it in my mind to come, and blessed the purpose of my journey, can carry me safe back again; and I should be silly indeed to mind going a few hundred miles by land, when, trusting to him, I am about to sail to the other end of the world. I am much obliged to you, sir, I am sure, though," said she again; and if we had been destined to go another stage together, I should certainly have known all.

Time, however, on all occasions despotic, is inexorable when armed with a mail-coach horn. I could only shake hands with the gentle being I left behind me, slip a crown into the guard's palm to look well after her (which I was glad to find he took as a tacit affront), and turn my thoughts, by a strong effort, to my Northumbrian friend's affairs.

These occupied me fully and disagreeably all the morning; and early in the afternoon I was forced to run away from my friend's old claret, and older stories (for I had shot snipes on his lands with my first gun some twenty years before), to fulfill an engagement in Edinburgh early on the following day.

I compounded for this outrage on the old gentleman's hospitality, by accepting his carriage to convey me back to Berwick in time for a coach, which I knew would start from thence for the north in the course of the evening; and no sooner did I find myself once more at the door of the King's Arms,

than the circumstance brought full on my memory the romantic occurrence which had been, for the last few hours, eclipsed behind a mass of dusty law papers, and the portly persons of a brace of hard-featured and harsh-toned Northumbrian attorneys.

I found myself a few minutes too early; and as I stood on the steps, shivering in the cold evening breeze, and pondering on the vicissitudes of a northern April day, I could not help asking the landlord (a civil, old-fashioned Boniface), "Pray, sir, do you know anything of the history of that nice, decent-looking young woman who started from your house with me this morning for London?"

"Know, sir!" said he, as if in compassion for my ignorance. "Ay, that I do! and so does all Berwick, and it would be well if all England and Scotland knew it too. If ever there was a kind heart and a pretty face in Berwick bounds, it's surely Mary Fenwick's!"

"It's rather a long story though, sir, and the horses are just coming round; but I'm thinking there is one goes with you as far as Haddington, that won't want pressing to give you the outs and ins on't." So saying, he pointed to a stout grazier-looking personage, in a thick great-coat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance and manly, yeoman-like bearing, might have been own brother to Dandie Dinmont himself. "This gentleman," said the landlord, with a respectful glance at myself, and a familiar nod to the Borderer (a substantial wool-stapler in Berwick, but passing in quest of his pastoral commodity half his life among the neighboring farms), "wishes to hear all about Mary Fenwick. You've known her from the egg, I may say; and been in court yourself on the trial yesterday; so you'll be able to give it him to his heart's content."

The last words were drowned in the rattle of the advancing coach—in jumped I, and in clambered the Borderer; reconciled to the durance of an inside berth by the sharp east wind, and the pleasure of talking of Mary Fenwick.

Having explained, for the sake of propriety, that my interest in the damsel arose from the singular circumstance of one so young, and apparently inexperienced, traveling above six hundred miles, to pass one day in Berwick, my portly *vis-à-vis* civilly begged my pardon, and assured me that no one there felt the least uneasiness on the score of Mary's journey. "There's a blessing on her errand, sir, and that the very stones on the road know; and, besides, she's

so staid and sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's as fit to go through the world as her grandmother."

To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened to it with all the more satisfaction for the hint she had thrown out, as if of regret, for not having told me herself. "Does she belong to this place," asked I, "that you seem to know her so well?"

"Yes, sir; born and bred in Berwick bounds. She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town, and just what a farmer's daughter should be. Her mother, a clever notable woman, taught her to bake and brew, and knit and sew; in short, everything that many girls in her station are now too fine to do. They think these good old-fashioned things make them ungentle, but they never made Mary Fenwick so; for I am sure, sir, but for her suitable dress and simple manner, you might have taken her for a lady.

"Well! Mary came often in her father's little cart to market, to sell her butter and eggs (we've a great trade in eggs here, you know, sir); and, somehow or other, she fell in with a young man of our town, a merchant's clerk, who was taken with her good looks, and cared for very little else. His old father, however (the old man who put Mary in the coach this morning), made many inquiries about his son's sweetheart; and as he heard nothing but good of her, he had the sense to see, that though one of a large hard-working family, she would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle, thoughtless son, if anything would.

"And very idle and extravagant he was, sir! The only son of people well to do in the world, and a good deal spoilt from a child, he neglected his business whenever he could, and loved dress, and horse-racing, and all that, far too well. But he really loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that she would not so much as listen to him while all this went on, than he quite left off all his wild courses, and became a new man, to gain her favor.

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been brought up very piously, and had a horror for everything evil. But Dick Mansel was very clever as well as handsome; and when he pleased, could make one believe anything; and really, to give him his due, as long as he had any doubts of Mary's love, no saint could behave better. At last, however, he fairly gained her innocent heart; though

I believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's constant praises of himself, and doating fondness for Mary, as his own winning ways.

"When he saw she loved him, and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way, he wanted to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented, for it was a capital match for a portionless girl. But Mary said, 'Richard, you have kept free of cards, and dice, and folly, one half year, to gain your own wishes; let me see you do it another to make my mind easy, and then I'll trust you till death divides us.' Dick stormed, and got into a passion, and swore she did not love him; but she answered, 'It is just because I do, that I wish to give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine. Surely it is no hardship to be, for six months, what you intend to be all the rest of your life?'

"Richard was forced to submit; and for three of the six months behaved better than ever. But habit, as Mary said, is everything; and his had for years set the wrong way. With the summer came fairs, and idleness, and junketings, and, worst of all, races, into the neighborhood. Dick first staid away with a bad grace; then went, just to show how well he could behave; and ended by losing his money, and getting into scrapes, just as bad as ever.

"For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow; and feared Mary would never forgive him. But when she did so, sweet, gentle soul! once or twice (though her pale face was reproach enough to any man), he began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her pensiveness. Mary was twenty times near giving him up; but his parents hung about her, and told her she could only save him from perdition; and, in truth, she thought so herself; and this, joined to her love for him, which was all the deeper for its slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his.

"It is not to be told how much she bore of idleness, extravagance, and folly—for vice was never, as yet, laid to his door—in the hopes that when these wild days were past, Richard would settle again into a sober man of business. At last, however, to crown all, there came players to the town; and Dick was not to be kept either from before or behind the curtain. He fell in with a gay madam of an actress, very showy, to be sure, but no more to be compared with Mary Fenwick, than a flaring crockery-jug to my best china punch-bowl. She persuaded him that, to

marry a farmer's daughter, was quite beneath him; and, to be kept in awe by her, more contemptible still. So, to make a long story short, sir, Dick, after trying in vain to force his poor heart-broken Mary to give him up (that he might lay his ruin at her door), had the cruelty to tell her one night, as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his own sick mother, that he saw she was not a fit match for him, either in birth or breeding; and that if ever he married, it should be to a wife of more liberal ways of thinking!

"He had been drinking a good deal, it is true, and was put up to this base conduct by his stage favorite; but when he found, that instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary only stood pale, and shaking, and kept saying, 'Poor Richard! poor, poor Richard!' he grew sobered, and would fain have softened matters a little. But she summoned all her strength, and ran till she came to her father's gate; and two days after, when the old Mansels drove out in their post-chaise, to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more upon his trial, Mary was off—her parents would not tell whither."

"And where did she go?" asked I, for the first time venturing to interrupt the honest Berwick's *con amore* narration.

"It came out, sir, afterward, that an uncle in London had formerly invited her to come up and visit him; and now, that her engagement was so sadly broken off, she told her parents it would save her much misery to leave home for a while, and even go to service, to keep out of the way till Dick Mansel should be married,—'*Or hanged!*' cried her father, in his passion, (as he afterward acknowledged), little thinking how near it was being the case. There was a salmon-smack lying in the river just then, whose master was Mary's cousin; so she slipped quietly on board in the dark, and got safely to London."

"How long was this ago?" said I. "Oh! about five or six months, perhaps: let me see, it was in October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary staid but a short time at her uncle's, as idleness was a thing she never liked; but through his wife (who had been housekeeper to a nobleman), she got a delightful place in the same family, as upper nursery-maid; which her gentle manners, steady temper, and long experience in her father's family, made her every way fit for."

"She had not been long with them, when Lord S—— was appointed to a government in

the Indies; and as he resolved to take out some of his younger children, nothing would serve Lady S——, but Mary must go with them. They were grown so fond of her, that her cares on the voyage would be worth gold; and then her staid, sober, dignified ways made her a perfect treasure in a country where, I understand, girls' heads are apt to be turned. Lady S—— knew her story, and thought it recommendation enough; so her parents were written to, half Mary's ample wages secured them by her desire, and she went down to the sea-side to be in the way to embark at the last moment, when all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage was over."

"So this explains a hint she threw out about going to the world's end!" said I.

"Yes, sir; she would have been half way there already, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind, to save Dick Mansel's life." "His life! poor wretch!" said I. "Did he take to worse courses still?" "Pretty bad, sir; but not quite so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can."

"There came about Berwick, now and then, a scamp of a fellow, whom everybody knew to be a gambler and a cheat; and whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Mansel would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money of Richard both on the turf and at the card-table. They had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared; and Jack Osborne went away as he came, with none the wiser."

"But about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and, good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations, who began to think it worth while to inquire into it. The last person in whose company he had been seen, in our town, was certainly Dick Mansel; who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his old comrade. But Dick's own character by this time was grown very notorious; and though no one here, from respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion, Jack Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in insinuating that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisting on an inquiry."

"In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out: a pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, were found in Dick's possession; and a story, of his having received them in part payment of some gambling debt, was of course very little, if

at all, believed. There were plenty of people who could depose, that on the 23d of October, at a tavern dinner, the two had quarreled, and had high words; though they were afterward seen to go out separately, and seemingly good friends.

"The next step in evidence was, two people having returned late that evening, and on passing a little stunted thicket, about half a mile from town, hearing something like groans and cries; which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused the place to be searched; and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all Berwick, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne; his clothes, from the dry nature of the ground, quite in good preservation.

"Things began now to put on a face terribly serious for Dick Mansel; especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir!) that he had met Dick—or some one so like him, that he had no doubt of its being him—on the road to that very spot, just before the hour when the groans were heard; and that on being addressed by his name, he passed on, and gave no answer.

"Between the quarrel, and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body, and, above all, the evidence of this man, a complete case was made out for a jury, and there were many things besides to give it color; especially poor Dick's own reckless habits, and his evident confusion when first asked what he had been doing on the evening of the 23d of October. To those who saw his conscience-stricken look, when taken by surprise, and his angry defiance afterward, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt.

"Dick was committed for trial; and, oh! sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty curly-haired child, and then a manly, spirited boy! His behavior in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen; and he seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty, as most did; but on his poor father (who never would credit it) urging him to think, for the sake of his gray hairs, whether some means of proving his innocence might not yet be found, he at length said, though it seemed wrung from him by his parents' distress, 'There's one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge, (but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she's left England)

and that's Mary Fenwick! This is a judgment on me, father, for my usage of the girl!'

"The agonized parents lost not a moment in writing to Mary the most pathetic letter broken heart ever penned. They feared she would have sailed. But it pleased God otherwise; and though the wind that first kept them had changed, they were detained one week longer for reasons of state. Mary carried the letter to her good mistress, and told her all.

"She readily got leave for the journey, and was offered a fellow-servant to take care of her; but she was steadfast in declining it. 'I would wish no unnecessary witness of poor Richard's shame and his parents' sorrow, my lady,' said she; 'and God will protect one who is going to return good for evil.'

"There was not a moment to be lost, to let Mary appear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time; so into the mail she stepped, and arrived here as soon as a letter could have done. When they saw her, the poor old Mansels almost fainted for joy. They kissed and wept over her, as they had done many a time when their son's wildness grieved her gentle spirit; but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to save their gray hairs from despair and disgrace.

"They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard; but she said mildly, 'We have both need of our strength for tomorrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him; and pray that it may not be from danger in *this world* alone.'

"She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay her innocent head down once more on her mother's bosom, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial (and hard it was to one so modest and retiring) of appearing in court before her whole towns-people on so melancholy an occasion.

"She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends, till she should be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into; and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so desperately against poor Dick, that the crown counsel—a rather flippant young man—said, 'This is a hollow case, you will see, my lord. Nothing short of an *alibi* can bring him off.'

"And that shall be proved immediately, my lord," replied—very unexpectedly—some of the prisoner's friends. 'We have a witness here come more than three hundred miles for the purpose;' and Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box. The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say, sir, he wished to find her testimony false; but lawyers have a frightful pride in showing their ingenuity; and he did not quite like his 'hollow case' to be overturned. At all events, his manner was anything but encouraging to a poor frightened girl; but he little knew that Mary could be firm as a rock where duty was concerned.

"On being desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply averred, in as few words as possible, that Richard Mansel could not have been in Overton wood at the hour assigned for the murder of Jack Osborne; as he was at that very time with her, on the road to S—— farm, exactly on the other side of the town.

"Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear!" said the counsel, flippantly; 'but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence on that account.' 'I am sure they ought,' said Mary, in a tone of deep and solemn sincerity, which dashed the lawyer a good deal. 'But,' said he, recovering himself, 'Richard Mansel met you, you say, on the road to S——, at a little after the hour of nine, on a certain evening. Pray what reason may you have for remembering the hour?'

"Because I had staid to give his mother her nine o'clock draught before I left town; and because, just as I got to my father's gate, the church clock struck ten.'

"Very accurate! And pray what leads you to be so positive as to the day?" 'Because the very next evening I sailed for London in a smack, whose sailing day is always on a Friday, and Thursday must have been the 23d.'

"Very logical indeed! And now, my dear, to come more to the point, how come

you to remember this meeting itself so very particularly? It was not the first, I dare say.' 'No, sir,' said Mary, her paleness giving way to a flush of insulted dignity; 'but it was the last! I remember it, because we were engaged to be married; and on that very night (and I bless God it was no other) Richard Mansel told me, and not very kindly, I was not a fit wife for him; and all that had been going on between us so long was forever at an end! I have a right to remember this, sir, I think.'

"Mary had made, to muster strength and utterance for this testimony, all the exertion nature would permit. She fell back, fainting, into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran through the court.

"This is an *alibi*, with a witness?" said an old shrewd barrister. 'Tis not likely a discarded sweetheart would come six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like this!' In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the jury a housewife, or pocket-book, whose few leaves of simple memorandums contained, (evidently written down at the moment, and dotted with a still discernible tear), 'Oct. 23d—this day, parted forever in this world with poor Richard Mansel. God grant we may meet in the next.'

"And did they meet again in this world, sir?" said I, when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes. "No, sir: Mary felt it was better otherwise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter, though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving, since he has lost Mary. Poor devil! we'll see if this great escape will sober him!"

Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Dunbar were now in view. I have since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and a wiser man than they ever expected him to be; and Mary is married, in India, to a young chaplain, up the country, to whom Lord S—— has promised a living in her own native north, on his return to Britain.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GOLDSMITH'S WRITINGS.

FROM the character of the man, we turn to the character of the author—from the life to the works of Goldsmith. What we said of the well-known events of his career would apply equally to his writings; it would be a tedious and superfluous office to pass in formal review performances so familiar, and which appear to be as justly appreciated as they are widely circulated. All that we propose doing, is to add a few miscellaneous observations, hints, and fragments of criticism, which may be interesting to those who like to examine also, as well as to admire. For these we could find no space in our previous Number: we throw them together here in the best order their miscellaneous nature permits.

In the *Citizen of the World*, Goldsmith tells us of a man who earned his livelihood by making wonders—curiosities of nature or of art—and exhibiting them to the world. "His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a wax-work figure, behind a glass-door at a puppet-show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself." This would be no bad illustration of what his critics have often pointed out as Goldsmith's own proceeding in the manufacture of his literary wonders and curiosities. When he wanted a fictitious character for his novel, or his play, he sat himself down behind the glass door, with some copper crown, or other slight disguise upon his head, and all the world confessed that it "looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself!"

His Good-natured Man, in the comedy of that name; Young Marlow in *She Stoops to Conquer*, the Philosopher Vagabond, the Man in Black, and others that could be named, are all Goldsmith sitting behind the glass door. There is a strong personal resemblance in all his characters; they are portraits of himself, drawn with the features widened into broad humor, or elongated into saturnine wisdom. His Beau Tibbs seems to have been created by looking at, and magnifying, some of his

own foibles; his Dr. Primrose, by drawing forth those grave and kindly feelings, which, notwithstanding those foibles, lay, he knew, at the bottom of his heart.

The incidents of his life, too, supplied very often the plot or story; and memory took the place of invention. Yet, in this respect, considering the varied and adventurous nature of his life, we are rather surprised that he did not draw more copiously from himself, and from his past history. We should have thought that the curious scenes he must have witnessed in that wild journey of his—footing it through Europe, now as medical student, now as itinerant musician, at one time playing the tutor, (he the tutor!) to some junior scapegrace; at another, furbishing up all the Latin and logic he was master of, to dispute at Padua for bed and supper—would have supplied him with many an incident for a novel. We are persuaded, that if he had lived in these days, when the value of an incident is better known, and it is more the fashion than it was formerly to put to literary profit the experience and events of private life, he would have made much greater use than he has done of such materials.

But it is not only thus that we trace the life of Goldsmith in his writings. We trace the influence of his career in the formation of his intellectual character. Travel had stood with him in the place of philosophy. It had enlarged his sphere of thought, had broken up national prejudices, and given him an insight into many a matter which otherwise would never have attracted his attention. But travel is far more effective in dispersing error or prejudice, than in lending assistance to the formation of settled opinions. It confirmed him in a desultory mode of thinking, uncertain and undecided. His horizon was extended, but his vision was not distinct. Yet as Goldsmith was never devoted to the discipline of philosophy, and would never, perhaps, have pursued any systematic study, he was, upon the whole, a great gainer by his varied vagrant life, and the cosmopolitan temper it had generated. A philoso-

pher he never would have been : it was something to feel as a citizen of the world.

Goldsmith was of a quick apprehensive intellect, open to receive impressions, with ready faculty to give them forth again ; but to continuous thought, to close and prolonged examination of any subject, he was by no means addicted. With him the philosophers were more talked of than read. Abstract thinking and severe reasoning were not his vocation. It thus happens that the solitary observation, simply asserted, is often excellent, and carries with it our cordial assent. He only discovers his weakness when he undertakes to convince us by his reasoning. On these occasions, when he puts forth a thesis, and solemnly begins to demonstrate it, his thesis may be good, but it will stand none the firmer for his argument.

Let us give an instance of this from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Nothing could be more just, or more happily expressed, than the opening observation we are about to quote. The reasoning which follows, and is intended to support it, is as weak and fantastical as, on so beaten a subject, it well could be.

"And it were highly to be wished," says the Vicar, "that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity ; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishment familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishment, is the way to mend a state."

Now, if the good Vicar had stopped here, he would have expressed a truth much needed at the time, in a simplicity and elegance of language which could not be improved. But the Vicar enters into abstract reasoning to prove his thesis, grows argumentative, and, at the same time, grows weak.

"Nor can I," he continues, "avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms ; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away

his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. *But this is a false compact ; because no man has a right to barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is not his own.* And, besides, the compact is inadequate, and could be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred and a hundred thousand ; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood."

Logic such as this, even if set forth in Latin, would hardly have earned him his supper and his bed in the University of Padua.

We are told that at Dublin University Goldsmith manifested great repugnance to the study of mathematics. The conduct toward him of the mathematical tutor did not tend to diminish this aversion. In one of his miscellaneous essays, he thus revenges himself on the science and on its professors :—

"A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may, nevertheless, make great progress in mathematics ; nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid ; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own ; discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction." —*Essay on Taste*.

But although Goldsmith could commit the most surprising blunders when he invades the region of abstract or severe reasoning, yet the credit must be given to him of *thinking for himself*. With undisciplined powers, and but slenderly equipped for the task, we still see him engaging in the solution of social and political problems. He does not merely repeat from books the ideas of others ; nor is he a thoughtless spectator of the world. One subject especially our homeless wanderer, who had looked up at society from the last round of the ladder, is frequently observed to be canvassing. His opinions on it are far from settled ; his conclusions are often diametrically opposed ; his reasonings never

very clear ; but he is, at all events, seen from time to time pondering it with great interest. It is the subject of luxury—the gratifications and pleasures of the wealthy in a state of civilization. The rule admits of exceptions ; but, in general, he condemns luxury in his poetry, and defends it in his prose. In neither case is he very successful in his reasonings. When he assails, he appears to be under the influence of a mere sentiment ; when he defends it, he seems to be dealing with a half-learned philosophy, and such as is generally understood to be rather a native of France than of England.

"Examine," says the *Citizen of the World*, "the history of any country remarkable for opulence and wisdom, you will find that they would never have been wise had they not been first luxurious ; you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in luxury's train. The reason is obvious. *We then only are curious in knowledge, when we find it connected with sensual happiness.* The senses ever point out the way, and reflection comments upon the discovery. Inform a native of the desert of Kebi of the exact measure of the parallax of the moon, he finds no satisfaction at all in the information ; he wonders how any could take such pains, and lay out such treasures, in order to solve so useless a difficulty ; but connect it with his happiness by showing that it improves navigation—that by such an investigation he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he is instantly in raptures at so great an improvement. In short, we only desire to know when we desire to possess ; and, whatever we may talk against it, luxury adds the spur to curiosity, and gives us a desire of becoming more wise."—Letter XI.

Not true, Dr. Goldsmith!—only a mere fragment of the truth ; and your astronomical illustration singularly unfortunate. For the science of astronomy has been all along a labor of love—from the time when Chaldean shepherds, quite heedless of navigation, watched the stars, and marked out the planet (the *wanderer*) amongst the fixed and stationary lights, to these our own days, when the profound *mathematician*, calculating, in the midst of revolutionary Paris, his disturbances on the remote boundaries of our planetary system, writes to the skillful *observer*, and bids him direct his great tube to a certain spot in the heavens, and he will find a new *wanderer* there, as yet unseen and unsuspected. The observer points his telescope as he is told, and discovers it that very night, in that very spot.

Still less will his reasoning hold together, or prove "refutation-tight," when, as in the *Deserted Village*, he finds that the wealth of

our merchants has occasioned the desertion of the country, and the depopulation of the land. "In regretting," he says, in the preface to that poem, "the depopulation of the land, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries." Happily, no one, in reading that poem, thinks of the political economy of the *Deserted Village*. Happily, also, there is often a greater truth in the poet's general enunciations, than he himself is able to explain, or accurately to develop. The reader may adopt his language, and apply it to a more correct conception than was present to the author's mind. The very paragraph which might be quoted for its manifest blunder in the rudiments of political science, opens with these admirable lines, which every one, in a sense of his own, will readily adopt :

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land."

What follows will not easily bear a wise interpretation. Goldsmith speaks of commerce as if ships came in laden with nothing but gold—with "loads of freighted ore"—and finds that this imported wealth converts the ploughed fields into parks and pleasure-grounds. The writer of a history of England might have called to mind the Forest Laws, and the wide tracts of country kept waste, and, in some cases, *laid waste* by our rude ancestors, for their rude sports.

There is amongst the essays of Goldsmith, a tale or allegory, which our readers may remember to have read in their youth, in some Speaker, or collection of *Elegant Extracts*. We are quite sure they have no acquaintance with it of a later date. This tale we will venture to revive. It belongs to so old-fashioned a species of literature, that it must needs be a novelty. We would quote it as an instance illustrative of the remarks we have made on the intellectual character of Goldsmith. It is wrong—argumentatively and logically wrong—yet no man would say that he was a mere repeater of other men's words, who wrote *Asem, an Eastern Tale ; or, a Vindication of the Wisdom of Providence in the Moral Government of the World*. No one can read it without being prompted to think, which is good proof that the author thought when he wrote it—though he did not think very accurately.

In the time of Goldsmith, the fashion was not extinct of seeing moral visions, and dreaming sagacious dreams. Wisdom de-

lighted to speak in allegory. There were still to be found in those days, here and there, retired hermits, with long beards, hiding in solitary caves, and living on the simplest herbs—cold water and a salad; and there were still lingering on the earth genii, or other stupendous and supernatural beings, who occasionally visited these favored mortals, teaching them surpassing wisdom, and illustrating their lessons in the most marvelous manner. Asem was such a hermit. Yet, all hermit and Mussulman as he was, he bears a strong resemblance to the Goldsmith family. "From the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed." Having reduced himself to want, he is shocked to find, that one who comes to beg, is not so welcome as when he came to give. Accordingly, he turns with wrath from an ungrateful world.

"He began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to a region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew—namely, his own."

But the contemplation of this only honest heart was not sufficient consolation for that prospect of a wicked world which perpetually haunted him, and which filled him with doubts on the wisdom or the beneficence of Allah. He finally resolved on suicide. He was about to plunge into the lake, when—

"He perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood!

"'Son of Adam,' cried the Genius, 'stop thy rash purpose: the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow without trembling wherever I shall lead. In me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the Great Prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise!'"

Such an invitation, and from so imposing a personage, was not to be declined. The Genius of Conviction conducts Asem along the surface, and to the centre of the lake: here the waters open, and close on them;

they descend into another world, where human foot had never trod before.

"'The rational inhabitants of this world,' the Genius tells him, 'are formed agreeably to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it.'

"'A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!' cried Asem, in a rapture. 'I thank thee, Allah!—thou hast at length heard my petitions: this—this, indeed, will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. Oh for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!'

"'Cease thine exclamations!' replied the Genius. 'Look around thee.'

"They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea, the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarcely left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. 'Heavens!' cried Asem, 'why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?' He had scarcely spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. 'This,' cried Asem to his guide, 'is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.' 'Every species of animals,' replied the Genius, 'has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.' 'But they should have been destroyed!' cried Asem: 'you see the consequence of such neglect.' 'Where is, then, that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?' replied the Genius, smiling; 'you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.' 'I must acknowledge my mistake,' returned Asem. 'I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another.'

"As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which would only increase their own pride and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. 'At least, then,' said Asem, 'they have neither architects, painters, nor statuary in

their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarcely any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamored as wisdom.' 'Wisdom!' replied his instructor; 'how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it: true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in itself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.' 'All this may be right,' said Asem, 'but I think I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.' 'That, indeed, is true,' replied the other; 'here is no established society, nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.' 'Well, then,' said the skeptic, 'if I am to spend my time here—if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.' 'And to what purpose should either do this?' says the Genius. 'Flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.'

"Still, however," said Asem, 'the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavors to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has, therefore, leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion.' He had scarcely spoken, when his ears were assaulted by the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. 'Strange,' cried the son of Adam, 'that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!' 'Be not surprised,' said the wretch who was dying; 'would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths and put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.' 'They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,' cried Asem. 'And yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion.'

After some other attempts to find happiness in this world without vice, Asem ex-

claims—"Take me, O my genius! back to that very world I have despised!" And hereupon the triumphant Genius, "assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind." Asem found himself at the very place, and (with such rapidity had these scenes passed in review) almost at the very instant of time, in which the Genius had at first accosted him. "His right foot was still advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn."

Who would dare to contend with the *Genius of Conviction*?—who venture to prescribe laws of reasoning to so majestic a being,—one who walks upon the waters, calls his thunders about him, and has a whole subterranean world wherewith to demonstrate his theory of morals? Nevertheless, if we were quite sure that the Genius were out of hearing, we should be disposed to question whether he had ever framed an accurate definition of virtue. If, in a virtuous world, men must be chased by squirrels, and devoured by dogs, live in penury and let their neighbors starve, either we, or the Genius of Conviction, have been in error all this time as to what virtue really is.

As a critic, it is confessed on all hands that Goldsmith lamentably failed. As a politician, he had this honorable peculiarity, that his speculations had very little reference to the party feuds of the day. He had contracted, probably from his continental travels, a bias in favor of monarchical power. He seems to have embraced the opinion which Burke combated in his *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*; namely, that the houses of parliament, or the aristocracy through their influence in these houses, were dangerously encroaching on the royal prerogative. At least this is the best explanation we can give of the expressions that he, from time to time, throws out upon this subject.

The only grudge we owe his politics is, that they occasioned the introduction of the weakest and most confused passage in his noble poem of *The Traveler*. When discoursing upon foreign countries—on Holland, France, or Italy—he naturally and wisely restricts himself to certain general characteristics of the people and of their governments—general views which admit of vigorous and poetic enunciation, and are not likely to raise cavil or controversy. But when he lands upon his native country, these home politics beset him, and he gets entangled in a train of thought but half made out,

of too controversial a character, and which does not easily lend itself to the harmony of verse, and the simple force of poetic expression.

"Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warns :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes where savage nations
 roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at
 home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start.
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
*Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to a throne.*"

Yet the whole passage must be forgiven for the sake of the two last lines. Of these the second is repeatedly quoted ; but there is much significance and extreme felicity of expression in the preceding line—

"—half a patriot, half a coward grown."

It is a pity they should be so often separated.

Having mentioned *The Traveler*, let us turn at once to this and to its exquisite companion—the two poems which give to Goldsmith his secure and eminent position in the literature of England. Our few detached criticisms on these old favorites shall not, at all events, be wearisome by their length. His comedies we design to leave untouched ; they cannot be criticised without some review, however rapid, of the literature of the stage, and for this we have at present neither space nor inclination. A glance at *The Citizen of the World* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* will bring our subject to its conclusion.

Every one remembers the anecdote connected with the first line of *The Traveler*—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

Mr. Irving shall relate it for us.

"The appearance of *The Traveler* at once altered Goldsmith's intellectual standing in the estimation of society ; but its effect upon the club, if we may judge from the account given by Hawkins, was almost ludicrous. They were lost in astonishment that a 'newspaper essayist,' and a 'bookseller's drudge,' should have written such a poem. On the evening of its announcement, Goldsmith had gone away early, after 'rattling away as usual ;' and they knew not how to reconcile his heedless garrulity with the serene beauty, the easy

grace, the sound good sense, and the occasional elevation of his poetry. They could scarcely believe that such magic numbers had flowed from a man to whom in general, says Johnson, 'it was with difficulty they could give a hearing.' 'Well,' exclaimed Chamier, 'I do believe he wrote this poem himself ; and, let me tell you, that is believing a great deal.'

"At the next meeting of the club, Chamier sounded the author a little about his poem. 'Mr. Goldsmith,' said he, 'what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your *Traveler*, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, *slow*?" Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?' 'Yee,' replied Goldsmith inconsiderately, being probably flurried at the moment. 'No, sir,' interposed his protecting friend Johnson, 'you did not mean tardiness of locomotion ; you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' 'Ah !' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'that was what I meant.' Chamier immediately believed that Johnson himself had written the line, and a rumor became prevalent that he was the author of many of the finest passages."

With due deference to the great critic, and to the author himself, he did mean tardiness of movement ; but the epithet, joined as it is with others, tells us also that this slowness of motion was the result of heaviness of heart, and indicative of a sad and pensive spirit. It means all that Dr. Johnson said ; but it means also, and first of all, the slow pace of the solitary poet. Goldsmith was more probably "flurried at the moment," when he so readily adopted the interpretation of Dr. Johnson, than when he gave his first natural answer. He found the passage explained for him so authoritatively, and so much to the satisfaction of those present, that he could not hesitate in accepting the explanation. But had he taken time and *courage* to reflect a moment, he would have seen that there was no discrepancy between his own answer and what Dr. Johnson had added. Take away the image of the slow-moving poet, and you take away all *picture* from the passage. The pensive sadness is depicted in what Captain Chamier calls, in seeming imitation of the great man he is conversing with, "tardiness of locomotion."

"Remote—unfriended—melancholy—slow."

Every word comes from the heart. Many a time, without a doubt, had our wandering poet, at a distance from his country, walked by the side of some foreign stream—alone—unfriended, with nothing for his portion upon earth but genius and poverty.

We cannot, for our part, see the point of Captain Chamier's question. He might, with just as much reason, have put the same

query to Petrarch, who opens one of his sonnets in a very similar manner.

"Solo e pensoso, i più deserti campi
Vo misurando, a passi tardi e lenti."

He would have found here also "tardiness of locomotion" and the languor of the pensive man, united in the same description.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

The same image is made use of in the *Citizen of the World*. The reader may like to contrast the prose with the poetic version. "The farther I travel," says Lien Chi Altangi to his correspondent, "I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. *By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.*" We prefer the prose. Indeed, the metaphor is not so much to our taste as that we should have thought it worth using a second time, and in the greater work. It suited Lien Chi Altangi very well, and with him it might have remained. It is too cumbrous—too material. What are we to do with this "lengthening chain" which he drags along the earth? and where, in imagination, are we to fasten it? To his ankle? It would make a felon of him. To his waist? Ridiculous! But, you will say, we are not to see the chain at all—only to hear it clank a little in the verse—only to have some dim idea of lengthening ligature. Very good; and thereupon we honestly respond—if, whilst reading the line, you feel no irresistible tendency to look down upon the ground for this chain—if you do not see it at all, then to you the metaphor is quite unobjectionable.

* "And find no spot of all the world my own."

The natural feeling of the homeless, unprovided wanderer, looking over a great stretch of country. How finely is it contrasted with the sentiment which follows! No spot his own! It is all his! He has taken sympathetic possession of the whole.

"Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor
crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale—
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

Having thus wrought himself into proper mood for his philosophic purpose, the poet commences his survey of the several regions of the earth, and nations of mankind. The train of thought is, at starting, somewhat perplexed, from the author being occupied with two separate reflections, which, until they are closely examined, appear contradictory. We have them in close juxtaposition in the following lines:—

"Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at
rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest below—
Who can direct, *when all pretend to know?*
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own."
&c., &c.

So far, then, from the hoard of happiness being small, every country proclaims itself to be specially and pre-eminently blest. The philosophic poet has no reason for his sorrow: he wanted one happy spot, and he has found every spot is happy—supremely happy.

But the apparent incongruity vanishes on a closer examination. Each nation boasts its pre-eminence over other nations; but man nowhere boasts much of being man. Every people is proud and self-congratulatory, whilst it compares itself with other people; but its pride and gratulation are only sustained by this comparison. Every congregation of men who merely contemplate themselves as with the earth beneath them, and the sky above, are heard to fill the air with lamentations and discontent. So that the philosopher, notwithstanding these several vaunts of every nation, civilized and savage, may still search, if he thinks fit, for the spot "to happiness consigned."

Our poet seems to find an equal proportion of good and evil in every clime, people, and government. Sometimes he is guilty of a little overcharge in this or that particular, in order to keep the balance even. Only thus can we account for the very severe language with which he takes leave of Holland. He had found the people of that country so very comfortable that it was absolutely necessary to abuse them as—

"A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,"

or the due proportion of evil would not have been preserved.

It is observable, and characteristic of the age in which Goldsmith wrote, that, beautiful as are his descriptions of the several countries of Europe, there is very little in them which betrays that he himself had ever visited those countries. There are few of those picturesque circumstances which the eye of an observer detects, and which the memory, or the note-book, preserves. Unfortunately, it was the habit of the day to trust more to the knowledge acquired from books than to the eyesight; *learning* had not lost that undue influence which it naturally acquired at the restoration of letters; poets chose rather to describe what had been described before, and adhere to traditional feelings and classical models, than to consult their own experience. The descriptions of scenery in *The Traveler* are so general, and consist of broad outlines so well known to all educated men, that they might have been written in Green Arbor Court, by one who had lived there all his life. Switzerland itself does not provoke him to quit the beaten track of broad generalities. He even describes what he did *not* see, because it harmonizes with the ideas obtained from books. Thus,—

—“The bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No produce *here* the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.”

Switzerland has been long celebrated for the mercenary troops she supplied to foreign courts; but there is no country where less is seen of the soldier and his sword; nor can “scanty bread” be said to be the lot of those who cultivate its soil.

While our eye is on this part of the poem, can we possibly resist quoting the following half a dozen lines? They are perfect:—

—“Those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast—
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind’s roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

Perhaps the happiest of all these national portraits is that of France. He sympathized with the French; his pen is often employed in defending them from absurd attacks, and combating the prejudices of the John Bull of his day. The concluding lines are peculiarly happy; there is a refinement of analysis expressed in the most graceful diction.

—“Honor

Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic through the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; *they give to get esteem*,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.”

His praise of England we must not appear so deficient in patriotism as to quarrel with. But just as one is curious to know where an artist stood who has taken some captivating sketch of an old familiar spot, which never appeared to us so very charming before—so one might feel a little curious to discover where it was, in town or country, that Goldsmith took his stand when he saw—

“The lords of human race pass by;
Intent on high design—a thoughtful band.”

Was it on London Bridge or at Temple Bar that he read the marks of “high design” in the “thoughtful band” that were rushing past him like a mill-stream? Or was he far off in the country, and did the squire and his tenantry sit for the picture?

We already find in *The Traveler* that strange hallucination which seems to have haunted him, and which he more fully expressed in the subsequent poem of *The Deserted Village*—that England was being depopulated! What could have conducted him to a conclusion so utterly at variance with the fact, it is useless to inquire. It was his crotchet. He had probably seen decay in some places, and took no calculation of the more than proportionate increase of others. For Goldsmith did not limit himself to the mistaken notion, which many had expressed, that the towns were growing large at the expense of the country, but entertained—what to us must seem the strangest of paradoxes—entertained the conviction that the population of the whole country was wasting away.

Happily, as we have already remarked, no one thinks of the theory of depopulation, or over-population, or any other theory of political economy, whilst reading *The Deserted Village*. We have all learned to love “Sweet Auburn” long before any idea connected with so crabbéd and distressful a subject entered our minds. Indeed, the village, with all its accessories, is brought with such distinctness before us, that even the decay of Auburn itself is not the most prominent impression which the poem produces. The deserted Auburn is made to live again so vividly in the imagination, that the desolation in which it lies only occurs occasionally to the mind.

throwing a feeling of sadness and melancholy over the picture. For ourselves, we can well remember that when we first became acquainted with the village of Auburn, we always thought of it—notwithstanding the use of the past tense—as somewhere still existing. It existed, at all events, very palpably in the imagination.

The scene is English; it is, in the main, a description of an English village; but because the poet has also drawn materials from the recollections of his early home, some of his critics have been resolved to place Auburn in Ireland, and to identify what is clearly an ideal picture with the definite locality of Lissoy. On this ground they have even proceeded to convict him of an error for introducing the nightingale in one of his descriptions, there being no such bird in Ireland.

This line, in which the nightingale is introduced, we should venture to quarrel with on quite another ground. Here is the passage: No one will object to read it again, though he has read it fifty or twice fifty times.

"Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's
close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering
wind;
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made."

Have not our readers already felt how much better the description would have been if the last couplet had been omitted? This nightingale takes us by surprise. We thought we were listening to the sounds of the distant village, and find that we have been attending to the song of the nightingale, and that these had only filled up the pauses of her song. What had been the chief and prominent subject is suddenly reduced to this subordinate part. But, what is more to the purpose, the description becomes unfaithful, and ceases to reflect a real experience, when this nightingale is introduced. If that shy bird were heard singing, while the milkmaid and the schoolboy were still audible, there would be no pleasing, but a very displeasing effect produced by the mingling of sounds of so very different a nature. They would by no

means harmonize. We should listen with pleasure to the milkmaid and to the distant schoolboy, (he must be very distant,) and we should listen with pleasure to the nightingale, but with very little pleasure to all these at once.

Goldsmith was a genuine lover of nature; but nevertheless he had not quite escaped that taste of the day which often led to the sacrifice of the truthfulness of a picture to what was deemed the perfection of the verse. He too can sometimes desert the *sense* for the *sound*. And this word *sound* reminds us of rather an amusing instance where he introduces some geographical names for no earthly reason except the array of sonorous syllables they present. "Farewell," he exclaims to poetry,—

"Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side."

Had we been in Captain Chamier's place at the club, and wished to puzzle our friend Goldsmith, we should have asked him why he sent the muse to Pambamarca? and where, indeed, Pambamarca lay? We suspect that Goldsmith must have answered, that he knew nothing about it, except that it was a great way off, and sounded very majestically.

There is one instance where the poet has introduced a reminiscence from Ireland, which we do not recollect to have seen noticed. In the inimitable description of the village schoolmaster, he says,—

"Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-
sage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could guage."

Now the rustics of an English village were not at all likely to select this accomplishment of guaging as one to bestow upon their prodigy of learning. We were tempted to explain this choice in the poet by the necessity of rhyme, which too often has manifestly determined him in the selection of his epithets, till it occurred to us that his mind had been traveling back to the *Irish* village, where the illicit still may have brought even to the ragged urchins of the place some rumors of the science of the exciseman.

In the whole range of English heroic verse, there is nothing more beautiful or more complete than the description of the village pastor,—

—"The man to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Indeed, of the entire poem, it may be deliberately said, that it has more tenderness and pathos, gives more of picture to the eye, and of feeling to the heart, than any other in the language which is written in the same verse or metre. The polished couplets of Pope are nowhere else seen united with so much of the genuine essence of poetry. How perfect, in every way, are such lines as these,—

"But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

One more remark, one other brief quotation, and we quit this most fascinating poem, which nestles deeper in the English heart than perhaps any other. What a bland, gentle, loving humor it is which occasionally steals over the picture of *The Deserted Village*, giving here and there charming touches, as of gay sunshine breaking out upon the several points of a shaded landscape, yet never disturbing the sweet serenity and sadness of the whole. Never did humor wear so gentle an aspect. We go from the pastor's house, and the pastor himself, to the village inn, and there is no abruptness in the transition. What a quiet, observant, tolerant humor it is that sees those—"broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show." What else could they serve for? And they may still do to be looked at.

"Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Observe it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear."

But why continue the quotation, when half our readers could complete it from their own memory?

We proposed to ourselves a glance at *The Citizen of the World* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It can only be a glance.

Is this really the same—we are tempted to ask ourselves—is this really the same *Citizen of the World* that, on our first introduction to the acquaintance of books, we read amongst the *British Essayists*, with so grave attention, and so implicit a faith?

VOL. XX. NO. II.

Yes, it is the same; for here is the Man in Black, and here is the unmistakable Beau Tibbs. Can we possibly forget the invitation to dinner—on the first floor down the chimney—something elegant, a turbot or an ortolan, which finally resolves itself into "a nice little piece of ox-cheek, piping hot, which Mrs. Tibbs shall dress herself, with that sauce the Duke dotes upon,"—and which dinner, if his hungry guest will but wait, shall be "ready in at least two hours." Yes, here is Beau Tibbs as full of life as ever. But the Chinese philosopher—he is gone;—there is left of him, or of China, nothing but his name, and the suspicious name of his correspondent "Fum, the son of Fo." Instead thereof, we have Oliver Goldsmith writing his series of clever *Idlers* and *Spectators*.

Pity this Chinaman ever made his appearance. All the humor and satire of the piece might have been preserved, if some simple Englishman, some Parson Adams or Dr. Primrose, had been the writer of the letters; and we should have been spared the constant incongruity of a Chinese who is not only a palpable European, but a European of the literary class. So completely versed is this Chinese philosopher in the feuds and vexations of critics and authors, that we must suppose him commissioned by the Grub Street of Peking, to inquire into the condition of distressed poets and discontented playwrights amongst the "outer barbarians." We should have been spared also those episodes, or adventures, which his Eastern correspondents detail to him, and which, indeed, are neither European nor Eastern, but very tedious stories.

In vain does the Chinaman assume the prejudices of his country: he may amuse us; but he cannot even get a momentary credit for the outlandish taste he affects. He cannot disparage the beauty of Englishwomen, without insinuating his praise of them. There is as much flattery as abuse, when he says:—

"I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfew. How very broad their faces! how very short their noses! how very little their eyes! how very thin their lips! how very black their teeth! Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful. Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but Englishwomen are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking."

That which constitutes the greatest charm of the work is the subdued and chastened satire one occasionally meets with. Not a rude and boisterous, a cutting or malicious satire, but such as requires to be read with some attention before the full force of its sly innuendoes, and of slight circumstances mentioned as if in passing, is fully perceived. Take the following instance, and note how the effect is heightened by a number of little details, thrown in as if by accident.

"A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. 'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehension is for our freedom: if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives: of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.' 'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter; 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison (and he held the goblet in his hand), may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.'

"The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, 'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change; ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his abjuration) if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion."

There are some works so simple in their structure, and so highly popular, that on both grounds they defy criticism. Their faults lie so open and undisguised, that the critic who would pertinaciously insist upon them, would get neither credit nor thanks for his pains. In this category is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. To expose its improbabilities of plot or character would be an easy and most ungracious task. We love the good Vicar, and he shall be allowed to tell his tale to the end of time just as he pleases. To be sure, this odd notion he entertains, that a clergyman ought by all means to marry once, and by no means more than once, is very like a monomania.

He is so staunch a *monogamist*, as he calls it, as to be resolved on convincing his old friend and fellow-clergyman, Mr. Wilmot, who has been married three times. But this, and all the wonderful things which the Thornhills, nephew and uncle, contrive to do, who cares to cavil at? The genuine feelings of human nature are portrayed in the novel—kind, homely, unpretending feelings, which all can sympathize with—and when the attention is once fixed by this species of truth, a thousand improbabilities may pass without challenge. It is always thus. The writer of fiction, whether it be fable or romance, and whether he deal with man or monster, or spirit of the air, has always found that if he can present a faithful reflection of the human heart, he may give almost any conceivable license to the imagination.

What most struck us on a late perusal of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was the very low level, in point of refinement, on which all the female characters are placed. The love and the courtship are of the rudest sort, without the least trace of sentiment or the poetry of the passion. Mrs. Primrose, notwithstanding the excellence of her gooseberry wine, and the liberality with which she dispenses it, is, we are sorry to say, decidedly a vulgar personage. That her learning and accomplishments were those which we should now assign to the housekeeper, rather than to the wife of a wealthy vicar (for such is Dr. Primrose when we are first introduced to him), is no part of our objection; this the difference of times and systems of education may sufficiently explain. Mrs. Primrose is vulgar *at the heart*. She lacks those feelings of refinement which sometimes grow up spontaneously even in the peasant's hut.

Recall to mind the manner in which she receives back her unfortunate daughter Olivia. Let it be remembered that she had been practicing her petty blundering artifices, her most visible palpable manoeuvres, to catch the rich young squire. It was her plot, her scheme for elevating the family, in which scheme her daughter was of course to co-operate. Yet this is her speech upon the occasion. It is true human nature, but it is human nature of a very vulgar description. "Ah, Madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much, of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you."

This Olivia herself is not made interesting

to us by any one trait in her character. Her beauty, and the cruel treatment she meets with from her coarse and brazen seducer, is all she has to depend upon for any claim to our sympathy. Affliction has its worst effect upon her, the effect it has on the selfish and unrefined. "Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, when cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind." It is just as well we do not get more intimate with the female part of the family, for it is evident that in proportion as we knew them better, we should like them less.

Had the life of Goldsmith brought him acquainted with no higher specimens of the sex? Had his fair cousin Jane, the daughter of good Uncle Contarine, with whom he used to practice music, and talk poetry, left with him no more refined impression of female society than we see reflected in *The Vicar of Wakefield*? Or, must we understand his portraits as fair specimens of the women of his time? Or, shall we seek a third explanation in the want of refinement in the literature of that period? We suspect the last has much to do with it.

Here we must bring to a conclusion our

necessarily detached and desultory criticisms on the works of Goldsmith. As a *prose* writer, it would be in vain for any too partial biographer or critic to elevate him to the rank of those who guide or confirm opinion, and teach us to reason and to judge. But how many a familiar truth has he clothed in clear and graceful diction! How often, too, the isolated observation, thrown out as if by happy chance, stimulates the mind to reflection! What a master he is of *form*—of the pleasing art which moulds the style! But his two principal *poems* are the works which raise him to the rank of *the immortals*. We can easily understand that many ardent admirers of our contemporaneous poetry—replete as it is with the philosophic speculations of the age, its subtle and ambitious thinking—may be disposed to look down with an air of condescension, and a sort of gentle disdain, upon the poetry of Goldsmith. But time passes on, and brings new modes of philosophizing; the subtleties of one age do not always charm the next; and it may happen that much which is now held in highest repute, as the most *poetical* of poetry, shall have grown dim and obsolete, whilst mothers shall be still teaching to their children, and old men still repeating to themselves, the descriptions of *The Traveler* and of *The Deserted Village*.

NATURE AND MAN.

A GLEAM of sunshine oft is seen;
The silver moon, the lonely star;
The feathered lark's nest, wove with green,
Or simple flower-like elfin car.
A rainbow in the heavens set,
A thunder clap, the lightning's flash;
We hear the singing rivulet,
And the loud raging ocean's dash.
Night's solemn darkness, radiant day,
The mountain high, the fertile plain,
The budding blossomings of May;
The emerald tree, the golden grain.
A leaf with thousand veins imprest,
A flower in varied colors died,

A bird in richest plumage drest,
An insect, wondrously supplied.
These things, and many more, we see,
So often seen we note them not;
If seen and noted, they would be
On memory's heart the greenest spot.
One vital hour with God is worth
Ages of life to mortals given;
For everything that's viewed on earth,
Well pondered, leads the soul to heaven.
Each blade of grass, each tree, each flower,
Each insect, bird, or beast, must prove
Omniscience, all good, all power,
That God is great, "that God is love."

From Tait's Magazine.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF OEHLenschLØGER.

ON the evening of the 21st of January, I was at my old haunt, the Copenhagen Athenæum, when the new number of *Fædrelandet*, a daily paper, was laid before me. I took it carelessly up, but started and uttered an ejaculation of surprise and sorrow when my eye fell on the front page, for the very first column was enclosed in a deep black border, and printed in large type, with the startling and deeply pathetic heading of "Adam Oehlenschløger er død!" (Adam Oehlenschløger is dead!) In that single line I felt that I read the eloquent grief-cry of a nation—the first burst of a prolonged wail for the mightiest genius Scandinavia ever produced. Happier was Oehlenschløger than most great poets in this—that he was universally appreciated by his countrymen whilst living, although there is strong reason to anticipate that his works will be more and more treasured, now the immortal soul which conceived them has forever "shuffled off this mortal coil." For many years Oehlenschløger, and his contemporary and friend, Thorwaldsen, were perpetual sources of fond pride, not only to the Danes, but to all Scandinavians; for Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, each feel at heart that they are children of one family, descended from common ancestors; and no son of genius and of fame can arise in either without the other's jealousy participating in the claim of having given him birth. They may have their own little bickerings and pattlings, but whenever aught touches the national honor of one of them, or whenever they meet on foreign ground, they clasp each other's hands, and, with flashing eyes, cry—"We are Scandinavians! We are brothers!"* In all probability, never more

will two such lights illumine, at one time, the horizon of Scandinavia, as the world-unrivalled sculptor and the grand tragic poet—both of whom flourished and grew in fame together, were inseparable friends, and were parted in death by an interval of less than six years. Thorwaldsen, as is well known, died in Oehlenschløger's arms, on 24th March, 1844.

I know nothing, personally, of the creations of Oehlenschløger; but I have carefully noted the opinions expressed concerning them, both by his countrymen and my own, and I think I have thus gathered a fair general estimate of their character. I have only, after much deliberation, applied to him the epithet, "Shakspeare of the North"—my reason for doing so being that no other poet is so well entitled to that appellation, albeit he is *not* Shaksperian in two essential respects. It is admitted that the sources of the comic and the terrible—of laughter and of tears—lie very close together; and that nearly all truly first-rate poets have possessed the power of almost equally exciting these apparently opposite emotions. So wondrous was the mastery of Shakspeare over the twain, that to this day it is undecided whether he excelled most in tragedy or comedy. But Oehlenschløger, by a remarkable idiosyncrasy of organization, was destitute of humor—that faculty was in a great measure denied him, or else he chose never to exercise it. The second grand point in which he differed from Shakspeare is, the purely national scope of his works. Shakspeare could raise a superstructure on the legends, and paint the manners, of various nations, with such amazing vigor and fidelity, that one might momentarily imagine he himself must have been a citizen of them all. Oehlenschløger, on the other hand, founded twenty out of his twenty-four dramatic pieces—and it is as a dramatist only that he must be regarded, for his few prose romances prove his genius was confined to the drama—on old Scandinavian traditions; and they breathe such a spirit of nationality, as, in itself, does much toward accounting for the intense love and admiration borne toward

* A pleasing little instance of this is related by H. C. Andersen, in his "Poet's Bazaar." When he was at Rome, in 1833, all the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes in that city united, as one family, to keep their Christmas Eve. "We were," says he, "about fifty Scandinavians, including seven ladies, who wore wreaths of living roses around their brows: we men had wreaths of ivy. The three nations had subscribed for presents. . . . The best prize was a silver cup, with the inscription, 'Christmas Eve in Rome, 1833.' And who won it? I was the lucky one."

him by his countrymen. It is thus seen, that in universality* and humor he is immeasurably inferior to our "Swan of Avon;" but I am strongly assured, by those whom I have reason to believe are both competent and impartial judges, that in such qualities as may, with reasonable allowance for difference of language, be contrasted, Oehlenschl  ger is worthy of ranking, if second, only second, to Shakspeare.

During the last twenty or thirty years, the reputation of Oehlenschl  ger has spread over the entire world, and his extraordinary merit was long since known to the best-informed students of foreign literature in England; but I believe I am right in saying, that to the great bulk of the English public his very name has hitherto been all but unknown, for, with the slight exception of "The Shepherd Boy," none of his works have yet been translated into our language. But among the Germans his popularity has rivaled the most illustrious of their own countrymen, and Oehlenschl  ger, who was a perfect master of German himself, translated several of his later works into that language. His genius flamed brilliantly to the last, and two of his finest works, "Kiartan og Gudrun" (a tragedy), and "Regnar Lodbrok" (a poem), were only recently composed.

On the 14th of last November, being the anniversary of his seventieth birth-day, a numerous circle of his friends gave him a feast, and the ladies encircled his brows with laurel. How fondly will all concerned look back on that happy occasion! How thankful and proud will all now feel that they were of the number! for they can hereafter say to their children and their children's children, "We celebrated with Oehlenschl  ger his last birth-day!" In his boyhood he was remarkably beautiful; in his prime a full-sized, handsome man, emphatically what is termed "good-looking," and of very pleasing features; and his old age was green and kindly. In society he spoke very little, resembling many gifted beings in that respect. His circumstances were easy, for, in addition to the profits from his works, he received, like nearly every Danish author at all distinguished, a pension from the State, and he was also a professor in the University of Copenhagen. Taken altogether, his life may be held to

have been a peculiarly happy one. He had the rare satisfaction of feeling himself thoroughly appreciated—he anticipated, as it were, his own immortality—he lived to a ripe age, and at threescore-and-ten expired in the arms of his friends, lamented by his countrymen as though each of them had sustained, in his death, a personal loss. What more could be desired?

For some time prior to his dissolution, he had been afflicted with gout; and at length a serious illness supervened, and stretched him on what proved his death-bed. About the 18th, an apparent improvement in his symptoms took place, so that his medical attendants entertained strong hopes that he would, for once, baffle the arch-conqueror of man; but the poet himself had no such expectation. A relapse speedily ensued, and on the 20th evidently the great change was at hand. His wife has been dead some years, and his surviving family consists of two sons and a daughter. The latter is married, and resides in Norway; consequently it was impossible, in this winter season, for her to arrive in time to tend her father's dying couch, but both his sons were with him, and his intimate friends crowded around him in the last trying scene.

His death-day, the 20th, was the Sabbath, and his last moments were marked by what, to me, appears an incident of absolute sublimity. I have read of the impressive death-bed scenes of many of the greatest men the world ever knew; but never did I hear of one distinguished by such a thrilling and characteristic trait as this in question. It must be premised that Oehlenschl  ger's faculties, so far from being impaired, were probably rendered keener by the near approach of death, as is frequently the case, and this renders the fact I am about to relate still more impressive. In the evening of the above day, he expressly desired one of his sons to read unto him a long passage on the immortality of the soul, in his own tragedy of "Socrates." His son did so: and endeavor to conceive what the feelings of all present must have been during its perusal! I can hardly imagine a scene more pregnant with moral grandeur, with awe, with spiritual intensity. Picture the expiring poet, listening to the choked voice of his child uttering the lines his own spirit had dictated in the full vigor of its powers, on the grand secret which, in his own person, he knew would so swiftly be revealed to him; picture, too, the breathless groups of friends, and their absorbing emotions! In the hands of a great

* It is worthy of remark that Thorwaldsen's genius, to the reverse, was universal in its scope. As one of his countrywomen said to me, "he plied his chisel not merely for Scandinavia, but for the world."—W. H.

painter, few subjects, in the range of history, would furnish elements for a theme fuller of surpassing interest, of the loftiest order, than this scene. May it be transferred to glowing canvas!

When his son came to the conclusion of the last act of "Socrates," Oehlenschlœger remarked that his own last act had also now arrived; and then he blessed his children, bade them and his friends an eternal adieu on earth, and prayed that the Almighty would be pleased to grant him an easy death—an aspiration precisely realized, for almost immediately afterward he sunk into a state of mild insensibility, from which he never rallied; and finally, at eleven o'clock that night, the soul of the mighty poet was released from its bonds of worn-out clay, and fled to the judgment-seat of its Creator, there to render an account of its stewardship, and receive, I fervently hope, admittance into the everlasting mansions of bliss, which the mercy of God, and not the merits of man, alone can render accessible to any of the human race.

Oehlenschlœger's death was announced by all the papers within black borders, as though their sovereign were no more, accompanied, of course, by many genuine and eloquent testimonials of grief; and for many days swarms of poetical laments have appeared. It is worthy of remark that he died on the anniversary of the death of the late king, Christian VIII., two years ago.

The expenses of his funeral were voted by the Council of State, on behalf of the nation, and its arrangements devolved on a voluntary committee of friends. The day fixed for the obsequies being the following Saturday, 26th of January—a day which many considered as foolishly premature, because it hurried the preparations in such a way that it was impossible to render the funeral so thoroughly national an affair as everybody desired; and impressive as the putting the honored dead out of sight really proved, it would have been far more so had longer time been accorded. A deputation from Lund, in Sweden—the place where Oehlenschlœger was, with grand solemnity, crowned *Digter-Konge* (Poet-King) of Scandinavia—was prepared to attend the funeral, on behalf of the Swedish nation, and wrote that they would be able to do so (by means of ice-boats), if it were delayed until Tuesday: but that was not done, and, consequently, it was utterly impossible for the Swedes to be present. There was no real occasion, whatever, why a much longer interval between

death and burial should not have been allowed to elapse, for I can state, on the best authority, that the body, on the evening preceding the funeral, was fresh, as though the spirit had only just fled; there were no marks of "decay's effacing fingers,"—not a line of the features was altered—the poet only slept.

The body of Oehlenschlœger was conveyed, on the evening of Friday, from his winter residence in Amalie-gade, to *Fruekirke* (Our Lady's Church). This church, erected twenty years ago, is a large, singular-looking brick edifice, with a huge square tower. The triangular front, over the Doric columns, has a grand group of figures, in terra cotta, designed by Thorwaldsen, representing John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. In the porch, the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem is executed in bas-relief, and there are also statues of some of the chief prophets, also by Thorwaldsen. But the interior contains what renders *Fruekirke* richer than most sacred edifices in the entire world—viz., the colossal figures of our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and also an angel-font, all the work of Thorwaldsen, in white marble. The Saviour is truly a sublime elimination of sovereign genius, heaven-inspired, and is universally admitted to be the most glorious conception of the Son of God which ever was realized by man. It is placed at the back of the spacious altar (up to which the single aisle leads straight from the entrance), and our Lord is represented with extended arms, in the act of saying, "Come unto me." The majesty of His attitude, and the divine benignity and spirituality which floats, as it were, around Him, no combination of words can express. The twelve Apostles stand on pedestals, six on each side of the church; and perhaps any one of them would have been sufficient to establish the fame of a minor sculptor. But the angel-font! I have hung with delight over that, and methinks I could gaze on it forever, with increasing admiration. It is the most poetical and exquisite idea of a font which ever entered the brain of mortal. Behold a kneeling angel! her long, half-folded wings drooping behind her, with their tips almost reaching the floor. In both hands she sustains a huge, shallow seashell—that is the font! The countenance of this matchless bird of Paradise is lovely beyond all imagination, and not only are the proportions and attitude faultless, but the workmanship and finish are indescribably delicate. The feathers on the wings seem almost real; and were an enthusiast long to

gaze on the entire figure, he would be apt to fancy he beheld the pinions gently fluttering, preparatory to the angelic creature soaring away to her kindred skies. This wondrous font is within the railings, at the foot of the altar; and if Fruekirke possessed no other internal wealth than it alone, pilgrims would nevertheless come from afar to see what a living shape the intellect and hand of man can fashion out of cold marble. No one can look on this font, and on the statues, without being impressed with a strong feeling of the marvelous industry, as well as genius, of Thorwaldsen, for really in themselves they would seem to constitute the labor of a lifetime, and yet are only a small portion of the entire legacies left to the world by the *boat-builder's son*.

On the present solemn occasion, the church was entirely hung with black, and this sombre color being extended at the back of the statues, set their proportions off with such fine effect that one was tempted to wish that a dark drapery might be permanently suspended behind them on that account. The coffin containing Oehlenschl  ger's body was placed at the foot of the altar; and on its lid reposed two wreaths, a lyre, and a harp, all of pure silver, *procured with the money subscribed for that purpose by the children of different schools*. The lyre was presented by the school *Estersl  gten* (Posterity), at which school Oehlenschl  ger himself was educated sixty years ago.

On Saturday morning, from a very early hour, Fruekirke was densely crowded with people, and even some relations of Oehlenschl  ger themselves could not obtain admittance. The scene outside the church was almost as striking as that within. Scores of carriages were drawn up in different parts of the streets, which were so densely packed with people of all ranks, that they were impassable. In front of the church, far away on either side, a road was kept clear by a great body of soldiers, standing closely together, with fixed bayonets. This precaution was absolutely necessary. The hearse (or funeral-car), which had conveyed the body of Oehlenschl  ger, stood near the front of the church, with its six black, pawing steeds, covered with cloth of the same color. The Danish hearses are very different to English ones, having literally no body, but consisting of a frame, on four wheels, the bottom covered with black cloth, and having two low cushioned stools placed athwart it, for receiving the coffin, which is almost invariably hung with chaplets of laurel and evergreens. At

the corners of this vehicle rise pillars, supporting a canopy, or roof, varnished black, and decorated with either silvered or gilt ornaments, in the shape of eagles, chaplets, &c. Of course, the fashion and style of decoration of the whole are commensurate with the rank of the deceased. Some of these funeral cars are very plain—others extremely elegant, and richly furnished. Copenhagen possesses only one grander than that employed for Oehlenschl  ger. The effect of the whole scene—the church, the soldiers, the hearse, and the agitated masses of people, with eager, sorrowful aspects—was extremely impressive.

At an appointed hour, the procession (on foot) destined to follow the remains of the poet to the sepulchre arrived at the church. This procession might be described as an embodiment of the Danish nation. His Majesty the King, and the Queen Dowager, did not attend in person, but were expressly represented by their cavaliers; but the only other member composing the Royal Family, his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand (uncle to the King, and Crown Prince, or heir to the throne), walked in the procession; also the Ministers of State; most of the foreign Ambassadors, and members of the various Corps Diplomatique; the authorities of Copenhagen; the Clergy; the University Professors and Students, and learned men; Civil and Military Officers; deputations from the Royal Navy, from the Artisans; &c., &c., &c. When the procession had entered the church, which was lighted by wax candles in candelabras, suspended from the ceiling, the Bishop of Copenhagen delivered an oration. Afterward, an intensely interesting ceremony was performed by a large choir of singers of both sexes, chaunting the "Evening Song" (a touching and finely appropriate piece of four stanzas, each containing six lines), written by Oehlenschl  ger himself, and thus sung with surpassing effect over his inanimate remains. Alas! it could not "ope the dull, cold ear of death;" but who can say that the poet's freed spirit did not drink in the upward-floating melody?

Prior to the procession leaving the church, which it did about one o'clock P.M., myself and some friends wended our way toward the spot, destined to be the last earthly abiding-place of Oehlenschl  ger. He was to be interred in the church-yard of the suburb Fredericksberg, about an English mile and a half beyond the gates of the city. Vast masses of people filled not only the streets through which we passed, but also thronged

the adjoining ramparts, and every foot of the road, all the way to the burial-place in question. Threading the ancient Vestor-Port (West-Gate), we pass along the noble road, skirted with avenues of trees, until we arrive at the celebrated Obelisk of Liberty, erected by the peasants, in 1788, in gratitude to Prince Frederick, for certain privileges granted, and rights secured to them. Some of the emblematical statues at the base are very good. Thousands are wending their way past this obelisk, but none stop to gaze at it. Onward go all; and whatever window of the houses we raise our eyes to, has groups of anxious, expectant faces looking forth. We pass various places of popular summer resort, at all of which the flags* of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, are hoisted. Not many hundred yards beyond the obelisk is the entrance of the avenue, leading up to Fredericksberg Palace, and at the extremity of that avenue is the church-yard, to which such mournful multitudes are moving.

Before we go further, let us pause to look at a little house, exactly opposite the avenue, on the other side of the road. Regard it well! It is a little, old, whitewashed house, low-built, with many small windows, and not very much unlike Shakspeare's, at Stratford-on-Avon, only that the latter is of "stud-and-mud," whereas this one is of brick and tile, and of a considerably later erection. About the centre is a little low doorway, and on the window-shutters on each side of it are painted, in Danish fashion, representations of various trifling articles of domestic use, indicating that, if you descend a step or two, you will enter an humble little shop, for the sale of such things, and the name of the occupier may be read also—one R. Patersen. In front of this little old house are several stacks of soldiers' arms, as though it were a guard-house, and far away on either side of it sentinels are walking, with musket on shoulder. What of all this! Look up, O questioner! and let thine eyes devour a tale the face of that little, old, whitewashed house has to tell. Immediately under the eaves, extend from end to end festoons of black crape, and just above the lower windows are corresponding festoons of laurel and fir intertwined. Then, over the door, in centre of the front, is a large oval shield, encircled with laurel, and on that shield are the thrilling words—

* The flag of Denmark is a white cross on a red ground; that of Norway is a tricolor, blue, red, and white; that of Sweden is a yellow cross on a blue ground.

"HERE WAS BORN

ADAM OEHLenschLÖGER,

14th November, 1777."

O reader! what a volume of eloquence, of pathos, of love, of sorrow, and of pride, in those few simple words! Not one could be added—not one could be taken away, without injuring the electric power of the sentence. Here, thought I, sixty years ago, laughed and played the happy "ae bairn"* of fond parents, and every inch of ground around was familiar to him. Did any thought at that time flit athwart his own mind, or his parents' minds, or their neighbors' minds, that he, the pretty, gleesome butterfly-chaser, would live to extend the fame of his nation over the world, and that half a century later, his mortal remains would be borne by the spot of his nativity, with the whole Danish nation for mourners? Ay, and verily many other imaginings were mine, as I gazed and gazed. Let me repeat this:—Will the people who are so jealously proud of being called Danes—will this most spirited, brave, ancient, and honorable race, buy that little, old, whitewashed house for an heir-loom to the nation, more to be prized than each and every palace it possesses? Or will it first be needful for a German to come hither with intent to purchase it for his countrymen, as an American proposed with regard to the mass of mud, wood, and straw, composing a certain tenement at Stratford-on-Avon? Lo! I already take shame unto myself for this ungenerous doubt. Forgive me, Danes!—I hear you cry, "Perish the thought!"

We at length entered the avenue—one of the noblest I ever beheld. It is a very straight and excellent carriage-road, and on either side of it is a double line of trees, enclosing a broad promenade, with seats. From the entrance to the termination at the church, is probably full three quarters of an English mile; and along this distance are houses, with few intervals, and many beautifully laid-out tea-gardens and places for open-air recreation, fitted up in a style far beyond aught of a similar kind in England. In summertime, especially on Sunday evenings,† this is a very favorite place of resort to the public,

* I understand that Oehlenschlöger was an only child. His father was in respectable circumstances, being the inspector of the Palace of Fredericksberg.—W. H.

† It must be borne in mind, that in Denmark, as I have elsewhere stated, the Sabbath is held to terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon.

*and the scene on such occasions is said to be animated in the extreme. We duly reached the church of Fredericksberg. It is close upon the road, and is a quaint, squat, octagon structure, with a steep, slated roof, and a curious, slender tower, with a four-faced clock. About the centre of the little burial-ground, surrounding the edifice, a great heap of earth was freshly cast up, and on it many eyes were fixed, for it would soon be piled over *his* remains.

We returned down the avenue—the promenades of which were one sheet of ice, for the preceding evening there had been a thaw, which melted the surface of the snow, but in the night an intense frost succeeded, and the day also was clear, but bitter cold. The entire avenue was strewn, according to the old Scandinavian custom, with evergreens, branches of fir, bunches of fir and box, mingled in some instances with artificial flowers—an idea I did not like at all. It is customary at all funerals to strew evergreens before the door of the house where the body lies, but it is only for some very distinguished person indeed that they are strewn all the way to the burial-place.* As mentioned, the procession had left the church at one o'clock, and the coffin at starting was borne by the students of the University, but this honor was shared at intervals between them and the royal sailors. When the procession came in sight of the poet's birth-place, it was considerably past two o'clock, and then commenced firing of minute guns, by soldiers, at two contiguous points. In a little while all that was mortal of OehlenschlÖger rested for the last time before the roof which sheltered his natal day. A song, written expressly for the occasion, by Hans Christian Andersen, was here sung, and the reader will imagine how intensely interesting must have been the scene at this juncture. "Oh," said I to a friend at the moment, "who can tell whether OehlenschlÖger's spirit may not be permitted to look down on all this?" Ay, and I do even now deliberately conceive that it is by no means a baseless fancy that the soul of the departed is oft permitted to hover over the scenes and friends it loved on earth.

When the song concluded, the sailors raised the coffin on their shoulders, and the procession slowly entered the avenue. First came a very large military band, playing an

impressive dead march. They were followed by an immense number of gentlemen, public and professional men, in ranks of about six deep, and any respectable individual might join them. Next came a mass of royal sailors, two emblematic banners, and then the coffin. The latter was borne without pall or any covering, and on its lid were the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp; but so many evergreen wreaths, and "everlasting" flowers, had been deposited and thrown on the coffin, by loving hands, that it seemed one mass of foliage. Myself, and a lady with me, picked up five large beautiful everlasting flowers (called here "immortals"), which fell from the coffin. They lie before me as I pen this, and I need not add that I treasure them highly. I also possessed myself of some fir and evergreens, over which the body was borne. Immediately after the coffin came the sons of OehlenschlÖger, the clergy, official personages, &c. The authorities, officers, and clergy, were all in full costume, which added much to the picturesque and striking scene. The entire procession was immense, and a breathless silence pervaded the spectators as it passed. A few carriages brought up the rear.

When the body was lowered in the grave, an oration was pronounced over it by Pastor Grundtvig, a very gifted and eminent preacher, well known among learned men in London from his residence there, and who is author of the "Northern Mythology." There is no regular burial service read at funerals in Denmark, the clergymen delivering an appropriate extempore discourse instead; but words equivalent to our "earth to earth" are invariably used when the first handful is thrown in. Many sobs broke from manly breasts, and many tears were shed both by stern and gentle eyes, when the first clod rattled on the coffin of OehlenschlÖger. One more yearning look into the narrow house—one more glance at the wreath and flower-strewn coffin—and ye, O friends, who knew him living, have seen the last of the mortal part of your darling poet. Begrudge not earth its own—begrudge not Heaven another purified spirit—for have ye not all of OehlenschlÖger which is deathless?

Never, I thought, had poet such a burial! As one John Milton said of one William Shakspeare, "Kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die!" And is it thus that Denmark buries its bards? And how does a certain nation, the most wealthy and powerful in the world, bury *its* poets? I have been told that when they cry for bread, it gives them a

* At the time of Thorwaldsen's funeral, the English papers mentioned that the road was strewn, not only with evergreens, but also with juniper berries. I have inquired whether this statement was correct, and am assured it is quite erroneous.—W. H.

stone; that when they die, it usually buries them in a pauper's coffin, into which it has starved them by inches; and that it afterward rears a marble monument to their memory, which costs more than all the money they ever possessed in their lives would amount to. Can I ask if this be true? for I am only speaking by hearsay. I wait for an answer.

On the very evening of his funeral, Oehlenschlæger's tragedy of "Queen Margaret" was performed at the Theatre Royal, in Kongens Nytorv. Of course, the house was crowded to excess. I believe that the acting at plays and operas, in Copenhagen, is very good, but do not speak from personal experience, for, to the best of my recollection, I have only seen one theatrical performance during the long space of ten years.

On the Wednesday succeeding the funeral, I revisited the birth-place and grave of Oehlenschlæger, and made pencil sketches of the house and church—rudely enough, no doubt, but they will be intelligible mementoes to me. I found the crape, the evergreens, and the shield all gone from the house; and on each side the doorway were a number of coarse besoms, reared up against

the wall, for sale. The avenue was still strewn, here and there, with trampled evergreens, but no crowds now jostled me as I thoughtfully strode along. I arrived at the church-yard, and there I found a large, rough mass of frozen mould, piled over the spot where the bones of the poet will probably moulder until that great day when earth and ocean alike will yield up their dead. Several large evergreen wreaths were placed on different parts of the heap. As to the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp, I understand it is contemplated to attach them to a monument, to be erected over the grave. No pilgrim but myself had been attracted to the spot. The day was bright, and the sun shone pleasantly on the crisp snow and fresh moulds, and glistened on the windows of the little church. Silence prevailed, and I felt myself alone—alone near the grave of the poet—alone where tens of thousands were congregated a few days before. All were gone; and at that moment, I, the *Wandering Vogel*—I, the young stranger from a distant land, was the only being who had come to pay homage to God-given genius, by reverentially revisiting the grave of Adam Oehlenschlæger!

IF I WISH TO FIND THEE.

If I wish to find thee,
I must never seek;
I must never mind thee,
Though away a week!
Speak of thee I dare not;
Dare not say I mourn:
If I seem to care not,
Thou wilt soon return—
If I seem to care not,
Sooner thou'lt return!

Something sad in knowing
Love can ne'er endure
If, by too much showing,
Love is made too sure.
Pique him well, and spare not,

Every time ye meet;
If you seem to care not,
Soon he's at your feet—
If you seem to care not,
Soon he's at your feet!

Should you love *one* dearly,
Never breathe it out;
Though he woo sincerely,
Keep him still in doubt!
Tell him love's a bubble,
Leave him still in fears;
More you cause *him* trouble,
Less he'll cause *you* tears—
More you cause him trouble,
Less he'll cause you tears.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The Queen's Commission for the Exhibition of 1851. Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations.

IF we seek to find a reason why the Polar regions, the temperate zones and the torrid, the lofty hills and the deep valleys, should have been created; why all portions of the earth's surface should not have been alike; why the polar cold and equinoctial heat should not have been commingled to make one universal temperate Paradise, producing all things needful to man,—that reason may be found, apart from all the mechanical and chemical considerations governing the mundane economy, in the needful stimulus to the moral nature of man—the necessity of bringing the denizens of the whole earth's surface into personal communion, for the purpose of exchanging their various productions; and thence grew up commerce, i. e., mutual buying and selling, with competition or mutual self-seeking following in its train, and much eschewed by surface-seeing Socialists, whose vision cannot penetrate to the "beyond," and who therefore entertain a decided conviction that buying and selling may be abolished over the whole world simultaneously, any fine morning at exactly a quarter-hour before six, and all go smoothly ever after with all mankind, as equal tenants in common of the universal earth.

That mankind are tenants of the earth, is a great truth looming through the Socialist crudities; but before they can become equal tenants of matter, they must attain a universal equal mind, or very common indeed will be that they can have to portion amongst them. Only when the results of commerce, in the shape of constantly accumulating wealth, shall have satisfied—satiated—the heart of ambition, when material food shall be as a drug, and the wealth of sympathizing hearts shall well over with the extirpation of selfishness—only then shall the mass of mankind be free from the cares of individual acquisition. Mr. Vernon, giving his pictures

to the public during his life, is a type of what is to come hereafter. Fear of poverty and shame of poverty are at present two world-wide stimuli, engendering wide-spread selfishness. Would ye outroot selfishness, oh, ye Socialists, first outroot poverty!

Commerce and its appliances are the right arm of the true Lords of Progress, carrying forward humanity to its haven of rest. Deep is our respect for all belonging to it. Even when its instincts become morbid, and love of gain degenerates into love of plunder, still do we think how much more graceful is Hermes, the God of Thieves, than is Ares, the God of Slaughter. The adroit swindler is less abhorrent than the reiver baron—the levyer of "black-mail," the crusher of the weak, the brute spoiler of the industrious. And in the increasing light of knowledge, greater every day becomes the tendency to honesty; for in the long run, roguery is rarely prosperous. The bucaniers of commerce somehow do not succeed. A general mark is gradually set on them, and the sphere of their transactions is narrowed. They must gradually disappear, as the wild red deer and the wilder Red Indian disappear before the footstep of the half-civilized white man.

As the wind carries winged seeds over the earth, so commerce carries arts, and civilization, and humanity as a consequence, and not with purpose aforethought. The merchant-prince who freights his ship from the docks of London, calculates only his pecuniary gain. He heeds not the printed knowledge, the labor-saving tools and machines, the works of art the good ship may bear in her entrails—all seeds of wide-spreading good, as by converse the horse of Sinon was pregnant with destruction, fire, famine, and slaughter to Troy. Nor does the world at large recognize the practical fact, how much work

and labor is bestowed by England in clothing a large portion of the human race. It is selfish interest, say they, and we must prevent them by all means in our power—by custom-houses and tariffs; for while clothing us and providing us with tools and machines, they are robbing us. It may be selfish interest; but, fortunately for human progress, all selfish interest is ultimately based in universal interest. The earliest merchant travelers carrying goods with them for sale are the Phœnicians. They helped to civilize—more than the warriors—this our England. How and by what processes, by what gradual changes, these buyers of tin have given eventual birth to the thirty thousand commercial travelers who overrun the British Isles, were too large a task to set forth.

In the early times, ere newspapers existed, an important part was played by the packmen and bagmen, and “riders,” who carried with them samples of their employers’ wares. They were the gratuitous newsmen of the community—the lords of the hostleries where they congregated. As a mass they do not seem to have been held in much respect. We recollect an old “Moral Tale,” commonly put into the hands of young people, called “The Newcastle Rider,” in which the hero was made to embody the principle of traveling selfishness, as a warning to others. And, probably, few things tend more to selfishness than incessant traveling in the pursuit of gain, when high qualities do not form the staple of the character. The term *Commis Voyageur*, in France, expresses the lowest class of travelers; and the commercial rooms in England too frequently exhibit samples of the old leaven, that disgust the higher and more refined persons whom modern cultivation has produced amongst the buyers and sellers of this great manufacturing world. And the processes by which travelers are selected are faulty; the object sought is not so well attained. A business pursuit is ever better pursued by a cultivated than by an uncultivated man. The true gentleman, not the false, is he who influences the world—who induces people to have dealings with him. But usually the sharpest, not the wisest person in the shop or factory is selected as the one for promotion from the ranks, to the business of seeing the world—of commerce. He learns the tricks of the commercial rooms; how to exact his full pennyworth, where the best attendance is, and the best house for business. Man he regards as a creature created to buy and sell. His phrases are peculiar; he does not study a man’s

character, but “takes stock of him.” “Good men” are those who can pay. “Sharp men” those who try to cheat him. “Prompt men” those who order freely and pay when called on. “A pleasant town” is that where business is done easily. Manchester is the paradise of young men fond of betting; and a good buyer ranks higher than a good seller, for if a thing be well bought any one can sell it.

Not thus are all traveling solicitors of custom. Men also are amongst them, and not mere fractions of men;—believers that commerce is a means and not an end;—who look in the face of humanity, and greet it with a kindly smile;—men, who care not for externals, but look for inner worth;—men, who can estimate and take measure of humanity, and look on all men as their brethren,—some as erring, and some too selfish, and some too wise to err. Amongst them, too, are heroes of the modern world, who inflict on their own persons privations innumerable, that father, and mother, and brother, and sister, may be the better cared for; who travel in third-class carriages, and eat homely fare, and set the world at defiance with the gentleman hidden beneath a coarse traveling garb—the gentleman.

“He’s gentle and not fearful.”

Resisters of oppression; battlers for the right; guardians of their souls’ purity amid the haunts of vice; thoughtful in all things, yet not the less careful to ensure their full percentage on the transfer of their employers’ wares. And many are married, loving their domestic hearths and the faces of their wives and children; going forth with grief, true and faithful in travel, and returning with a joy, known only to the unselfish. Humanity is, after all, the chief ingredient in bagmanity.

What a mass of power runs to waste in this numerous body! Thirty thousand human beings, grown up to man’s estate, and penetrating by rapid journeys to every portion of the empire. What, if these men were all select, carefully chosen, highly educated, of moral worth and enthusiastic temperament, duly admixed with habitual strong thought!—What might not such men achieve throughout the length and breadth of the land, in changing the habits of the community, in awakening tastes and pointing out elevated objects! They should have, wherever they go, a cheerful, elegant home—not a tavern lodging. In a better state of affairs, the

town-hall will be the sojourning-place of the town guests; not the dingy abode now usually found, but an ample, spacious apartment, where strangers and townsmen may meet and hold converse. Were it the rule in all commercial towns that the travelers'-hall should be the universal trysting-place for men of all countries, with books, paintings, and sculptures surrounding them, great would be the advantage to humanity. Leading spirits would be known and recognized, and a loftier tone would be acquired. The present race of manufacturers and merchants might, perhaps, deem that all this would make their travelers less efficient men of business, but we incline to the contrary opinion. Bland manners and cultivated intellect are portions of that quality in business, which persuades people into dealings. Even the narrow-minded instinctively turn to the open-browed, with the belief that they will thus fare best in their traffic.

This age is pregnant with new occurrences, almost day by day. Things are regarded as in ordinary course, which, formerly, would have been deemed marvels. Great Britain Steamers and Britannia Tubular Bridges excite little wonder. They exist, and the imagination turns only to the future. But there is one thing yet to come, pregnant with greater results to the world than all that has gone before it. It is the practical Peace Congress, which, at the bidding of Prince Albert, is about to start into vigorous existence. The Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. Magnificent was the conception of thus gathering together the commercial travelers of the universal world, side by side with their employers and customers, and with a show-room for their goods that ought to be such as the world has never before beheld. England has been rife in great deeds. Of old, when emerging from barbarism, she won great battles by land and by sea; and in the time of her civilized-barbarism, or barbarous-civilization, she has thought deeds of strife worthy of emulation. Yet even in the commission of these deeds of strife, she has enlarged her perceptions. When the Chinese war was won—won mainly by the efforts of a civilian in the India House, who, before the war was contemplated, fought a two-years' paper war with the Admiralty—steam against wind—and finally succeeded in sending out the *Nemesis* to India—when that war was won, it was proclaimed that China must no longer be isolated from the rest of the world—from the "outside barbarians." But in that proc-

lamation no selfishness was shown; not for England alone, but for Europe—for "natural enemies," as well as ancient allies—for Frenchmen as well as Portuguese and Turks—was it proclaimed that China should thenceforward be a country of open ports. Then came, not free trade, but a trade partially free; for freedom we can scarcely call it, till we see written on the Custom-houses, "These buildings to let for warehouses;" and every Frenchman with his cock-boat may ascend the Thames from the opposite coast, and buy and sell at his pleasure, no man asking him questions of his right. Partial free trade came first, and then came free ships—the repeal of the navigation laws. Yet foreigners stood aghast. They deemed it some new manoeuvre on the part of England to maintain her superiority; and in truth so it was. She took the lead in peace as she did in war. She set the example of abolishing the impediments to the unrestricted intercourse of man with man.

And last came Prince Albert to proclaim that England should no longer be misunderstood; that from the ends of the earth foreigners should come to a universal jubilee of the arts of peace; that they should hear with their own ears, and see with their own eyes, the works of all mankind, wrought for the welfare of mankind, side by side with their makers; that ~~man~~ unmistakably should be exhibited the results of many varying races: the artistry of the Celts and dark skins, and the mechanism of the fair-haired Saxons. That men from many climes should look into each other's faces, and simultaneously exclaim, "Lo, we are brethren! What thou hast made I lack; and, lo! thou, too, lackest that which I have made. Where was this knowledge hidden that we found it not before?"

Prince Albert!—royal artist,—prince amongst merchants,—universal patron of Europe's future metropolis,—shunner of the "Fields of Cloth of Gold,"—scorner of Eglington tournaments; Haroun Alrashid of the universal bazaar; Il Bondocani of the revolutionary ruin, bidding beauty rise and chasing away gloom and despair; genius of the modern day; hero of the hundred embraces, and hater "of the hundred fights;" from the hearts of all high-souled men will well up loyalty to this royal *progress*!

And, with loyalty, true Socialism—Socialism in the better sense of the word—will be developed in this Metropolitan Exhibition. Universal man—and woman—may share in it. Representatives of all classes, from the

artisan to the duke, may there present the works they have made with their hands or directed with their brains.

But before this can be done, a great Storehouse or Repository has to be erected, and as this in itself will be a principal feature of the Exhibition—one, moreover, which will most assuredly be criticised by foreigners as the latest evidence of the amount of skill we have acquired in the arts of construction, it should be a building worthy of the nation.

To this end it is not necessary that the structure should be one of massive material, elaborate decoration, and corresponding cost; on the contrary, any such misapplication of the means at our disposal would be a practical demonstration of spendthrift wastefulness and bad taste; and we should commit a similar folly, if, in preparing our plans of design, we began by imitating in the usual way the most approved and classical architectural models. The design of the building should be as original as its object. It should not be suggestive by association of the ideas of a pyramid, a temple, or a palace; for it will not be a tomb, a place of public worship, nor a mansion of royalty. The object should determine the design. That is to say, the design should be altogether subordinate to the uses of the building, and should be of the kind that would express them, or at least harmonize with them.

Let us consider what the object is. It is, first, the protection from injury by weather or other agency, and the safe custody of a vast and miscellaneous property, of great value. An area of ground will therefore have to be covered in, of probably twenty acres in extent, and it is intended the materials shall be fire-proof throughout, unless those portions of the building be excepted that will have to be appropriated to productions of the more incombustible class, such as machinery. Second, the proper display of all the articles exhibited; for which purpose there must be an abundance of *light*.

These are the *primary* considerations; and there are others which relate to the ultimate destination of the building.

A rumor has reached us—but we are unwilling to believe that it is entitled to credit—that the Commissioners, while making preparations for an outlay exceeding £100,000, contemplate nothing beyond the immediate end for which it will be raised; and that they propose that the building which is to cost this large sum shall be pulled down at the close of the Exhibition, and the materials sold! To act upon such an intention, should

it have been formed, will be to render England the laughing-stock of the world. Surely we can set a better example to other nations than that of doing and undoing; and we cannot be such bunglers in design, or blunderers in commercial matters, that we are at a loss how to contrive, at this expense, and without departing from the object, an edifice that shall not be worth *more standing*, than if razed to the ground! If otherwise, we certainly do not require an architectural committee, with Mr. Barry at their head, to prepare plans for such a mushroom enterprise. The framework of a series of large barns, covered with tarpaulin, roof felting, or oiled sheeting, might suffice for the occupation of a few months; and if closed at dusk, a few watchmen, with fire engines, would, for so limited a term, sufficiently secure it from the risk of conflagration. To aim at architectural effects when the purpose to be answered is that of a temporary booth, is worse than ridiculous. In that which is doomed to destruction there should be nothing to regret.

But to what purpose could the kind of building now required be devoted when the Exhibition shall have been closed? We have already churches, museums, literary institutions, and music-halls; and if we need to multiply their number it is to meet the wants of separate localities, not of those of the public or the metropolis at large; and we do not require either churches, museums, literary institutions, or music-halls, on the gigantic scale of the intended Exhibition.

There is one object to which the extensive area of the Exhibition might be devoted,—and that an object of such utility that it would be important to promote it even if the Exhibition were put aside altogether—that of a *great metropolitan Conservatory*, or *winter garden*.

Our parks are pleasant, and available for exercise during six months in the year, but scarcely for a longer period. The Duke of Devonshire, and a few other noblemen, have magnificent conservatories, in which, during the severest weather, they can enjoy a healthful promenade, and breathe the balmy air of summer. The public have only the Conservatory at Kew, which is on too small a scale, and too far distant, for the multitudes who would visit it in the winter season, if in the immediate vicinity of London. Why should the inhabitants of the metropolis not be enabled to command, between the months of October and April of every year, the facilities a winter garden would afford for healthful enjoyment; and especially that large in-

valid class of our population whom the first breath of a north-easterly wind now consigns to the imprisonment of their own dwellings?

Something of the kind has recently been established at Paris as a private speculation, and has become one of the most popular places of resort in that city. Public dinners, balls, and concerts are continually held in the *Jardin d'Hiver* of the Champs Elysées, and with frost out of doors, and the snow covering the ground, visitors there find themselves in another and a more genial climate, surrounded by tropical trees, flowering shrubs and plants, interspersed with statues and fountains. Our municipal arrangements will remain imperfect until similar but still more extensive winter gardens, thrown open to the poorest, at a moderate rate of charge, are found in every large town of the United Kingdom; and if the zeal of Prince Albert for the proposed Industrial Exhibition should result in the foundation of a winter garden for the inhabitants of the metropolis, commensurate with the wealth and population of the capital of nations, this alone will be something for him to be remembered by, and remembered with gratitude for many generations.

We would earnestly urge the Commissioners to give their attention to this subject. Considering the efforts that have been made in all quarters, and the high patronage of the Exhibition, their subscription list has made comparatively but slow way—and the reasons are obvious. Many feel that the object being more commercial than artistical, although in part both, the commercial classes should contribute in the greatest proportion toward the expenses,—they deriving an immediate and direct benefit from the Exhibition, in the advertisement it will afford them for their goods; and the sympathy of others is with difficulty excited by a proclamation to the effect of, “Give us £150,000 to spend in 1851, that we may throw away the money in 1852.” Franklin would have said, “You wish me to pay too dear for my whistle.”

A different policy should be pursued. We would allow the exhibitors, under certain needful reservations, to pay for any accommodation they might require beyond a given maximum, and thus in great part to supply, themselves, the needful funds. We would invite donations for the larger object, including both the Exhibition and a winter garden; and we would ask for the latter, if necessary, a small metropolitan rate to make up any deficiency. The money might be borrowed

on the security of a small improvement rate, and repaid by instalments within ten years. And perhaps few persons are aware that a rate of a single halfpenny, (which would not be felt), on the police rental of the metropolis,* would produce nearly £20,000 per annum.

The architectural principles that would have to be followed in the construction of a grand metropolitan Conservatory, or winter garden, harmonize in every respect with those which would have to be carried out for the Exhibition, whatever design may be adopted. The materials of construction for the Conservatory would be chiefly iron and glass; materials incombustible, and by which a large space may be covered in almost as cheaply as by any other. Wrought iron would be used for the rafters, girders, and columns; cast iron for ornamental tracery, where strength is not needed; rough plate glass, hail-proof, would be employed in the roof, and common window glass in other cases, sometimes stained or painted to diminish the intensity of the light, and vary the effects. The architect, in preparing his designs, would merely have to bear in mind that, although in ordinary circumstances it is comparatively immaterial on which side of a building he places the greatest number of windows, in the case of a Conservatory it is essential that the building should be open toward the south, that the plants may have the benefit of the direct rays of the sun; and further, that he has to arrange a system of flues for warming the building without open fire-places, and to contrive corresponding means of ventilation for preserving an equable temperature.

These points properly attended to, the building would become a model for the imitation of all people living in northern climes; a building, moreover, available not merely for an Exhibition in 1851, but for another in 1861, should it be determined to repeat the experiment.† In the case, however, of periodical Exhibitions, the better plan would be to follow the precedent of the meetings of the British Association, and hold them in different parts of the United Kingdom. The next Exhibition would be appropriately held in the centre of the manufacturing districts.

* About £9,000,000, including the City.

† An Industrial Exhibition would of course be held in the summer-time, when tropical plants, orange-trees, &c., could be safely removed out of doors; but some space would be lost by permanent plantations, which would have to be recovered by temporary extensions.

Manchester might then seize the opportunity of providing itself with a winter garden similar to that of London; and afterward other towns in succession.

A few observations are required upon the site chosen in the present instance,—that of the southern part of Hyde Park, called Rotten Row, opposite Kensington Terrace, and near the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington,—a site sufficiently convenient for omnibus passengers coming from the Bank, and within an easy lounging distance of Belgrave Square and Buckingham Palace. But these are its only recommendations. Opposed to them is the enormous loss to which commercial men will be exposed by the expense of cartage, consequent upon the inaccessibility by rail of the intended Exhibition,—a loss which, it would be easy to demonstrate, will be equal to the purchase of the freehold of any twenty acres of ground not at present built upon within five miles of St. Paul's. The Commissioners appear wholly to have overlooked this most important consideration; and the mistake may prove fatal. The expense of transporting heavy machinery from the North of England to the Euston Square or Paddington stations will alone be sufficiently serious; but when to this is added the further expense of loading, unloading, conveyance and superintendence through the streets of London, twice there and back—that is, to and from the Exhibition—many persons, who would otherwise be exhibitors, will unquestionably be deterred from becoming so by the sacrifices it would involve. Take an example, an extreme one, perhaps, but the better for illustration. How would Mr. Brunel transport from Paddington station to Rotten Row, for the purpose of exhibition, a locomotive such as he employs on the Great Western? The weight of one of these mammoth machines,* engine and tender, exceeds

forty tons. A load, on ordinary roads, for ten wagons and forty horses; and the roads on which this dead lumber is to be dragged are Park Lane and Piccadilly! The Paving Commissioners of St. George's parish should have a voice in the matter.

In France, the selection of the Champs Elysées for the exhibition of last year was excusable enough. France is not a country of railways. The French have hardly yet found out their use, and have not hitherto succeeded in forming a single through trunk line from Paris to any one of their ports on the Mediterranean. But in England railways and machinery are the elements of our strength. We are essentially workers in iron. The life-breath of our commercial prosperity is *steam*; and here is a Royal Commission apparently indifferent to the application of steam and iron as a means of transit, and practically discouraging mechanical invention by proposing to receive it under impossible conditions! As if the Exhibition were intended only as a kind of fancy bazaar, or for the display of those articles of *vertu* which could be conveniently brought in a lady's reticule, or conveyed away in her carriage!

The proper site for the Exhibition would be the fields adjoining the Birmingham Railway and the Regent's Canal, on the north side of Regent's Park; or almost anywhere on the line of the Kensington and West India Dock Extension Railways (by which the whole of the northern lines are now connected), rather than in a merely fashionable neighborhood, so destitute of the means of transit, and remote from the active centres of industry as Rotten Row. Placed on the line of the northern railways, or on a short branch leading to them, a train of passengers from Aberdeen might be brought direct to the doors of the Exhibition, and the heaviest machinery delivered without any trouble of transhipment, in the very hall destined for its reception. Moreover, when the Exhibition shall be closed—should the project of a winter garden be abandoned—the building in such a situation would have a commercial value, as a canal or railway dépôt for merchandise, greatly exceeding that of the materials of its construction, however cheaply erected.

We trust the Commissioners will not pass these objections without further discussion. It is not too late to revise their decision; but better postpone the Exhibition to another year than risk its success. Facility of transit is not an immaterial question. It is a

* Rail-cru-hing and coke-consuming contrivances which will probably be discarded when the real secret of diminishing dividends shall be understood by shareholders. But the weight of even the *light* locomotives recently introduced is nine tons, and the transport of one of them to Hyde Park, with no facilities of rail, not therefore to be easily effected.

Every machine manufacturer would give evidence of the importance of having their establishments on a canal, a river, or a railway; and Mr. Robert Stephenson could show his brother Commissioners that the necessity, which was not at first understood, of avoiding cartage, between Camden Town and the Thames, has compelled the London and North Western Company to effect a communication with the Docks at a cost of £800,000. An expensive *after-thought*.

vital one; and if the Commissioners persist in the selection of a site remote alike from canal or railway, it will hereafter be a source to them of bitter self-reproach and unavailing regret.

The "Classified List of Objects" to be admitted is another proof that the ideas of the Commissioners of the working of the Exhibition are as yet somewhat of the crudest. The list seems to us rather droll. An exhibition must be essentially of material objects; and of course the list only contains material objects, but many of them are of such a class that the eye, alone, can neither detect nor recognize them. We refer to those which can only be judged of by manipulation. The chemical section is something like bringing a druggist's shop on the stage. We almost think it would be worth while to introduce a section of the British Museum. A bottle of the blood of Saint Januarius; or the last sigh of Mary Queen of Scots corked up; or the electric fluid of the veritable St. Vitus; or the sun's ray that photographed Beard's first portrait, were nearly as tangible to the outward senses as many of the bottled chemicals named, carefully stoppered down.

The admission, however, of chemical substances of the rarer sort may be useful, if the opportunity is to be afforded of lecturing upon them, and making experiments with them. But will the Exhibition contain a lecture-room and a laboratory, for the purpose of scientific demonstration? The Commissioners are silent upon this head.

Again, we ask, with regard to the mixed chemical substances used in manufactures, or for domestic purposes, shall we be at liberty to purchase them in the Exhibition, so that we may take them home with us and test them? As yet we have no answer. The first article in this section of the list is soap, and we agree with the Commissioners that

much may be said in its favor. We fear only that little is to be gained by looking at a sample of even the best kinds, neatly done up in packets. Will they allow us to wash our hands with it? "How are you off for soap?" is a phrase extensively used by the vulgar, and, like most vulgar phrases, it is pregnant with meaning when analyzed. In a manufacturing country, a good rough test of civilization would be the consumption of soap. The levied tax on it is an enormity that ought to be removed; not the amount of the tax, but the impediments to manufacture it offers, is the serious evil. Many persons can recollect when common salt was taxed, and sold at a guinea per bushel. Had Ulysses lived in those days he would not have gone to the expense of sowing salt in his furrows, to feign madness, and save personal service in the wars. Sowing salt would have been a costly madness indeed. When salt was a guinea per bushel, the natron of Egypt was brought to England for soda at a shilling per pound. The duty being removed from salt, soda made from it is now one penny per pound, and people use it in many inconvenient forms to avoid the soap-tax.

give no facilities for the sale of articles, or for the transaction of business connected therewith.

(Signed) "J. SCOTT RUSSELL.

"March, 1850." "STAFFORD H. NORTHCOOTE."

It is quite clear, from this announcement, that the Commissioners are confounding in their minds the idea of a museum of curiosities with that of industrial enterprise. They forget that not a single article will be exhibited that has not been expressly invented or manufactured to be sold. They propose to give prizes in certain cases; and with extraordinary inconsistency shut their eyes to the fact, that the greatest of all prizes, the prize which puts all industry in motion, the prize for which the whole commercial world is contending, is that of a *profitable sale*. Why, even in the case of the Royal Academy—what is the object of the artists who send their paintings to its annual exhibition, but the sale of their paintings? And how long would it be before that exhibition would be shut up, if such sale were discountenanced as *infra dig.*?

We can understand the propriety of a regulation, and it would of course be reasonable enough, that no article should be removed from the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, unless immediately replaced by another corresponding, or until the close of the Exhibition; when surely, as the Commissioners must perceive, the Exhibitors should be allowed the opportunity of disposing of productions brought together from all parts of the United Kingdom, and even from abroad, instead of being compelled to incur the subsequent expense of private warehouses or return carriage.

It is obvious that the plans of the Commissioners are at present altogether immature. The Exhibition must now be postponed another year, or the most abortive results may be anticipated.

* Since the above was written the Commissioners have announced their intention to discourage, if not wholly to prohibit, the sale of any articles connected with the Exhibition. Their notice states,—

"That some misunderstanding having arisen from the use of the words 'counting houses' in the building prospectus issued by the Commissioners, it is explained that they intend only to have such offices as will be required for taking money at the doors, distributing tickets, selling catalogues, and conducting the other business of the Exhibition, and not offices for the sale of articles exhibited. The object of the Exhibition is the display of the articles intended to be exhibited, and not the transaction of commercial business; and the Commissioners can therefore

Yet it is for the chemist we are waiting, who has to uncloud our vision, and show us the wonders of the earth—the true real.

The section entitled "Raw Materials and Produce" suggests the idea that the list would have been best shortened into the words "everything from everywhere." We wonder why the list-preparers omitted "Specimens of agricultural soils of all countries." They would be quite as pertinent as many of the articles inserted. Surely the custom-house tariff must have been the source drawn from.

Manufactures and machinery will of course be the great staples of the Exhibition—machinery to an extent and of a variety that would astonish the world, if a site be finally adopted suitable for its reception, and other needful arrangements made for showing its operation. Otherwise, most assuredly, we shall not cut a better figure in this respect than our neighbors; and to preserve our national character, this part of the Exhibition should be given up.

Let us remind the Commissioners that to exhibit the working of the machines or mechanical models that may be sent them, they must be put *in motion*, and that for this purpose one or more steam-engines must be erected on the premises, as at the Polytechnic Institution. Machines or models without motion are like bodies without souls. As well make a new cemetery as exhibit a collection of levers that never lift—wheels that will not turn. There is one such in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* at Paris—the most dead-alive exhibition in Europe. Motion is life. Put in action, the machinery and working models of the Exhibition would form its most attractive feature. Our "Prime Movers" would then exhibit in perfection the genuine phases of the Saxon mind, proclaiming the conquest of man over nature in the Promethean creation of the metallic drudges, the Fire Titans that will ultimately leave more time for thought. We will prophesy that in those things no Celt will bear away the bell;

"In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind."

The second phasis of railways will perchance be there worked out, showing how we are to enter on the profit age thereof, after striking off the wasted capital.

It is to be regretted—but this is unavoidable—that one important branch of our industrial pursuits will find no adequate repre-

sentative in the Exhibition. We allude to our iron steamers, the world's future wonder—the work that will be almost exclusively our own when our present comparative toys of iron mills shall have given birth to others fitted for manufactured materials worthy to wrestle with old ocean in his wildest mood—to saddle him and bridle him, and ride him down into tameness. For the "down to the sea in ships," of the olden time, future times shall say, they "went over the sea in moving bridges, whereon men rested as on land." To this and more shall we come; and the crude experiment of the Great Britain, and her four months' thrashing on the rock bed of Dundrum Bay, is but a simple trial toward greater things, when men get over their lethargy, and, as giants refreshed, spring up again out of the painful struggles that have convulsed the world. We trust, however, that in such models of iron vessels, steam-propelled, as may be exhibited, not mere imitation models will be produced; but that the daring will be combined with the practical in one or more original models of what the year 1860 will probably produce for the future eight days' transit between the Land's End of England and the Isthmus of Panama.

The "Cannon, Small Arms, Pistols, and their Equipments," will excite in us but little curiosity; they are things belonging to tax-collectors and not tax-payers, among whom we ourselves rank. We care not how many revolutions take place in "Colt's revolvers," even though they should be made in a hoop form to wear as a girdle for a "real wild-cat whipper," to shoot all round him at once, when hemmed in by a circle of red skins, going off incessantly, like an everlasting cracker, primed and loaded for all eternity—the perpetual motion of projectiles.

In agricultural implements we trust to see great improvements, with models of new arrangements of farm buildings, that shall effectually arouse the agricultural mind from its apathy; show the practicability of uniting the farm with the factory, and of combining both with the town and the railway; and so force on the supine men who gather together to call on Hercules, the conviction that their welfare is in their own hands.

In the "Conditions and Limitations" it is provided that "all spirits, wines, and fermented liquors, unless derived from unusual sources, are inadmissible." We presume that the genuine "malt and hop" being unusual, would therefore be admissible. Real Port wine also, and veritable Champagne—

warranted not gooseberry. Oils and spirits, too, "must be shown in well-secured glass vessels." Not much use in this, one would think. The colored waters of the chemist could be made to pass muster for almost all fluids. Live stock are also excluded; in the words put by Peter Pindar in the mouth of the Third George—

"But for God's sake, send nothing that can eat!"

The grand objects of the Exhibition, as we regard them, may thus be summed up:

1. To promote brotherhood amongst mankind.
2. To make all cognizant of what each can do for others.
3. To diminish human drudgery by mechanism.
4. To promote art of the higher kind.
5. To show how clothing may best be made by machines, without handicrafty.
6. New preparations of human food.

And among the latter, if there are to be prizes, let a prize be given to him who shall so improve upon the qualities of a vegetable diet, as to enable us to dispense with the use of animals as food; a discovery which we believe to be quite within the reach of human faculties. To attain it, and give to vegetable food the same power of satisfying the appetite and pleasing the palate as animal food, we have but to study the art of concentrating nutritious substances into a form similar to that of muscular fibre; the art of combining properties such as those of the olive and mushroom, and of producing other flavors than those which have hitherto been attempted even by M. Soyer. The subject is one which fairly comes within the scope of an Industrial Exhibition, to which the public are invited to send chemical contributions; and whatever may be its novelty to some, its importance to the future interests, both moral and physical, of human society, cannot be doubted.

FLOWERS.

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye sport and spring,
Smiling between bank and brook,
Mossy marge, and woody nook,
Where the linnets sing:
Climbing hedge-row, bush, and brier,
As your spirit ne'er would tire,
Over lane and lea;
Full of life, and full of mirth,
Ye alone enjoy the earth,—
Happy children ye!

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye roam and race
Up the valley—up the hill—
With an ever-changing will,
Haunting every place:
Hanging half-way down the steep,
Where not e'en the stag dare leap,
In your reckless glee;
Or, where snows eternal blanch,
Listening to the avalanche,—
Bold adventurers ye!

Flowers! sweet Flora's children!
How ye dance and twine
With the loveliest born of Spring,
Moving in an endless ring—
An exhaustless line!

Sometimes shy and singly seen,
Like some nun in cloister green,
Offering incense free;
Sometimes over marsh and moor,
Resting by the cottage door,—
Welcome comers ye!

Flowers, dear Flora's children,
How ye love to meet
Far away from human sound,
Making Nature hallowed ground,
Even loneliness sweet:
Where some fount, 'mid mountain springs,
Singing falls, and falling sings
In melodious key;—
Blooming where no step is heard
Save the light foot of some bird:—
Favored children ye!

Flowers, sweet Flora's children,
Loved by moon and star;
Loved by little ramblers, lone,
Seated on some grassy stone,
Many a footstep far!
Loved by all that God hath made,
All that ever watched and prayed;
For ye seem to me,
In your bright and boundless span,
Silent speakers unto man
Of the World to be!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

WHILE the fortunes of the last Duchess of Orleans are still in uncertainty, it may not be unpleasing to read something of the family and character of the first princess who bore that title. The retrospect will carry us back to stirring times, and make us acquainted with the virtues and sufferings, as well as the crimes, which mark the family history of the great European houses. The history of Valentina Visconti links the history of Milan with that of Paris, and imparts an Italian grace and tenderness to the French annals. Yet although herself one of the gentlest of women, she was sprung from the fiercest of men. The history of the rise and progress of the family of Visconti is, in truth, one of the most characteristic that the Lombardic annalists have preserved.

The Sforzias, called Visconti from their hereditary office of *Vicecomes*, or temporal vicar of the Emperor, were a marked and peculiar race. With the most ferocious qualities, they combined high intellectual refinement, and an elegant and cultivated taste, in all that was excellent in art, architecture, poetry, and classical learning. The founder of the family was Otho, Archbishop of Milan at the close of the 13th century. He extended his vicarial authority into a virtual sovereignty of the Lombard towns, acknowledging only the German Emperor as his feudal lord. This self-constituted authority he transmitted to his nephew Matteo, "Il grande." In the powerful hands of Matteo the Magnificent, Milan became the capital of a virtual Lombardic kingdom. Three of the sons of Matteo were successively "tyrants" of Milan, the designation being probably used in its classical, rather than its modern sense. Galeazzo, the eldest, was succeeded by his son Azzo, the only one of the male representatives of the Visconti who exhibited any of the milder characteristics befitting the character of a virtuous prince. Luchino, his uncle and successor, was, however, a patron of learning, and has had the good fortune to transmit his name to us in illustrious com-

pany. At his court, in other respects contaminated by vice, and made infamous by cruelty, the poet Petrarch found a home and a munificent patron. Luchino cultivated his friendship. The poet was not above repaying attentions so acceptable by a no less acceptable flattery. Petrarch's epistle, eulogizing the virtues and recounting the glory of the tyrant, remains a humiliating record of the power of wealth and greatness, and the pliability of genius.

Luchino's fate was characteristic. His wife, Isabella of Fieschi, had frequently suffered from his caprice and jealousy; at length she learned that he had resolved on putting her to death. Forced to anticipate his cruel intent, she poisoned him with the very drugs he had designed for her destruction.

Luchino was succeeded by his brother Giovanni, Archbishop of Milan, the ablest of the sons of Matteo. Under his unscrupulous administration the Milanese territory was extended, until almost the whole of Lombardy was brought under the yoke of the vigorous and subtle tyrant. Although an ecclesiastic, he was as prompt to use the temporal as the spiritual sword. On his accession to power, Pope Clement the Sixth, then resident at Avignon, summoned him to appear at his tribunal to answer certain charges of heresy and schism. The papal legate sent with this commission had a further demand to make on behalf of the Pontiff—the restitution of Bologna, a fief of the church, which had been seized by the Milanese prelate, Giovanni Visconti, as well as the cession, by the latter, of either his temporal or spiritual authority, which the legate declared could not be lawfully united in the person of an archbishop. Giovanni insisted that the legate should repeat the propositions with which he was charged at church on the following Sunday: as prince and bishop he could only receive such a message in the presence of his subjects and the clergy of his province. On the appointed day, the Archbishop having celebrated high-mass with unusual splendor, the

legate announced the message with which he was charged by his Holiness. The people listened in silence, expecting a great discussion. But their astonishment was not greater than that of the legate, when Archbishop Giovanni stepped forth, with his crucifix in one hand, while with the other he drew from beneath his sacerdotal robes a naked sword, and exclaimed—"Behold the spiritual and temporal arms of Giovanni Visconti! By the help of God, with the one I will defend the other."

The legate could obtain no other answer, save that the Archbishop declared that he had no intention of disobeying the pontiff's citation to appear at Avignon. He accordingly prepared, indeed, to enter such an appearance as would prevent citations of that kind in future.

He sent, as his precursor, a confidential secretary, with orders to make suitable preparations for his reception. Thus commissioned, the secretary proceeded to hire every vacant house in the city and surrounding neighborhood, within a circuit of several miles; and made enormous contracts for the supply of furniture and provisions for the use of the Archbishop and his suite. These astounding preparations soon reached the ears of Clement. He sent for the secretary, and demanded the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings. The secretary replied, that he had instructions from his master, the Archbishop of Milan, to provide for the reception of 12,000 knights and 6000 foot soldiers, exclusive of the Milanese gentlemen who would accompany their lord when he appeared at Avignon, in compliance with his Holiness's summons. Clement, quite unprepared for such a visit, only thought how he should extricate himself from so great a dilemma. He wrote to the haughty Visconti, begging that he would not put himself to the inconvenience of such a journey: and, lest this should not be sufficient to deter him, proposed to grant him the investiture of Bologna—the matter in dispute between them—for a sum of money: a proposal readily assented to by the wealthy Archbishop.

Giovanni Visconti bequeathed to the three sons of his brother Stephano a well-consolidated power; and, for that age, an enormous accumulation of wealth. The Visconti were the most skillful of financiers. Without overburdening their subjects, they had ever a well-filled treasury—frequently recruited, it is true, by the plunder of their enemies, or replenished by the contributions they levied on neighboring cities. The uniform success

which attended their negotiations in these respects, encouraged them in that intermeddling policy they so often pursued. We can scarcely read without a smile the proclamations of their generals to the inoffensive cities, of whose affairs they so kindly undertook the unsolicited management.

"It is no unworthy design which has brought us hither," the general would say to the citizens of the towns selected for these disinterested interventions; "we are here to re-establish order, to destroy the dissensions and secret animosities which divide the people (say) of Tuscany. We have formed the unalterable resolution to reform the abuses which abound in all the Tuscan cities. If we cannot attain our object by mild persuasions, we will succeed by the strong hand of power. Our chief has commanded us to conduct his armies to the gates of your city, to attack you at our swords' point, and to deliver over your property to be pillaged, unless (solely for your own advantage) you show yourselves pliant in conforming to his benevolent advice."

Giovanni Visconti, as we have intimated, was succeeded by his nephews. The two younger evinced the daring military talent which distinguished their race. Matteo, the eldest, on the contrary, abandoned himself to effeminate indulgences. His brothers, Bernabos and Galeazzo, would have been well pleased that he should remain a mere cipher, leaving the management of affairs in their hands; but they soon found that his unrestrained licentiousness endangered the sovereignty of all. On one occasion a complaint was carried to the younger brothers by an influential citizen. Matteo Visconti having heard that this citizen's wife was possessed of great personal attractions, sent for her husband, and informed him that he designed her for an inmate of his palace, commanding him, upon pain of death, to fetch her immediately. The indignant burgher, in his perplexity, claimed the protection of Bernabos and Galeazzo. The brothers perceived that inconvenient consequences were likely to ensue. A dose of poison, that very day, terminated the brief career of Matteo the voluptuous.

Of the three brothers, Bernabos was the most warlike and the most cruel; Galeazzo the most subtle and politic. Laboring to cement his power by foreign alliances, he purchased from John, king of France, his daughter Isabelle de Valois, as the bride of his young son and heir; and procured the hand of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of

Edward III. of England, for his daughter Violante. While Galeazzo pursued these peaceful modes of aggrandizement, Bernabos waged successful war on his neighbors, subjecting to the most refined cruelties all who questioned his authority. It was he who first reduced the practice of the torture to a perfect system, extending over a period of forty-one days. During this period, every alternate day, the miserable victim suffered the loss of some of his members—an eye, a finger, an ear—until at last his torments ended on the fatal wheel. Pope after pope struggled in vain against these powerful tyrants. They laughed at excommunication, or only marked the fulmination of a papal bull by some fresh act of oppression on the clergy subject to their authority. On one occasion Urban the Fifth sent Bernabos his bull of excommunication, by two legates. Bernabos received the pontifical message unmoved. He manifested no irritation—no resentment; but courteously escorted the legates, on their return, as far as one of the principal bridges in Milan. Here he paused, about to take leave of them. "It would be inhospitable to permit you to depart," he said, addressing the legates, "without some refreshment; choose—will you eat or drink?" The legates, terrified at the tone in which the compliment was conveyed, declined his proffered civility. "Not so," he exclaimed, with a terrible oath; "you shall not leave my city without some remembrance of me; say, will you eat or drink?" The affrighted legates, perceiving themselves surrounded by the guards of the tyrant, and in immediate proximity to the river, felt no taste for drinking. "We had rather eat," said they, "the sight of so much water is sufficient to quench our thirst." "Well, then," rejoined Bernabos, "here are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought to me; you shall not pass this bridge until you have eaten, in my presence, the parchments on which they are written, the leaden seals affixed to them, and the silken cords by which they are attached." The legates urged in vain the sacred character of their offices of ambassador and priest; Bernabos kept his word; and they were left to digest the insult as best they might. Bernabos and his brother, after having disposed of Matteo, became, as companions in crime usually do, suspicious of one another. In particular, each feared that the other would poison him. Those banquets and entertainments to which they treated one another must have been scenes of magnificent discomfort.

Galeazzo died first. His son, Giovanni-Galeazzo, succeeded, and matched the unscrupulous ambition of his uncle with a subtlety equal to his own. Not satisfied with a divided sway, he manœuvred unceasingly until he made himself master of the persons of Bernabos and his two sons. The former he kept a close prisoner for seven months, and afterward put to death by poison. The cruelty and pride of Bernabos had rendered him so odious to his subjects, that they made no effort on his behalf, but submitted without opposition to the milder government of Giovanni-Galeazzo. He was no less successful in obtaining another object of his ambition. He received from the Emperor Wenceslaus the investiture and dukedom of Milan, for which he paid the sum of 100,000 florins, and now saw himself undisputed master of Lombardy.

The court of Milan during such a period seems a strange theatre for the display of graceful and feminine virtues. Yet it was here, and under the immediate eye of her father, this very Giovanni-Galeazzo, that Valentina Visconti, one of the most amiable female characters of history, passed the early days of her eventful life. As the naturalist culls a wild flower from the brink of the volcano, the historian of the dynasty of Milan pauses to contemplate her pure and graceful character, presenting itself among the tyrants, poisoners, murderers, and infidels who founded the power and amassed the wealth of her family. It would be sad to think that the families of the wicked men of history partook of the crimes of their parents. But we must remember that virtue has little charm for the annalist; he records what is most calculated to excite surprise or awake horror, but takes no notice of the unobtrusive ongoing of those who live and die in peace and quietness. We may be sure that among the patrons of Petrarch there was no want of refinement, or of the domestic amenities with which a youthful princess, and only child, ought to be surrounded. In fact, we have been left the most permanent and practical evidences of the capacity of these tyrants for the enjoyment of the beautiful. The majestic Cathedral of Milan is a monument of the noble architectural taste of Valentina's father. In the midst of donjons and fortresses-palaces it rose, an embodiment of the refining influence of religion; bearing in many respects a likeness to the fair and innocent being whose fortunes we are about to narrate, and who assisted at its foundation. The progress of the building was slow: it was

not till a more magnificent usurper than any of the Visconti assumed the iron-crown of Lombardy, in our own generation, that the general design of the Duomo of Milan was completed. Many of the details still remain unfinished; many statues to be placed on their pinnacles; some to be replaced on the marble stands from which they were overthrown by the cannon of Radetski. Of the old castle of the Visconti two circular towers and a curtain-wall alone remain; its courtyard is converted into a barrack, its moats filled up, its terraced gardens laid down as an esplanade for the troops of the Austrian garrison. The family of the Visconti have perished. Milan, so long the scene of their glory, and afterward the battle-ground of contending claimants, whose title was derived through them, has ceased to be the capital of a free and powerful Italian state; but the Cathedral, after a growth of nearly four centuries, is still growing; and the name of the gentle Valentina, so early associated with the majestic gothic edifice, "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

The year after the foundation of the Duomo, Valentina Visconti became the bride of Louis Duke of Orleans, only brother to the reigning monarch of France, Charles VI. Their politic father, the wise King Charles, had repaired the disasters occasioned by the successful English invasion, and the long captivity of John the Second. The marriage of Valentina and Louis was considered highly desirable by all parties. The important town of Asti, with an immense marriage portion in money, was bestowed by Giovanni-Galeazzo on his daughter. A brilliant escort of the Lombard chivalry accompanied the "promessa sposa" to the French frontier.

Charles VI. made the most magnificent preparations for the reception of his destined sister-in-law. The weak but amiable monarch, ever delighting in fêtes and entertainments, could gratify his childish taste, while displaying a delicate consideration and brotherly regard for Louis of Orleans. The marriage was to be celebrated at Melun. Fountains of milk and choice wine played to the astonishment and delight of the bourgeois. There were jousts and tournaments, masques and banquets, welcoming the richly-dowered daughter of Milan. All promised a life of secured happiness; she was wedded to the brave and chivalrous Louis of Orleans, the pride and darling of France. He was eminently handsome; and his gay, graceful, and affable manners gained for him the strong personal attachment of all who surrounded

him. But, alas! for Valentina and her dream of happiness, Louis was a profligate; she found herself, from the first moment of her marriage, a neglected wife; her modest charms and gentle deportment had no attractions for her volatile husband. The early years of her wedded life were passed in solitude and uncomplaining sorrow. She bore her wrongs in dignified silence. Her quiet endurance, her pensive gentleness, never for a moment yielded; nor was she ever heard to express an angry or bitter sentiment. Still she was not without some consolation: she became the mother of promising children, on whom she could bestow the treasures of love and tenderness, of the value of which the dissolute Louis was insensible. Affliction now began to visit the French palace. Charles VI. had long shown evidences of a weak intellect. The events of his youth had shaken a mind never robust: indeed, they were such as one cannot read of even now without emotion.

During his long minority, the country, which, under the prudent administration of his father, had well nigh recovered the defeats of Cressy and Poitiers, had been torn by intestine commotions. The regency was in the hands of the young king's uncles, the dukes of Anjou and Burgundy. The latter, inheriting by his wife, who was heiress of Flanders, the rich provinces bordering France on the north-east, in addition to his province of Burgundy, found himself, in some respects, more powerful than his sovereign. The commercial prosperity of the Low Countries filled his coffers with money, and the hardy Burgundian population gave him, at command, a bold and intrepid soldiery.

From his earliest years, Charles had manifested a passion for the chase. When about twelve years old, in the forest of Senlis, he had encountered a stag, bearing a collar with the inscription, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit.*" This wonderful stag appeared to him in a dream a few years afterward, as he lay in his tent before Roosebeke in Flanders, whither he had been led by his uncle of Burgundy to quell an insurrection of the citizens of Ghent, headed by the famous Philip van Artevelde. Great had been the preparations of the turbulent burghers. Protected by their massive armor, they formed themselves into a solid square bristling with pikes. The French cavalry, armed with lances, eagerly waited for the signal of attack. The signal was to be the unfurling of the oriflamme, the sacred banner of France, which had never before been displayed but when battling

against infidels. It had been determined, on this occasion, to use it against the Flemings because they rejected the authority of Pope Clement, calling themselves Urbanists, and were consequently looked on by the French as excluded from the pale of the church. As the young king unfurled this formidable banner, the sun, which had for days been obscured by a lurid fog, suddenly shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. A dove, which had long hovered over the king's battalion, at the same time settled on the flag-staff.

"Now, by the lips of those you love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!"

The French chivalry did indeed execute a memorable charge on these burghers of Ghent. Their lance-points reached a yard beyond the heads of the Flemish pikes. The Flemings, unable to return or parry their thrusts, fell back on all sides. The immense central mass of human beings thus forcibly compressed, shrieked and struggled in vain. Gasping for breath, they perished, *en masse*, suffocated by the compression, and crushed under the weight of their heavy armor. A reward had been offered for the body of Philip van Artevelde: it was found amid a heap of slain, and brought to the king's pavilion. The young monarch gazed on the mortal remains of his foe, but no wound could be discovered on the body of the Flemish leader—he had perished from suffocation. The corpse was afterward hanged on the nearest tree. When the king surveyed this horrible yet bloodless field, the appalling spectacle of this mass of dead, amounting, it is said, to 34,000 corpses, was more than his mind could bear. From this period unmistakable evidences of his malady became apparent. The marvelous stag took possession of his fancy; it seemed to him the emblem of victory, and he caused it to be introduced among the heraldic insignia of the kingdom.

In his sixteenth year, the king selected, as the partner of his throne, the beautiful Isabeau of Bavaria. She also was a Visconti by the mother's side, her father having wedded one of the daughters of Bernabos. In her honor various costly fêtes had been given. On one of these occasions the royal bridegroom displayed his eccentricity in a characteristic manner. The chroniclers of the time have given us very detailed accounts of these entertainments. The costumes were extravagantly fantastic; ladies carried on

their head an enormous *hennin*, a very cumbersome kind of head-dress, surmounted by horns of such dimensions, that their exit or entrance into an apartment was a work of considerable difficulty. The shoes were equally absurd and inconvenient; their pointed extremities, half a yard in length, were turned up and fastened to the knees in various grotesque forms. The robes, the long open sleeves of which swept the ground, were emblazoned with strange devices. Among the personal effects of one of the royal princes we find an inventory of about a thousand pearls used in embroidering on a robe the words and music of a popular song.

The chronicle of the *Religieux de St. Denis* describes one of these masked balls, which was held in the court-yard of that venerable abbey, temporarily roofed over with tapestries for the occasion. The sons of the Duke of Anjou, cousins of the king, were prepared to invade Naples, in right of their father, to whom Joanna of Naples had devised that inheritance. Previous to their departure, their royal cousin resolved to confer on them the order of knighthood. An immense concourse of guests were invited to witness the splendid ceremonial, and take part in the jousts and tournaments which were to follow. The king had selected a strange scene for these gay doings. The Abbey of St. Denis was the last resting-place of the kings of France. Here mouldered the mortal remains of his predecessors, and here were to repose his bones when he, too, should be "gathered to his fathers." The celebrated "Captain of the Companies," the famous du Guesclin, the saviour of France in the reign of his father, had paid the debt of nature many years before, and reposed there among the mortal remains of those whose throne he had guarded so well. The astonishment of the guests was extreme, when it appeared that the exhumation and reinterment of du Guesclin formed part of the programme of the revels. The old warrior was taken up, the funeral rites solemnly gone through, three hundred livres appropriated to the pious use of masses for his soul, and the revelers dismissed to meditate on the royal eccentricities.

The murder of the Constable of France, Oliver de Clisson, followed soon after, and quite completed the break down of poor Charles's mind. This powerful officer of the crown had long been feared and hated by the great feudal lords, especially by the Duke of Brittany, who entertained an absurd jealousy of the one-eyed hero. Although Clisson, by his decisive victory at Auray,

had secured to him the contested dukedom of Brittany, the jealous duke treacherously arrested his benefactor and guest, whom he kept prisoner in the dungeons of his castle of La Motte. In the first transports of his fury the duke had given orders that de Clisson should be put to death; but his servants, fearing the consequences of so audacious an act, left his commands unexecuted. Eventually, the constable was permitted by his captor to purchase his freedom, a condition which was no sooner complied with than the duke repented having allowed his foe to escape from his hands. He now suborned Pierre de Craon, a personal enemy of de Clisson, to be the executioner of his vengeance. The constable was returning to his hotel, having spent a festive evening with his sovereign, when he was set on by his assassins. He fell, covered with wounds, and was left for dead. To increase his torments, the murderer announced to him, as he fell, his name and motives. But, though severely injured, Clisson was yet alive. The noise of the conflict reached the king, who was just retiring to rest. He hastened to the spot. His bleeding minister clung to his robe, and implored him to swear that he should be avenged.

"My fidelity to your majesty has raised up for me powerful enemies; this is my only crime. Whether I recover, or perish from my wounds, swear to me that I shall not be unavenged."

"I shall never rest, so help me God," replied the excited monarch, "until the authors of this audacious crime shall be brought to justice."

Charles kept his word. Although suffering from fever, the result of this night's alarm and exposure, he collected a considerable army and marched for Brittany. His impatient eagerness knew no bounds. Through the sultry, noonday heat, over the arid plains and dense forests of Brittany, he pursued the assassin of his constable. He rode the foremost of his host—often silently and alone. One day, having undergone great personal fatigue, he had closed his eyes, still riding forward, when he was aroused by the violent curvetting of his steed, whose bridle had been seized by a wild-looking man, singularly clad.

"Turn back, turn back, noble king," cried he; "to proceed further is certain death, you are betrayed!" Having uttered these words, the stranger disappeared in the recesses of the forest before any one could advance to arrest him.

The army now traversed a sandy plain,

which reflected the intensity of the solar rays. The king wore a black velvet jerkin, and a cap of crimson velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of pearls. This ill-selected costume rendered the heat insufferable. While musing on the strange occurrence in the forest, he was aroused by the clashing of steel around him. The page, who bore his lance, had yielded to the drowsy influences of the oppressive noonday heat, and as he slumbered his lance had fallen with a ringing sound on the casque of the page before him. The succession of these alarms quite damaged Charles's intellect. He turned, in a paroxysm of madness, crying, "Down with the traitors!" and attacked his own body-guard. All made way, as the mad king assailed them. Several fell victims to his wildly-aimed thrusts, before he sunk at length, exhausted by his efforts. A fit of total insensibility followed. His brother of Orleans and kinsman of Burgundy had him conveyed by slow stages to Paris.

Charles's recovery was very tedious. Many remedies were tried—charms and incantations, as well as medicines; but to the great joy of the people, who had always loved him, his reason was at length pronounced to be restored, and his physicians recommended him to seek amusement and diversion in festive entertainments.

Another shock, and Charles VI. became a confirmed lunatic. This tragical termination of an absurd frolic occurred as follows:—

On a gala occasion the monarch and five knights of his household conceived the design of disguising themselves as satyrs. Close-fitting linen dresses, covered with some bituminous substance, to which was attached fine flax resembling hair, were stitched on their persons. Their grotesque figures excited much merriment. The Dukes of Orleans and Bar, who had been supping elsewhere, entered the hall somewhat affected by their night's dissipation. With inconceivable folly, one of these tipsy noblemen applied a torch to the covering of one of the satyrs. The miserable wretch, burning frightfully and hopelessly, rushed through the hall in horrible torments, shrieking in the agonies of despair. The fire was rapidly communicated. To those of the satyrs, whose hairy garments were thus ignited, escape was hopeless. To detach the flaming pitch was impossible; they writhed and rolled about, but in vain; their tortures only ended with their lives. One alone besides the king escaped. Recollecting that the butterfly was

near, he ran and plunged himself in the large tub of water provided for washing the plates and dishes. Even so, he did not escape without serious injuries. The king had been conversing in his disguise with the young bride of the Duke of Berri. She had recognized him, and with admirable presence of mind and devotion she held him fast, covering him with her robe lest a spark should descend on him. To her care and energy he owed his preservation from so horrible a fate, but, alas! only to linger for years a miserable maniac. The terrible spectacle of his companions in harmless frolic perishing in this dreadful manner before his eyes, completed the wreck of his already broken intellect. His reason returned but partially. Even these slight amendments were at rare intervals. He became a squalid and pitiable object; his person utterly neglected, for his garments could only be changed by force. His heartless and faithless wife deserted him—indeed, in his insane fits his detestation of her was excessive—and neglected their children. One human being only could soothe and soften him, his sister-in-law, Va'entina Visconti.

Charles had always manifested the truest friendship for the neglected wife of his brother. They were alike unhappy in their domestic relations; for the gallantries of the beautiful Queen were scarcely less notorious than those of Louis of Orleans; and if scandal spoke truly, Louis himself was one of the Queen's lovers. The brilliant and beautiful Isabeau was distinguished by the dazzlingly clear and fair complexion of her German fatherland, and the large lustrous eyes of the Italian. But Charles detested her, and delighted in the society of Valentina. He was never happy but when near her. In the violent paroxysms of his malady, she only could venture to approach him—she alone had influence over the poor maniac. He yielded to her wishes without opposition; and in his occasional glimpses of reason, touchingly thanked his "dear sister" for her watchful care and forbearance.

It must have been a dismal change, even from the barbaric court of Milan; but Valentina was not a stranger to the consolations which are ever the reward of those who prove themselves self-sacrificing in the performance of duty. She was eminently happy in her children. Charles, her eldest son, early evinced a delicate enthusiasm of mind—the sensitive organization of genius. He was afterward to become, *par excellence*, the poet of France. In his childhood he was distin-

guished for his amiable disposition and handsome person. Possibly at the time of which we now write, was laid the foundation of that sincere affection for his cousin Isabella, eldest daughter of the king, which many years afterward resulted in their happy union. One of the most touching poems of Charles of Orleans has been charmingly rendered into English by Mr. Carey. It is addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childhood at the early age of twenty-two:—

"To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave,
And grief, illumined by tears,
Irradiated her grave;
And round about in quaintest guise
Was carved, 'Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.'

"Above her lieth spread a tomb,
Of gold and sapphires blue;
The gold doth mark her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelyly portray'd,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her wondrous beauty made;
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

"No more, no more; my heart doth faint,
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all;
Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his Paradise,
And with his saints to reign;
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!"

The same delicate taste and sweet sensibility which are here apparent break forth in another charming poem by Charles, composed while a prisoner in England, and descriptive of the same delightful season that surrounds us with light and harmony, while we write, "*le premier printemps*:"—

"The Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight pour'd on lake and hill.

"No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill;
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill.

"River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way:
All in their new apparel vie,
For Time hath laid his mantle by."

We have said little of Louis of Orleans, the unfaithful husband of Valentina. This young prince had many redeeming traits of character. He was generous, liberal, and gracious: adored by the French people; fondly loved, even by his neglected wife. His tragical death, assassinated in cold blood by his cousin, Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy, excited in his behalf universal pity. Let us review the causes which aroused the vindictive hostility of the Duke of Burgundy, only to be appeased by the death of his gay and unassuming kinsman.

Among the vain follies of Louis of Orleans, his picture-gallery may be reckoned the most offensive. Here were suspended the portraits of his various mistresses; among others he had the audacity to place there the likeness of the Bavarian princess, wife of Jean-sans-peur. The resentment of the injured husband may readily be conceived. In addition to this very natural cause of dislike, these dukes had been rivals for that political power which the imbecility of Charles the Sixth placed within their grasp.

The unamiable elements in the character of the Duke of Burgundy had been called into active exercise in very early life. While Duke de Nevers, he was defeated at Nicopolis, and made prisoner by Bajazet, surnamed "Ilderim," or the Thunderer. What rendered this defeat the more mortifying was, the boastful expectation of success proclaimed by the Christian army. "If the sky should fall, we could uphold it on our lances," they exclaimed, but a few hours before their host was scattered, and its leaders prisoners to the Moslem. Jean-sans-peur was detained in captivity until an enormous ransom was paid for his deliverance. Giovanni-Galeazzo was suspected of connivance with Bajazet, both in bringing the Christians to fight at a disadvantage, and in putting the Turks on the way of obtaining the heaviest ransoms. The splenetic irritation of this disaster seems to have clung long after to the Duke of Burgundy. His character was quite the reverse of that of his confiding kinsman of Orleans. He was subtle, ambitious, designing, crafty—dishonorably resorting to guile, where he dared not venture on overt acts of hostility. For the various reasons we have mentioned, he bore a secret, but intense hatred to his cousin Louis.

In the early winter of 1407, the Duke of Orleans, finding his health impaired, bade a temporary adieu to the capital, and secluded himself in his favorite chateau of Beauté. He seems to have been previously awakened to serious reflections. He had passed much of his time at the convent of the Celestines, who, among their most precious relics, still reckon the illuminated manuscript of the Holy Scriptures presented to them by Louis of Orleans, and bearing his autograph. To this order of monks he peculiarly attached himself, spending most of the time his approaching death accorded to him. A spectre, in the solitude of the cloisters, appeared to him, and bade him prepare to stand in the presence of his Maker. His friends in the convent, to whom he narrated the occurrence, contributed by their exhortations to deepen the serious convictions pressing on his mind. There now seemed a reasonable expectation that Louis of Orleans would return from his voluntary solitude at his chateau on the Marne, a wiser and a better man, cured, by timely reflection, of the only blemish which tarnished the lustre of his many virtues.

The aged Duke of Berri had long lamented the ill-feeling and hostility which had separated his nephews of Orleans and Burgundy. It was his earnest desire to see these discords, so injurious to their true interests and the well-being of the kingdom, ended by a cordial reconciliation. He addressed himself to Jean-sans-peur, and met with unhopèd-for success. The Duke of Burgundy professed his willingness to be reconciled, and acceded with alacrity to his uncle's proposition of a visit to the invalided Louis. The latter, ever trusting and warm-hearted, cordially embraced his former enemy. They received the sacrament together, in token of peace and good-will: the Duke of Burgundy, accepting the proffered hospitality of his kinsman, promised to partake of a banquet to be given on this happy occasion by Louis of Orleans, a few days later.

During the interval the young Duke returned to Paris. His sister-in-law, Queen Isabeau, was then residing at the Hotel Barbette—a noble palace in a retired neighborhood, with fine gardens, almost completely secluded. Louis of Orleans, almost unattended, visited the Queen, to condole with her on the loss of her infant, who had survived its birth but a few days. While they were supping together, Scas de Courteheuze, valet-de-chambre to Charles VI., arrived with a message to the Duke:—"My lord, the king sends for you, and you must—"

stantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and to him, which he must communicate to you this night." Louis of Orleans, never doubting that this message came from his brother, hastened to obey the summons. His inconsiderable escort rendered him an easy prey to the ruffians who lay in wait for him. He was cruelly murdered; his skull cleft open, the brains scattered on the pavement; his hand so violently severed from the body, that it was thrown to a considerable distance; the other arm shattered in two places; and the body frightfully mangled. About eighteen were concerned in the murder: Raoul d'Oquetonville and Scas de Courteheuze acted as leaders. They had long waited for an opportunity, and lodged at a hotel "having for sign the image of Our Lady," near the Porte Barbette, where, it was afterward discovered, they had waited for several days for their victim. Thus perished, in the prime of life, the gay and handsome Louis of Orleans. The mutilated remains were collected, and removed to the Church of the Guillemins, the nearest place where they might be deposited. This confraternity were an order of hermits, who had succeeded to the church convent of the Blanc Manteaux instituted by St. Louis. The church of the Guillemins was soon crowded by the friends and relatives of the murdered Prince. All concurred in execrating the author or authors of this horrid deed. Suspicion at first fell upon Sir Aubert de Canny, who had good reason for hating the deceased Duke. Louis of Orleans some years previously had carried off his wife, Marietta D'Enghein, and kept her openly until she had borne him a son, afterward the celebrated Dunois. Immediate orders were issued by the king for the arrest of the Knight of Canny. Great sympathy was felt for the widowed Valentina, and her young and fatherless children. No one expressed himself more strongly than the Duke of Burgundy. He sent a kind message to Valentina, begging her to look on him as a friend and protector. While contemplating the body of his victim, he said, "Never has there been committed in the realm of France a fouler murder." His show of regret did not end here: with the other immediate relatives of the deceased Prince, he bore the pall at the funeral procession. When the body was removed to the church of the Celestines, there to be interred in a beautiful chapel Louis of Orleans had himself founded and built, Burgundy was observed by the spectators to shed tears.

But he was destined soon to assume quite another character, by an almost involuntary act. The Provost of Paris, having traced the flight of the assassins, had ascertained beyond doubt that they had taken refuge at the hotel of this very Duke of Burgundy. He presented himself at the council, and undertook to produce the criminals, if permitted to search the residences of the princes. Seized with a sudden panic, the Duke of Burgundy, to the astonishment of all present, became his own accuser. Pale and trembling, he avowed his guilt:—"It was I!" he faltered, "the devil tempted me!" The other members of the council shrunk back in undisguised horror. Jean-sans-peur, having made this astounding confession, left the council-chamber, and started, without a moment's delay, for the Flemish frontier. He was hotly pursued by the friends of the murdered Louis; but his measures had been taken with too much prompt resolution to permit of a successful issue to his Orleanist pursuers. Once among his subjects of the Low Countries, he might dare the utmost malice of his opponents.

In the meantime, the will of the deceased duke was made public. His character, like Cæsar's, rose greatly in the estimation of the citizens, when the provisions of his last testament were made known. He desired that he should be buried without pomp in the Church of the Celestines, arrayed in the garb of that order. He was not unmindful of the interests of literature and science; nor did he forget to make the poor and suffering the recipients of his bounty. Lastly, he confided his children to the guardianship of the Duke of Burgundy: thus evincing a great spirit unmindful of injuries, generous, and confiding. This document also proved, that even in his wild career, Louis of Orleans was at times visited by better and holier aspirations.

Valentina mourned over her husband long and deeply. She did not long survive him; she sunk under her bereavement, and followed him to the grave ere her year of widowhood expired. At first the intelligence of his barbarous murder excited in her breast unwonted indignation. She exerted herself actively to have his death avenged. A few days after the murder, she entered Paris in "a litter covered with white cloth, and drawn by four white horses." All her retinue wore deep mourning. She had assumed for her device the despairing motto—

"Rien ne m'est plus,
Plus ne m'est rien."

Proceeding to the Hôtel St. Pol, accompanied by her children and the Princess Isabella, the affianced bride of Charles of Orleans, she threw herself at the King's knees, and, in a passion of tears, prayed for justice on the murderer of his brother, her lamented lord. Charles was deeply moved: he also wept aloud. He would gladly have granted her that justice which she demanded, had it been in his power to do so; but Burgundy was too powerful. The feeble monarch dared not offend his overgrown vassal. A process at law was all the remedy the king could offer. Law was then, as now, a tedious and uncertain remedy, and a rich and powerful traverser could weary out his prosecutor with delays and quibbles equal to our own. Jean-sans-peur returned in defiance to Paris to conduct the proceedings in his own defence. He had erected a strong tower of solid masonry in his hotel; here he was secure in the midst of his formidable guards and soldiery. For his defence, he procured the services of Jean Petit, a distinguished member of the University of Paris, and a popular orator. The oration of Petit (which has rendered him infamous) was rather a philippic against Louis of Orleans, than a defence of Jean-sans-peur. He labors to prove that the prince deserved to die, having conspired against the king and kingdom. One of the charges—that of having, by incantations, endeavored to destroy the monarch—gives us a singular idea of the credulity of the times, when we reflect that these absurd allegations were seriously made and believed by a learned doctor, himself a distinguished member of the most learned body in France, the University of Paris. The Duke of Orleans conspired “to cause the king, our lord, to die of a disorder, so languishing and so slow, that no one should divine the cause of it; he, by dint of money, bribed four persons, an apostate monk, a knight, an esquire, and a varlet, to whom he gave his own sword, his dagger, and a ring, for them to consecrate to, or more properly speaking, to make use of, in the name of the devil,” &c. “The monk made several incantations. . . . And one grand invocation on a Sunday, very early, and before sunrise on a mountain near to the tower of Mont-joy. . . . The monk performed many superstitious acts near a bush, with invocations to the devil; and while so doing he stripped himself naked to his shirt and kneeled down: he then struck the points of the sword and dagger into the ground, and placed the ring near them. Having uttered many invoca-

tions to the devils, two of them appeared to him in the shape of two men, clothed in brownish-green, one of whom was called Hermias, and the other Estramain. He paid them such honors and reverence as were due to God our Saviour—after which he retired behind the bush. The devil who had come for the ring took it and vanished, but he who was come for the sword and dagger remained,—but afterward, having seized them, he also vanished. The monk, shortly after, came to where the devils had been, and found the sword and dagger lying flat on the ground, the sword having the point broken—but he saw the point among some powder where the devil had laid it. Having waited half an hour, the other devil returned and gave him the ring, which to the sight was of the color of red, nearly scarlet, and said to him: ‘Thou wilt put it into the mouth of a dead man in the manner thou knowest,’ and then he vanished.”

To this oration the advocate of the Duchess of Orleans replied at great length. Valentina's answer to the accusation we have quoted, was concise and simple. “The late duke, Louis of Orleans, was a prince of too great piety and virtue to tamper with sorceries and witchcraft.” The legal proceedings against Jean-sans-peur seemed likely to last for an interminable period. Even should they be decided in favor of the family of Orleans, the feeble sovereign dared not carry the sentence of the law into execution against so powerful an offender as the Duke of Burgundy. Valentina knew this; she knew also that she could not find elsewhere one who could enforce her claims for justice—justice on the murderer of her husband—the slayer of the father of her defenceless children. Milan, the home of her girlhood, was a slaughter-house, reeking with the blood of her kindred. Five years previously her father, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, had died of the plague which then desolated Italy. To avoid this terrible disorder he shut himself up in the town of Marignano, and amused himself during his seclusion by the study of judicial astrology, in which science he was an adept. A comet appeared in the sky. The haughty Visconti doubted not that this phenomenon was an announcement to him of his approaching death. “I thank God,” he cried, “that this intimation of my dissolution will be evident to all men: my glorious life will be not ingloriously terminated.” The event justified the omen. By his second marriage with Katharina Visconti, daughter of his uncle Bernabos, Giovanni Galeazzo

left two sons, still very young, Giovanni-Maria and Philippo-Maria, among whom his dominions were divided, their mother acting as guardian and regent.

All the ferocious characteristics of the Visconti seemed to be centred in the step-mother of Valentina. The Duchess of Milan delighted in executions; she beheaded, on the slightest suspicions, the highest nobles of Lombardy. At length she provoked reprisals, and died the victim of poison. Giovanni-Maria, nurtured in blood, was the worthy son of such a mother. His thirst for blood was unquenchable; his favorite pursuit was to witness the torments of criminals delivered over to bloodhounds, trained for the purpose, and fed only on human flesh. His huntsman and favorite, Squarcia Giramo, on one occasion, for the amusement of his master, threw to them a young boy only twelve years of age. The innocent child clung to the knees of the duke, and entreated that he might be preserved from so terrible a fate. The bloodhounds hung back. Squarcia Giramo, seizing the child, with his hunting-knife cut his throat, and then flung him to the dogs. More merciful than these human monsters, they refused to touch the innocent victim.

Facino Cane, one of the ablest generals of the late duke, compelled the young princes to admit him to their council, and submit to his management of their affairs; as he was childless himself, he permitted them to live, stripped of power, and in great penury. To the sorrow and dismay of the Milanese, they saw this salutary check on the ferocious Visconti about to be removed by the death of Facino Cane. Determined to prevent the return to power of the young tyrant, they attacked and massacred Giovanni-Maria in the streets of Milan. While this tragedy was enacting, Facino Cane breathed his last.

Philippo-Maria lost not a moment in causing himself to be proclaimed duke. To secure the fidelity of the soldiery, he married, without delay, the widow of their loved commander. Beatrice di Tenda, wife of Facino Cane, was an old woman, while her young bridegroom was scarcely twenty years of age: so ill-assorted a union could scarcely be a happy one. Philippo-Maria, the moment his power was firmly secured, resolved to free himself from a wife whose many virtues could not compensate for her want of youth and beauty. The means to which he resorted were atrocious: he accused the poor old *duchess* of having violated her marriage vow,

and compelled, by fear of the torture, a young courtier, Michel Orombelli, to become her accuser. The duke, therefore, doomed them both to be beheaded. Before the fatal blow of the executioner made her his victim, Beatrice di Tenda eloquently defended herself from the calumnies of her husband and the base and trembling Orombelli. "I do not repine," she said, "for I am justly punished for having violated, by my second marriage, the respect due to the memory of my deceased husband; I submit to the chastisement of heaven; I only pray that my innocence may be made evident to all; and that my name may be transmitted to posterity pure and spotless."

Such were the sons of Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, the half-brothers of the gentle Valentina of Orleans. When she sank broken-hearted into an early grave—her husband unavenged, her children unprotected—she felt how hopeless it would be to look for succor or sympathy to her father's house: yet her last moments were passed in peace. Her maternal solicitude for her defenceless orphans was soothed by the conviction that they would be guarded and protected by one true and faithful friend. Their magnanimous and high-minded mother had attached to them, by ties of affection and gratitude more strong, more enduring than those of blood, one well fitted by his chivalrous nature and heroic bravery to defend and shelter the children of his protectress. Dunois—"the young and brave Dunois"—the bastard of Orleans, as he is generally styled, was the illegitimate son of her husband. Valentina, far from slighting the neglected boy, brought him home to her, nurtured and educated him with her children, cherishing him as if he had indeed been the son of her bosom. If the chroniclers of the time are to be believed, she loved him more fondly than her own offspring. "My noble and gallant boy," she would say to him, "I have been robbed of thee; it is thou that art destined to be thy father's avenger; wilt thou not, for my sake, who have loved thee so well, protect and cherish these helpless little ones?"

Long years after the death of Valentina the vengeance of heaven did overtake Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy: he fell the victim of treachery such as he had inflicted on Louis of Orleans; but the cruel retaliation was not accomplished through the instrumentality or connivance of the Orleanists: Dunois was destined to play a far nobler part. The able second of Joan of Arc—the brave defender of Orleans against the besieging English host

—he may rank next to his illustrious countrywoman, "La Pucelle," as the deliverer of his country from foreign foes. His bravery in war was not greater than his disinterested devotion to his half-brothers. Well and nobly did he repay to Valentina, by his unceasing devotion to her children, her tender care of his early years. Charles of Orleans, taken prisoner by the English at the fatal battle of Agincourt, was detained for the greater part of his life in captivity: his infant children were unable to maintain their rights. Dunois reconquered for them their hereditary rights, the extensive appanages of the house of Orleans. They owed everything to his sincere and watchful affection.

Valentina's short life was one of suffering and trial; but she seems to have issued from the furnace of affliction "purified seven times." In the midst of a licentious court and age, she shines forth a "pale pure star." Her spotless fame has never been assailed. Piety, purity, and goodness, were her distinguishing characteristics. She was ever a self-sacrificing friend, a tender mother, a loving and faithful wife. Her gentle endurance of her domestic trials recalls to mind the character of one who may almost be styled her contemporary, the "patient Griselda," so immortalized by Chaucer and Boccaccio. Valentina adds another example to the many

which history presents for our contemplation, to show that suffering virtue, sooner or later, meets with its recompense, even in this life. The broken-hearted Duchess of Orleans became the ancestress of two lines of French sovereigns, and through her the kings of France founded their claims to the Duchy of Milan. Her grandson, Louis the Twelfth, the "father of his people," was the son of the poet Duke of Orleans. On the extinction of male heirs to this elder branch, the descendant of her younger son, the Duke of Angoulême, ascended the throne as Francis the First. Her great grand-daughter was the mother of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, the "magnanimo Alfonso" of the poet Tasso. His younger sister, Leonora, will ever be remembered as the beloved one of the great epic poet of Italy—the ill-starred Torquato Tasso.

The mortal remains of Valentina repose at Blois; her heart is buried with her husband, in the Church of the Celestines at Paris. Over the tomb was placed the following inscription:—

"Cy gist Loys Duc D'Orleans.
Lequel sur tons duez terriens.
Fut le plus noble en son vivant
Mais ung qui voult aller devant,
Par envye le feist mourir."

M. N.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MORNING IN SPRING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.)

From the valleys to the hills
See the morning mists arise;
And the early dew distills
Balmy incense to the skies.

Purple clouds, with vapory grace,
Round the sun their soft veil fling;
Now they fade—and from his face
Beams the new-born bliss of Spring!

From the cool grass glitter bright
Myriad drops of diamond dew;
Bending 'neath their pressure light,
Waves the green corn, springing new.

Naught but the fragrant wind is heard,
Whispering softly through the trees;
Or, lightly perched, the early bird
Chirping to the morning breeze.

Dewy May-flowers to the sun
Ope their buds of varied hue;
Fragrant shades—his beams to shun—
Hide the violet's heavenly blue.

A joyous sense of life revived
Streams through every limb and vein:
I thank thee, Lord! that I have lived
To see the bright young Spring again!

ETA.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A BATCH OF BIOGRAPHIES.

WE have fallen into arrear with a department of literature which has come much into public favor within the last two or three seasons, and must endeavor to repair the fault. At the same time it is nothing more than an act of candor to acknowledge, that to form a resolution of this sort is much more easy than to keep it; for what the Historical Romance was to the age of Sir Walter and high Toryism, Biography threatens to become to our own. Every man, woman, and child, who did anything in any way out of the common run in life, finds now-a-days a biographer. It is not such giants as Scott, or Southey, or Chantrey, or Munro, alone, whose lives are written. Not at all. Bernard Barton's *Remains* are collected. Hook's thrice-told tale is told again. Tom Campbell's career fills three volumes 8vo; Collins has his ready admirer and lauder in his son; and David Scott is deified by his brother. We confess that, according to our view of the real ends and uses of biography, it would have been as well, both for English literature and the reputation of the individuals eulogized, if some even of these "Lives" had never seen the light. But having them, with many of far inferior merit on our table, we cannot refuse to notice at least a portion of them; and shall begin with a work, the perusal of which has given us much pleasure—the *Life of Collins*, by his son.*

William Collins was born in Great Titchfield Street, London, on the 18th of September, 1788. His father, a native of the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, when very young had married a Scottish lady without a shilling; and neither inheriting any property, nor yet being brought up to a profession, he earned a precarious subsistence for himself and his family by picture-dealing and literature.

* *Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A.* Edited by his Son, W. W. Collins, Esq. Two Volumes, post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

His success as an author was never very great. A work of fiction from his pen, called *The Memoirs of a Picture*, scarcely met with the notice which it deserved; and his *Life of Morland*, in spite of the notoriety of the subject, fell dead from the press. But a poem on the slave-trade, one of the great questions of the day, won for him the favor of a party, which sold the book, and extended the connection of the writer in another line. An increased number of commissions kept the picture-dealer busy so long as the echoes of the poet's song continued to be heard. But when these died away, business languished; and the usual concomitants on what may be truly described as a chance calling supervened. Mr. Collins's affairs fell into confusion; and the very bed on which he died was sold after the funeral, to meet, in part, the demands of his creditors.

It was a natural result of a constant and early association with works of art and artists, that the son of this man should have exhibited from the first dawn of his faculty a decided taste for painting. The bent of young Collins's genius likewise, which guided him to landscape rather than to historical composition, was doubtless given, in some degree, by the conversation of his parents, both of whom had spent their childhood amid the most exquisite scenery of Ireland and Scotland, and both delighted to talk of it. And it is more than probable, though he himself never would admit the fact, that the instructions which Morland kindly undertook to give him, operated in a similar direction. But however this may be, we learn that, while yet a mere child, he filled every odd scrap of paper on which he could lay his hands with sketches; and that they were invariably the imitations of such natural objects as attracted his notice in his walks.

The bias of the boy's mind received every encouragement from his father. It was the great ambition of that honorable but thoughtless man to see his son a member of the

Royal Academy; and in 1807, having executed satisfactorily the probationary pictures, young Collins became a student in that institution. He proved very regular in his attendance upon the lectures, and his industry was remarkable. His winning the silver medal, therefore, at the close of the second year of his course, though gratifying in the extreme to his friends and to himself, could occasion surprise to no one. For he had already, in 1808, sent several small pictures to the British Institution in Pall Mall, and now he contributed two,—“Boys with a Bird’s Nest,” and “A Boy at Breakfast,” to the exhibition in the Academy at Somerset House. Of these and other pieces, produced while yet his second decade was scarcely complete, there is not one but foreshadows the future career of the practiced artist. They are all characterized by the same marks of careful study and anxious finish which distinguish his more matured performances; and one, “Boys with a Bird’s Nest,” took on this account an honorable place in the collection of Mr. Leslie Parker.

For about three years subsequently to the completion of these pictures, the life of Collins was one of severe study and considerable self-denial. His father’s affairs grew continually more involved, and, young as he was, he worked hard, not only to advance his own reputation, but to add, as far as the labor of an unknown artist could do, to the comforts of his family. “Cottage Children blowing Bubbles,” afterward engraved for the *Juvenile Forget-me-not*, was produced in this interval: as were “The Young Fifer,” and “The Weary Trumpeter,” both eminently successful performances. The former, indeed, being purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, won for its author a place among the popular artists of the day, which was certainly not forfeited on the appearance of the latter. Mr. Collins realized by the first eighty guineas—a sum by no means extravagant, yet, considering all things, highly satisfactory. The price paid for the last, of which W. Miles, Esq., became the purchaser, was fifty guineas.

The young artist was thus beginning to make his first advances to distinction, when the death of Mr. Collins, senior, befell. It was a melancholy event in itself, and proved the more distressing that it reduced the family to the lowest depths of poverty. Not a shred of furniture was left in the house, which they were still forced to occupy, the lease having yet some years to run; and the very ring and spectacles of the deceased were

secured only by being purchased in by the artist’s brother. Under these circumstances the behavior of the young men was most honorable to both. William more and more devoted his energies to the practice of his art, while Frank, equally willing but less able to contribute to the common purse, took up his father’s profession, and pushed it vigorously. By slow degrees their physical condition improved. In March, 1812, we find them eating, with their mother, “their scanty evening meal on an old box, the only substitute for a table which they possessed.” Before the close of the year they are again able to look round upon apartments, comfortably if not elegantly garnished. For this they were indebted, mainly, no doubt, to the assiduity and skill of William; but likewise, in a considerable degree, to the generosity of individuals. Mr. Hand, whose name cannot be strange to such as love to trace the proceedings of the good and the gifted, supplied their immediate wants; while Sir Thomas Heathcote, charmed with the efforts which the young painter was making, gave him more than one commission, and advanced the prices of the pictures ere they were well begun. Of the kindness of this munificent patron, neither Collins nor his family ever ceased to speak in terms of gratitude and admiration. Sir Thomas himself continued to the last a steady friend of the man whom, in the midst of difficulties, he had taken as a youth by the hand.

The mind of William Collins appears to have been admirably regulated and disciplined. He felt all the aspirations of genius, without being tormented by that craving after excitement which, in too many instances, hurries both poet and painter into vice; and the religious principle seems to have been with him an integral portion of his being. Hence his conduct was marked at every stage by a rigid adherence to integrity, while his journals breathe a spirit of manly determination, fortified and sustained by reliance on the protection, under all circumstances, of Divine Providence. There is no touch of envy or professional jealousy about him. Whatever is excellent in the performances of others he sees and dwells upon; he is unfeignedly modest in regard to himself, and grateful for the notice which is taken of him.

Mr. Collins’s growing celebrity threw open for him, day by day, a wider circle of acquaintances. He seems to have lived at this time on terms of special intimacy with Elliston the player, James Smith the punster, and Leslie and Willis, the latter as yet little

known. His son relates one or two anecdotes illustrative of the manner in which these *beaux esprits* used to comfort themselves at their social *réunions*. The stories are tolerable, but they will not bear a second distillation; for poor James Smith's jokes were at the best marvelously moderate affairs; and Elliston was at least as coarse as he was witty. One almost wonders how a disposition like that of Collins should have amalgamated, even partially, with either of them.

Though well thought of in his own department of the art (and a visit to Cromer, in 1815, had enabled him to strike out a new vein of it), Collins made way but slowly in a pecuniary point of view. He had been tempted, at the first dawn of promise, to remove from the old house in Titchfield Street, to a better in New Cavendish Street. He soon found, to his dismay, that a man's expenses increase in a compound ratio with the size of his dwelling; and that he was getting into debt. Now, of all the burdens that can fall upon a well-regulated mind, the fear that it may be impossible to make head against the current of adverse circumstances is the most overwhelming. Other griefs may deliver sharper wounds for the moment, from the consequences of some of which there shall be no recovery. But these kill outright; whereas the dread of pecuniary distress—the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment, operates to the destruction of the mental powers, leaving those of the animal portion of us uninjured; and Collins felt this. He strove to work, but could effect nothing to his own satisfaction. At length he determined to apply to his friend Sir Thomas Heathcote; and the appeal was met in the true spirit of liberality. An advance of money was made to him (“on the strength, I believe,” says the biographer, “of a picture he was commissioned to paint”), and the hands of the artist were once more freed.

It was evident to himself, as well as to others, that the sea and its adjuncts—the coast, the fisherman's hut, the boat, in calm and in storm—offered the best field for the exercise of Collins's powers. Accordingly, he determined to pass some time at the sea-side; and during a six weeks' residence at Hastings he collected ample materials for future labor. Among other results of the gleanings of this summer,—“Fishermen coming Ashore before Sunrise,” and “Sunrise,” deserve to be particularized. They are both charming pictures, and exhibit all the artist's skill in catching the tone, not less than the forms of the natural objects, which he brings together.

In this year likewise (1816–17), he produced “The Young Cottager's first Purchase,” “Preparing for a Voyage,” and “The Kitten deceived.” The last of these was painted on commission for Sir Thomas Heathcote, and brought its author the sum of eighty guineas.

Time passed, and Collins, amiable, upright, and industrious, increased day by day the number of his friends, and advanced steadily in professional reputation. Wilkie was added to the list of his intimates, and lived with him, to the end of his days, on terms of familiar friendship. Sir George Beaumont sought him out, and gave him 200 guineas for his “Departure of the Diligence from Rouen.” By and bye the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, and George IV. gave him their patronage; and he was accepted as one in the foremost rank of British art. Yet it would be ridiculous to speak of the genius of Collins in terms of exaggerated praise. There was no originality about him. What he saw he copied correctly—with more or less of mannerism, of course—as all artists do; but the power of embodying, far less of expressing, a great conception, never belonged to him. He was a painstaking, industrious, and truthful limner of nature, on rather a narrow scale; but he was nothing more. An amusing instance of his care to have a faithful model before him whenever he had occasion to introduce a figure into one of his landscapes is given by his son, while describing the composition of “The Frost Scene.” This, confessedly the most labored of his pieces, was undertaken at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, who gave the artist a *carte blanche* in regard both to the scale of the performance and the amount of remuneration to be paid for it; and Collins spared no pains to perform his appointed task well. We must recommend our readers to turn up this page in the artist's story. It will amply repay the perusal.

In 1820, Collins, after losing his election in 1819 by a single vote, had the honor of being chosen a royal academician. It was a compliment due to the place which he had won for himself in the arts, and it brought both its advantages and annoyances along with it. But Collins did not permit his even temper to be ruffled, either by the adulation of the obsequious or the carplings of the discontented. He pursued the even tenor of his way, more and more securing the personal esteem of society, and keeping the ground already won in public estimation. That his brother, to whom he was sincerely

attached, should have failed in obtaining the appointment of Keeper of the Dulwich Gallery, occasioned him a good deal of regret. But an equable temper like his never permits disappointments to prey upon it; and we therefore find, that, except at the moment, he makes no allusion to the circumstance in his correspondence.

In 1822, Collins visited Edinburgh in company with Wilkie, when he witnessed the pageant of George the Fourth's progress; and took unto himself a wife. For the lady whom he married, Miss Geddes, he seems to have contracted an attachment so early as the year 1814; but prudential considerations hindered an avowal of the sentiment till 1821; and even in 1822 his mother would have deferred the match, had she been able, as premature. Collins, however, was full of faith, and his lady-love of affection; so she traveled to Edinburgh at his suggestion, and in August or September of this year, Dr. Alison, then minister of York Place Episcopal Church, gave his blessing to their union. At the same time the artist made the acquaintance of all the distinguished men of the northern metropolis, including Sir Walter Scott, Raeburn, Peter Robertson, Francis Jeffry, Adam Fergusson, and others. Neither was the excursion altogether profitless in a professional point of view. He seems to have meditated an attempt at delineating the show of the king's landing, and went so far as to execute a sketch of the shore of Leith; but the grouping of figures was not his forte, so he abandoned the design. Amends, however, were made by the views which he took of Stirling Castle, and the scenery of portions of the Perthshire Highlands, into which he penetrated. The view of Stirling Castle, after being exhibited at the Royal Academy rooms in 1824, was sold to C. Cope, Esq., for the sum of 130 guineas.

It was about this time that Wilkie, one of the most quietly sagacious artists that ever lived, feeling, or fancying, that his style had begun to pull upon the public, determined to open a new vein. Partly with this view, and partly in order to recruit his health, he proceeded to Rome; whence he wrote to his friend Collins, strongly urging him to undertake a similar journey. Indeed, we happen to know that Wilkie, who entertained for Collins a sincere regard, often urged upon him the wisdom of getting out of the narrow channel in which it was his pleasure to sail; and that Collins lacked courage, rather than a conviction of the soundness of the advice, to follow

the suggestion. Indeed, it was not till Wilkie returned from his Spanish tour that he could prevail upon his friend to look beyond the specimens of art which England could furnish; and even then Collins went only as far as the Low Countries. The excursion, though limited in regard to extent, wrought the best effect both on the health and spirits of the traveler. He enjoyed every incident that befell him greatly, and laid up good store of thought and some matter for future use. But English scenes, and particularly coast scenes, continued to monopolize his affections till 1836; when, not without a struggle, he made up his mind to visit Italy. We wish that we could follow him in his tour. It was undertaken, when finally resolved upon, in a spirit of high enthusiasm. No difficulties of route, or conveyance, or custom-houses, or sanitary cordons, threw him out of temper. He lingered at Nice till the fear of cholera, which then prevailed on the other side of the Apennines, died out, and then pursued his progress to the capital of Christendom. Here everything charmed and amazed him. The combinations of art and nature which greeted him at every turn awakened feelings which the artist alone can understand; and he expressed them unreservedly, in the language both of wonder and sound criticism, in his letters to Wilkie. He next proceeded to Naples, the glorious scenery in and around which supplied some admirable subjects for his pencil. But the enthusiasm of the artist carried the man so completely out of himself that, in spite of the remonstrances of those who knew better, he persisted in exposing himself, both to the heat of the morning sun and the cold dews of the night. The consequence was a violent rheumatic fever; from the effects of which he never wholly recovered.

The baths of Ischia set the painter on his legs again, and he returned to Naples; whence he proceeded, after a second sojourn of nine months, to Rome. There he resided till April, 1838, when he set out, by way of Florence, Bologna, Parma, Verona, and Padua, to Venice. After luxuriating for awhile in the galleries and churches of the queen of cities, he journeyed on to Munich; whence, having devoted sufficient time to the study of the collections there, he proceeded homeward. He reached London in August, 1838, and immediately addressed himself to realize the dreams which he had cherished. His success was very decided. The three Italian pictures which he sent to the exhibition in 1839 were sold before they

had quitted his studio, and brought prices which marked the estimation in which the patrons of art were inclined to hold them. "The Scene near Subiaco" was purchased by Sir F. Shuckburgh for 250 guineas. "Naples: young Lazzaroni playing the game of Arravoglio," went to John Baring, Esq., for 200 guineas; and John Marshall, Esq., purchased "Poor Travelers at the door of a Capuchin convent," for a like sum.

From this date, up to the year 1842, Collins continued to paint with equal industry and success. Commissions poured in upon him; and his pictures, let the subjects be what they might, commanded a liberal price. In fact, the world regarded him as that *rara avis in terris*—a popular artist; and his friends anticipated for him a long and happy career. But he carried all the while the seeds of a fatal malady within, and an examination by the stethoscope left no room to doubt that the heart was organically diseased. Though warned of the nature of his illness, he persisted in hoping that his medical attendants might be mistaken. He never, therefore, intermitted his labors; and went about from place to place in search of new ideas and new combinations. By and bye the air of London was pronounced too much loaded for him, and he sought at Torquay more room to breathe, as well as a milder atmosphere. But nothing could arrest the hand of fate. After years of suffering, borne with exemplary patience, the strong man sank in February, 1847, and a spirit as pure as ever animated the human frame went back, upon the wings of a living faith, to Him who gave it.

We have not room, were it even necessary, to enter into an elaborate criticism of the genius and the works of the subject of this sketch. From the hints which have been dropped in the course of our narrative, the reader will collect that we are not disposed to place him in the highest rank of English art. His conceptions all lacked the fire of originality; his execution was rather correct than dazzling, labored than artistically brilliant. He had no power of dealing with the deeper passions. Quiet grief he could depict, though rather in its adjuncts than by direct representation; and the postures of lazy devotion are well defined by him. But he never attempted anything beyond this; and he was wise in putting the restraint upon himself. His portraits, also, of which he painted several, are wanting in ease; and though correct as regards likeness, scarcely satisfy the beholder. On the other hand, his

trees, boats, nets, and rocks, are admirable. So are his lights and shades, especially such as give their coloring to water; and his sands are perfect. Collins deserved all the success, as an artist, which he achieved; but not one grain more. As a man he may be said to have been "an Israelite without guile." There was a deep religious feeling about him, which manifested itself in every change of fortune, and shed a glorious halo over his death-bed. The son of such a man has just cause of pride in his paternity; and we, and the public at large, are greatly his debtors for the opportunity which he has given us of judging of the merits of his father.

Pass we now to Mr. Barham's pleasant volumes,* the life and remains of one who filled no inconsiderable space in the public regard while he lived, and is not yet quite forgotten. Mr. Barham's compilation is truly a work of love. Whether or not it will serve the purpose for which it is intended is quite another matter. We hope that it may; and shall do our best to speak of it in the terms which it seems to deserve.

Theodore Edward Hook was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22d of September, 1788. His father, the well-known composer, over whose sonatas many a gray-haired dowager has wept long ago, had, by his first wife, the well-known Miss Madden, two sons; of whom the elder, James, after receiving a liberal education at Westminster and Oxford, took holy orders, and rose to be Dean of Worcester. The younger, whose eccentric career we have undertaken to follow, came into the world seventeen years later than the dean; and being deprived very early of the care of a wise mother, enjoyed none of the advantages which only a wise mother's tending can ensure. For James, not less than Theodore, appears to have been imbued with a keen sense of the ridiculous. He was witty, clever, and fond of society, in which he showed himself eminently calculated to shine; but his natural exuberance of spirit being restrained under the judicious discipline of home, never broke loose after the home restraint was removed. Theodore, on the other hand, all fun and frolic, was encouraged from the first dawn of his faculties to

* Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook. With Anecdotes of some of his Contemporaries. By the Rev. R. D. Barham. Two Volumes, post 8vo. London: Bentley.

indulge every humor as it rose; and can hardly be said in the course of his after-life to have unlearned the lesson. Thus his education, using that term in its ordinary sense, was conducted on the most approved system of haphazard. From a day-school in Soho Square, whence he habitually played the truant, he removed to the seminary of a Doctor Curtis, in Cambridgeshire. All that we know about him at this stage is, that at thirteen years of age he had begun to dream of authorship, and wrote a dramatic sketch which has not come down to us. He next passed to Harrow, where he learned nothing,—except to play tricks, some of them more mischievous than funny. Finally, in 1802, he was withdrawn from school altogether; and under the imperfect control of a father eminently disqualified to be his guide, applied himself, in his own way, to the real business of life.

The elder Mr. Hook was, like his sons, of very convivial habits. He lived much in the society of the wits and humorists of his day; and finding Theodore perfectly able, at the age of fourteen, to hold his own in such society, he introduced him to his friends, by whom the lad was at once received on a footing of equality. Moreover, the facility of writing cleverly, which seemed to be instinctive in the boy, was at once turned to account. Mr. Hook, senior, followed musical composition as a professor. Besides songs, pieces, and lessons for beginners, he wrote numberless operettas,—to which his wife at first, and by and bye his eldest son James, used to contribute the words. But when Mrs. Hook died, and James settled on his benefice in Hertfordshire, the manufacture of operettas threatened to come to a stand-still; and probably would have done so had not Theodore undertaken to furnish literary pabulum for the mill. He had already tried his hand in song, and succeeded. He now wrote the words of the *Soldier's Return*, and at the early age of sixteen established himself as a favorite with the public, besides pocketing for his share in the copyright fifty pounds.

A triumph of this sort could hardly fail of fixing the line in which the successful party should hereafter follow. Hook became from that hour the pet of the green-room, and the intimate friend of the leading actors of the day. He wrote pieces in order to bring into notice the characteristic humors of Liston and Mathews. He gave scope to the extraordinary enunciative powers of Bannister, by compiling for his sake the *Invisible Girl*.

Neither was he backward in indulging the taste for melodrama which then, and for some years afterward, prevailed. *Tekeli* and the *Siege o' St. Quentin* exhibit his powers of dealing with barons, bandits, and such like machinery. Indeed, his literary talent was as versatile as his conversation was sparkling, and his jokes exuberant, and sometimes inconvenient.

In 1809, after the burning of the two patent theatres, and the coalition of the rival companies, Hook produced the well-known afterpiece of *Killing no Murder*, which was to be brought out at the Lyceum under the most favorable circumstances: Liston being engaged to perform the part of Apollo Belvi, and Mathews that of Buskin. It was more the custom then than it is now to guard, what was called, the morality of the stage. The office of licenser, though its duties were discharged by a deputy, was not treated as a sinecure; and Mr. John Larpent, the deputy-licenser, took offence at Hook's merciless lashing of the Methodists, and refused to sanction the performance. Great, of course, was the consternation at the Lyceum, and deep and vehement the wrath of the young author; but the man in power was inexorable. Unless the passages were left out which he had marked as inadmissible, the piece should not be performed; and rather than throw away the trouble which had been incurred in writing and getting it up, players and author yielded. But they had their revenge. Hook omitted the objectionable passages *verbatim*, yet contrived to make to them allusions so marked, that while the audience was convulsed with laughter the law could reach none of the speakers; and the effect was the greater that he took care, before the performance came on, to *publish* his little drama as it had been written, and to garnish it with a preface. We must confess that the preface is not, according to our view of such matters, in good taste; and we think that Mr. Barham would have done as well had he refrained from reprinting it. But it served its intended purpose at the moment, and overwhelmed the deputy-licenser with ridicule.

It has been well observed that "any estimate, drawn from his writings alone, of the powers of Theodore Hook, must be fatally inadequate and erroneous." Seldom, indeed, does it occur that a youth, before he has reached his twenty-first year, is able to reach the height of literary eminence to which Hook had already attained; but Hook was better known, even thus early, by his extra-

ordinary social abilities than by his writings. His wit never flagged. He was the only veritable English improvisatore whom it has been our good fortune, at all events, to encounter. His drollery knew no limits, and forced the most strait-laced into convulsions of involuntary laughter. Such a man soon began to be sought out by other associates than those of the sock and buskin. At first, indeed, his circle widened itself by comprehending unprofessional gentlemen, whose tastes led them, not only to rejoice in the public performance of the drama, but to get up private theatricals at home. Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, for example, Mr. Rolls, Captain Codd, and others of similar habits, eagerly courted his acquaintance, and availed themselves of his ability, first to write the pieces, and then to assist in the performance of them. And here, as well as elsewhere—in other circles where, later in life, we have met him—Hook poured forth his extempore songs on all subjects, with a facility and a raciness which no language can describe. Only get him in the humor, and seat him before a piano, and there needed but a hint, no matter how barren, to set him off at score. No difficulties of name or subject stayed him. Whatever the theme might be—an adventure at the drawing-room, a mishap in the Park, a speech in parliament, a new invention in science—Hook seized it at once, and rhymed and sang about it *ad libitum*. Not unfrequently the subject given might be the names of the individuals of whom the party consisted, and he invariably managed to bring them aptly and cleverly into his verse. An instance of this is recorded by Mr. Barham, which we do not remember to have heard of before. A young Dane, of the not very manageable patronymic of Rosenagen, happened to be one of a party of whom it was desired that his muse should speak. On went the improvisatore, galloping over the rest without pause or check; till at last the trial came. It was thus met,—

Yet more of my Muse is required—
Alas! I'm afraid she is done;
No, no! like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll *Rosin-again* and go on.

Neither the success which attended him as a dramatist, nor his intimate association with the players, had the effect, which on weaker minds they are apt to have, of fixing Hook's position in society. He began by degrees to imbibe a rooted dislike to green-room diversions and the sharers in them, and ceased all

at once to be a writer of melodramas, farces, and petite comedies. At the early age of twenty-one he published his first novel. It was not very successful—indeed, it did not much deserve success; but there was stuff in it which he managed to work up with good effect into his later performances. The title of this well-nigh forgotten performance was *The Man of Sorrow*; and the interest of the story turns upon the endless mishaps into which the hero is plunged—sometimes inartistically enough, but generally so as to raise a laugh at his expense. It is curious to see with what eagerness the young novelist stuffs his pages with classical quotations. Whatever his memory seems to have retained of the fragments of Greek and Latin works, skimmed at Harrow, are here turned to account, with a profusion that is truly ludicrous. They are all, however, given in a tone of the most perfect gravity. It is clear that he himself believed that he was commanding, through them, the applause of the learned.

It was about this time that Hook entered as a commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. His *début* gave promise of no more than was realized in the issue of it—indeed, he had well-nigh stumbled and fallen on the very threshold,—for Hook's wit was often too strong for his judgment, and in the late Dr. Parsons, the vice-chancellor, he had a somewhat stern moralist to deal with. One of the preliminary acts of matriculation is the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles. When asked whether he was prepared to subscribe, Hook's answer was, "Oh, certainly, sir. Forty, if you please." Though his brother the dean happened to be a personal friend of the vice-chancellor, this light speech had well-nigh excluded Theodore from the benefits of a university career. And short as his course proved to be (he did not reside more than two terms), the circumstance would have been subject of regret, for he retained to the last a most affectionate recollection of the place, and wrote and spoke of the system, in spite of all its short-comings, respectfully.

Among the associates with whom, on quitting Oxford, Hook mainly lived, was the Rev. Edward Cannon, one of the Prince Regent's chaplains, and the original of the clever sketch, Godfrey Moss, in the novel of *Maxwell*. This gentleman, whom an exquisite skill in music had introduced to the notice of George IV., continued long enough in favor to co-operate with the Marchioness of Hertford and others in winning for Hook the *entrée*

into Carlton House. Here, though at first dazzled—what new man is not dazzled by associations with royalty?—Hook soon made himself at ease. Thoroughly self-possessed, and at the same time free from the vulgar vice of impudence, he knew when to hold his hobby in hand, as well as when to shake loose the rein, and the consequence was that George IV., the most fastidious of princes, appears to have felt as kindly toward him as he could feel to any second person. It is generally understood that the appointment of Treasurer to the Mauritius, which, in 1812, was bestowed upon Hook, he owed to the personal good-will of the Prince Regent; and the rumor assumes the greater appearance of truth that no intimate friend, to whom his unbusiness-like habits were known, would have ventured to recommend him to the minister as qualified to undertake a trust of the kind.

Hook had fallen in love previously to this turn in his fortunes. Mr. Barham tells us that the attachment was a worthy one; and regrets, as all must do to whom the genuine kindness of Hook's heart was known, that circumstances interfered to thwart it. Had he married the woman of his choice, and she proved to be such as his biographer describes, the probability is that the world would have lost nothing which there was just reason to regret, while Hook himself would have sobered down into a respectable member of society. But the wherewithal was wanting on both sides; and the lady, listening to her mother's remonstrances, agreed that the question at issue between inclination and duty should be submitted to a referee. This gentleman, a barrister just getting into good practice, decided against Hook's suit, and by and bye married the fair Merelina himself.

In spite of his powers of disguising them, Hook's feelings were both deep and keen. His disappointment in the present case seems to have cast a shadow over the remainder of his life; at least it is frequently alluded to in his diary, one of the most melancholy records of time and talent misspent that ever came under our observation. But he was too manly to sink under personal sorrow; and first in the vortex of London society, and by and bye, amid the preparations for entering upon his treasurership at Mauritius, the bitterness of mortification subsided. Poor fellow! the treasurership, which many a hanger-on grudged him sorely, instead of leading to independence, and perhaps to still higher things, proved the immediate cause of all his future difficulties. Hook was in em-

barrassed circumstances when the appointment came. It is not very easy for men who live by their wits, especially when they happen to be of a convivial turn, and are courted and caressed by the wealthy, to avoid falling into embarrassments; and the same habits which had involved him at home, hindered him from economizing abroad. He became at once the life and soul of all the gayeties in the island; and in more than one instance pushed his love of fun to the very extreme verge of propriety. The following specimen may serve to show that in his pleasantries he was at least no respecter of persons:

"It was on the occasion of a public dinner given at the Government-house, and at which the governor himself, confined by ill-health to his country residence, was unable to be present. The officer next in rank was, therefore, called upon to preside; but whether from the soup, or the fish, or the cucumber, if there happened to be any, disagreeing with him, or from whatever cause, he was compelled to quit the banquet at an early hour, and was conveyed, utterly incapable of either giving or receiving any command, to his quarters. The task of occupying the chair and giving the usual toasts now devolved upon Hook; and as each separate health was given and duly signalized, it was responded to by an immediate salute from a battery in the square below, according to special order. The appointed list having been gone through, the greater portion of the company departed; but the chairman, so far from showing any disposition to quit his post, begged gentlemen 'to fill their glasses, and drink a bumper to that gallant and distinguished officer, Captain Dobbs.' Up went the signal; bang, bang, roared the artillery. Lieutenant Hobbs and Ensign Snobbs had like honors awarded them. Quick as the guns could be reloaded, up again went the signal, and off went his majesty's twenty-four-pounders to the honor, successively, of every individual present. Such a bombardment had not been heard since the capture of the island; and it was not till the noisy compliment had been paid to cook and scullion, who were summoned from the kitchen to return thanks in person, and the powder as well as the patience of the exhausted gunners was expended, that the firing ceased."

Hook enjoyed at this time the countenance and support of the governor, Sir. R. J. Farquhar, with whom he was, by the female line, connected. A change, by and bye, occurred, of which he soon experienced the consequences. But it is unnecessary to repeat the well-known tale of his *Complaint in the Chest*. Occasion arose in the spring of 1818 to investigate the public accounts of the local treasury. They had been passed, with the customary forms, in Nov., 1817.

and their correctness vouched for by the proper authorities; but now a re-examination being instituted, under circumstances of a very peculiar nature, a deficiency was declared against the treasurer of not less than 62,177 dollars. Hook always protested, and the weight of probability is in favor of his protest, that there was no real deficiency whatever; but that the balance against him was owing to the culpable neglect of his subordinates in failing to make the proper entries when sums of money were paid away. It is clear, too, from the conduct of the home Government, that they laid no heavier sin to his charge than excessive carelessness. But he had made an enemy of the new governor, Major-general Hall. Arrested, thrown into a dungeon without so much as a change of linen being allowed, he was ultimately put on board ship, and arrived under a military guard at Portsmouth, to be set at liberty the moment he touched the soil. For the merits of the case had been carefully sifted by the highest law authorities; and they pronounced that it furnished no ground for criminal proceedings, nor, as a necessary corollary, for the severities to which he had been subjected.

Though acquitted of criminal practices, Hook was brought in a debtor to the public, first of £15,000, and by and bye, after a more careful examination of the accounts, of £7000. He asserted throughout that he owed nothing. He was, however, in the end arrested at the suit of the Crown, and confined during eight months in a sponging-house, and upward of a year in the King's Bench. It was then decided that he should be allowed to go at large, though still held liable for the debt, and required to discharge it whenever he should be able. He never made any serious attempt to discharge it; indeed he declined, in 1823, the generous offer of four of his friends to pay it for him. Nevertheless, the consciousness that he went at large only on sufferance, and that a vindictive government could at any time crush him, lay like a load upon his energies. Far be from us the attempt to justify the recklessness of Hook's future career. It cannot be defended for a moment, because the line of honor runs with such an even course that he who swerves from it must swerve willfully. But this much may be urged in palliation of his excesses. He believed himself to be unjustly dealt with, and, despairing of ever being able to pay the debt which government claimed, he grew careless of his own expenditure, and treated the idea of economizing as an absurdity.

For a brief space after his return to England, Hook lived in comparative retirement. He took a small lodging in Somers Town, where, in an evil hour, he formed an illicit connection with a female servant, and became the father of a large family, whom he could never hope to introduce into society. Here only some of his old friends used to visit him,—Mathews, Tom Hill, Terry, and a few others. But Hook's talents were not of an order to be long buried in a napkin. He was, both constitutionally and on conviction, a Tory; so that when party spirit began to run high, and the affair of Queen Caroline stirred the country from end to end, he could not but throw himself heartily into the contest. One of his first squibs, entitled *Tentamen; or, an Essay toward the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London*, by Dr. Vicissinus Blenkinsop, told tremendously. It went through two or three editions in as many months; but as Hook, for obvious reasons (his case was then *sub judice*), kept his own secret, nobody suspected him of the authorship. Other pamphlets and *jeux d'esprits* followed, most of them with equal success; and in the spring of 1820 he, with his friend Terry, started a periodical called *The Arcadian*. It expired with the second number; yet there were some capital hits in it.

Of the rise and progress of the *John Bull* newspaper why should we speak? Few of our readers can fail, either themselves to remember, or to have heard from their fathers, the electrical sensation which the appearance of its first numbers produced. The Brandenburgh House faction melted beneath its unsparing ridicule; and the gifted editor, his secret gradually oozing out, became once more one of the chief lions about town. Nobody talked any more of Mauritius defalcations. The tables of the great and the accomplished were spread for him, and Hook threw himself heart and soul into the vortex of fashionable life. Alas, poor Hook! His share in the *John Bull* realized at this time £2000 a year, and he acted as if twice that amount had been secured to him in perpetuity. There was no avoiding the natural result. Instead of paying off old debts, Hook moved into a large house in Cleveland Row, and furnishing it luxuriously, contracted new ones, under the pressure of which, and of the unremitting drudgery which the necessities of each day and hour rendered indispensable, he ultimately sank.

Hook seems to have been impatient, at every stage in his career, of continuous exer-

tion. Even when *John Bull* was in the zenith of its popularity he persisted in devising and beginning fifty other schemes, not one of which answered its purpose. Hence, after four years, we find him reduced to the position of a mere salaried editor, and striving, by novel-writing, to supply the void thereby occasioned in his finances. In 1824 appeared the first series of *Sayings and Doings*, which was received with unbounded favor, and led the way to so many productions of the same sort that we cannot undertake to give even their titles. They were all written *currente calamo*, and had all merits peculiarly their own. But the public began to weary of the silver-fork school, as it wearies of everything; and the money value of Hook's copyrights declined from £1500 to £500, and £800. Upon this he undertook the management of *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, which he used as a vehicle for bringing out some of his later performances. But magazine, newspaper, and an occasional book, all failed to supply the drain which habits such as his created. For it is idle to think of concealing truth; Hook had by this time given himself up to the love of play, which he indulged in a profound ignorance of all the principles of gambling, and soon brought matters to a climax. We have no heart to go into detail respecting these things; enough it is to state, that health, hope, and energy all gave way, and that, at the age of fifty-three, Hook died of utter exhaustion.

We have not written this much without serious misgivings. The subject, however inviting, was so thoroughly exhausted by the *Quarterly Review*, that Mr. Barham's present attempt to reawaken dormant interest cannot but be regarded as a bold one. Still we are not sorry that it has been made. There may be little in these volumes which shall appear new to the present generation. But generations soon pass, and unless the record of the lives of men who have contributed in any way to shape or mould the tastes of their contemporaries be taken care of, the world soon ceases to be either guided or warned by them. The impress made upon society by Hook's conversation and writings was, to be sure, very superficial at the best. In regard to the former he was a mere comedian on the stage of life, who played for the amusement of others, and was applauded for his performances. In regard to the latter, as he rarely sought to penetrate below the surface of things, so his lessons, though they might possibly help to reform men's manners, could exercise no influence over their moral natures.

But Hook himself, as here delineated, stands forth like a beacon and a warning, which all who run may read. True, the luminary of the *Quarterly Review* is at once more graphic and more terrible. But they to whom it is best calculated to be useful will soon be unable to find it; whereas Mr. Barham's little work stands by itself, and is at least accessible. We wish that it had been more skillfully worked up; but as it is, we are glad to afford to it a place in our library.

The character of Theodore Hook does not offer a more striking contrast to that of William Collins than is presented to both by the moral and intellectual conformation of the distinguished individual whom we now proceed to notice. For Mr. Jones's *Recollections of Sir Francis Chantrey** is the next biographical sketch which comes to hand, and a very pleasant volume of light and easy gossip we find it.

Francis Chantrey, the son of a respectable yeoman, was born at Norton in Derbyshire, not far from Sheffield, in 1782. His father dying when he was eight years of age, and his mother soon afterward marrying a second husband, the future sculptor seems to have been a good deal neglected in his youth; indeed, he had attained his sixteenth year ere any plans were formed for launching him in life; and even then his friends chose so loosely for him, that accident, rather than design on their parts, may be said to have determined his career. We have heard that the memories of these early days were so exceedingly irksome to Chantrey, that he could never speak of second marriages except in terms of reprobation. And the clause in his will which restricted his widow from marrying again, except at the sacrifice of the larger portion of her fortune, has been attributed, not we think unreasonably, to this deep-rooted prejudice. Be this, however, as it may, the scheme which his step-father had formed for him proved so distasteful, that the young man refused to act upon it. He had no fancy for the law; he had a decided genius for the arts; and at his own request, instead of being articulated to an attorney, he was bound apprentice to a carver.

Mr. Jones passes lightly over this stage in the great sculptor's career. We are surprised at this circumstance, because Chantrey, when he could be got to speak about himself

* *Recollections of the Life, Practice, and Opinions of Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A.* By George Jones, R.A. London: Moxon. 1849.

at all, used to describe with great humor the process of mind which led him to select the profession in which he rose to such dignified eminence. Many a pound of butter, it appears, moulded itself under his plastic hands into the forms of objects which took his fancy as he passed to and fro in childhood from his mother's dairy to the nearest market town; and many an hour stolen from sleep was dedicated to modeling, after maturer years had convinced him of the superiority of clay over butter, and morsels of candle could be conveyed with safety to his garret in the farm-house. Finally, when it was proposed to him that he should follow the law, he protested against the arrangement. "I would rather carve mirror-frames for Mr. Ramsay in Sheffield," was his answer. And to the carver he was accordingly bound, though not till after he had borne his part in every species of agricultural toil,—from the picking of stones to the guidance of a plough; and from the mowing of grass to the threshing of corn.

Mr. Raphael Smith, at that time a distinguished draftsman in crayons, was in the habit of visiting Chantrey's master. He used, indeed, to sketch designs for Mr. Ramsay; and so deep an impression did his skill make on the mind of the enthusiastic apprentice, that nothing would serve the latter except to become draftsman in like manner. Nor did Chantrey err in assuming that Nature had given him the power which he now yearned to exercise. Doubtless there was little of the creative faculty in him, whether with the pencil or the chisel. But simple forms he could delineate beautifully; and his grouping, when he did group, exhibited much, either of pathos or of humor, according to the subject. We have now lying before us Richard Penn's charming *Hints to Anglers*, with its exquisite pictorial illustrations; and as the best of the latter were contributed by Chantrey, there needs no further evidence to prove that, though suffered in a great measure to lie dormant, the fire of the painter was in his heart from the beginning to the end of his career.

Chantrey worked through his apprenticeship till he arrived within six months of its conclusion. His impatience could be restrained no longer. He had grown weary of wood-engraving, and having made one or two essays as a portrait-painter, which, in Sheffield at least, commanded respect, he determined to buy off the residue of his indentures, and to set up on his own account. It cost him all his little fortune (fifty pounds) to secure those six months of premature independence,

yet he parted with the money unrepiningly. And so industrious was he, and so successful, too, that he soon had laid a good many friends and acquaintances under contribution. His charge for a half-length portrait was very moderate,—only five guineas. Yet such was his diligence that he found himself ere long in possession of what he regarded as a handsome sum; and having added to it by borrowing a little, he set off for London, there to try his fortune in the great game of life.

The leading trait in Chantrey's character was honorable prudence. Burning as he did to achieve celebrity, he still possessed such absolute control over himself, that he first took steps to ensure the means of *living*, and then looked about for the opportunity of living to a purpose. He accordingly sought for, and found, employment as an assistant carver in wood; and the art being more in vogue in those days than it is now, he seems to have done tolerably well in it. Among other patrons he worked for Mr. Hope, whose taste in this species of sculpture was extremely classical; and Mr. Rogers, too, the well-known author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, became one of his customers. With Mr. Rogers Chantrey lived in after days on terms of intimate friendly intercourse; and the piece of carving of which the poet made himself master, and which was the means of bringing these two remarkable men to know and rightly appreciate one another, is still preserved and shown with honest pride in the hospitable mansion of its owner.

The career of Chantrey was from the outset so completely marked out by good sense, and followed up so successfully, that the history of his life merges at once into a catalogue of his works. A severe fever had, indeed, well-nigh cut him off in the dawn of his fame. It robbed him of his hair, which never grew again, so that he continued bald to the day of his death. But, except in this instance, we do not find that he was ever put to it, in regard to difficulties of any kind, or forced to swim, faint and weary, against the current. Not that Chantrey was without his difficulties:—

"I cannot say that I was ever in danger of starving (we quote from memory what he has said in our own hearing), but I have often wondered how I got through the month that was past, and was still more at a loss to guess how I should scramble over the month that was coming. Even after I left off chopping sticks and took to chopping stones and marble, I lived in a garret, and was so poor that I could not afford more than one candle to work with at night. In those days I used to

wear a paper cap, and many a time have I stuck the candle in the top of it that the light might move with me as I moved."

Having carved wood till he had established a character in that line, Chantrey resumed the profession of a portrait-painter; and relieved the sameness of the vocation by modeling in clay, and occasionally working up his models in more durable materials. The first of these, which established his fame, was a head of Satan, which appeared in the exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1808. It was greatly admired by the best judges, and led to his receiving a commission to erect a monument to the memory of the Rev. J. Wilkinson, vicar of Sheffield and prebendary of Ripon. This was followed by an order to complete for Greenwich Hospital colossal busts of Admirals Duncan, Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson. His boat was now upon the stream. Hitherto his modeling had gained him nothing—he lived from the profits of his pencil and his graving tools; he now worked by commission on a bust of Horne Tooke, and was forthwith engaged in other quarters on his own terms. His prices rose from 80, to 100, 130, 150, and 200 guineas; and at the beginning of his ninth year as a recognized sculptor he had engagements on hand to the money value of £12,000.

In 1811 Chantrey married. His bride, who was also his cousin-german, brought him £10,000, which he at once laid out in clearing off old scores, and in the purchase of a house and studio, and marble whereon to labor. His house in Eccleston Street soon became the home of a cheerful and unbounded hospitality. His studio was frequented by all the lovers of art who, whether Englishmen or foreigners, visited London. He mixed largely in society, and by his quiet humor and unaffected modesty made himself a universal favorite. He always spoke of Horne Tooke with gratitude, as one of the wisest and most judicious friends whom he ever encountered. For Tooke, as he was the first to take him up, and so he naturally established a powerful influence over him, which, according to Chantrey's showing, was never exercised except for good. "If you wish to thrive, and to stand well in the world," said the eccentric philosopher, "take care to avoid even the appearance of a leaning toward any party in politics. And to convince society that you are free in this respect, go forthwith and get some known men of opposite opinions from mine to sit to you for their portraits."

The counsel thus quaintly given Chantrey never forgot. He acted up to it in every situation into which he was thrown, and not unfrequently had the good luck to put a stop, by his quiet method of evading questions, to arguments which might have disturbed the equanimity of those who took part in them. One of these happy displays of indifferentism Mr. Jones has recorded,—concealing, however, in our opinion most needlessly, the name of the chief actor in the scene.

"Chantrey (says he) dining one day with a large party, where a royal personage, fond of being thought free in more than political opinions, was talking in his jocose tone of the religious principles entertained by various men, and of the different sects into which they were divided, his eye happening to catch that of Chantrey, he said, 'What do you think about all this, Mr. Chantrey, and of what sect shall we call you?' 'Why, sir,' said Chantrey, 'when I lived in the north my friends used to call me Derbyshire.'"

This was clever, and it raised a laugh; but why should Mr. Jones hesitate to state that the late Duke of Sussex was the royal personage meant, or that the dinner took place at Holland House?

Chantrey twice visited the Continent; first in 1815, when he spent a short time in Paris, and afterward in 1819, when he traveled through Italy, and lingered for a while in Rome. In this place he made the acquaintance of Thorwalsden and Canova, with the latter of whom he had previously corresponded. But he does not seem to have taken much to the illustrious Dane. Canova lived more in the world of fashion, and Chantrey dearly loved society, in which, though after a peculiar fashion, he shone. And to this cause may be attributed his comparative neglect of one whose genius undoubtedly bore a closer resemblance to his own than that of the highly polished and elegant Italian.

Visiting at the country-houses of the noblest in the land, and exchanging with them civilities in due season, Chantrey chose his friends chiefly from among the painters, poets, sculptors, and men of literature of the age, though he freely extended his regards to all who had in them qualities calculated to awaken the sympathies of the joyous and the good. He was a great sportsman. His shooting was generally successful: his feat at Holkham is too well known to demand a record here. Two woodcocks, slain by one of his barrels in the flesh, became immortalized in marble by his chisel, and are now to

be seen at the seat of Lord Leicester, to whose father the sculptor presented them. His fishing, if not quite so skillfully managed, was prosecuted with almost more of zeal. Perhaps few men in England could boast of a more extensive stock of rods and tackle, and of the Houghton Club he was at once the ornament and the delight.

These healthful, and at the same time improving relaxations, Chantrey could afford to indulge in at will; for the tide of success never to the end of his days turned against him. Each new work, if it did not surpass, fully sustained the credit of its predecessors, and more and more gave him a command over the world. But, perhaps, to none of them was he so much indebted as to the exquisite monument, now laid up in Lichfield Cathedral, whereon two children are represented as sleeping—a sleep which the spectator sees at once will never be broken. It was executed in the year 1817, long after his statue of George III. had adorned the Council-chamber at Guildhall, and at once raised him to the highest eminence in his profession. Commissions thenceforth poured in upon him more rapidly than he could find time to attend to them. And if, as a necessary consequence, he here and there repeated himself, the circumstance is as little to be wondered at, as, perhaps, it ought in reality to be deplored. We confess, indeed, that to our mind, Chantrey's horses are all of them failures. We are of opinion, too, that his desire to strike out a line different from that pursued by others led to the failure. For, in point both of anatomy and character, the faults to be found with the one steed which he employed to carry Sir Thomas Munro, George IV., and the Duke of Wellington, are neither numerous nor striking. But as it is not in a state of repose that the living horse is anywhere seen to the greatest advantage, so to create a *sentiment* by transferring the inert mass to marble or to bronze seems to be a very aimless effort. Chantrey is less unfortunate, doubtless, than Westmacott; but for these things we cannot praise him.

Thus blessed by fortune and surrounded by troops of friends, Chantrey passed through life. He deserved all the good that befell him. He was generous, charitable, given to hospitality, endowed with a warm heart, and ever ready to act on its suggestions. He had a great deal of humor, with much independence of character, which those who knew him only a little were apt to mistake for rudeness. On one occasion, while the Duke of Sussex sat to him for a bust, he

took the liberty of observing, that so long as his royal highness persisted in wearing moustachios and a beard it would be impossible for him to do justice to the mouth and chin. The duke, who had a habit of swearing grotesquely, uttered one of his queer oaths, and declared, "The beard shall go with me to the grave." "Very well, sir," replied Chantrey, repeating the oath *verbatim*, "then I can't model your royal highness's face." The sally was greeted with a hearty laugh, and next day the duke sat to him clean shaven.

Chantrey's health, which had been robust up to the year 1839, began to exhibit symptoms of failing. We remember perfectly his expressing in the winter of that year a conviction that his race would not last much longer; yet he continued, for the most part, to be as cheerful as ever, though, by fits and starts, physical weakness manifestly overcame him. The commission which he received to execute his equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington seemed in some sort to revive him. But he gradually sank under the malady—ossification, we believe, of the great ventricle of the heart; and died on the 25th of November, 1841, with the appalling absence of immediate warning which usually characterizes the issue of such cases. As he had been an untiring friend to art in his lifetime, so at his death he became its most munificent patron. The whole of his savings, upward of £100,000, he bequeathed, in usufruct, to his widow, Lady Chantrey, and directed that after her demise it should be employed in fostering the growth of art in these kingdoms.

Referring the reader who may be desirous of following up this subject to Mr. Jones's agreeable volume, we turn next to *Memoirs of David Scott, R.S.A.*, by his brother, William Scott.*

This is a work of more than ordinary pretension, and results, as works of the kind generally do, in disappointment. Its style is greatly against it. The biographer assures us that its production is a duty as well as a labor of love, and craves our indulgence should "some particulars of trifling importance to the public be found in its pages." But it is not of this that we complain. A faithful biog-

* *Memoir of David Scott, R.S.A.*; containing his *Journal in Italy, Notes on Art, and other Papers.* By William B. Scott. Edinburgh: Black and Co. 1850.

rapher can hardly avoid giving many details of his hero which are little calculated to excite what is called "interest" beyond the circle of his immediate friends. We do not object to that, because in such touches the peculiarities of the man's character are most likely to be shown. But we do object to the whole process of biographizing in the style of Thomas Carlyle, and especially denounce, abhor, and repudiate an affectation of mysticism where mysticism is entirely out of place. What will our readers say of the following sentences, wherewith Mr. Scott leads us to a consideration of what he calls the Early Boyhood of his brother? He has chosen for a motto to his chapter or letter (for the book is made up of a series of letters, addressed we are not told to whom) a sentence from the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which is thus rendered,—“Who is able to speak worthily of the feelings of childhood? If children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses” And then proceeds to say,—

“After looking about for a motto, this is the best we can find, and it is only partly true. In one point of view, indeed, it is wholly false. Undoubtedly children are wiser than we take them for. Even youth is little more than a recipient, although then the mould is beginning to harden and to impress its form on the matter received. The wide-open eyes of children are continually observing, and their ears catching tones and thoughts. They give nothing back; they do not tell what they have learned either by word or sign, and we know not that they have received much—nearly all, indeed, that is essential, and are still receiving and building. These impressions resemble intuitions, and are permanent, even for ever. The substratum of life is laid in the dark, while the creature is comparatively dumb. When the voice with its modulated language arrives, it only shows us the Ego that the wonderful years of infancy had with difficulty and terror elaborated from the contact of the outward with the infinite spirit within. All this is, indeed, plain enough, like the face of a church-clock. The mother is the Nemesis of the child,” &c.

David Scott, the eldest son of Robert Scott, the well-known Edinburgh engraver, was born in the Parliament Stairs, Edinburgh, on the 10th or 12th of October, 1806. We are not told where or how he received the rudiments of his education, for it is a peculiarity in Mr. William Scott's style to deal in generalities only; but we gather out of a mass of shadows that he worked for some time, in early youth, at his father's calling. The occupation was not agreeable to him, for he was an imaginative, thoughtful, and

somewhat gloomy boy, whose mind was continually breaking off from the restraints of copyism, that it might work out designs of its own and commit them to paper. Under these circumstances he laid down the style, as soon as certain family embarrassments which first induced him to take it up were lightened, and avowed his determination to become a painter by profession. He was not opposed in this view, either by his father or his friends. On the contrary, all the facilities of improvement which the former could command were thrown in his way. From the outset, however, he seems to have followed no other guide than the suggestions of his own imagination. He wrote poetry, scribbled prose, and painted all under one inspiration. His thoughts came from him, whether on paper or canvas, in great black masses. His literature was little worth. Even his papers in *Blackwood's Magazine* on Art are at once obscure and egotistical; while his art itself failed to please, chiefly because he persisted in mistaking the extravagant for the sublime. One or two of his works must, indeed, be excepted from this category. His “Adam and Eve offering up their Morning Hymn” is, in spite of some palpable defects, a glorious production. So would his “Vasco de Gama encountering the Spirit of the Cape” be, had the spirit been brought upon the canvas a little more artistically. And his story of the “Dead rising at the Crucifixion” is as well told as it is possible to tell a tale, so much more full of the elements of the horrible than of the sublime. But there are others of his productions—such, for example, as “The Spirit of Discord”—of which it is hardly too much to say, that neither in design nor in drawing are they susceptible of defence. It is a perverted and obstinate temper rather, we should think, than a depraved taste, which led the author to rate them, as he did, among the first of known performances.

The personal history of David Scott is soon written. After exhibiting some minor pieces in Edinburgh, and giving proof of true, but not well-regulated genius, he proceeded in 1832 to Rome, halting in his progress at London, Paris, Geneva, Milan, Venice, Florence, and other places, whereunto students in the arts do usually resort. In 1834 he returned to Edinburgh, exhausted in purse, and by no means elevated in spirits. The journal of this tour, and of the thoughts and incidents arising out of it, is given in his own words, and, for his reputation's sake, too

much at length : for, with every disposition to feel for a disappointed man, we rise from the perusal of his complaints against the world neither the worse nor the better pleased, either with the complainant or with ourselves.

Scott was most unfortunate in all the great attempts which he made to force himself into notice. He tried to get officially connected with the Academy of his native city, and failed. He competed for a prize at the exhibition of frescos in Westminster Hall, and was not so much as noticed. He put up his great pictures for exhibition in Edinburgh, and lost money by the measure. Poor fellow ! these disappointments fell with exceeding severity upon one whose morbid temperament was ill calculated to brook the neglect of that world which he, nevertheless, affected to despise. Yet his pride sustained him, except in one instance. The Baptists advertised for such a painting of the baptism of Christ as should serve to illustrate their views of the manner in which the ceremony ought to be performed, and Scott so entirely forgot what was due to himself and to the art as to become a competitor for the offered prize. Again he was beaten by a painter infinitely his inferior in knowledge, genius, and even skill in composition. Nor was he more successful in the few literary ventures which he tried. He wrote an epic poem at which no publisher would look, and was dismayed and confounded to find it so.

It was not in the nature of things that a struggle like this should last long. Scott would not yield to the world, nor the world be converted to his ways of thinking ; but the fretting of his proud spirit ate into the vital principle, and his frame, handsome, but not robust, gave way gradually. He was advised to seek a warm climate, but for many reasons refused to do so. At last his illness gained so much head that the issue became a mere question of time. We have censured his brother for the general style of this biog-

raphy, and cannot retract one word that stands on record ; but it is fair to add, that his account of the last moments of the painter, though cruelly overlaid with affectations, is deeply interesting. Take the following as a specimen :—

“ 19th March, 1849.

“ To the Rev. J. Fairbairn.

“ My dear friend,—I have left Edinburgh for a day or two, and feel as if that dense cloud that had got confused about me were lifted partially away. That death-bed, and that funeral ! How many forms there are, proper enough to be gone through, that I cannot manage to attend to ! You wished me to write you, and I now do it.

“ I told you I had been a week beside my brother, day and night, before Monday, the 5th, fatal to him. He was weak in all bodily powers, but still in mind the same. When he could converse, he spoke of his views of life and of art as now fuller and simpler than ever they had been ; and as each day he appeared a little better he began to speak a little freer, till the last night of his life, when he lay easy, but without sleep. Often during the long hours I turned round in the silence to know if he slept, and always saw his eyes open and looking at me. He spoke a good deal, which I shall repeat to you. * * *

“ It was nearly six o'clock when I rang up one of the servants, and left him to get a little rest ; but I had not been gone half an hour when I was recalled, and found him suffering dreadfully. This he continued to do till two o'clock after noon. May the good God have few such mornings of watching in store for us ! During that time the doctor came ; he felt his wrist, and signified to me that pulsation was gone. The sufferer steadily watched our eyes. He could scarcely articulate ; but his breathing became less violent about one o'clock, one hour before he died, when he said, ‘ I am now going, William ; all is becoming dim,—it cannot be long,’ opening his eyes wide, as if to see the world clearly once more. My dear mother said some words of Christian hope ; he replied very shortly, ‘ Yes, mother, I wish everything you desire for me.’ I led her away and returned. I should now have drawn the curtains round him, but I had no power to move. Body and soul clung together ; but the inexorable hand was upon him, and the unspeakable change.”

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WOMEN IN THE EAST.

BY AN ORIENTAL TRAVELER.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
 Above the scent of lemon groves,
 Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
 And birds make music to their loves,—
 She lives a kind of faery life,
 In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
 Unconscious of the outer strife
 That wears the palpitating hours.
The Harem. R. M. MILNES.

THERE is a gentle, calm repose breathing through the whole of this poem, which comes soothingly to the imagination wearied with the strife and hollowness of modern civilization. Woman in it is the inferior being; but it is the inferiority of the beautiful flower, or of the fairy birds of gorgeous plumage, who wing their flight amid the gardens and bubbling streams of the Eastern palace. Life is represented for the Eastern woman as a long dream of affection; the only emotions she is to know are those of ardent love and tender maternity. She is not represented as the companion to man in his life-battle, as the sharer of his triumph and his defeats; the storms of life are hushed at the entrance of the hareem; *there* the lord and master deposits the frown of unlimited power, or the cringing reverence of the slave, and appears as the watchful guardian of the loved one's happiness. Such a picture is poetical, and would lead one to say, alas for human progress, if the Eastern female slave is thus on earth to pass one long golden summer—her heart only tied by those feelings which keep it young—while her Christian sister has these emotions but as sun-gleams to lighten and make dark by contrast, the frequent gloom of her winter life.

But although the conception is poetical, to one who has lived many years in the East, it appears a conception, not a description of the real hareem life, even among the noble and wealthy of those lands. The following anecdote may be given as the other side of the picture. The writer was a witness of

the scene, and he offers it as a consolation to those of his fair sisters, who, in the midst of the troubles of common-place life, might be disposed to compare their lot with that of the inmate of the mysterious and happy home drawn by the poet.

It was in a large and fruitful district of the South of India that I passed a few years of my life. In this district lived, immured in his fort, one of the native rajahs, who, with questionable justice, have gradually been shorn of their regal state and authority, to become pensioners of the East India Company. The inevitable consequence of such an existence, the forced life of inactivity, with the traditions of the bold exploits of his royal ancestors, brilliant Mahratta chieftains, may be imagined. The rajah sunk into a state of slothful dissipation, varied by the occasional intemperate exercise of the power left him within the limits of the fortress, his residence. This fort is not the place which the word would suggest to the reader, but was rather a small native town surrounded by fortifications. This town was peopled by the descendants of the Mahrattas, and by the artisans and dependents of the rajah and his court. Twice a year the English resident and his assistants were accustomed to pay visits of ceremony to the rajah, and had to encounter the fatiguing sights of dancing-girls, beast-fights, and *music*, if the extraordinary assemblage of sounds, which in the East assume the place of harmony, can be so called.

We had just returned from one of these

visits, and were grumbling over our headaches, the dust, and the heat, when to our surprise the rajah's vabul, or confidential representative, was announced. As it was nine o'clock in the evening, this somewhat surprised us. He was, however, admitted, and after a short, hurried obeisance, he announced "that he must die! that there had been a sudden revolt of the hareem, and that when the rajah knew it, he would listen to no explanations, but be sure to imprison and ruin all round him; and that foremost in the general destruction would be himself. Veneat-Rao, who had always been the child of the English Sahibs, who were his fathers,—that they were wise above all natives, and that he had come to them for help!" All this was pronounced with indescribable volubility, and the appearance of the speaker announced the most abject fear. He was a little wizened Brahmin, with the thin blue lines of his caste carefully painted on his wrinkled forehead. His dark black eyes gleamed with suppressed impotent rage, and in his agitation he had lost all that staid, placid decorum which we had been accustomed to observe in him when transacting business. When urged to explain the domestic disaster which had befallen his master, he exclaimed with ludicrous pathos, "By Rama! women are devils; by them all misfortunes come upon men! But, sahibs, hasten with me; they have broken through the guard kept on the hareem door by two old sentries; they ran through the fort and besieged my house; they are now there, and refuse to go back to the hareem. The rajah returns to-morrow from his hunting—what can I say? I must die! my children, who will care for them? what crime did my father commit that I should thus be disgraced?"

Yielding to these entreaties, and amused at the prospect of a novel scene, we mounted our horses and cantered to the fort. The lights were burning brightly in the bazaars as we rode through them, and, except a few groups gathered to discuss the price of rice and the want of rain, we perceived no agitation till we reached the Vakeel's house. Arrived here we dismounted, and on entering the square court-yard a scene of indescribable confusion presented itself. The first impression it produced on me was that of entering a large aviary in which the birds, stricken with terror, fly madly to and fro against the bars. Such was the first effect of our entrance. Women and girls of all ages, grouped about the court, in most picturesque attitudes, started up and fled to its

extreme end; only a few of the more matronly ladies stood their ground, and with terribly screeching voices, declaimed against some one or something, but for a long time we could in this Babel of female tongues distinguish nothing. At last we managed to distinguish the Rajah's name, coupled with epithets most disrespectful to royalty. This, and that they, the women, begged instantly to be put to death, was all that the clamor would permit us to understand. We looked appealingly at Veneat Rao, who stood by wringing his hands. However, he made a vigorous effort, and raising his shrill voice, told them that the sahibs had come purposely to listen to, and redress their grievances, and that they would hold durbar (audience) then and there. This announcement produced a lull, and enabled us to look round us at the strange scene. Scattered in various parts of the court were these poor prisoners, who now for the first time for many years tasted liberty. Scattered about were some hideous old women, partly guardians of the younger, partly remains, we were told, of the Rajah's father's seraglio. Young children moved among them looking very much frightened. But the group which attracted our attention and admiration consisted of a about twenty really beautiful girls, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, of every country and caste, in the various costume and ornament of their races; these were clustering round a fair and very graceful Mahratta girl, whose tall figure was seen to great advantage in the blaze of torchlight. Her muslin veil had half fallen from her face, allowing us to see her large, soft, dark eyes, from which the tears were fast falling, as in a low voice she addressed her fellow-sufferers. There was on her face a peculiar expression of patient endurance of ill, inexpressively touching. This is not an unfrequent character in the beauty of Asiatic women; the natural result of habits of fear, and the entire submission to the will of others.

Her features were classically regular, with the short rounded chin, the long graceful neck, and that easy port of head, so seldom seen except in the women of the East. Her arms were covered with rich bracelets, and were of the most perfect form; her hands long and tapering, the palms and nails dyed with the "henna." No barbarously-civilized restraint rendered her waist a contradiction of natural beauty; a small, dark satin bodice, richly embroidered, covered a bosom which had hardly attained womanly perfection; a zone of gold held together the full muslin

folds of the lower portion of her dress, below which the white satin trowsers reached, without concealing a faultless ankle and foot, uncovered, except by the heavy anklet and rings which tinkled at every step she took. After the disturbance that our entrance had caused had in a measure subsided, the children, who were richly dressed and loaded with every kind of fantastic ornament, came sidling timidly round us, peering curiously, with their large black eyes, at the unusual sight of white men.

Considerably embarrassed at the very new arbitration which we were about to undertake, B. and I consulted for a little while, after which, gravely taking our seats, and Veneat Rao having begged them to listen with respectful attention, I, at B.'s desire, proceeded to address them, telling them,—

"That we supposed some grave cause must have arisen for them to desert the palace of the Rajah, their protector, during his absence, and by violently overpowering the guard, incur his serious anger (here my eye caught a sight of the said guard, consisting of two blear-eyed, shriveled old men, and I nearly lost all solemnity of demeanor); that if they complained of injustice, we supposed that it must have been committed without his highness' knowledge, but that if they would quietly return to the hareem we would endeavor to represent to their master their case, and entreat him to redress their grievance."

I spoke this in Hindusthani, which, as the *lingua franca* of the greater part of India, I thought was most likely to be understood by the majority of my female audience. I succeeded perfectly in making myself understood, but was not quite so successful in convincing them that it was better that they should return to the Rajah's palace. After rather a stormy discussion, the Mahratta girl, whom we had so much admired on our entrance, stepped forward, and, bowing lowly before us, and crossing her arms, in a very sweet tone of voice proceeded to tell her story, which, she said, was very much the history of them all. The simple, and at times picturesque, expressions, lose much by translation.

"Sir, much shame comes over me, that I, a woman, should speak before men who are not our fathers, husbands, nor brothers, who are strangers of another country and religion; but they tell us that you English sahibs love truth and justice, and protect the poor.

"I was born of Gentoo parents,—rich, for I can remember the bright, beautiful

jewels which, as a child, I wore on my head, arms, and feet; the large house and gardens where I played, and the numerous servants who attended me.

"When I had reached my eighth or ninth year I heard them talk of my betrothal,* and of the journey which we were, previous to the ceremony, to take to some shrine in a distant country. My father, who was advancing in years, and in bad health, being anxious to bathe in the holy waters, which should give him prolonged life and health.

"The journey had lasted for many days, and one evening, after we had halted for the day, I accompanied my mother when she went to bathe in a tank near to our encampment. As I played along the bank and picked a few wild flowers that grew under the trees, I observed an old woman advancing toward me. She spoke to me in a kind voice, asked me my name?—who were my parents?—where we were going? and when I had answered her these questions she told me that if I would accompany her a little way she would give me some prettier flowers than those I was gathering, and that her servant should take me back to my people.

"I had no sooner gone far enough to be out of sight and hearing of my mother than the old woman threw a cloth over my head, and taking me up in her arms, hurried on for a short distance. There I could distinguish men's voices, and was sensible of being placed in a carriage, which was driven off at a rapid pace. No answer was returned to my cries and entreaties to be restored to my parents, and at sunrise I found myself near hills which I had never before seen, and among a people whose language was new to me.

"I remained with these people, who were not unkind to me, three or four years; and I found out that the old woman who had carried me off from my parents was an emissary sent from the Rajah's hareem to kidnap, when they could not be purchased, young female children whose looks promised that they would grow up with the beauty necessary for the gratification of the prince's passions.

"Sahib! I have been two years an inmate of the Rajah's hareem—would to God I had died a child in my own country with those I loved, than that I should have been exposed to the miseries we suffer. The splendor

* The usual age for the ceremony among the wealthy in India.

which surrounds us is only a mockery. The Rajah, wearied and worn out by a life of debauchery, takes no longer any pleasure in our society, and is only roused from his lethargy to inflict disgrace and cruelties upon us. We, who are of Brahmin caste, for his amusement, are forced to learn the work of men—are made to carry in the gardens of the harem a palanquin, to work as goldsmiths—and may our gods pardon us—to mingle with the dancing-girls of the bazaar. His attendants deprive us even of our food, and we sit in the beautiful palace loaded with jewels, and suffer from the hunger not felt even by the poor Pariah.

"Sahibs! you who have in your country mothers and sisters, save us from this cruel fate, and cause us to be restored to our parents; do not send us back to such degradation, but rather let us die by your orders." As, with a voice tremulous with emotion, she said these words, she threw herself at our feet, and burst into an agony of weeping.

Deeply moved by the simple expression of such undeserved misfortune, we soothed her as well as we were able, and promising her and her companions to make every effort with the Rajah for their deliverance, we persuaded Rosambhi, the Mahratta girl (their eloquent pleader), to induce them to return for the night to the palace. Upon a repetition of our promise they consented, to the infinite relief of Veneat Rao, who alternately showered blessings on us, and curses on all womankind, as he accompanied us back to the Residency.

And now we had to set about the deliverance of these poor women. This was a work of considerable difficulty.

It was a delicate matter interfering with the Rajah's domestic concerns, and we could only commission Veneat Rao to communicate to his Highness the manner in which we had become implicated with so unusual an occurrence as a revolt of his seraglio; we told him to express to his Highness our conviction that his generosity had been deceived by his subordinates. In this we only imitated the profound maxim of European diplomacy, and concealed our real ideas by our expressions. This to the Rajah. On his confidential servant we enforced the disapprobation the Resident felt at the system of kidnapping, of which his Highness was the instigator, and hinted at that which these princes most dread—an investigation.

This succeeded beyond our expectation, and the next morning a message was sent from the palace intimating that the charges

were so completely unfounded, that the Rajah was prepared to offer to his revolted women the choice of remaining in the harem, or being sent back to their homes.

Again they were assembled in Veneat Rao's house, but this time in much more orderly fashion, for their veils were down, and except occasionally, when a coquettish movement showed a portion of some face, we were unrewarded by any of the bright eyes we had admired on the previous visit. The question was put to them one by one, and all, with the exception of a few old women, expressed an eager wish not to re-enter the harem.

After much troublesome inquiry we discovered their parents, and were rewarded by their happy and grateful faces, as we sent them off under escort to their homes. It was painful to reflect what their fate would be; they left us rejoicing at what they thought would be a happy change, but we well knew that no one would marry them, knowing that they had been in the Rajah's harem, and that they would either lead a life of neglect, or sink into vice, of which the liberty would be the only change from that which by our means they had escaped.

In the inquiries we made into the circumstances of this curious case, we found that their statements were true. Large sums were paid by the Rajah to his creatures, who traveled to distant parts of the country, and wherever they could meet with parents poor enough, bought their female children from them, or when they met with remarkable beauty such as Rosambhi's, did not hesitate to carry the child off, and by making rapid marches, elude any vigilance of pursuit on the part of the parents.

The cruelties and degradations suffered by these poor girls are hardly to be described. We well know how degraded, even in civilized countries, the pursuit of sensual pleasures renders men, to whom education and the respect they pay the opinion of society, are checks; let us imagine the conduct of the eastern prince, safe in the retirement of his court, surrounded by those dependents to whom the gratification of their master's worst passions was the sure road to favor and fortune.

Besides the sufferings they had to endure from him, the women of the harem were exposed to the rapacities of those who had charge of them, and Rosambhi did not exaggerate, when she described herself and her companions as suffering the pangs of want amid the splendors of a palace.

This is the reverse of the pleasing picture

drawn by the poet of the Eastern woman's existence—but, though less pleasing, it is true—nor need we describe her in the lower ranks of life in those countries where, her beauty faded, she has to pass a wearisome existence, the servant of a rival, whose youthful charms have supplanted her in her master's affections. The calm happiness of advancing age is seldom hers—she is the toy while young—the slave, or the neglected servant, at best, when, her only merit in the eyes of her master, physical beauty, is gone.

Let her sister in the Western world, in the midst of her joys, think with pity on these sufferings, and when sorrow's cloud seems darkest, let her not repine, but learn resignation to her lot, as she compares it with the condition of the women of the East; let her be grateful that she lives in an age and land where woman is regarded as the helpmate and consolation of man, by whom her love is justly deemed the prize of his life.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY THE LATE JOHN STERLING.

Lo, a house the masons rear,
Wall and chamber, roof and gate;
See a little world appear,
Perfect be it as the great.

Soldier, onward boldly fighting !
Man the rule o'er ill must win ;
But forget not, too, the righting
Of the ill thou hast within.

Hammering strongly, tempering duly,
Works the smith as art commands ;
May the blade he forges truly
Ne'er be curst in faithless hands.

Work with pencil, tongue or pen ;
But if dull the hearts of men,
Of thy work thyself be sure :
So shalt thou and it endure.

Swift his axe the woodman plying,
Soon on earth the tree is lying ;
May the work of toil and season
Serve some better work of reason.

Merchant, 'mid thy glistening treasures,
Let them not be lonely pleasures ;
Nature there where many sought them
For the good of many wrought them.

Sculptor, whom thy shapings please,
Fair as aught of man may be,
What thou canst not give to these
Is the shaping power in thee.

Sage physician, thou discernest
Nature's mildest ways and sternest.

O how grand the tasks that win thee !
Be thy spirit grand within thee.

Unwise the soul, if thought of dream be wrought ;
How blest the change, if ever dream were thought.

Child of your age, despise it not. It burst
Forth from eternity as did the first.

Each voice of Nature sometimes jars the soul
Which feeds on music when it hears the whole.

High throbs the spirit when it sees from far
That what we truest have is what we are.

How well if ripened years could win new power,
As fast as in a child each playful hour.

The cold north wind, from Sorrow's frozen mouth,
Oft blows the vessel tow'rd the genial south.

In Nature's theatre, and there alone,
What lies concealed would match whate'er is shown.

How much God's thought exceeds the thought of man,
So much are men more than the schemes they plan.

Unthinking bust ! by mind how keen was wrought
Thy torpid mass to kindle vital thought.

A glance of love, an inward sigh, weighs down
Much full-blown virtue's impudent renown.

E'en grief's hard stamp and passion's wounds are fair,
If peace has dawned with growing daylight there.

Men show as murky clouds in sunshine dressed,
The light of reason suffered not possessed.

All mysteries have their keys by ordered lot,
But each its own ; beware, confound them not !

To dark, blind nature, wherefore say—Begone !
'Tis but the fruit-wall man is trained upon.

Grow rich—'tis well—no doubt there's need of chaff ;
But life is more than its inferior half.

One bears a torch along our nightly way,
And one but radiates darkness while 'tis day.

In conquering weakness man may well succeed ;
To conquer conquest's pride is hard indeed.

Though nations all have some peculiar speech,
Yet each may be translated into each.

That men are fallen is plain, but this be said,
One on his feet, another on his head.

Infect a poppy with morphine, it dies,
And man by ills that from himself arise.

We busy dwarfs, gigantic shadows chase,
As if we thus could grow a giant race.

So clear and strong the stainless diamond's ray,
It long may be concealed, but ne'er decay.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

JUNCTION OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

1. *Central America*. By JOHN BAILY, Esq., R.M., of Guatemala. London: Tre-lawney Saunders.
2. *Terms of Contract between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company*. New York.
3. *Prospectus of the Panama Railroad Company*. New York.

NUMBERLESS signs denote that Central America will be the theatre of some of the most remarkable changes likely to be wrought by advancing civilization. Three years back its capabilities and distinctive features were almost wholly unknown to the general public; and such volumes as existed with regard to them, were read with no more active interest than would have been excited by travels in Persia, or Dalmatia, or any other country with which the chances of our establishing an immediate and vital intercourse might be most remote. Now, however, there is no quarter of the world to which attention is more actively directed than Central America. Statesmen, merchants, navigators, colonizers, and the students of natural science, are all alike awakened to the importance of its future prospects; and, as a consequence of the demand thus created, books and maps are supplied by our geographical publishers, involving an amount of minute detail, which enables us, we may believe, to form a far more accurate knowledge of each point of the territory than is possessed by one in a hundred of its present inhabitants.

Until now, notwithstanding the almost solemn charm that has invariably been felt in its contemplation, the idea of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific has never been anything more than an interesting engineering problem. That it could be effected without any serious difficulty, has, however, in the face of appearances to the contrary, for many years been placed beyond all real doubt; and the actual point in which projectors have failed, has been simply in convincing the capitalist that it would pay. Appealed to on the strength of sublime estimates of the influences of the enterprise on

the destinies of the world, unaccompanied by any data on which reliance could be placed with regard to the per centage in the shape of future receipts, men of business could not be warmed into enthusiasm. In reply, therefore, they have always professed a fear of its impracticability; and, as this was stimulated by the circumstance of each projector abusing the routes proposed by his rivals, it at last became a received belief. They saw all the glory of the project; would be willing to run all necessary risk for its consummation; but the thing was impossible. With a demonstrable dividend before them, every shadow in the shape of a mechanical difficulty would have disappeared.

But the discovery of California has now settled the question of a profitable result; and, in a much shorter time than most persons in England are even yet prepared to expect, not merely a communication, but a choice of communications, is certain to be opened up. These will be respectively at Panama and Nicaragua: the former by railway and steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by railway entirely; the latter, chiefly by steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by a complete canal both for steamboats and sailing vessels.

The Panama line is promoted by Howland and Aspinwall, of New York. It is to consist of a railway from Navy Bay on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, at an estimated cost of \$5,000,000, or £1,000,000 sterling. At the commencement, however, a portion of the road, consisting of about twenty-two miles on the Pacific side (from Panama to Gorgona), will be constructed and put into operation, and the rest of the transit will be effected by steamers running

forty-five miles on the Chagres River, which is navigable at all periods of the year for vessels of light draught. The work, it is estimated, may thus far be completed for £200,000, and the shareholders will be in the receipt of revenue while the remainder is being constructed. The full capital for this portion has been subscribed at New York; the entire line has been surveyed, and the grading of the distance from Panama to Gorgona already contracted for at the price of \$400,000 (£80,000); which is within the original estimate. The grant to the Company by the Republic of New Granada gives them an exclusive privilege for forty-nine years, subject to a right of redemption by the Republic at the end of twenty years, on payment of \$5,000,000; at the end of thirty years, on payment of \$4,000,000; and at the end of forty years, on payment of \$2,000,000. This privilege is to date from the completion of the road, for which eight years are allowed; and it is accompanied by a concession of exclusive harbor rights at the ports on each side, and also of the necessary land throughout the line, besides 300,000 acres in perpetuity, for the purposes of colonization. The Company are likewise to be allowed to import iron, and whatever may be necessary for the construction of the road, free of duty, including all articles of provision and clothing for the workmen. They may also call upon the Government to furnish them the assistance of three companies of Sappers; and the only obligation imposed as to the character of the road is, that it shall be capable of transporting passengers and merchandise from one ocean to the other in the space of twelve hours.

The parties by whom the survey of the Panama route was effected, instead of encountering the formidable difficulties that had been anticipated, found that they could lay down a line which would not exceed forty-six miles in length, with a summit of less than 300 feet above the sea, and with curvatures, having nowhere a radius of less than 1500 feet. Their explorations were extended over the whole of that part of the Isthmus, so as to insure the one true point, and there can be no doubt that this has now been selected. Another difficulty which has always been represented as no less formidable than the natural impediments of the route, namely, the procuring a proper supply of laborers able to stand the climate, has also been proved to be delusive. The parties who have contracted for the grading of the twenty-two miles on the Pacific side are, it

seems, two American engineers, who have been employed for the last five years; in the State of New Granada, in forming a canal ninety miles long, to connect two branches of the Magdalena River, and which they have completed entirely with native labor. They can bring with them a large number of these workmen, whose training, although at first difficult, was ultimately quite successful; and there is reason also to believe that arrangements for foreign labor might be made, since the experience of the corps employed in the survey of the railway, consisting of forty engineers and assistants, was not discouraging with respect to climate.

The explorations for this survey have led to the discovery of large groves of mahogany, and rich mineral deposits, "the knowledge of which," it is represented, "will be highly important to the company in locating lands under their grant;" and with regard to the proposed terminus of the railway on the Atlantic side, on the island of Manzanilla, in Navy Bay, we have the following characteristic speculations, which might, perhaps, be taken as nothing more than a rhapsody, were it not for our experience of the way in which these American visions are apt to produce their own realization.

"The harbor is accessible at all seasons, and with any wind perfectly secure, and capable of containing 300 sail. Of the island, Mr. Norris, the chief engineer of the Chagres division, says, 'in ten years I predict the whole will be covered with houses, and the inhabitants enjoying perfect health, with every luxury of a southern clime.' He adds, 'I do consider it the most eligible and perfect site for a city of any size I have ever seen.'"

The second line, which may now be considered definitely arranged, is that of a ship canal in connection with the lakes of Nicaragua. This work promises an early commencement, and also a rapid progress. On the 27th August last, a contract was made between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company, of New York, by which all the exclusive privileges necessary for the undertaking were conferred. According to the contract, the canal is to be completed within twelve years, unless prevented by fortuitous occurrences; and, upon failure of this stipulation, such part as may have been constructed is to be forfeited to the State. The Company agree to pay the State \$10,000 for the ratification of the contract; \$10,000 more annually till the completion of the work; and to make a

donation of their stock to the amount of \$200,000. When finished, the State is to receive one-fifth of the net profits for twenty years, and afterward one quarter. There is also a stipulation that it is to have 10 per cent. on the profits of any minor line of communication between the two oceans which the Company may open up during the time they are engaged on the grand canal. On the other hand, the privileges bestowed are, not only the exclusive rights for constructing the canal, but also the exclusive right of inland steam navigation; grants likewise are to be made of eight sections of land on the banks of the canal, each section to be six miles square. The concession, as originally proposed, was for eighty-five years, but it has since been extended in perpetuity.

The first payment of \$10,000 has already been made by the Company to the Government of Nicaragua; and the general arrangement having been favorably viewed by the cabinet at Washington, there can be no question that the privileges which have been acquired under it may now be regarded as incapable of being upset. It is true that Mr. Barclay, the British consul at New York, has given notice to the Company that in extending the grant to the exclusive right of navigating the river San Juan, the State of Nicaragua has entered into an agreement in regard to places where it has no competence, since "the boundary line of the Mosquito kingdom touches the St. John's River at the Machuca rapid, about thirty miles below the Lake Nicaragua, from whence to the mouth of the St. John's the navigation belongs to Mosquito;" but this, supposing the English view to be admitted, can in no way affect the main privileges they have obtained. It would necessitate a negotiation on their behalf to obtain from the King of Mosquito, or, in other words, from the English Government, a guarantee of those rights on the San Juan which it is not in the power of Nicaragua to grant; and in this it is to be inferred there would be no obstacle, since it would be impossible to refuse the application, so long as the Company are ready to bind themselves that the route, when constructed, shall be open, on fair and equal terms, to the whole world, and that the power of holding its stock and of participating in its management shall likewise be free to all parties. Indeed, it is believed that the question has already been met, both by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in a spirit which will speedily lead to a joint guarantee on the part of England and the United States of the

neutrality of the whole line. As to political difficulties, therefore, so far as the promoters of the canal are concerned, there are actually none. A short, although a vexatious delay—for even a few months' impediment to such an undertaking would be an evil full of reproach—is all that could arise out of the uncertainty at present existing on these points. Neither England nor the United States would like it to form part of their history, that the human race had been kept, for two or three or more years, from witnessing the junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific, because their foreign ministers had been unable to adjust a wrangle as to whom belonged the right of conceding some seventy miles of the now desolate track through which the work would pass.

In the projects for the Nicaragua Canal hitherto put forward, the estimated cost has been £4,000,000, the actual outlay being reckoned at £3,600,000, and the remaining £400,000 being allowed for casual expenses. These calculations were professedly made on the high scale of the Caledonian Canal, where the expenditure was notoriously reckless, and at a period when the mechanical facilities for such undertakings were very imperfect as compared with the present time. They were based, however, upon the surveys of Mr. Baily, which are regarded as having been made with a degree of conscientious care entitling them to the highest credit. Hence, in the calculations in question, there are no existing points of engineering difficulty which were not comprised; and it may accordingly be inferred that, if they were under the mark, the deficiency was simply caused by not allowing enough for labor, materials, and interest of money. The improvements in mechanical science, and the diminution in the cost of materials during the last ten or fifteen years, would, it may at least be assumed, make up as large an amount on the other side; and allowing, therefore, for the inviolable experience which attends all estimates, there is now no reason to suppose that, under any circumstances, the cost could exceed the total that has been contemplated. This is somewhat less than half the amount that has been expended for the Dover Railway, and about two-thirds of the expenditure for the Brighton.

The revenue, which was calculated years ago when the original schemes were propounded, was taken upon 900,000 tons, and the contemplated toll per ton was 10s. for European, and 20s. for United States vessels; the whole producing about £600,000 a year,

which, after leaving two per cent. for maintenance, and one per cent. for sinking fund, would yield a return of twelve per cent. on the capital.

An examination of these estimates, however, produces no conviction of their correctness. All the materials on which they were founded were extremely vague; too much reliance was placed on the change of route to India; and the proposed difference in toll to American vessels would, moreover, never be tolerated. This difference was suggested on the idea, that as the average saving of time to United States vessels would be two months, and to European vessels only one month, toll should be exacted in a proportionate ratio; but it would introduce an entirely new principle into the universal system of navigation dues, and public charges of all kinds, and one that would be found as impracticable as it would be unjust and absurd.

But since these statements were made in 1835, the traffic with South America has greatly increased, and Australia and New Zealand have been growing in importance. Still, even with these changes, capitalists would possibly have regarded the experiment with hesitation. At all events, it would have been one of anxiety. It is, as we have already observed, the discovery of the gold mines in California that has alone altered the whole aspect of the affair, and rendered it such as will be pursued with eagerness.

While the Panama Railway will take the whole of the passengers for the western ports of South America, the Nicaragua route must command the entire traffic to California the moment it shall be rendered practicable, even by a mixture of water and land conveyance. On the completion of the canal, it will of course, in addition, monopolize all the shipping trade between the two oceans, but some of its most startling results will be witnessed long before that period. The distance saved by the Nicaragua route in the journey to California, as compared with the Panama, is sufficient to prevent the possibility of competition; and apart from this, the attractive features of the former are such as to give it an unquestionable superiority. Now, the emigration to California from the United States has recently been 6000 or 7000 persons each month, or at the rate of 80,000 per annum; and one peculiar feature of that emigration seems to consist in the fact that, at whatever rate it may continue, it will always be of a shifting kind,—that is to say, there will always be a tide of persons both

going and returning. Gold digging can only be carried on for about five months out of the twelve, and during the idle season it would be far more economical to return to the States than to live at San Francisco. The operation itself is also one which men are only disposed to pursue temporarily, so that after a little while each miner is content to return and to leave his place to a new comer. This has been particularly exemplified during the past autumn,—both the influx and efflux of passengers having been enormous; and that the efflux was not caused by persons who were returning in disappointment, has been abundantly shown by the fact of their reappearance in the United States not having led to the slightest diminution in the number of those who were still eager to emigrate. According to the last accounts, ships of a still larger and finer class than those hitherto employed were being placed upon the service, and every ticket in the three lines of steamers had been taken up to May or June. There is consequently ground to calculate on a constant stream both ways. The certainty of this is, indeed, demonstrable. At present the average to each miner is at least five dollars per day; and supposing the supply of gold to continue at this rate, population must steadily flow in until the rate of wages for a similar day's labor, after making allowance for the expense of passage money, &c., shall have been equalized throughout the world. Each mail repeats the story that no one in the country doubts the supply to be comparatively inexhaustible. By the last advices, Colonel Fremont, moreover, had discovered, between San Francisco and Monterey, a vein in the mountains which yielded the extraordinary proportion of one ounce of gold to twenty-three pounds of rock. Quick-silver and silver mines were also waiting only for machinery and labor. Instead of a diminution of activity in this direction, everything therefore indicates an increase.

However much we may be disposed to distrust the twelve per cent. estimate of those who in former years proposed the execution of the work, we must under these circumstances admit that there can be little fear of its present results. We must look not only at the traffic which is even now before us, but we must take into account its natural increase from the greater cheapness and rapidity of the new route. We must also look at the growing importance of Oregon, and to the certainty of the crowd of small steamers that will rapidly accumulate on the Pacific, from the smoothness of its waters and

the abundance of the easily-worked coal of Vancouver's Island.

At the same time, although the view is thus bright, there is no great likelihood that it will attract any amount of English money. Faith, the great element of all enterprises, has been destroyed in this country for many years to come; and not only is there no disposition to enter upon the scheme among ourselves, but there is a strong tendency to suppose that others would be equally timid, and to doubt if the Americans would or even could carry it out without "the aid of British capital." Such has been our step from the sublime to the ridiculous, that we have come to look upon the expenditure during the next twelve years of a sum of £4,000,000 (which is a little more than half the amount of the railway calls for the month of January, 1847), upon the grandest public work that mankind has ever contemplated, as something that is really appalling from its temerity, and that is only to be carried out by a congress of capitalists from all the nations of the earth. In the United States, however, the feeling is very different; and every year vast works are quietly undertaken there, and carried to completion in a way which would surprise those numberless people who are too apt complacently to believe that all the world stands still except when funds are sent from London. They have enjoyed prosperity since 1839; and although, of course, after so long a period, their turn for a run of madness must be approaching, there are at present no signs of it, and no apprehensions of its arrival for two or three years. They are quite prepared, therefore, to look confidently at any rational project, however broad, and nothing could be presented to them which would more enlist their commercial aptitudes, their hard energy, and practical benevolence, or their patriotic pride. "I would not speak of it," said one of their writers, a few years back, "with sectional, or even national feeling; but if Europe is indifferent, it would be glory surpassing the conquest of kingdoms to make this greatest enterprise ever attempted by human force entirely our own."

We may rely, therefore, that the day is gone by when the undertaking could be neglected for want of funds. If carried out entirely by capitalists in the United States, it will probably be pushed forward with less rapidity than would otherwise be the case; but this will be far more than compensated by the exercise of greater economy and certainty. Meanwhile, steps have already been taken for ascertaining what will be necessary

to render the route immediately available for passengers, and for placing steamers upon the river San Juan and the lakes. The Chairman of the Company—a Mr. Vanderbilt, who it is said has been more largely and profitably connected with steam navigation than other citizen of New York—started some months back on a personal survey of the entire district; and, as he and his friends are understood to be prepared to subscribe for a very considerable proportion of the required capital, a report may be expected in which, contrary to English usages, the interests of the stockholder will be consulted before those of the engineer.

The precise course which will be taken by this canal, whenever it may be completed, is still in some parts uncertain; not from any question of great difficulty, but from the fact of three modes presenting themselves for the exit from the lake to the Pacific, from which a selection is to be made. From Greytown (or San Juan) on the Atlantic, the course for 104 miles is by the river San Juan; the Lake of Nicaragua is then entered, and it is the best route from this lake to the Pacific that remains to be determined. The line contemplated and surveyed by Mr. Baily was from the south-western point of the lake to the port of San Juan del Sur, the extent of which would be fifteen miles, with an elevation to be overcome, in one part, of 457 feet. Another route, which has been proposed, but not surveyed, is from the same part of the lake to the port of Las Salinas, lying within the boundary claimed by Costa Rica, which would be about the same length, but which would not, it is said, present a greater elevation than 270 feet; and a third proposal is, to proceed from the northern part of the lake by the river Tipitapa, twenty miles in length, to the smaller lake called Lake Leon, and thence by a canal of eleven miles through a district which is alleged to offer no greater rise than fifty-one feet, to the river Tosta, which communicates at eighteen miles distance with the well-known port of Realejo. At present, opinion seems to tend toward the last-named course, as the one that would be most advantageous; but it would be idle, with the limited materials now before us, to speculate upon the point, since we shall soon be furnished with detailed statements prepared by practical men, who have entered upon the task of selection with all their interests enlisted in the matter, and with a thorough perception of the way in which all views regarding it must henceforth be adapted to meet most favorably the altered cir-

cumstances of commerce that have arisen in connection with California. The port either of San Juan del Sur, or of Las Salinas, would seem to be in some measure the most desirable, if the trade with South America, Australia, and New Zealand, were made the predominant consideration; but as respects Mexico, San Francisco, Oregon, Vancouver's Island, the Sandwich Islands, and the Indian Seas, which will be undoubtedly by far the most extensive region of traffic, Realejo is the best. Indeed, it is possible that with this view, a yet more northerly terminus may be selected, and that, in preference to that port, the line may be made to run into the Gulf of Fonseca.

The certainty of these two routes of Panama and Nicaragua being speedily carried out, in a more or less perfect degree, places the rapid settlement of Central America beyond all doubt; and hence gives to all personal descriptions of the country, such as those which have been furnished by Mr. Bailly and Mr. Byam, an interest that comes home to our daily business. Let the reader imagine what must be the effect even of an annual transit of 50,000 or 100,000 adventurous and well-informed people through a strip of country scarcely one hundred and fifty miles broad, yet commanding the ocean intercourse with Europe on one side, and with Asia on the other, favorable to health, and abounding, at the same time, owing to the inequalities of its surface, with every natural product that can be found distributed elsewhere, between Scotland and the tropics, and an impressive idea of its coming destiny will be awakened; but let the glance be carried further, to the period of the completion of the canal, and then let it be remembered that within this strip of land lie two calm, yet deep and extensive lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks in the centre of the world, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce; and, in the contemplation of what is yet to be realized, the mind will almost beat with impatience against the slight barrier of time which yet remains between us and its accomplishment.

That Central America possesses inherently all the essentials to attract a dense and vigorous population, is a fact that has rarely been doubted by those Europeans or Americans who have visited the country, and all the publications before us tend to confirm it. The researches of Mr. Stephens showed that it had been largely peopled by an aboriginal race of a remarkable character, and the size

of its towns and its architectural remains gives evidence of comparative prosperity under the old Spanish dominion. Leon, the principal city of Nicaragua, was formerly noted for its opulence, and once contained 50,000 inhabitants, who were among the most peaceful and industrious people in the country; while it has now, it is said by Mr. Bailly, not more than one-third of that number, and half the place is in ruins. This is simply owing to the wretched revolutionary contests that have gone on without intermission since the declaration of independence, and which are invariably got up by a handful of military vagabonds, who would be swept away in the course of four-and-twenty hours, or who, rather, would never dare to show their faces if a hundred Englishmen or Americans were in the district to stimulate the well-disposed to confidence.

"The fact is," says Mr. Byam, "that every revolution effected in all the republics, from Chili to Mexico, is brought about by such a mere fraction of the population, that it seems a wonder to an Englishman that the great majority do not arise and speak out.—'We wish to be quiet; we do not want revolution and murders; nor do we wish to be subjected to forced contributions of money, cattle, and personal service; and above all, we are nine out of ten in number against your one; and the great majority will not consent to be plundered by the small minority, who are only dissolute ruffians.'"

If the reign of peace were established (and even now it may be considered that such is almost the case, for after the present year we shall hear no more of disturbances in Nicaragua), the progress of the country, apart from the effects of a large European immigration, would of itself be steady and considerable.

With regard to health, the varied productions of Central America give the best evidence that whenever the country shall be opened up by roads and steamboats, and all the locomotive appliances of modern science, there will be no condition of persons who may not, by ordinary attention to the natural laws, enjoy in this territory all the physical power of which his constitution may be capable. Wherever it is possible to reach, by a few hours' journey, districts in which wheat, barley, and all the ordinary fruits and vegetables of Europe may be grown in perfection, there can be little fear that anything will be wanting in the way of climate to insure the preservation of bodily vigor. Even in its present state, Central America, on the whole, has no bad reputation regard-

ing health, although the advantages offered by its configuration in enabling the inhabitants to vary their climate according to their requirements might as well not exist, since roads can scarcely be said to be known, the best rate of progress being about twenty miles a day, and mule paths through thick woods, without resting-places at night, being usually the only features of a traveler's track. Yet, on the banks of the San Juan, and in other parts of Nicaragua, there are elevations that would afford the most beneficial sites for farms and residences; while in Costa Rica, San Salvador, and indeed in all the states, table lands more or less abound, where any condition of climate may be obtained in a few hours. In Guatemala may be seen fields of wheat and peach-trees, and large districts "resembling the finest part of England on a magnificent scale." Valuable mineral and thermal springs are likewise distributed over the various localities, and there are other adjuncts of a curative kind, which may possibly be found to yield extensive results, and to present even a temptation to some classes of invalids. Amongst these is an animal called the manatee, between a quadruped and a fish, about ten feet long, weighing from 500 to 800 lbs., affording excellent food, and possessing a medicinal quality apparently analogous to the cod-liver oil, it being alleged to be strikingly effectual as a speedy cure for scorbutic or scrofulous disorders. "The blood is said to become purified, and the virulence of the complaint, thrown to the surface of the body, quickly disappears."

"Although Central America," observes Mr. Bailly, "occupies the middle space between the equator and the tropic of Cancer, consequently lying within the torrid zone, the temperature may be said to be relatively mild, and, taken altogether, it undoubtedly is salubrious;" and this it must be remembered is the testimony of an English officer, who has resided in the country from choice during the best part of his life. The places most prejudicial to health lie on the northern coast and the Mosquito shore, where endemic and intermittent fevers are not unfrequent. The Pacific coast is exposed to a temperature equally high, or nearly so; but is much more salubrious, and seldom visited by epidemic or contagious diseases.

In point of natural riches, Nicaragua and Costa Rica have usually been spoken of amongst the various States as possessing the most abundant resources, but they all teem with rewards for industry, such as is almost

unknown in any other part of the globe; and upon a review of the claims of each state in this respect, it is hard to decide which has the greatest capabilities. In the plain of Nicaragua the fields are covered with high grass, studded with noble trees and herds of cattle. Cocoa, indigo, rice, Indian corn, bananas, and cotton, are here produced, and mahogany, cedar, and pine abound in the forests. On the eastern side of the lake there are cattle farms on which are herds of from 10,000 to 40,000 oxen, bulls, and cows. Horses and mules are bred for riding and for burden. Sheep are reared on the upper plains, and swine are kept for flesh. A planter from one of the West India islands stated his conviction, in reference to the district round Lake Leon, that, provided he could get the same amount of labor, he could manufacture sugar at one-fourth its cost in the West Indies. At present it is sold in Nicaragua for three-half-pence per pound. Leaving the lakes, and descending the San Juan, each bank of the river is covered with valuable wood, of all sizes and descriptions, and the land is of prodigious fertility. With regard to the mining wealth of Nicaragua, Mr. Byam made some interesting observations, but the miserable state of the laws, and the spoliation of the government, prevented him from carrying on the enterprises in connection with it, to which he might otherwise have been tempted. The copper ores he met with were almost all uncombined with sulphur or any other substance that requires calcining to be got rid of, and they were consequently such as might be smelted in a common blast furnace, with the aid of equal quantities of iron-stone, which lies in abundance on the surface of all the hilly country. He found also silver mines, consisting of fine broad, but rather irregular veins, the ore of which was combined with a great quantity of sulphur and a large proportion of lead. For the want of a silver assaying apparatus he could not get a good assay; but with the means in his power he could produce about fifteen marcs of silver the ton. "The mineral riches that are deposited in the bosom of these mountains," he adds, "are no doubt very great; but the working of the mines is so difficult, from the ignorance of the workmen, who have to be taught everything, their invincible idleness, and the vacillation of the government, that I believe it will be long before anybody will be found to advance capital for prosecuting such a forlorn undertaking." This, however, was written

when there seemed no gleam of hope for the resuscitation of the country.

Among the numerous products which Mr. Baily points out as offering temptations to the cultivator, are fruits of various kinds, indigo, and the mulberry for silkworms. Fruits of the country, it is said, are sufficiently plentiful, as well as oranges and lemons, which are excellent. Vegetables and garden produce are scarce about Leon, but they might be raised in all parts in great perfection; but not being considered of so much importance by the natives as by foreigners, they are unattended to. With regard to indigo, the quality already produced will bear "an advantageous comparison with the finest of any country whatever;" and no part of Central America is better suited to a more extended cultivation of it; yet, with all the advantages that are presented, few efforts are made to increase the annual growth. "The cause of this neglect is mainly attributed, in recent years at least, to a diminution of capital, and possibly, in no small degree, to an apathetic indifference to the future, consequent upon the misfortunes arising from a continued series of internal discords that unhappily have paralyzed all industrial pursuits." Of the *Morus multicaulis*, it is remarked, "the mulberry for silkworms grows remarkably well, and the climate appears to be congenial to it in all respects. Hitherto, little or rather no advantage has attended the cultivation, chiefly from want of attention and requisite experience. Were these deficiencies supplied, and the business carried on with energy and skill, a large quantity of silk could be produced. How profitable such an article of commerce would be to proprietors needs no demonstration."

The impossibility of any profitable cultivation either of these or of any other articles, except for home use, in the present state of the country, will easily be understood from the circumstance that the rate of conveyance of merchandise and produce seems to be about two or three dollars per cwt. for every hundred miles; while the possibility of transporting it even at this charge, and at a speed of about twelve miles a day, depends upon the supply of mules that may be available. It is likewise to be observed, that agricultural implements are almost wholly wanting. The plough, the harrow, the scythe, the sickle, are not found on the farm; and the hoe and the machete are the only substitutes for them. Under these circumstances, the rearing of cattle is almost the only branch of occupation that is carried

on to any extent; but from the difficulty of transit to the markets, where they would be in demand, a good bullock is only worth from four to six dollars, and abundant pasturage yet remains unappropriated. "From a fertility of soil capable of maintaining millions, little more is now drawn than the sustenance of 250,000 inhabitants; but," Mr. Baily truly observes, "when, by increase of population, a greater command of capital, more intelligence of agriculture, commerce, and political economy, which in process of time will creep in, the beneficence of nature shall be looked upon as incitement to industry, and encouragement shall be given to raise produce of exportable value and general demand, Nicaragua will be converted into a region of immense wealth."

Of the other four republics of Central America by which Nicaragua is surrounded, namely, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras, only a few more words are necessary. In Costa Rica, as in Nicaragua, the soil is singularly productive; and all the articles peculiar to inter-tropical regions are grown in abundance, excepting cochineal, cotton, and the vine, which are liable to be destroyed by the periodical rains. Coffee is the staple export, and, as well as indigo, tobacco, and cocoa, which are also produced, is remarkable for its quality. Woods, drugs, grain, fruits, poultry, and a variety of miscellaneous articles, likewise form part of the commerce of this little republic. Some gold mines exist, and are at present being worked, although without any very extraordinary results. Copper and coal are likewise found, but these of course have been neglected. The population amounts to 100,000 inhabitants, of whom only 10,000 are Indians. The trade is now almost exclusively carried on with England in British bottoms; but the shipments taking place on the Pacific side, the tedious route by Cape Horn is a serious drawback. In 1848, the exports consisted of 150,000 cwt. of coffee, estimated at \$6 on board; of about 10,000 ox and cow hides; of a considerable quantity of mother-of-pearl, Nicaragua-wood, and sarsaparilla, and of a small number of pearls; the total estimated value being \$1,000,000. San Jose, the capital, is 4500 feet above the level of the sea, and from this a cart-road of seventy-two miles forms the communication with the port of Punta Arenas on the Pacific. The great want of this republic has been a communication with the Atlantic, so as to save the long navigation by Cape Horn, and the government are now proceeding vig-

ously with a road of sixty-six miles from San Jose to the Sarapiquí river, which runs into the San Juan, and will thus furnish the opening that is desired. Costa Rica is the only one of the republics of Central America that for any lengthened period has been free from anarchy, and the result is that she is steadily advancing to prosperity, and that a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation was concluded with her by Great Britain, on the 20th of February last. She has at present a minister in London, Senor Molina, who is understood to be the writer of a very intelligent pamphlet on her resources, which has lately been published. By some notices in the French paper, *La Presse*, we also remark that a considerable grant of land has been made to a gentleman in Paris, for the promotion of colonization in a part of the state situated in the Gulf of Dulce, on the Pacific.

The state of Salvador is the smallest of the five republics, but relatively the most populous, the number of her inhabitants being 280,000, and her natural resources and position on the Pacific being calculated to admit of the utmost prosperity. She has, however, been incessantly ravaged by civil discord; and it is only about two months since a large body of her people joined some insurgents in the neighboring state of Guatemala, with the view of overturning the government in that country; while we have also seen that it has just been necessary for an English ship of war to blockade her ports in order to exact restitution for a fraudulent seizure of the property of British subjects. The chief production of San Salvador has been indigo; but she has the highest capabilities also for tobacco, cotton, sugar, and coffee. The mineral workings have been considerable. Gold was formerly, and still is, extracted; and rich silver mines, which were once wrought, are known still to be valuable. "But for many years past no one has wished to be thought rich enough to work a mine, lest he should be called upon to pay exorbitant contributions to the exigencies of the state." Copper and lead exist in different parts; and, near a town called Matapam, a very superior iron ore is abundantly obtained, which, looking at the price commanded by all foreign iron, might, it is believed, be made to yield very profitable results. On that part of the coast of Salvador, extending from Acajutla to Libertad, is collected the article known in commerce as the balsam of Peru—a name it erroneously received from having been first shipped to Callao, and thence transmitted to Europe.

The state of Honduras has an estimated population of 236,000, and, although possessing excellent capacities both in soil and climate, is chiefly remarkable as a mining district. It contains gold and silver mines, long neglected, owing to the ruin and insecurity occasioned by constant revolutions. Lead and copper, also, in various combinations, as well as opals, emeralds, asbestos, and cinnabar. An abundance of timber and dye-woods is likewise presented, and vast herds of almost profitless cattle range over lands that are otherwise unoccupied.

Guatemala has a population of 600,000, and nearly all the surface of the state is mountainous. In point of salubrity, extent of available lands, and quality of the soil and climate, the finest field for European immigration is perhaps to be found in this quarter.

"Maize and wheat," it is said, "are abundant, and of superior quality; rice is excellent; the tropical fruits and vegetables are good, and in great variety; and the produce of leguminous plants is equal to the best of that grown elsewhere. All European fruits and garden-stuff grow kindly; and if the Indians, who are the only cultivators, were better instructed in the art of horticulture, they would be carried to an enviable degree of perfection; in fact, but few regions are so well endowed with the capabilities of producing all that ministers to the comforts as well as luxuries of life. Of things more important in a commercial view, cochineal at present holds the first rank; to which may be added cocoa, tobacco, sugar, coffee, silk, cotton, wool, and a numerous list of minor articles."

In glancing at these leading characteristics of the various states of Central America, the reader will speedily have arrived at the conclusion, that in the hands of Anglo-Saxon settlers, they would long ere this have ranked amongst the most beautiful and prosperous portions of the earth. But until now there has been work for the race in higher latitudes, and it will be from the present year that their rise will date. The nature and rapidity of that rise will, we believe, be such as has never yet been witnessed in any analogous case. Emigration from the United Kingdom has hitherto been confined to swarms of the poor, going out to fight the battle of life in untitled solitudes, where they might best enter upon it with unburdened limbs; and although their progress has been wonderful, and they have caused cities and states to rise up as if by magic, there have still been rough elements in the whole proceeding which have left room for us to con-

template the possibility, under more favorable circumstances, of an equally rapid progress, coupled with a far higher and finer civilization. All separation of classes is bad, and the true system of emigration, where the temptations for it exist, is that where the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, go together. But the rich and intelligent will go only from choice, and they demand as inducements a brighter sky, a more genial climate, and facilities of communication. New Zealand, from its possession of the two first recommendations, has already attracted many, but its distance and solitariness are fatal objections. Central America promises to fulfill every required condition. In a short time the active spirits from New York and Boston, who are even now infusing new life and hope into Jamaica, from merely calling at that island in their way, and stirring up its inhabitants to the resources at their feet, over which they have hitherto blindly moped, will have displaced the spirit of anarchy by that of enterprise. There will then be abundant work for the laborer, and temptations for all classes, even to the highest. The merchant can seek no broader field than one where he can deal with the meeting commerce of two worlds, together with every variety of teeming produce at his own door. The agriculturist, the fisherman, the miner and the engineer, will likewise find greater stimulants and rewards than can be met elsewhere. The artist will be incited by scenery which in its condensed grandeur and prolific beauty, from the mountain Ysalco in Salvador, which burns incessantly as a natural light-house on the Pacific, to the frosty table-lands of Guatemala, combines, like the soil and the climate of the country, every feature that is otherwise only to be witnessed by extended wanderings. The naturalist, the geologist, the astronomer, and the antiquarian will here also have a new range; and the man of so-called leisure, who in his way unites the pursuits of all, will proportionably find the means of universal gratification.

And in the narrow confines which hold these advantages, the people of every land and government are destined to meet on common terms. The Russian from Behring's Straits, the Chinaman, the African from Jamaica, the New Zealand sailor, the Dutchman from Java, and the Malay from Singapore, will mingle with the Mestizoes and Indians of the country, and each contribute some peculiar influence which will be controlled and tempered to the exaltation of the whole by the predominant qualities of the American, the Englishman, and the Spaniard. Is it too much to suppose, that under these circumstances a people may arise whose influence upon human progress will be of a more harmonious, and consequently of a more powerful kind, than has yet been told of?—that starting at the birth of free-trade, and being themselves indebted to a universal commerce for their existence, they will constitute the first community amongst whom restrictions will be altogether unknown; that guaranteed in their independence by Great Britain and the United States, and deriving their political inspirations from a race amongst whom self-government is an instinct, they will practically carry out the peace doctrines to which older nations are only as yet wistfully approaching; that aided and strengthened by the confiding presence of people of every creed, the spirit of Christian toleration will shine over all, and win all by the practical manifestation of its real nature; and finally, that the union of freedom, wisdom, and toleration may find its happiest results in the code of internal laws they may adopt, so that amongst them, on the luxuriant land hitherto made desolate by the sole principle of bloody retaliation, the revengeful taking of human life may never be known; and that they may be the first to solve the problem—if amongst those who profess Christ's doctrines it can be called a problem—of coupling the good and reformation of the offender with the improvement and safety of society, and the exercise toward both, not of a sentimental, but of a philosophical and all-pervading love?

From Bentley's Miscellany.

COIT'S RIDGE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET, AUTHOR OF "FRONTENAC.

COIT'S RIDGE is the name of a high-swell-
ing ridge lying east and west parallel to the
village of Monticello, and to the right of its
long, single, grassy street. It looks like the
tomb of some giant of other days, "when
there were giants," probably some enormous
Indian war-chief, buried with pomp and so-
lemnity by his stricken people. It is entire-
ly nude of trees, although, a few years ago,
it was swathed in a rich mantle of forest, rich
and green enough to serve as a sylvan pall
for the Indian chieftain. How it came to be
denuded of its wooded robe, is the object of
my present writing. Nothing but broad
golden wheat-fields, meadows knee-deep in
clover, buckwheat-lots, sweet as the long,
long burning kiss of passion, clover it now,
a farm-mantle of rural wealth and beauty.
And when the summer sun steeped his glow-
ing circle in the splendid west, the whole
ridge was bathed in a golden garment of
glory, too rich for the untutored warrior of
the forest, and more fit for some Emperor of
the "Mound-builders," if their Emperors be-
longed, as most probably, considering that
the Mastodon was living in those times, to the
long-limbed genus. However, "whether or
no," as "Uncle Jack" says, the sunset made
"Coit's Ridge" a very beautiful object. I
forgot to say that the head of the "Ridge"
butted upon the Pleasant Pond road, in the
shape of a bluff called "Antimony Hill,"
and that there was a little gem of a basin
filled with the most silver water imaginable,
set right upon the summit of the hill. This
basin, or spring rather (a fountain, probably
six feet in circumference), spread its pure
surface, and pictured faithfully, walls, chim-
ney and all, the rough but picturesque cabin
of "Loafing Joe," crouching within a thicket
of alders and sumachs. It was a wild but
beautiful nook which "Joe" had selected for
his hut. Such splendid golden-rods, such
superb asters, such crimson clusters of su-
mach berries—the nook was in a blaze of
floral light nearly all the Autumn through.

However, "that is neither here nor there" at
present. From the bluff, the ridge sloped
gradually toward the west, until its feet
pointed at the "Liberty Road" in a slender
"hog's back."

Well, at sunset, this liquid diamond of a
spring would flash like an eyeball; the wheat-
field next would glow like rich velvet; the
meadow next would appear absolutely to be
dissolving in a tint of golden green; the
buckwheat-lot next (if it chanced to be in its
August blossom) would glitter as if a square
fragment of old Winter's mantle had been
left there; and even the pastures, that were
scattered over the ridge, would gleam with
their short grass, shorn by kine and sheep
almost to the quick, like carpets of sunny
emerald. I have often sat and watched the
sunset, basking in this manner on the ridge,
until I saw it gradually peel off, or rather
drawn off, as if by the hands of the retreat-
ing Day.

At sunrise, too, it was by no means to be
overlooked. On the contrary, the fresh sun-
light leaped upon it, as if it loved to steep its
beautiful brow, and then, as the great foun-
tain of gladness rose higher, the lustre crept
down lower and lower, until the whole form
of this tomb of the war-chief, or emperor,
was gleaming in unsullied gold. Ah! it was
the first thing to waken in and around Mon-
ticello, and the glad way it started from its
shadowy sleep into bright yellow life, was a
disgrace to the sluggards of the village. The
spring, by "Loafing Joe's" cabin, would be
flashing and glittering by the hour, before
Owlet the blacksmith would waken his forge,
or Shaver the carpenter would grasp his
plane, or Seabright the shopkeeper would
open his store, or Swingle the tinman would
commence his music, or Cabbage the stutter-
ing tailor would handle his goose, or Wiggins
the innkeeper would unlock his bar, or even
Strap the gossiping shoemaker would begin
the tapping on his lapstone, although the
longest summer-day was always too short.

him to invent even half the scandal and lies his teeming brain gave birth to.

Under the harvest moon, also, Coit's Ridge was no contemptible object. Ah! how beautifully it glowed beneath the soft sweet glance of this lovely Sultana of the summer night. With all its glittering hues of green, and gold, and pearl, all merged in one soft delicious dimness, the swelling form of this bright thing gleamed in the white radiance like a hill of silver. The romance of boyhood seemed mingling with the delicate mist of the moonlight, and methought fairy music might breathe from that dim and sweetly mysterious region. Sweetly, oh! sweetly, did the clear tinkle of the whetsaw come upon the air; and sadly, oh! sadly, did the hermit whip-poor-will whistle, in her gentle and sorrowing manner, "I'm all alone! I'm all alone!"

These were the soft and beautiful looks of the Ridge. It had another, a stern, awful one, when blackening under the shadow of the rising thunder-cloud. When the sable mass rears itself up, writhing like the Laocoon, its sullen peaks and rugged outlines gloomy with the wrath of the still chained lightning. Then Coit's Ridge looks dark and threatening enough. No wonder, for it knows well that it affords somewhat of a mark for the red arrow of the destroyer, and it has felt that same burning, scathing arrow, too. Ay! in that tremendous storm three summers since, when the fatal vapor flashed instant death upon two human beings, one moment in the pride and flush of youth and strength, the next, nothing but dust and ashes—dust and ashes! Three times did the fierce lightning zig-zag down into the bosom of the ridge; and the buckwheat, and the meadow grass, and the golden wheat, all testified, in three great swart-burned spaces, the power of the crimson terror. And now, when the black plume of the thunder-storm rises, the heart of the Ridge sinks in its breast and its brow turns black with fear. Oh! how the dread thunder booms over it, and when the rain falls, what a curtain of mist, streaked with the slanting lines of rain, is drawn across it. First, the great amber streaks beyond its brow, then the cloud mingles with its summit, then like the march of a Roman Legion, silent and compact, the rain advances down its slope, and then, hanging the aforesaid streaked and misty curtain athwart it, over the intervening fields it comes toward the village. This, however, is in the gentle summer shower, for when the great mad thunder-gust bursts over it, all is one

scene of whirling, roaring, blinding, terrific, chaos. The rain glides not over its brow from the woods beyond, and gauzing its sides with mist, hastens to the village. No, the big black torrent breaks all at once, everywhere over it, with the lightning flashing through, and the thunder roaring and splitting in awful cadence amongst it.

The Ridge was also an object of great interest to me in the changes of the seasons. In the sunny days that come fitfully in the month of April, I have listened to the carol of the blue-bird sounding from its sylvan recesses with a thrill of the purest delight, for I knew that the little whistling stranger said as plainly in his song, as if he syllabled the information in words, "Spring is coming, Spring is coming!" In the capricious month of March, too, how Bill Dykes did make the "maple sugar" there. In one particular spot of the Ridge—a circular hollow—sweet green and sylvan in summer—there was a charming open maple grove, where the great trees reared their deeply fluted Doric columns, as if Titan-like to scale the clouds, and after soaring in the air some ten or fifteen feet, spreading out what in July is a most delicious canopy of leafy beauty. Well, here Bill used to raise his "bough-house," and his transverse sticks, tap his trees, and bring his sooty kettles. Long after the "maple sugaring" was past, and the blue-bird had become a familiar guest, (say the latter end of April) then did I use to seek the ridge to meet the coming Spring in her own deep wild haunts. I would cross the separating fields by the serpentine pathway, and strike the woods, nearly in a line with this upland maple-hollow. And such swarms of violets, blue, white, and yellow, and showers of wind-flowers, little trembling, timid, silvery creatures, on stems delicate as the wand of Titania, and worlds of cowslips by the little crystalline threads of streams welling from the hill-side (cowslips golden as the wings of Ariel or the doublet of the honey-bee) would bless my eyes with their sweet and innocent beauty, that I involuntarily blessed God for His bounties as I gazed upon them. The birch would dangle its loose scaly tassels over my head; the beech would thrust its glossy white down, bursting from the tips of its sprays, right into my face and eyes; the cherry would startle my vision as with the sight of some sylvan ghost in the far depths; and the maple would stand before me blushing as if caught in the act of kissing the tall, noble pine bending over her.

Ah! the maple-hollow then, how rich and splendid was it lighted up; a perfect fairy parlor. It was red with the glow of the blossom-fringes, as if carmined by a hearth-fire, so red that the hopple-bushes with their gigantic flowers seemed cut in coral.

Well, through these magic depths would I rove, peering now into some wand-like thick-et, kneeling now at the plumb feet of some moss-sandaed oak-tree, and now gazing into the dark earth-filled hollow of some old beech, where the white wind-flower looked like a gem, and the blue violet like a fairy's eye.

The next day or two there would be a sun shower sparkling in the air like dropping diamonds; and a soft hum on the earth like the murmured music of Spring's command for the leaves to come out. And the next day I would look at Coit's Ridge, and would see the delicate, transparent verdure spotted all over its breast, and know that in a few suns more there would be thrown from rich fully-clothed branches broad breadths of shadow upon every dingle, glade, and hollow of the Ridge.

And then Summer would come. Would Coit's Ridge be deserted then by me, think you? In Summer I used to haunt Coit's Ridge more than ever, for it was then more beautiful than ever. And in Autumn, too, ah! Autumn. I won't be caught describing the Ridge in its Autumn tints. Now I tell you, I will not, and so I'll pass on to Winter, where I intend to dwell for a season, as the Rev. Lookgrave says, after an hour's preliminary to his drouthy sermons.

It had been very cold for some time, but at nightfall there came on a slow drizzling rain, which, however, froze as it fell. In the morning it was quite clear, and never shall I forget the magic loveliness which broke upon my gaze as I turned it upon Coit's Ridge. I was expecting something bright, for I had seen the roofs of the village covered with plates of crystal, and the maple-trees of the side-walk jeweled in the prettiest manner possible, but I had no conception of the blaze of silver which I should see when I turned to look at the Ridge. There it stood, however, flashing, glittering, gleaming, sparkling, quivering in the pure sun-light, and under the blue heaven, like fairy-land. I can hardly describe it: my eye-sight was almost blinded with the brilliancy. Millions upon millions of atoms scattered from the rainbow were dancing upon it; all the hues known to gem, and bud, and flower were there. Every thread of the sun's light appeared to be separated and reflected in the color peculiar to

each. It was the gorgeous pomp which winter occasionally exhibits, as if to show that all the beauty and magnificence of nature are not confined exclusively to summer.

As I beheld this wondrous sight I was seized with the irresistible desire to explore the depths of the Ridge, to walk through its blazing aisles, and to see above me its silver trees waving and making fret-work of the azure above. So I started, and crushing the brittle grass, covered also with its crusted pearl, like the ice-plant, as I passed through the fields, soon found myself ascending the Ridge. As I entered the recess, the brightness was intense. My gaze recoiled involuntarily. There was the old, half-dead hemlock, with a drapery, flung over his gaunt branches, that a bride might envy. There was the shaggy sour spruce, sparkling as if it were the bridegroom destined for its hemlock bride. The emerald of both gleamed through their transparent garb with a two-fold effect of beauty. The maple seemed as if a foliage of scalloped silver had burst forth at the touch of some wizard's wand; the beech seemed some gigantic chandelier of varied colors; the birch had clothed itself in leaves that appeared as if taken from the whitest flakes of its own smooth white bark, whilst the elm was one rich splendid plume, hanging gracefully over the couch of its frozen naiad, the brook. The underbrush, viz., the rhododendron, kalmia, oak-plant, beech-sprout, hopple-bush, &c., were also limned by an icy veil of crystalline purity and clearness that made them shapes of "fancy," whilst one immense log, lying prone on its stomach, was covered with a pall of jewelry and spangles that was "beautiful exceedingly." I wandered about amidst this rich and splendid show for an hour. I then became conscious of a farther softening in the atmosphere, and also that the fine lustrous blue of the sky was fading into a dull gray. These were the signs of an approaching snow-storm, and rather liking the soft air and the appearance of the fluttering flakes gauzing the view in a storm of this kind, I postponed my return home until another hour. Soon the gust came on. The wind howled and rocked the trees like a vessel in a tempest; the ice pageant fell around like showers of leaves in November, and before long the snow-flakes were streaming in a dense curtain through the atmosphere. As the wind first reached my ear in a low rumble, like a waterfall in the stillness of the summer noon, now swelling like an advancing billow, then bursting overhead like the discharge of Etna, I felt as

if I could mount like an eagle in the air, and away, away, with my eye on the sunbeam, and my pinion on the ocean of air around me, soar into the empyrean.

There was a sublimity in the deep-toned roaring storm that almost maddened me. Up the snow would whirl in silver smoke over the top of the loftiest pine-trees, and around would it spin in a breathless waltz until all the stems in the forest would appear like white-sheeted ghosts dancing in glimmer and mist, in a weird Macbeth-witch-like dance. I seemed the centre of a wondrous wizard existence, and Coit's Ridge, a wizard world. At last I became so frightened by the phantoms of my excited fancy that I fairly turned and precipitated myself down the Ridge, fast as my limbs could carry me. I even thought that a gigantic pine around which a snow-cloud was at that moment twirling, which forced its enormous head to bend almost to its groaning roots, was pinching me to keep me a perpetual prisoner in its wild branches, for my audacity in trespassing upon the recesses of his domain in the fury of the winter storm. So I even showed Mister Pine a clean pair of heels, and flew down the slope into the deepening fields with a velocity that could scarce be equaled by the "American Deer," I fancy, even with the prospect of a purse filled to plethora with glittering gold as the reward of his best exertions.

Soon a half dozen of white quiet fields (as far as sound went, but tumbling like White Lake in a gust, as far as motion was concerned) were between me and the bowing, quivering, shrieking, howling, roaring, rushing, screaming, rolling, dashing, crashing Ridge, and I soon was in the four walls of my snug rosy office warming my chilled limbs before the wide open mouth of my stove, heated to a red cherry glow by a choking quantity of dry maple. I never visited Coit's Ridge in the agonies of the Winter storm again.

But in Summer, beautiful, leafy, sweet, bright, imperial, safe, quiet, lovely, glorious Summer, it was another matter entirely. I was an *habitué* of the Ridge. Not a day passed, "wet or shine," but I was there. If I saw a soft shower coming from the swathed west, up would I start, and, umbrella in hand, like a knight armed with spear and shield on breast, forth would I sally toward the Ridge. Soon in its leafy coverts would I hear the rich melody of the humming rain, and breathe the moist fragrance beaten out of herb, leaf, and flower, by the sparkling drops. Coit's Ridge would be then one box of choice per-

fumes. Ah, what a soft buzzing would the hemlock keep up, saying plainly as branches could say,

"Patter away, patter away,
I can drink with this plummy crown,
All the water yon goblet of gray,
Wreathed by the cloud, can ever pour down;
So patter away, patter away,
Ye silver sparklers on leaf and spray.
Patter away, patter away,
For soon will return the absorbing ray,
And all the music you waken now,
Will cease to fall on my raptured ear,
And, motionless, motionless, up my brow
Will once more soar in the azure clear,
Feeling within me, every vein
Shrinking, and fainting, and dying again!"

And what a song that Delavan of trees the tamarack, which loves cold water so much that it has its feet in it all the time, and the beech, spruce and maple, birch, oak, pine, and sumach, in fact, the whole orchestra of Coit's Ridge kept up in the "gladsome, gleesome rain!"

But although this gipsying in the rain about the purlieus of the Ridge was pleasant, still pleasanter was the "fair weather," gipsying in the dry yellow days of Midsummer. The first I enjoyed, the last I luxuriated in. The soft golden afternoon when the shadows commenced creeping from the West, like mice from the barn to play on the grass and amongst the leaves, was the time I most affected to "hie away" to the Ridge. Like a picture of Reubens, the landscape from the slope of the hill would glow to my eye as I turned to enjoy its beauties. The Ridge was perfectly crossed and re-crossed like a chequer-board with cattle-paths that wound along and intermingled and knotted themselves together, and shot out straight again like scores of brown snakes in the grass. They were always sure to lead to some pleasant spot—some hollow dingle—some black-throated gorge—some grassy glen—some streamlet-side, beneath some spreading tree, within some shady thicket, or underneath some shelving bank. An excavated sand-pit, its dark yellow hue almost lost in the multitude of bushes and bright flowers, would now swallow one of the paths—a deep ravine, where a flash every now and then would only tell that a rivulet was there dashing, would prove the terminus of another, —a rocky precipice along the edge of which roots of trees dangled in minute threads, and down which black streaks would tell the trickle of springs, would block up a third, and a beautiful fountain with wide pebbly

margins, and stamped deep with hoof-tracks like huge hieroglyphics, would put an end to a fourth, and so on.

There was only one road on the Ridge. This was one continuing from the fields straight up to "Maple Hollow." The surface was perfectly smooth, and covered with short thick grass without a single scar or mark upon it. It was about the width of an emigrant wagon, but no wheel, not even a wood-cart's, had rolled over it, to a certainty, for years. There it was, a delicious vista of the woods, alluring the foot tread with its beauty, and yet repelling it with its untouched virgin freshness. However, I used to tip along on the points of my toes like a French dancer up the opening, and find myself after a while in the sylvan Maple Hollow. And a spot of enchantment it was. Underneath the branches, brought out by the clearness of the air, would be a collection of wood-flies, and it was curious and amusing to watch their gambols. Now one would remain perfectly motionless in the atmosphere, like a hawk over a chicken, and then dart away so quick that he would seem lengthened to a dark streak, then another would strive to mount over the head of a third, which did not appear to relish the business, but would in its turn mount over the head of its aspiring antagonist, until they appeared ascending on the rounds of an aerial ladder; and then, as if at some signal, off all would vanish like lightning. Entirely different from the play of the gnats which formed constantly a revolving wheel, turning so constantly in the air that the spot seemed a tiny treadmill, or more properly, it seemed as if some gay balloon of the fairies was about to rise over the trees, after dangling for a while underneath. There was pleasure also in gazing at the vagaries of the sunshine. Now it would flash like golden stars as the broad maple-leaves tossed it from one green lap to another; now it would nestle in the thicket as if for sleep. Then it would shoot out again in one long streak, as if frightened by the cool shadow it found there,—then it would make lace on the moss,—then twist network in the branches, and then spin a vest in the middle of the Hollow, brilliant as the waistcoat of the yellow-bird. The afternoon would prove all too short, and the downy hours would steal away all too swiftly, until the deep shadow falling over the Hollow would tell that the sun had gone to bed, and that it was high time for all honest folk to "gang homeward."

At the western extremity of the Ridge, in

a small depression in its slope like a large cup, there lingers even now the ruins of a log cabin. A thicket of birch-trees and young oaks have sprung up around it, and within the tottering walls, there is quite a large-sized elm. A fragment here and there of its roof, consisting of several black fractured slabs, is seen half plunged in a rich mass of the feathery brake that (first cousin to the fern) springs luxuriantly in the wild lots and fields around Monticello. Some ten years since, this was erected by the villagers as a kind of hospital for a small-pox patient. The subject of the fearful disease was a young friendless man who had, during the Spring, strayed as far as New York, and had caught the distemper, amidst its purlieus. It did not break out until a day or two after he returned home to the village. He was taken violently ill, the horrid malady clutching him by the back-bone the first thing, and then assailing his head with fierce, throbbing blows, as if the solid dome which nature had built for the brain would become fractured. The inhabitants did not know, at first, the nature of the disease, but as soon, however, as the loathsome horny scab appeared, embedded like a speckled poisonous spider in the red swollen skin, a panic seized the village. A committee was raised, who forthwith proceeded to raise the hut, which they did in an afternoon and night. The soft brooding quiet of the Ridge was rudely broken by the "thwack, thwack" of the axe, and all night long its black scenery was splendidly, although brokenly, lighted up by the dark thick crimson flames of pinewood torches. By morning the cabin was erected, and, in a fitful delirium, the unhappy boy, for he was scarce more, was conveyed by a couple of men, whose brains had not become entirely addled by fear, and who, by the way, were "Loafing Jim and Dutch Jake," to his asylum. There, through the long, long, dreary hours, did he struggle with death, upon a rude couch which had been erected for him, his only attendants being his rough but kindly bearers, changed now to sympathizing nurses. The keen fiery tooth of the malady would eat away at his heart, and his reason would toss on the surges of delirium, like a red star amidst the black clouds of a storm.

"Hurrah!" he would feebly say, "I hear the rattlesnake sing, and the copperhead hiss—yes, and the wolf howl, too—h-o-w-l—hear him! down there in the swamp. A mighty fine time you'll have of it there, won't you. I say take that tooth of yours

out of my flesh. Ha! you want to fight, do you! I'll strangle you, yes, before you can say 'don't!' I'll have you. Oh, you bristle do you—you a'n't satisfied yet—hush!" rolling his mad eye around the room, and clutching in the air. "I'll catch him yet! he's a spider—ha," shrieking, "he's crawling over my skin, cold, cold, slimy! don't! now don't! don't, I tell you! Hoot, hoot, how that owl cries! Fire! fire! fire! the room's on fire! I'm on fire! I'm in hell, and the devils are laughing at me! I want to get up! I want to get up!"

But youth and a strong constitution triumphed at last, and the boy recovered. He was ghastly pale when I next saw him, after the night I passed at his bedside listening to his ravings, and weak as water, but evidently regaining his health. The hut was suffered to remain, and at last yielded to the weather, and crumbled. Soon the forest will roll its wave of verdure over it, and naught remain to tell of "Small-pox Cabin."

There was a Fourth of July celebration held on the Ridge, too, in Maple Hollow. Beetling over the Hollow like a pulpit rose an immense rock, and here it was decided by the committee, that the orator should stand, using it as if it were a rostrum, whilst the audience should assemble in the Hollow. On a natural platform each side, it was also decided that the cannon should be planted, and the bonfire built, be fired and lighted after the oration was concluded; and when the drinking of toasts commenced under the "bower," erected in a grassy spot upon the summit, Abe Kettle was chosen generalissimo over the artillery, whilst Dutch Jake was to attend to the kindling of the bonfire. After incredible exertions the little brass cannon (left by Sullivan's army when they traversed this wilderness on their return from their incursion into the Iroquois territory) was hoisted by means of a tackle, amid the hurrahs of the village-boys, to the platform, and there secured.

After the "ode" had been sung by Job Paddock's choir (which succeeded a great deal better than at the preceding anniversary) and the "Declaration" read, "little Blackberry," for he was the orator, arose within the rocky rostrum, with a formidable roll of paper in his hand. Commencing with a flourish, he continued in a hysteric of eloquence for some fifteen minutes, when, quoting the language of old John Adams, he alluded to the "firing of bonfires," to celebrate the day. Dutch Jake, with his usual stupidity, supposing that this was the signal

to light his "bonfire," instantly kindled it, and Abe Kettle, either supposing that his time also had come to fire (or prompted by his old spite against Kellogg for the part he had taken against him in his suit with Coger, at "Pettifogger's Delight," most probably the latter, for Abe was "Keen"), applied his match. Bang! a long BANG, roared the cannon, and up soared the flaming bonfire. Petrified by the interruption, Kellogg remained with his arm in air, and mouth open, whilst the audience of Maple Hollow stood aghast.

"Fellow citizens!" at length recommenced Kellogg, and bang! a long BANG, went the cannon—crackle! crackle! went the bonfire, and hurrah, hurrah, now burst out the boys, always as ready for mischief as crows are for carrion. In vain did the marshal of the day run to Abe, and, bawling in his ear, command him to stop. With loud hurrahs Abe flourished his wipstick, and his ramrod, shouting to his assistant, as they both plied their work, "Ready with the cartridge! in with her!" thump! thump! would sound the ramrod; "Hurrah, Pete! let's see if we can't make the piece speak as fast as old Boney did his'n at Marengo! FIRE!" Bang! a long BANG! again making all things shiver again. To make the matter worse, Abe (actuated by an infernal spirit, I believe) loaded the piece each time with ball, and the crashing amongst Bill Dykes' tall, beautiful maples, was really fearful. Now a branch would fly, then down would tumble the top of a tree, the bark and leaves scattering in every direction, until the audience, covered with the *débris* of Abe's battery, fairly took to their heels, and left the Hollow perfectly empty. Kellogg seeing his audience thus melting off, thrust his manuscript in his pocket, and sneaked off to his office; whilst Dutch Jake, brought at last by the marshal to see his mistake, extinguished his bonfire. Still, Abe plied his cannon, until Bill Dykes, seeing his maples thus victimized, stalked, burning with rage, to the spot, and seizing, with his immense hand, Abe, by the nape of his infernal neck, fairly lifted him over the rostrum, and held him dangling over the abyss, until Abe yelled like a catamount with terror. Placing him again in safety, he turned him to the right-about, and by a succession of hearty kicks, drove him down the Ridge, and left him in the wheat-field, just at the back of Claypole's. Abe sued Bill for an assault and battery the next day, and the case was tried before the Special Sessions. He, however, came off second

best, for the jury, under the circumstances, brought in a verdict of "justifiable assault" and fined Abe the amount of the costs, and, in default of payment, committed him to jail, where he staid all summer.

As for the cannon, it was tumbled from its platform, and fell, muzzle first, in the soft bosom of Maple Hollow. After the burning the hollow was turned into a beautiful meadow-chalice, always waving with the brightest and sweetest grass. And in process of time the piece sank deeper and deeper, until nothing at last remained but its knob, looking, in the grass, like an eye-ball in ambush. Many were the scythes that knob broke in harvest-time.

One season a Paddy, mowing with all the energy of raw whiskey and emulation, struck his instrument against the knob with such violence as to cause a cloud of sparks to rise like a swarm of fiery insects.

"Arrah!" said Pat, peering into the mound, "and is't gunpowther the old daacon has in his grass, and be damned to him! bedad but it fizzes out fire any way!"

The next season a brother Pat came to the same mound, and striking his scythe against the knob so as to shiver it, yelled out:—

"Who iver heard of grass turnen into rocks afore! It must be the old daacon's heart here berried; I'll worrek no more to-day, and so Patrick, me boy, hand in the whiskey."

How long the indolence of the deacon would have been the means of breaking the scythes, and shivering the muscles of his workmen, I know not, had it not been brought to a close by a long-legged Yankee who mowed for the deacon the next season.

Seeing this mound of deep grass before him, he swept out his scythe in the most swinging style, and struck the knob at the very commencement of a long and raking sweep.

"What on airth is that?" shouted he, "some tarnal petrified toad, I guess! good Lord! sure enough a toad, petrified into brass! who ever heerd tell of sich a thing afore! so here goes!" tugging at it might and main. "This brass toad must have infarnal long legs, the way it sticks in the airth. Here, bring me a spade, one of you Greeks, there!" for both the Irishmen were now looking on with their eyes bulging out like bullets. "Bring me a spade, and I'll soon hev him out a here, legs and all!" and suiting the action to the word, he unearthed the cannon, and with many an exclamation of disappointment from himself

that it was not a brass toad for his brother's specimen "to hum," and of astonishment from the simple "Greeks," laid it at full length along the shorn green sward. The deacon had it taken away, and cast into the cellar of Coit's house, the very same day.

Every anniversary it made its appearance, and its black throat bellowed its deep music, until the touch-hole got to be nearly as large as the muzzle, and then its stern music changed to a short asthmatic cough. The last duty it did was, on the green knoll by the school-house, under the charge of "Loafing Jim" three springs after, "pigeoning." It then burst, and gave up the ghost.

After Abe had been thus summarily dismissed by honest Bill, a small party of us lingered upon the Ridge to see the sun set, and the twilight of the gone summer-day set in. The West soon glowed like the golden shield of one of Ossian's heroes, or like the flame upon the altar in the Temple of the Sun, and then the soft silver gloaming slowly came. After enjoying the coolness, fragrance, and loveliness of the Ridge for an hour or more, lighted by the gorgeous "blazing of heaven," we descended, and made the best of our way homeward.

All the next month was as dry as dry could be. No rain, not even a shower. The sky presented its blue arch, and the sun sunk with the regular gradations of gold, orange, and purple, as in Italy. The grass withered, and the woods "wilted." Coit's Ridge was like tinder. Some were afraid of spontaneous combustion, there it was in such a gunpowder state. So things continued, until about midnight the whole village was aroused by a fierce glare streaming through their windows, and hurrying into the street, saw Coit's Ridge one glowing mass of flame. Some one had accidentally fired it (Loafer Jim, it was generally supposed), and now, like Hercules, it was swathed in a red-hot garment of fire from head to foot.

Fearful, horrible, and yet splendid and fascinating was the sight. Now an immense flaming panther seemed leaping from tree-top to tree-top, and now the shape assumed the appearance of an eagle soaring with outspread pinions to the sable heavens. Serpents in myriads flashed all over, gulfs opened, ridges rose, billows rolled, cataracts dashed, cities glittered, plains smoothed themselves, then tumbled into surges; spires bristled, then fell; in short, all the awful paraphernalia of "a forest on fire" were here displayed. The stern and ceaseless roar of

the infuriated element came to every ear in the village, and to mine, as I looked enraptured on the scene, it took a measured, and stately, and melodious tone, Coit's Ridge sounding its battle-song of fire. This was the song of the flame:

"Ho, ho! I have put on my red helmet,
And taken my keen spear in my hand.
Let my trumpet sound! for I come in my
strength and power,
Who shall withstand me?
Not the proud pine, with its summit soaring in
the clouds!
Not the brave oak, that scorns to bend his crest
in the tempest,
For they shall shrivel in my hot breath, and
they shall crumble in ashes at my feet,
And I shall trample them into white ashes,
As I do the laurel and the beech sprout, and
e'en the lowly vine of the greensward.
Ho, ho! who shall withstand me?
I played at sunset like a babe of the Red Indian
in the grass.
Ho! ha! ha!
No one saw me.
As the stars came out, the babe had grown to
a sturdy youth,
Ho! ho! ho!
Still no one saw me.
As slumber wrapped the village, I had grown
to the stature of a man,
And at midnight to a giant.
And, ho! ho! ho! I then awoke the village
with my hoarse shout,
And wrapped the whole hill in my garment of
flame.
What cared I then? I was strong, yea I was
mighty!
What cared I then? for who could withstand
me?
Ay, shriek out in your agony, fierce panther of
the woods,
Thine hour is come!
Howl, howl, and gnash thy teeth, gaunt wolf
of the cavern,
Thine hour, too, is come!
And thou, swift eagle! ho! ho! ho! I caught
thee asleep in thine eyrie,
And scorch'd thy wings ere thou knewest I
was on my way.
Writhe now, and try to soar—there is a fetter
upon thee,
Ho! ho! ho! a fetter thou canst not break!
Until death films thy proud eye, and levels thy
crest to the moss.
And ye, staring fools, that look at me with fear
in your upturned faces,
Oh, that I could leap down amongst ye! oh,
that I could roll my blazing surge over
your paltry roofs!
Loudlier shrieks than ever would rise, and sweet-
er victims would I claim.

The babe with its shining hair, and the mother
with her snowy bosom,
Ay! and the young maiden, whose blue eye is
lighted with love—
Ay! and the strong youth, too! ho! ho! ho!
what could he do
With my keen spear at his throat!
And my fiery knots burning into his heart!
Come and try it! come and try it! come and
try it!
Ye staring fools of the village!
For, like the rattlesnake, I can't leave my post—
I can only sing in my rage, and launch out my
sharp, hot tongue in scorn and defiance at
you!
In the meanwhile, down with your head, you
stalwart pine!
Down on your knees, you spreading oak!
Yet think not I will spare!
No!
I tell you all, No.
I will grasp you—I will trample you—yea, I
will destroy you,
For I am wroth.
Who wakened me from my peaceful slumber?
For I was a slave to ye, staring fools of the
village!
And I simmered under your paltry kettles, and
ay, (shame! oh, deep shame to my might!)
I e'en sparkled like a red drop in your
pipes.
Who wakened me!
Which amongst ye, staring fools of the village?
No matter, the red helmet is on my head, the
keen spear is in my grasp, and the war-
shout is on my tongue.
Woe!
Shriek and tremble—shriek and tremble!
Again I say
Woe!
For who knows but I may roll over the dry
fields and assault you, staring fools! even
in the fortalice of your strength;
Who knows?"

How much longer the song, with its ter-
rific threats of what it would do, if it could,
would have proceeded, I know not, probably
all night (for its bark was evidently worse
than its bite) had not a cloud arose stealthily,
and by a torrent of rain, at the very height
of his boastings, soon put an end to the snarl-
ings of the monster. At first he appeared
to scorn his foe, and began to breathe black
defiance, but the enemy pressed him so hard,
that he was finally obliged to surrender, and
with a great many convulsive capers, and
tumbles, and struggles, he gave up the ghost,
like the whale, in a cloud of his own raising,
just before he had reached the thicket where
stood the ruins of "Small-pox Cabin."

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

POEMS OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

More Verse and Prose, by the Corn Law Rhymer. In two Volumes. Vol. I.
Charles Fox, 67 Paternoster Row.

ALMOST coeval with the intelligence that Ebenezer Elliott had passed from among us, appeared the first of two volumes of Verse and Prose by that poet. A true welcome was given it; deepened, if saddened, by the knowledge that now all of us could define the limit of the communications we should henceforth receive from him. Strange it seemed, to turn our eye from the place made vacant among the chosen by his leaving, and see thoughts, *living* in their beauty and tenderness, flash from the page before us. Impassioned words uttered in reference to what happened yesterday, spoken, as it were, in our ear; and the echoes seemed not yet to have died away. That the contents of this volume characterize the genius of the Corn Law Rhymer, will be seen from the quotations we shall make from it, by way of illustration; and, without further preface, we will commence this paper with an extract from the part entitled "Lyrics for my Daughters," of a song arranged to the tune of "God save the Queen."

1.

"For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms, and what they bring,
Be our thanks given;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom;
For the sad prison's gloom;
And for the sadder tomb;
E'en as for Heav'n!

2.

Great God, thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks;
Done when the righteous bleed;
When the wrong'd vainly plead;
Done in th' unended deed,
When the heart breaks.

3.

Lo, how the dutiful
Snows, clothe in beautiful
Life, the dead earth!

Lo, how the clouds distill
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil will
Dies in its birth!

4.

Bless'd is th' unpeopled down;
Bless'd is the crowded town,
Where the tir'd groan;
Pain but appears to be;
What are Man's fears to thee,
God! if all tears shall be
Gems on thy throne?"

Deeper than Elliott's indignation at willful perseverance in injustice—deeper than his burning sympathies with the sufferer from that injustice—lay his belief in God's justice. The basis of his soul was trust. Wrongdoing, and its consequent misery, could pass beneath his eye, and the passion of sympathy would raise a fearful storm; lightnings would flash from sullen skies, the hurricane run its course unchecked, and rivers of tears descend; but below—far below—was the rock of adamant, and, the passion spent, one of God's most humble and trustful sons would be heard to say, "Thy will be done." In the poet's love of nature is seen, in simple verity, his love of God; there is a pathos in it which touches the soul deeply, and in a while we find that beauty's vesture has faded from our view, and the spirit only is left.

Our next extract will be from a portion of the work called "Small Poems," and the first poem.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

1.

"God made all nations of one blood,
And bade the nation-wedding flood
Bear good for good to men:
Lo, interchange is happiness!
The mindless are the riverless!
The shipless have no pen!

2.

What deed sublime by them is wrought?
 What type have they of speech or thought?
 What soul-ennobled page?
 No record tells their tale of pain!
 Th' Unwritten History of Cain
 Is theirs, from age to age.

3.

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
 That see broad ocean's 'back of gold,'
 Or hear him in the wind—
 Why dost not thou thy banner shake
 O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
 One nation of mankind?

4.

If rivers are but seeking rest,
 E'en when they climb from ocean's breast
 To plant on earth the rose;
 If good for good is doubly bless'd;
 Oh, let the sever'd east and west
 In action find repose!

5.

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
 The voiceless champion hear the voice
 Of millions long estranged;
 That waste, and want, and war may cease!
 And all men know, That Love and Peace
 Are—Good for Good Exchang'd!"

Commerce must be; the material riches of differing climes must be exchanged, that *sympathy*, like God's air, may circulate through every clime. The poet sees that the self-seeker in commerce, as elsewhere, must give place to the Son of God, doing his Father's will, and not his own; and that the certain result of the development of the powers implanted in man by God is joy and peace on earth. The misery caused by manias, by over-speculations, in short, by selfish ignorance in its Proteus forms, does not prevent the poet from discovering the grain of truth that shall yet leaven the mass. In an ill-directed faculty he can read future good, because, to the poet, all in itself is good.

In a piece, the title of which is "Not for Nought," the principle that those who will work and wait, shall find at last all things right, is most happily rendered.

1.

"Do and suffer nought in vain:
 Let no trifling be:
 If the salt of life is pain,
 Let e'en wrongs bring good to thee;
 Good to others, few or many;
 Good to all, or good to any.

2.

If men curse thee, plant their lies
 Where, for truth, they best may grow;
 Let the railers make thee wise,
 Preaching peace, where'er thou go:

God no useless plant hath planted,
 Evil (wisely us'd) is wanted.

3.

If the nation-feeding corn
 Thriveth under icéd snow;
 If the small bird, on the thorn,
 Useth well its guarded sloe;
 Bid thy cares thy comforts double;
 Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

4.

See the Rivers! how they run,
 Strong in gloom, and strong in light!
 Like the never-wearied sun,
 Through the day, and through the night,
 Each along his path of duty,
 Turning coldness into beauty!"

Many individuals who possess active benevolence, and who consequently feel intense pain at the sight of human misery, but who have not yet trained themselves to engage in the efforts that release men from misery, would find their pain lessened, as well as the amount of pain generally, if they would heed these words of the poet, "work and wait." Poverty and sin are not, as these would persuade themselves, increasing, but decreasing; and this change has been effected—first, because God said, "Let it be;" and, secondly, because there were a chosen few among his children to carry out his decree. In perfect trust in Him they are working; they give little time to decrying the evil that exists, for their task is to nurse the good, to bring about an atmosphere in which good can live and thrive. They know that evil, "wisely used, is wanted," or it would not be. When the conscience, and work well done, take the feeling of benevolence by the hand, however strong it may be, there shall be found more cause for joy than tears; and while the pity of the soul shall oft be roused at the contemplation of sorrow, *fear* can never be, for hope to such is too surely based on right—so surely as to become assured matter of faith.

The poem entitled "Farewell to Rivlin" was written previous to Elliott's leaving the neighborhood of Sheffield, for that of Barnesly. Through a valley, over a rocky bed, the river runs, with the moors rising from each bank; moors that the purple heather clothes, and strewn with old gray rocks lichen-covered, with the bilberry growing between, and the slender birches rising first, and then bending o'er those ancient storm-tried creatures of the waste. And very fantastic in form are those gray rocks—here as a castle wall, there as castle towers, whose foundations should be the centre of the earth; for, playing a match with old Time these

nameless centuries, we find them still the winners, and likely to remain so to the end. And not as part of *them* look the delicate blossoming tendrils that with tiny gentle grasp embrace those hoary foreheads, but rather as garlands hung about some august temple on festival days: but let the poet himself speak to us of this.

1.

"Beautiful River! goldenly shining
Where with thee cistus and woodbines are twin-
ing;
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,) *Rivilin* wildest! do I not love thee?

2.

Why do I love thee, Heart-breaking River?
Love thee, and leave thee? Leave thee forever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

3.

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty is music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's Sister, sad in thy gladness.

4.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow? River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

5.

Oh, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Coffin'd in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, Heart-breaking River!
Tell them I lov'd thee—love thee forever!

6.

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal;
River of Beauty! love is eternal:
While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
Safe is the fountain flowing from heav'n.

7.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
Beauty is music, Sister of Wiming!
Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
Glad as the heathflower, glowing to meet thee."

It will be interesting to many readers to know Ebenezer Elliott's creed on the subject of woman—in what way, he deemed, she is appointed to work, in order to make visible on earth the love and wisdom of God. The sublimest soul can have no *higher* aim than this, though his power shall be sufficient to revolutionize the thoughts and ways of men; nor can the single-hearted hand-maiden have any lower aim, though her desire and ability be limited to keep free from stain the steps that lead toward the altar. The Woman's

Mission may be partly gathered from the following lines.

1.

"What highest prize hath woman won
In science, or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
'She hath no Raphael!' Painting saith;
'No Newton!' Learning cries;
'Show us her Steam-ship! her Macbeth!
Her thought-won victories!"

2.

Wait, boastful Man! Though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou art true,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honors her the more.

3.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heav'n!
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come!"

It is only in the beginning of a world's history, that what appeals to the mind through the eye and ear is thought to be the only mode for the embodiment of deep inspired thought; and he must possess very coarse perceptions who shall now cling to such a faith. Years that flow along, stimulating to high aims an ever-widening circle, in which evil dies and beauty lives—that bring home to our inmost souls, as though God touched them, that for those who are fitted for the change, death itself is truest life—who will say of such existence, that it is an *unwritten* epic? who will feel that the world is the poorer because for it no pen, pencil, or chisel, found its way to the hand?

The verses entitled "*Lent and Lost*" shadow forth the spirit of hopelessness, passionless agony, and entire desolation, in a way so terribly real, that should a kindred spirit ever set them to music, we would not be by to hear. Yet withal, there will be found a great fascination in this dirge. It will bring up from the past many an ancient sorrow, recalling the environment of darkness that was once around it, though it may be perchance illuminated now by clear and sunny light.

1.

"Of Mary, by heav'n lent,
Heav'n has bereft us;
And from her home all comfort went,
When Mary left us.

2.

We fear no ills, no foes,
Though they surround us;
Pass on, thou cloud of many woes!
The worst has found us.

3.

If lowest cannot fall,
Need we be wary?
We lost fear, joy, hope, danger, all,
When we lost Mary.

4.

In vain, vex'd Sea of Change,
Thou thy rocks chafest!
Secure, thy dreaded verge we range;
Saddest is safest."

In the poem called "The People's Anthem," we miss the spirit of calm, wise trust, characterizing the song that formed our first extract; the poet was inspired, indeed, by a different spirit; but it is what he meant it to be, a prophet-like lamentation over a sorrowing people, and a passionate appeal to God for redress.

1.

"When wilt thou save the people?
Oh! God of Mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God, save the people!

2.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh, Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No!' say thy mountains; 'No!' thy skies:
'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard, instead of sighs.'
God, save the people!

3.

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God! save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage, and despair!
God! save the people!"

It is not difficult to realize the mood that

prompted this song; we see the giant sympathies of his soul being overwhelmed by the world's sin and sorrow; the Titan-spirit is heaving, till at last the superincumbent mountains are riven, and the cry of despair and entreaty ascends.

In the poem "Love strong in Death," the reader is allowed to be present while the solemn event of death is transpiring, but not as a mere spectator, for not one feeling is allowed existence in his mind that could by possibility pain or disturb the tearful mourner. He finds this no time for metaphysical analysis, though the materials around may be rich, but must give tear for tear; must read with the mothers and sisters in the sweet pathos of the dying boy's words, that *he* is not becoming extinct, that annihilation has no part in him;—that the heavens call, and he passes from this first vestibule of his existence to "chambers prepared for him." His simple strain flows on,—flows into the heart, subduing it, consoling it, till love truly becomes stronger than death, perchance though *one* with death.

"We watched him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak:

'I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead:
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:
I am so tir'd, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Why can't I see the poplar,
The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
Dream, when the woods are still!

Why can't I see you, Mother ?
I surely am awake :
Oh, haste ! and give me something
To cherish for your sake !

His little bosom heaves not ;
The fire hath left his cheek :
The fine chord—is it broken ?
The strong chord—could it break ?
Ah, yes ! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd his flight away :
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay."

The verses entitled "Good Men's Graves" must not be passed over, for the thoughts of truth and tenderness they contain.

"Lone, they rest. Nor Snap, nor Snivel,
Robe, or pities virtue's dust !
Marble insults, Cant and Drivel
Build not o'er the just.
Them, in thought, the honest only
Visit, while they toil as slaves :
Oh, 'tis true ! the stars shine lonely
Over good men's graves.
All in silence, not in sorrow,
Read they on the wordless sod,
'These men's deeds will speak, to-morrow ;
They are words of God ;
Heard in heav'n, with tears of gladness ;
Mute on earth ! yet working there ;
Bringing chains for rapine's madness,
Wings for chain'd despair.'"

We must express one regret with regard to these lines : it is that "snap" and "snivel," "cant" and "drivel," should be found in such good company ; and whilst reading the first verse, we involuntarily eject them therefrom. We are led by the spirit of this poem within the charmed circle of the true silent worshippers of truth and beauty ; we are refreshed by the presence of these sons of God, and in our contemplation of their high heritage, the crown of thorns around their brow becomes transfigured into a halo. To give a thought in such presence to the pettiest of all petty evils, would be to be diverted by the humming of a gnat while the lightning is opening the heaven, and the thunder pealing through its chambers.

The volume contains many poems on political questions, and on those whose life is given to politics ;—verses of hearty approval, and of as hearty denunciation. The words are not always well chosen, often are unequal to the thoughts they clothe, and sometimes, the sympathies are little borne along by either. The book as a whole, indeed, might have been more perfect, if some of these political verses had not found their way into it at all. In the main, however, the volume be-

fore us will be found true to the spirit of the Corn Law Rhymer, and must win for him, from all parties, thorough respect and admiration. Nor will any refuse to concede to him the claim he makes in the preface to this volume. It is as follows :—

"I claim to have been a pioneer of the greatest, the most beneficial, the only crimeless Revolution, which man has yet seen. I also claim to be the Poet of that Revolution—the Bard of Free-trade ; and through the prosperity, wisdom, and loving-kindness which Free-trade will ultimately bring, the Bard of Universal Peace. I know not that my claims will be conceded ; the world will lose nothing, if they be not conceded ; nor will I complain, but neither will I bate a jot of my right ; for self-sacrifice in concession to wrong has ever been the root of worst humiliation—and tyrants come of slaves."

Not only in this later revolution, but in each the world has seen, has a prophet-poet been the corner-stone. In the mid of night, with no one to hold the torch to illumine his way, has he groped through many a labyrinth of evil, till earliest dawn has cast on his work a faint light, and thus summoned to his side men of less keen vision than himself, but of earnest mind. Such prophet-poet has Elliott been in reference to the repeal of the Corn-laws ; and the men whose heroic after exertions found at last a haven on our shores for the Free-trade ship, will be grateful to acknowledge the debt.

Sonnets, some fifty in number, bearing the title of "The Year of Seeds," follow next in order. Though wanting occasionally in concentration of thought, many of them are very exquisite. The soul of the poet is often moved to passion, and some of his descriptions are so true a rendering of the spirit of beauty, as seen in nature, that they leave us nothing to desire. He is most happy in his thought and expression, and in the lines descriptive of some of the months, their spiritual presences seem to have been about him, so aptly has he portrayed their lineaments. Elliott's love of the beautiful in nature, as shown in his poems and his daily talk, was very strong. It was as intense as his love of justice, but was never the means of giving to us, as that love often was, words of antagonism. The songs he sung in leafy bowers, and by running streams, are types of beauty only, at least as far as they themselves are concerned ; for, indeed, sometimes an outraged feeling, born in another and very different world, would link itself on, without being able to form, however, any real marriage. The moral beauty that appears in these son-

nets is generally rich in wisdom and love, which flow out in all earnest simplicity. We will select a few.

13.

Hath April wept herself into a dream
Of wondrous joy ? or a reality
Fairer and brighter than all dreaming ? Deem
Not lightly, Bard, of her regality
In goodness. Lo, the beautiful are strong !
Lo, gentlest love is power, whose noiseless stream
Keeps fresh the sea of life, which else would teem
Only with plagues ! Oh, gold-bill'd Ouzle's song !
Hath Love's still might wak'd thee ? Love's
April ! coldly

Primrose airs breathe round thee. Clouds behold
thee,
And mix thy music with their blushes. Morn,
Dew-glistening Morn, is silvering rock and tree,
While shadows shorten o'er the whitening thorn,
Perch'd on whose topmost-twig the woodwale
hymneth thee.

14.

Red Evening, in her green-and-silver robes,
Looks from the uplands on the lakes below,
O'er realms of hawthorn, white with little globes
In which is folded up May's fragrant snow.
With closing eyes, to sleep the daisies go ;
Beneath the fire-flower'd broom awakes the hare ;
And gentle winds are waiting, fain to blow
News of the open'd rose to sons of care.

23.

Oh, can July with woodbines ring her fingers,
And crown with roses her too regal head,
While, pale as snow, distracted Freedom lingers,
Gazing on cities where her best have bled ?

28.

Is this, then, solitude ? To feel our hearts
Lifted above the world, yet not above
The sympathies of brotherhood and love ?
To grieve for him who from the right departs ?
And strive, in spirit, with the martyr'd good ?
"Is this to be alone ?" Then, welcome solitude.

30.

Art thou a colorist ? Mark, how yon red
Poppy, and that bright patch of yellow bloom,
Cliff-borne above green depths and purple gloom,
Like spark and blaze on smiling darkness shed,
Give and take beauty ! Mark, too, overhead,
How the rich verdure of this ancient tree,
And the deep purple of the bank, agree
To thrive in partnership ! And while the bed
Of the clear stream, through tints of every hue,
Lifts its bath'd pebbles, lo ! to brighten all
The little harebell brings its bit of blue,
And is a gainer ! happy to behold
Red blessing green, and purple gilding gold ;
Of light and shade a marriage festival !

32.

Flower-weeping April starts to life again,
When arch October for November weaves
A wedding garment in a shroud of tears.
'Tis made of pearllets splintered from the rain ;
Or dew-drops shaken from the nodding spears
That guard the cold roots of the bare blackthorn ;
And flowers (like April's) hasten to adorn
Its mix'd hues, won from sunset. Through fall'n
leaves

The primrose peeps ! hom'd where the wren
abides ;

The violet, too ! that would be lov'd, yet hides
Her beauty, dark with passion ; and the whin,
Pale want's rough friend, laughs out to all " Good
Morrow,"

And calls no child of woe a child of sin,
But, April-blossom'd, hoards a smile for sorrow.

45.

If I strove

In kindness, I am safe. What is our own ?
That only which we build for thee and thine.
Who shall reap love, unless he sow in love ?
If I have labor'd for myself alone,
I need no lock'd strong coffer : Nought is mine !

The remaining portion of the volume is devoted to ballads, and to a tale called " Etheline." The poet meant this latter to be the first part of an epic poem, that he named " Eth-Kon-Tel." It was to contain three parts, each forming a complete story in itself and each comprising four books. Is. Is.

THE FUTURE AND THE PAST.

Thus day we pass beneath a portal wide,
Whose opening gates reveal an unknown sphere ;
Through its high arch what varied scenes appear ;
How rich the clime, how vast the rolling tide
Which circles all, nor stays its swift career.
Joyous in heart, we hail that distant land,
Whose bright creation joins the beck'ning hand ;
While as we gaze a rainbow spans the skies,
Tinging the world with its resplendent dyes.

And we look back—it is a world of dreams—
The barrier closed, we shall return no more,
But feebly trace that dim and shadowy shore—
By Lethe's wave in distant starlight gleams—
Where Life has left what Time may not restore.
Oh, gentle Memory, from your treasures rare
One precious gift, one holy relic spare ;
The loving faith of youth's unblemished mind,
This be the priceless gem still left behind.

From Tait's Magazine.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE sensation which the death of Lord Jeffrey has created in the Scottish metropolis, so much greater than it seems to have occasioned elsewhere, is a tribute to his personal qualities, which shows that he was eminently one of those individuals whom it is necessary to know personally, in order to estimate aright. The vast influence which he exercised over the literature of this country for the last half century is but a part of his claims to distinction, and that part which was most likely to wane after he had resigned the position which had conferred on him so much literary renown. But to those who had the opportunity of observing him in his latter years—to those who enjoyed the charms of his conversation, or the privilege of his friendship—to those who knew the influence which he exercised through the veneration entertained for his character long after he had withdrawn from political life,—or to those who, even at a distance, watched him in his judicial capacity, and were reminded of his greatness at the bar by his excellence on the bench, the star of Francis Jeffrey will appear to have set in undiminished, if not in increased splendor. The grave has too recently closed over him to permit us to “peep and botanize” upon it while presenting our readers with a view of his character and works, but we believe that it is as unnecessary in regard to him, as it would be unjust toward them, to permit our personal feelings to interfere with the most impartial estimate which can be formed of one who has so many titles to our admiration and respect.

It is to his connection with the *Edinburgh Review* that he owes his wide reputation, and he was entitled to that, perhaps, scarcely more from his individual contributions to its pages, than from the place which he so long held as the captain of that band of illustrious writers who projected it, and raised it to its eminence as a literary and political organ. But it would be a mistake, though we fear it is a common one out of Scotland, to suppose that he was great only, or, chief-

ly, as a critic. As an orator he was entitled to stand in the first rank; but his eloquence being chiefly exerted on the narrow stage of the Scottish bar, was not so generally known or appreciated as it deserved. As a lawyer and a judge, he attained the highest eminence in the decline of his life, after he had ceased to cultivate literary success; but in law also the limited sphere of his labors prevented his acquiring a very extended reputation. As a politician, if he did not rank as a statesman, he was at least one of the most distinguished leaders of that party which, through long exertion, has struggled from almost hopeless depression into power. And, as a conversationalist, he was recognized in the most distinguished society as at once one of the most brilliant, and one of the most agreeable. Such an individual, whatever might be his sphere, could not but be one of the foremost men of the age in which he lived; but when it is recollected that to these claims to intellectual rank, he added, in an eminent degree, those qualities which mark a great heart, the loftiest principles, and the most genial impulses, we do not much fear the charge of partiality or provincialism in ranking Francis Jeffrey as one of the greatest lights and ornaments of our race.

It is as a critic that he will be best known to posterity, and perhaps there never was a human mind so well adapted for exercising the art of criticism. Eminently analytical in its texture, it discriminated beauties and defects, truth and error in literary composition, or in philosophical speculation, with a delicacy and precision which nothing, however minute or evanescent, could evade. The same critical acumen distinguished his professional appearances, both as an advocate and as a judge; for, accompanied as they were with great learning and eloquence, they were still more valuable for their subtle elucidation of principles and analysis of authorities. A correct judgment fortified these powers of discrimination, and in literature this was refined into an exquisite taste, which

instinctively guided him in his criticisms. His emotions were more lively than profound, and his intellect more adorned by fancy than imagination; and hence he hit the proper medium between that enthusiasm which leads to exaggerated praise or blame, and that insensibility which ignores sensations it does not feel. Great eloquence he unquestionably had, but it was not always roused into extraordinary vigor, seldom, indeed, but in his speeches on occasions of peculiar interest; and in his writings, it is in general seen rather in the flow of refined thought and graceful language, than in the torrent of passion or imagination. He possessed, however, a brilliant fancy in a very remarkable degree, which, so far from leading him astray, being habitually under the control of a sober judgment, aided him powerfully in stating clearly and illustrating with copiousness whatever he desired to express or expound. It indeed made his path radiant as with phosphoric light wherever he trod, whether among the flowery meads of poetry, the arid regions of law and business, or the obscure depths of metaphysics. It may not be so generally conceded, though we hesitate not to assert it, notwithstanding some superficial appearances to the contrary, that to these intellectual capabilities he added the scarcely less valuable requisites of candor and temper, the purest motives, and the most generous sympathies. A thorough acquaintance with, at least, *English* literature, an ardent love of literature for its own sake, and habits of the most untiring industry, completed qualifications as a critic, which, whether as regards the matter of the criticism, or the charm of the composition, have, probably, been unrivaled in ancient or in modern times.

One so highly gifted could not fail to be a most important coadjutor of those choice spirits who, at the beginning of this century, originated the *Edinburgh Review*. It was proposed to them, by the late Rev. Sydney Smith, "one day when they met, in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey," and the proposal was received with acclamation. To his editorial management it was committed almost from its commencement, and he continued to superintend its publication down to 1829, when, on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, he withdrew from the management out of a delicate regard for the purity of the bar, feeling, as he himself has recorded, "that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great Law Corporation should continue to

be the conductor of what might fairly enough be represented as, in many respects, a Party Journal." During this long period it owed the greatest share of its success and renown to him, who not only contributed largely to the most brilliant of its pages, but who discharged the still more difficult and important task of presiding over the other distinguished contributors, and bringing out periodically, upon a systematic plan, a work which was intended to overturn established modes of thought in literature, philosophy, and politics, and to advance the popular discussion of these to a rank which it had never before attained. It is in this latter point of view, as much as in reference to his individual writings, that Jeffrey must be regarded, in considering the influence which he has exercised upon the public mind.

What the *Edinburgh Review* became and performed under his management, it would exceed our limits to detail; but the subject bears too closely on our present purpose, to be left altogether without notice. Periodical literature in this country had, by the end of the last century, to a great extent changed its character as well as lost its lustre. The admirable essays of Addison and Steele, and, at a later period, of Johnson and Goldsmith, had given place to journals devoted to notices of new publications; and, as it was their main purpose to puff these into repute, the reviews were in general confined to what was calculated for that object. Occasionally, a bookseller's interest, or a critic's spleen, ruffled the wonted serenity of their pages, but seldom did they display talent above mediocrity, and never did they aspire to investigate or expound principles. Sir Walter Scott has thus graphically described the effect of the *Edinburgh Review* on this degraded state of periodical criticism:—

"From these soothing dreams, authors, booksellers, and critics were soon to be roused, by a rattling peal of thunder; and it now remains to be shown how a conspiracy of beardless boys innovated upon the memorable laws of the old republic of literature, scourged the booksellers out of their senate-house, overset the tottering thrones of the idols whom they had set up, awakened the hundred-necked snake of criticism, and curdled the whole ocean of milk and water, in which, like the serpentine supporter of Vistnou, he had wreathed and wallowed in unwieldy sloth for a quarter of a century. Then, too, amid this dire combustion, like true revolutionists, they erected themselves into a committee of public safety, whose decrees were written in blood, and executed without mercy."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, for 1809.

This is rather highly colored ; but it is not to be denied that the young reviewers discharged their assumed functions occasionally with excessive severity ; nor need it be concealed that, besides indiscretions of this kind, they committed graver errors arising from party spirit, the excitement of the times, and the confidence, coupled with the inexperience of youthful minds. Inconsistency, or rather diversity of opinion, is inseparable from an undertaking of this kind, the product of different minds, with only a general common purpose to keep them to uniformity ; and such faults are not only venial in themselves, but prove the independence and variety of intellect with which the work is conducted. It is not by these blots that the *Edinburgh Review*, or its original projectors, should now be judged, but by the improvement which it rapidly effected in periodical literature, and by the beneficent influence which it has exercised on the progress of opinion and the intellectual development of the age. It "aimed high from the beginning," said its editor, in reviewing his connection with it ; and it cannot be denied that it succeeded in its aims. The productions of genius are, to a great extent, independent of criticism ; and it would be too much to say, that the brilliant literary era of the early part of this century owed its existence to the writers who hailed its advent, illustrated its glories, and castigated its delinquencies. Their influence was felt rather in awakening the public mind to enlarged views of the multifarious and important topics of which they treated, and in perfecting periodical criticism by abandoning the beaten path of mere critical remarks on books, for the wider field of discussion of principles and systems. They exalted periodical journalism from a subordinate and ancillary, to a paramount and independent place in literature, and made it the popular vehicle, not only of criticism, but of original speculation, which their great attainments and varied talents placed among the most valuable contributions to the literature and philosophy of the age.

Jeffrey's exact share in this grand work can never be ascertained, but there can be no doubt that it was great, and his position entitles him to the presumption that it was the greatest. His own articles were numerous and multifarious. He admits them to have tripled in number those contained in the collected edition published as his, and we have reason to suspect that they were considerably more. We believe, also, that he was in the constant practice of

making important additions to papers written by others. But such contributions must have formed but a part of his labors and honor in the conduct of such a journal. He describes himself, in reference to his chief coadjutors, as a "feudal Monarch who had but a slender control over his greater Barons ;" but the voluntary fealty which they yielded to him marked *their* sense of his capabilities for being their leader, and the success which attended their enterprise must be ascribed not more to their prowess than to the wisdom of his government. An eminent position in literature, multifarious knowledge, firmness, temper, skill, and industry, were indispensable qualifications for providing once a quarter a goodly volume, which was to sustain and extend the fame of its predecessors as the chief periodical organ and director of public opinion ; and all these were possessed in a high degree by its celebrated editor. Perhaps no other individual could have moderated in a synod of such spirits as gave it its first impulse, or could have communicated to their individual endeavors that homogeneity which was required for their common object. But much as he was feared by those who awaited the fiat of the *Review*, he was in a greater degree beloved by those with whom he was associated in its conduct, and there can be no doubt that much of its success was owing to the feelings of regard entertained for himself. Sir Walter Scott, a keen Tory partisan, who disliked it for its politics, which Jeffrey told him was its "*right leg*," used to apologize for his occasional contributions to a Whig journal, by his personal liking for its editor.

Of the quarrels in which Jeffrey was involved through his connection with the *Review*, only two have acquired celebrity—those with Moore and Byron—and both ended most honorably for him. The former, after the parties had resorted to not the most intellectual or rational, but if report speaks true, in their case not the most *dangerous* mode of settling the dispute, resulted in a close friendship, which death only could dissolve. Lord Byron has recorded his sense of the critic's conduct in a well-known passage in his "*Don Juan*," from which we can afford space for only three lines :—

"I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."

That the same generous tone pervaded

Jeffrey's own mind throughout his editorship, though assailed with a great deal of acrimonious abuse, none will now deny, and he has left some touching proofs of this in the short but valuable notices he has introduced into the acknowledged edition of his "Essays." Nothing could be written in a finer spirit than what he has thus recorded of his feelings toward the chiefs of the Lake School of Poetry, with which the *Review* had so long waged a redoubted warfare. Of Southey he says :—

"I have in my time said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey, and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry ; and if I have noted what I thought its faults in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties, and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than on the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers by reprinting, so soon after his death, anything which might appear derogatory either to his character or genius ; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem, which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits, and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

And still more touchingly of Wordsworth :—

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry ; and forgetting that even on my own view of them they were but faults of taste or venial self-partiality, I have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of Moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *viracités* of expression : and, indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his Genius, and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain in substance the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to impart a retraction, which I am as far as possible from intending, or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should

either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable," &c.—Vol. iii., p. 233.

The great influence which Jeffrey exercised over literature can never be properly estimated without taking into account his editorial connection with the *Review* ; but it is by his writings that he must be judged of as an author and a critic. Six years ago, he authorized the publication of four volumes of these as his acknowledged contributions, and we presume that it was by these that he wished to be judged. But we doubt if posterity will be content to be confined to so small a portion of what he is known to have written, and many a lover of literature will ransack the volumes of the *Review* for what it will not in general be difficult to identify as the production of his pen. Indeed, we believe that means at present exist of verifying nearly all his writings, and, in particular, there are to be found on the shelves of a well-known book collector and personal friend, a goodly number of volumes containing papers cut out from the *Review*, and authenticated as his by a characteristic note from the author. Other personal friends and literary contemporaries can also vouch for the authorship of many of his articles, but these are sources which the lapse of time will speedily exhaust. Respect for his presumed wishes would induce us to go far in restricting the public curiosity to his acknowledged productions, were this either possible or desirable for his fame, but we believe it to be neither. He himself was satisfied that his selection did not include what had been appreciated as the most original of his writings. In his Preface he says :—

"I have honestly endeavored to select from that great mass—not those articles which I might think most likely still to attract notice by boldness of view, severity of remark, or vivacity of expression—but those, much rather, which, by enforcing what appeared to me just principles and useful opinions, I really thought had a tendency to make men happier and better."—Vol. i., p. 8.

Nothing can be more honorable to the great critic than to have held those sentiments in his old age ; but they have imparted to the publication a subdued tone, which, though exceedingly graceful in one in his position as a judge, and who had done with literary warfare, does not quite bear out the opinion entertained of his originality and vivacity by those who are extensively acquainted with his writings. Nor does it contain some of those

papers which have already acquired too much celebrity for the world willingly to let them die, or be buried in the numerous tomes of the *Review*. In particular, we miss the controversial articles on Phrenology in 1826, and on Utilitarianism in 1829, and we know no reason for suppressing any of them.

In glancing over these multifarious labors, it is impossible not to be struck, in the first instance, with the vast variety of subjects which they embrace, and the ease, versatility, and grace with which all of them are discussed. Poetry and belles lettres formed the more peculiar province of his criticism, but he ranged extensively over Literary Biography, History, Mental Philosophy, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Politics, and Miscellaneous Literature, and occasionally Physical Science, his latest contribution, being, we believe, a paper on the discovery of the composition of water, in a recent number. On all of these topics it may truly be said that he touched nothing which he did not illustrate and adorn. His information is in general exact, and, at least in English literature, profound, and there are invariably to be found in his writings on all subjects—the most elevated or the most trite—acute and lively remarks, solid sense, and accuracy of judgment, while an unflinching flow of easy and graceful diction imparts an inexpressible charm to the whole. There is no straining for effect, no affectation of originality or profundity, and though his papers frequently contain some very masterly disquisitions on principles, they are more generally in the form of critiques upon the works reviewed than in that of mere essays. This practical feature, though it may have made them more effective for the occasion, certainly detracts from their more permanent interest.

It is on his criticisms on Poetry that his fame as a critic chiefly rests; and taking into account the obscure nature of metaphysical speculations on the theory of art and the diversities of individual tastes, the pretty universal appreciation, if not acceptance of his expositions of principles, as well as of their application, forms the highest tribute to his originality and judgment. The art of criticism, though old enough, had not before his time been very successfully cultivated. The literature of Greece and Rome, and, unfortunately, the former chiefly through the very inferior medium of the latter, has exerted, and still exerts, a vast influence on the critical judgments of modern nations, long after their own literature has rivaled, and in some respects surpassed, the productions

of ancient times. In France, even after the age which produced Molière and Bossuet, so little were enlarged principles of criticism understood, that men disputed fiercely whether the ancients or the moderns were categorically to be preferred, and down to the end of last century the controversy was held to be unsettled, but not perceived to be absurd. In England, the influence of ancient literature was immense, notwithstanding the glories of the age of Elizabeth, and it acquired additional force by our literary importations from France during that of Anne. Johnson did much to shake off the thralldom by the exercise of his vigorous sense; but his contracted range of sympathies circumscribed his capabilities of appreciating poetry, and his own writings exhibit a somewhat slavish Latin affinity. Even Hume, the most independent thinker of that period, betrays the same benumbing influence in his critical speculations as well as in his style. But toward the end of the century the ruling authority in criticism, in Scotland at least, was that of a much less acute intellect, Dr. Hugh Blair, whose judgments were founded entirely on classical models, unredeemed by any pretensions to boldness or originality. In this school Shakspeare and Milton were tested by classical standards, while the other great writers of the Elizabethan and succeeding age, were but little known; Homer and Eschylus were talked about much more than studied or understood; and Virgil and Cicero, Pope and Addison, were supreme.

It is the glory of Jeffrey as a critic, if not to have taught a more accurate estimate of the works of ancient writers, at least to have awakened the public mind to the glories of that early indigenous literature on which the literary renown of England must mainly rest, and demonstrated its excellence by the application of principles of great importance and truth. Educated at Oxford, it cannot be supposed that he had no direct acquaintance with Greek literature, though it must be admitted that he never displays any very accurate or profound knowledge of it; and there is nothing in his writings to lead to the conclusion that he was on much more intimate terms with that of Rome. But whether from enlightened discrimination, or natural predilection, he certainly clung with the utmost devotion to that school of writers which he thus describes:—

“There never was, anywhere, anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth’s reign to the period of the

Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X., nor of Louis XIV., can come at all into comparison; for in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced,—the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sydney, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh, and Napier, and Milton, and Cudworth, and Hobbes, and many others,—men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original; not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the justness of their reasonings; but making vast and substantial additions to the materials upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed, and enlarging to an incredible and unparalleled extent both the stores and the resources of the human faculties.”—Vol. ii., p. 282.

It was, then, from this school that Jeffrey drew his canons of poetical criticism; and his leading principle is, that “the very essence of poetry—apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose—consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspects of external nature.” (Vol. iii., p. 284.) This analogy impresses all language with forms of thought that are in reality so many metaphors borrowed reciprocally from the opposite forms of existence, which, by familiarity, lose their metaphysical effect, but this effect, wherever it exists, is—Poetry. It may be exercised either by the direct method of similes and metaphors, which is the more common, or by the more refined mode of creating a harmony between visible objects and the emotions wished to be excited—“kindling the whole surrounding atmosphere with a harmonizing and appropriate glow, and bringing all that strikes the sense into unison with all that touches the heart.”

We are not disposed altogether to impugn these principles, but, like most others, when used too exclusively, they afford an imperfect view of the subject. Poetry cannot well be abstracted from the pathos, the wit, the brilliant description embodied in it, or even from the setting of fine language in which it is imbedded. A more catholic, and, we apprehend, a juster view of it, is to consider all

these, and everything else that tends to produce Beauty, as among the elements of Poetry; and the analogy between the physical and the moral worlds traced by metaphor in either of its modes, is just one of the sources—it may be the greatest and the noblest—from which poetry is evolved. We do not assert that Poetry and Beauty are identical; but there cannot be Poetry without Beauty, and whatever tends to produce an essential part of anything, tends to produce that thing itself. We apprehend that it will be found that, so little is the analogy referred to absolutely essential to Poetry or Beauty, the simple *Reproduction* of the appearances of physical objects, by means of art, is one of the most general sources of both. This is constantly exemplified, especially by the plastic arts, the phenomena of which are certainly not attempted to be explained by Jeffrey, and cannot be explained by the theory we are discussing.

Be that as it may, however, there can be no doubt that he was right in recalling the national taste to the neglected beauties of the old English writers; and although we wish, for the sake of the catholicity of his criticism, that he had shown more acquaintance with other schools, particularly with the early literature of Greece, in which he could have found kindred beauties, we have no fault to find with his appreciation of that to which he swore fealty. And yet his admiration is more marked by delicacy of taste, accuracy of judgment, and exuberance of fancy, than by enthusiasm. Of Shakspeare, who, of all mortal beings, might have been supposed to have called forth all his fire, he thus discharges, in a characteristic passage of linked sweetness, long drawn out, that has few parallels in English literature:—

“In many points he has acquitted himself excellently, particularly in the development of the principal characters, with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancy of all English readers, but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers, and odors, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs, and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which, in the midst of Shakspeare’s most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins, contrasting with all that is rugged

and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the riches of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and continued to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose!—HE ALONE, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of fancy, and imagery, and splendor, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares."—*Vol. ii., p. 317, Review of Hazlitt's Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

This is followed by other passages of exquisite beauty, and of more accurate construction, which we cannot quote. In the same spirit, though never with more admiration, he ranges over the other writers of that school, and hails its "second spring" in Keats and others of his own day, everywhere expatiating on their most characteristic points, with a relish for their beauties, of which their most ardent admirers have no reason to complain. Of his correct estimate of Milton alone have we any reason to doubt, for though he has subscribed to some splendid passages in Campbell's "Specimens," as "offerings not unworthy of the shrine," we are disappointed to find in the acknowledged essays so little on the subject of, after Shakespeare, our greatest poet.

As might have been expected, the wits of Queen Anne's time, and their successors, do not rank high in our critic's estimation. Addison is underrated, and Pope is scarcely less so (considering his extraordinary merits), though he is justly placed at the head of the class. We apprehend that his judgment on this subject has not been so well sustained by public opinion as in the case of the older poets. The standard question, whether Pope was a poet at all, has, we believe, long since been decided in the affirmative, on the soundest principles of criticism. Nor do we see how the depreciation of the school of Pope is reconcilable with the extraordinary admiration of Crabbe, whose principles of composition are more akin to those of that school than to those of their predecessors. Of the famous critiques upon the Lake Poets, we can only afford room to say that we think

they were substantially correct, and public opinion seems to have confirmed their decision. The "Excursion" is not exactly a poem to be treated with "This will never do!" but experience has proved that the *peculiarities* of the school will not do long. Though we do not, like our critic, exclude abstract speculation from the category of Poetry, we do not think it susceptible of the highest poetical effect, and therefore do not approve of its being made the staple of a poem. When it falls into mysticism, it becomes not only unpoetical, but positively absurd, in a composition which, to be effective, must, first of all, be easily understood. The other extrema into which the Lake Poets ran, is equally opposed to the true principles of art. The perfection of all art leads to simplicity. Nothing can excel in their several ways a Grecian temple, or a song of Burns; but it is the deprivation of this principle to push it so far as to prefer a mud-walled cottage, and the rude sentiments of its boorish inhabitants, because of their greater simplicity. Horace long ago defined the true application of the principle in two words—"Simplex munditiis."

Next in importance to the criticisms on poetry, are the essays on Mental Philosophy. Jeffrey has recorded his partiality for this branch of study, and his early devotion to it. His writings leave us room to regret that he did not devote himself more continuously to subjects for which his singular acute fertility of illustration, and precision of language, peculiarly qualified him. So early as 1804, we find him entering the lists with Bentham and Dugald Stewart; and, during the next quarter of a century, he occasionally buckled on his armor to overthrow some overgrown folly. Phrenology received a wound at his hand, from which it has never recovered; and Utilitarianism, as expounded in the *Westminster Review*, was scarcely more fortunate. In his controversy with Stewart, on observation, and not experiment, being the proper *organum* in investigations on the mind, he was certainly in the right; and it is to be regretted that on this occasion he did not pursue his advantage by a more extended correction of the current notions as to Bacon's views on the inductive method—a triumph which has been reserved for his brilliant successor, Mr. Macaulay. His most elaborate production of this kind is the most finished of all his works, the essay on Beauty, originally a review of Mr. Allison's *Essays on Taste*, and afterward corrected and enlarged for the "Supplement to the Encyclo-

pædia Britannica." The theory which this essay illustrates is that of Association, and is intimately connected with his views on the principles of poetry, to which we have already alluded. We cannot pause to discuss a theory which, notwithstanding the eloquence and ingenuity with which it is illustrated and defended, is not generally received as satisfactory. As a piece of writing, it is not surpassed by anything in our language, for elegance of composition and beauty of illustration.

In general, his writings were not so correct in point of composition, though the papers on metaphysical subjects are written with more care and accuracy than any others. On literary and general subjects he seems to have been seduced into a rapid habit of composition, for which his fertility of ideas and command of language gave facilities that his multifarious occupations could not afford to forego. The charm of his compositions, therefore, arises rather from the beauty of the language than its correctness, and still more from the graceful fancy which played sportively around the efforts of his understanding. There are no Johnsonian periods, and few that can be said to have been elaborately polished, while there are many that are artificially constructed, and not much indebted to skill in punctuation; but such is the charm of thought, and felicity in the choice of words, that these defects are lost sight of in the graceful flow of sprightly and not inharmonious diction. A more delightful author could not be taken up, for, with no affectation of originality of thought, or fineness of expression, he rambles on, touching on everything of interest in his course, gay or grave, lively or severe, as the occasion requires, with a vivacity and grace which seem to arise spontaneously from the subject, rather than from the effort of the critic—a pungent but playful wit, which delights while it corrects—and, above all, an exuberant fancy, which illustrates whatever is most abstruse, and enlivens whatever is most dull. But his vivacity never descends to levity, and has always a practical object in view. He begins a disquisition by telling us that "Burns is certainly by far the greatest of our poetical prodigies—from Stephen Duck down to Thomas Dermody;" but we are soon convinced that, according to the popular notion of uneducated poets, he was no prodigy of that kind at all—a conclusion which, as our italics show, had been archly demonstrated from the first.

But Jeffrey has still higher claims as a

reviewer to our admiration and respect, which he thus puts forward in his late Preface:—"The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under discussion a leading subject of discussion, and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of Poems and Novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue, and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion, which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty, or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other." We admit the claim, and could adduce many proofs of its justice, particularly his celebrated essay on Swift; but the following indignant animadversion on the immoral tendency of Lord Byron's writings will suffice, and must conclude our notice of Jeffrey as a critic, though we are very far from having even enumerated all the points of view in which he presents himself in that capacity:—

"This is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind, to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits or illusions—hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Religion, love, patriotism, valor, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again! If this doctrine stood alone with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce. But the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace, and force, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose for the time that he is the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts off the character with a jerk—and the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime, and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality, as if on purpose to show

'Whoe'er was edified, himself was not;'

or to demonstrate practically, as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, and yet retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality," &c.—Vol. ii., p. 369.

Jeffrey's other claims to distinction our limits will only permit us to discuss still more cursorily. As an orator he had considerable drawbacks, in a diminutive person and a somewhat mincing manner of speaking, and his mental organization was too metaphysical and too little impassioned for attaining the very highest effect of public speaking. And yet he was a most effective pleader, and scarcely less successful in his popular oratory. From the institution of Jury Trial in civil causes in Scotland, in 1815, he was generally employed in all cases of importance or public interest; but although these afforded more room for popular display, we apprehend that he was still more at home in addressing the bench, where his refined intellect found a more befitting audience. On such occasions his style of speaking approached nearer to that of his metaphysical essays than to that of any other of his writings, while before juries it was more enlivened by flashes of wit and fancy, rising occasionally to the most earnest and dignified eloquence. His sentences were generally long and parenthetical; but, such was the felicity of the diction, and the skill with which he managed the intonation of his voice, that the pregnant sense was evolved with marvelous distinctness and effect. There are not many records of his forensic speeches, and the few that do exist scarcely convey a correct idea of them; nor is it easy to cull out from the best, passages sufficiently characteristic, and at the same time of sufficient general interest, to warrant our transferring any of them to these columns. But the following, from a speech for the late Sir James Gibson-Craig, then Mr. Gibson, in an action of damages against the publisher of the *Beacon* newspaper for a libel, may suffice as a specimen:—

"Gentlemen—There is in this, and in all free societies, a large infusion of what the timid call faction, and the enterprising zeal—the proud reproach it may be—the glorious fault of all liberal institutions—to be regretted certainly when carried to great excess, but at the same time to be forgiven, and partly to be loved, for its connection with those noble privileges from the exercise of which it is inseparable. When acting under the influence of this feeling, and within the sphere of its lawful operation, all men of common temper will make the same large allowances for their opponents which they cannot but feel they may themselves require at their hands, and will neither impute malice nor harbor animosity for attacks that are made in a public cause and in the heat of a public contention; but when these open and not ungenerous dissensions are made the pretext for

private defamation and personal malignity, or when some base adventurer makes a nauseous attempt to recommend himself to a political party by low and lying imputations on the personal conduct of their opponents, it becomes all honest men, and those especially whom he degrades by his unsought and polluting alliance, to spurn him from the fair and honorable contest which admits of no such auxiliaries, and to show that they who are divided on principle fight not with persons, but with principles, and disdain the aid of skulking assassins, with their concealed and envenomed daggers.

"Gentlemen, if the defender had had any pretence for the attack, some apology might have been made for him; but when you find on a single glance at the libel that it is full of wicked and atrocious falsehoods—that it is in all its parts a baseless fabric of pure malignity, and a violation of all truth and justice—when you see that there is here the most direct evidence of the malignant spirit that dictated the attack—that the writer of the libel shows his disappointment that the shaft he directed against the character of the pursuer did not work its deadly end—that he seemed mortified even at this hour and in this presence that the shot has not even galled the victim of his malice—when you see the charge reiterated, made the subject of pretended inquiry, and again affirmed to be the truth, and republished with an intimation to all the world that Mr. Gibson, although aware how deeply it affected his character, had not ventured to answer the statement;—and when, upon being indignantly told that it is false, and required to give up the author, they say, if you will not have recourse to the law we will tell you who he is, and name you a man who will give you a meeting, and then, when the pursuer declines to meet with this bully, and seeks his redress in a court of justice against this libeler, he has the audacity to put this defence on the record, to say that not one word of the libel is false, and to take an issue in justification—it is surely impossible for you to doubt that the case now before you unites all the aggravation of which any case is susceptible."—*Report of Trial, Gibson v. Stevenson*, p. 119.

As a political orator, we can scarcely speak from personal knowledge, having heard him only once from the platform, and then he kept the audience attentive for, if we remember rightly, a period of upward of two hours. The subject was the *gradual* emancipation of the slaves, but upon this occasion the honors of the day were carried off by a still more stalwart intellect—Dr. Andrew Thompson, who, adroitly taking advantage of the emotions which Jeffrey had excited, and after the latter had left the room, moved and carried an amendment in favor of *immediate* emancipation.

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.

As a Parliamentary speaker, his fame rests on his speech in favor of the Reform Bill, which was certainly one of the best delivered in the House of Commons on that occasion. It has been said that it was merely a spoken article, but this is more sarcastic than correct, for though there was much of philosophical discussion in it, particularly on the progress of free institutions by the enfranchisement of municipalities, there is also a great deal of very effective debate. In answer to Sir Robert Peel's taunt that the Ministry were yielding to the threats of the people, he observed :—

"The right hon. baronet opposite has reproached us in an eloquent and pathetic speech, that we do not submit our fears to argument, but our argument to our fears; that we take counsel of the alarm we have ourselves raised; and that we have rushed on desperately, 'scared at the sounds ourselves have made.' I wish that the house had been told by the right hon. baronet the difference between our intimidation and that which is proposed by the right hon. baronet himself. The difference between us is this—We are afraid to refuse the just prayer of the people, as expressed in their petitions: they are afraid to do an act of justice for fear the concession of just rights may, by the perversion of all moral feelings, be made the ground for unjust demands. It certainly comes to this, and this alone, which is the ultimate ground of their refusal, namely, the right hon. baronet says, in part at least, 'I am afraid of the dangers and evils that, by some indescribable and unexplained process, will ensue from the granting of just rights;' for the rights are just, and no man pretends to deny their justice. The distinction between us, sir, is, that we are afraid to refuse an act of justice, and they are afraid to grant it."—*Mirror of Parliament*, March 4, 1831.

But it must be admitted that Jeffrey's Parliamentary life was not marked by such brilliant success as had been anticipated from the distinctions he had previously attained. As a politician he had from the outset of his career maintained, as well in the *Review* as elsewhere, a high position as an intrepid and eloquent defender of our constitutional rights, and not a doubt has ever been cast upon either his consistency or his integrity. But when his official position as Lord Advocate, to which he was appointed on the accession of his party to power, in the end of 1830, required him to have a seat in the House of Commons, he entered into a new sphere of action, for which at that time of life he was probably unfit. He was not only unsuccessful, but unfortunate, in his electioneering; and even when he had reached the summit of his Parliamentary ambition, by being

elected one of the representatives of the city of Edinburgh, he neither shone with that lustre which had been expected, nor did he give much satisfaction in the less brilliant departments of official duty. Even in his more peculiar province of amendment of the law, we fear that posterity will look in vain for any great measure that signalized the reign of Lord Advocate Jeffrey.

This, however, was but a temporary obscuration, and he speedily emerged from the cloud, to emit in his latter years an effulgence not unworthy of his former fame. In 1834 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session, in which capacity he labored, till within a few days of his death, with pristine vigor and success. In place of giving himself up to literary pursuits, or, it might have been, to literary indolence, for both of which he had great temptations, and might have found great excuse, he devoted himself to his judicial labors with an energy and a sense of duty which were above all praise, and which added increased lustre to his character. Lord Byron had finely said of him as a barrister,

"As Cæsar wore his robe, you wear your gown;"

but with the ermine his robe acquired a vast accession of almost unexpected dignity, which placed him in a position of the first judicial eminence. At the bar he had been distinguished more as a brilliant advocate than as a profound lawyer, though we well remember the start he took in the estimation of the profession when, on his appointment as Dean of Faculty, he threw off his literary occupations, and devoted himself exclusively to law. It was not, however, till he became a judge that the full extent of his legal acquirements and capabilities were seen, but he then rapidly distinguished himself as a lawyer of the most profound attainments and views, as much characterized by their soundness as by their originality. But it is not in these pages that his merits in this respect can be discussed, and we must pass on to the more popular subjects of his judicial demeanor and eloquence.

Now, admirable as he was in both of these respects, it would convey an altogether wrong impression to compare him to those classic oracles of the law, such as Lord Mansfield and Sir William Grant, of whom our conception is, the perfection of patient listeners and grave expounders. Lord Jeffrey was neither the one nor the other, and probably more

resembled Montesquieu or D'Aguesseau than any of our own judicial sages, not excepting Lord Chancellor Erskine. A patient listener he certainly was not, for his acute intellect enabled him to anticipate the bearings of an argument, and he constantly interrupted the pleaders before him by questions which it was often not easy either to answer or evade. They were, however, generally very much to the point, though occasionally, like most other very clever people, who anticipate the slower movements of others, he missed the mark; and they were invariably so characterized by suavity of manner, and brilliancy of illustration, that they pleased almost as much as they puzzled—the litigant, of course, always excepted. When he came to deliver his opinion, he was very much the *Edinburgh Reviewer* on the bench—with the same acuteness of observation, accuracy of judgment, and variety of learning, but with the same discursiveness, the same flow of easy and graceful diction, and the same play of fancy, which indeed seemed to sparkle brighter by contrast with the usual solemnity—we will not say dullness—of the bench. Subtle and ratiocinative as were his elucidations, and pregnant with the soundest and most enlarged views of law, there was nothing oracular or dogmatic in his manner of stating them. Dignified and solemn he often was, and always when the occasion particularly required him to be so; but there was no affectation of pomp or ceremony, and his manner toward both the bench and the bar was, in a high degree, candid, courteous, and deferential. Indeed, often as he differed from his brethren, he seldom did so without a graceful compliment, or an expression of deference which seemed almost an apology for his dissent. Were we to draw upon the Reports of his time, or still more, upon our own recollections, we could quote many instances of this exquisite grace of manner and expression, which imparted such a charm to his judicial demeanor; but to do so, where we could not with propriety balance their effect by its more grave and valuable features, might convey erroneous impressions, and sink the great magistrate in the agreeable talker. We will, however, present our readers with a passage of surpassing interest in several respects, from his opinion in a case of public importance—the application (with undisguised political feelings) for an interdict or injunction against the erection of an obelisk, in the Calton burying-ground in Edinburgh, in honor of the memory of Muir, Palmer, and other “Political Martyrs,” who

had, in 1793–4, been transported for sedition. The Court—the Lord President dissenting—dismissed the application. Lord Jeffrey observed:—

“I shall not repeat what has been already so well said as to the established practice of erecting in such places what are learnedly called cenotaphs—or, in other words, tombs or monuments to the memory of individuals who are not there interred; and which are fully as often intended to commemorate the admiration and sympathy of sections of the community, for public services or sufferings, as the mere private affection of surviving friends. It is enough to satisfy one of the legality of such a structure in such a locality—that it is essentially of a Sepulchral and solemn character. It is a monument to the memory of Dead men—of men, no doubt, who, in their lifetime, offended against the law, and incurred its penalties; but who may now surely be held to have expiated their offences by their sufferings; and of whom I cannot but think that we are bound, on every consideration of Christian charity and humility (and especially in such a place), to think only as of erring and unfortunate fellow-creatures.

“I am unwilling to believe, and, in fact, I do not believe, that the promoters of this monument, or any considerable number of them, really wish by it to encourage insubordination or contempt for lawful authority. But even if I could think that any of them were actuated by so malignant an intention, I should feel confident that the experiment must end in their signal disappointment. The evil of any lesson inculcated in such a form, fortunately depends wholly on the spirit in which it is read, and not on the purpose for which it may have been promulgated; and I have not the least fear of its being now read by the people of this country, or such of them as may think of looking at it in any but a safe and even a salutary sense. The thought which such a monument should suggest, even to those most opposed to the views and opinions of its founders, are naturally of a solemn and sobering character. And if in some they may still be too much mixed up with feelings of anger at supposed injustice, and in others of unmerciful reprobation of offences, of which the mischief and the penalties have been long ago consummated, I can only say that the blame will be with those who continue, on either side, to cherish sentiments so uncharitable; and if there be any place where the influence of the scene in which they are suggested are likely to soften them down to a more humane and indulgent standard, it is when that scene is laid where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, and where everything should remind us of our own frail mortality, and of that awful seat of judgment before which none of us can hope to be justified—except through mercy.”—*Patterson and others v. Beattie and others*, 4th March, 1845.

We have been dwelling on sad recollections, now that his place in court knoweth him no more; but sadder still remain to those

to whom he was known in private life. From what we have said of the charm which surrounded him, it may be inferred that his usual conversation was in a singular degree pleasing, and this arose, not less from its high intellectual tone, than from the genial spirit which never abandoned him. He was by no means a professed wit, though he often uttered what might well be called witty things; but these were not so much the grotesque combinations of incongruities, as shrewd remarks, illustrated by fanciful images, which in ordinary unrestrained conversation sprung up in his mind with a fertility and spontaneity which were very remarkable. Nor was he, in the usual sense of the term, good-humored, for there was a *brusquerie* in his manner, which imparted an air, but only an air, of petulance and impatience. His good-humor lay much deeper, and seemed to spring more from his moral feelings than from constitutional habit. There were, indeed, few good qualities of the heart which he did not possess in an eminent degree, and these, particularly his beneficence, were enhanced by the unostentatious way in which they were exercised. The wisdom, moderation, and high-mindedness of his character were conspicuous, and to these the highest tribute was paid by the respect and veneration which it commanded, long after he had withdrawn from all public exertion, except the discharge of his

judicial duties. By the political party to which he had adhered with undeviating consistency, he was to the last revered as one who, not less from his eminent services, as from his exalted character and illustrious reputation, was, as far as he could with propriety be, their ornament and support. By his more immediate acquaintances, among whom he ranked some of the most eminent men of his day, he was all but adored, as their guide, philosopher, and friend, and many who could not boast of his friendship, regarded him at a distance with scarcely less affection and respect. His rather sudden departure from among them, though it could not be called premature, attended as it was, to them especially, with such imposing splendor, was felt by the citizens of Edinburgh, as the extinction of one great source, not only of the intellectual light, but of the social warmth of the community.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

But we must pause, lest we be supposed to have fallen into Panegyric—which Jeffrey's memory requires not. We have finished our labor of love, which was to bind for him a Wreath, though it may not be an *immortelle*—which we now, with awe and reverence, deposit on his Tomb.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

I LOVE to wander,
And sadly ponder
Where the green grass waves
Over Church-yard Graves;
For it brings to mind,
That we all shall find
A similar rest
In earth's dark, deep breast.
Here the aged nigh
To the youthful lie;
The mother and child
Together are piled;
Sister and brother
Embrace each other;
And husband and wife,
United in life,
Its perils outrun,
In death still are one.

Here the poor, at last,
Their trouble all past,
In communion bide
By the rich man's side.
Our wisdom must lie
With simplicity;
The mighty and strong,
The worker of wrong,
Fraternity seek
With the simple and weak;
And master and slave
Sink into the grave—
All mingling their dust—
For King Death is just:
Men come at his call,
Before him they fall:
With an equal hand
He levels them all!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PRAISE OF SMOKING.

BY H. J. WHITLING.

What it is to be a German!—The art of Thinking fully exemplified.—The sad effects of eating an Apple!

READER, I am a German! Lest, however, you should not happen to know what it is to be a German, and I, in consequence, become misunderstood, the term must be explained. To be a German, then, is, first and foremost, to be a *smoker*—in other words, a *thinker*—necessarily, therefore, a *philosopher*—which, being again interpreted, only means much more of a *dreamer* than a *doer*. Mind! I do not consider this last-named characteristic, taken *per se*, as by any means either uncommon, or peculiar to the Germans; on the contrary, I believe that most people in the world are far more given to *dreaming* than *doing*—to *thought* rather than to *action*. This, however, like everything else, has its good side. Indolence—call it, if you will, inactivity—is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, into whose stagnant abyss the good and the bad oftentimes alike fall and have their end. It is a sort of moral Dead Sea, wherein, if the most salutary things produce no benefit, the most pernicious, on the other hand, produce no evil. The fact is, there are thousands, nay, perhaps millions, who want energy, for one who wants motive; and dreamy sloth, take my word for it, has prevented the active operation of as many vices in some minds, as of virtues in others. In this respect the Germans are the first people in the world—at least so they say—and I'm sure they think so. But the distinction can only be arrived at by the gentle gradations I have already pointed out; the whole, however, being based upon smoke—for I am fully persuaded that the marked inferiority of the rest of the world arises solely from their inability to smoke as the Germans do. Since the days of Hume and Porson in England, and a few other equally glorious exceptions elsewhere, it has ever been considered indisputable that smoking induces thought, and

thought philosophy, and philosophy that dreamy state of mind or intellect which elevates its possessor far above the Clouds of Aristophanes, or the seventh heaven of Mahomet, or even the dwelling-place of Him who is exalted far above either.

Not that merely blowing clouds of smoke will ever make a nation great. It is only to be regarded as an important element in their greatness! The Turk, to whose prophet I have just now so respectfully alluded, he also smokes. But how unlike the German! It is of no pure inhaling. He, like his celestial brother of the moon, puts opium into his pipe and smokes that, and then fancies he is *thinking*. But they are self-deceivers both. Their dreams are mere torporific illusions, and, until very lately, as testified by one or two recent treaties, of no use whatever to themselves, or to anybody else.

The Indian, it is true, enjoyed the weed long before the German; but though he notoriously grew the best tobacco, he never seems to have had anything else worth thinking about, till he began to negotiate with the pale-faced stranger, who so abominably hocused him with brandy, that since that time he has never been able to think about anything at all, except, perhaps, "the bones of his fathers," for which uncivilized remains the more enlightened portion of the world naturally entertain not the slightest regard.

Then the Dutch! I had almost forgotten them. They smoke also. But, ye gods! does it inspire them with "thought expansive" like the Germans? No. Here the natural and reasonably to be expected transition is at once broken; the sequence signally and entirely fails. In vain do we seek in their heads the anticipated influence.

To be, however, a *smoker*, *thinker*, *philoso-*

Pher, dreamer, at one and the same time—this, this it is to be a German! And, doubtless, this powerful combination it is that so wonderfully distinguishes the German above all other nations of the world. For my own part, however, I sometimes fear that I am *not* a true German, for I find myself failing in many of those outward and visible signs by which he may generally be distinguished. For instance, I cannot hate and despise the Jew—an acknowledged Christian duty of every German. I cannot eat peas with a knife, or pick my teeth with a fork; neither can I handle either of those useful instruments as the bandit handles his dagger, or *Le petit tambour* his drumstick! Then for the moral qualifications. I cannot philosophize, though I have often tried; and as to dreaming, I dream both very, very little, and then, mostly, after an over-late or over-loaded supper of sauer kraut and sausages! I have, however, studied, a little, the art of smoking—everything is *studied* in Germany. I am rather given to observation; and, at times, I verily believe I have caught myself thinking in a way not altogether discreditable to my country. Therefore, there is, perhaps, a rational ground of hope that, in my case, philosophizing and dreaming will, in due time, be respectively attained.

Meanwhile, it is something to be able to think. This you must allow. And yet I declare—although as one of “a nation of thinkers” I must, of course, value the inborn prerogative—I often ask myself whether thought is for mankind, a benefit or misfortune? All continental governments—and they certainly ought to know best—unite in affirming the latter; and, considering the consequences its exercise has brought upon themselves, they are no doubt right in doing all they can to prevent the use of anything so dangerous.

The question may indeed be asked as regards mankind in general—what good comes of all their thinking? They break their own heads with problems, and occasion the breaking of other people’s heads with brickbats, but still the world goes on its own way. In my opinion, therefore, he who does not think at all, or, thinking, thinks about nothing, has much the best of it. He is contented with himself and the world, and the world is contented with him. He is not disturbed by the past, the present he does not understand, and for the future! what is it to him? But look for a moment on the man who can perform no act himself, or witness the performance of any act by others,—who can touch

nothing, taste nothing, handle nothing; or see anything touched, tasted, or handled, without trying its merits and character at the bar of that secret police agent, reflection—such a one not only plagues himself perpetually, but often embitters the life of his neighbors. He who is addicted to this kind or habit is liable to have his mind sent wandering and his thoughts troubled even by the most trivial circumstance. For instance, he is perhaps eating a biscuit or a halfpenny roll, and straightway he begins to think of corn tillage, the plough, the flail, and the windmill. The windmill naturally brings to mind Don Quixote and Cervantes, from which the transition flows easily on to Spanish literature and the Spanish Inquisition. This is the melancholy result of mere ordinary thinking when uncontrolled. Some extraordinary thinkers, however, there are, whose vagaries in this way often bring them unawares upon subjects of still sadder contemplation.

One of these perhaps bursts a button-hole, or tears the skirt of his coat, and he instantly begins to think upon all things tearable, tearing, and torn; on German dynasties and German long-suffering, which are now not only among the most *tearable* things, but actually, *beginning to tear*, and then on poor *torn* Germany, whose lamentable rents a parcel of diplomatic tailors are now vainly endeavoring to patch together again. For myself, however, good reader, I am only as yet a very poor and imperfect smoker, and, as a natural consequence, a very poor and imperfect thinker.

Three days ago I received a present of some apples from a Jew in Fürth. On opening the basket to emancipate the well-secured prisoners, I was naturally led to think of Jewish emancipation, and of the consummate impudence of the Bavarian Upper Chamber in its barefaced appeal to England, forsooth, as an example for withholding it! This aptitude for misstatement, where prejudice is concerned, speedily brought to my recollection the too hastily made assertion of one portion of the English press, that “the only talent the Jew possesses is that of getting money.” I was sorry to read this, and especially in a newspaper for whose opinions on other matters I confess entertaining the highest regard. I do not deny that ever since the memorable period when they borrowed those jewels and ear-rings of the Egyptians,—a sort of state loan, which, like many other state loans, Austrian, Spanish, Greek, and Mexican, was never returned,—

the Jews have been very cunning dealers in gold and silver. But then they have other talents besides, talents that no napkin I ever yet saw would be large enough to conceal.

It is not necessary, thought I, while unpacking the rosy-cheeked Borstlörfer, to search the records of by-gone days for testimony in favor of these our elder brethren (the *Jews*, I mean, not the apples), for though now in error and unbelief, *they are our brethren still*. The facts are before us, written out in characters brilliant and inefaceable.

Who composed "Il Barbiere?"

Rossini—

A Jew!

Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the "Hugonots" and the "Prophet?" The composer is Meyerbeer—

A Jew!

Who has not been spell-bound by the sorcery of "Die Jüdin?" By

Halevy—

A Jew!

Who that, at Munich, has stood before the weeping Königspaar, whose harps hang silently on the willows by the waters of Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist is Bendemann—

A Jew!

Who has not heard of the able and free-spoken apostle of liberty?

Boerne—

A Jew!

Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel's sweetest singers?

Heine—

A Jew!

Who has not listened in breathless ecstasy to the melting music of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream?" Who has not wept with "Elijah," prayed with "Paul," and triumphed with "Stephen?" Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies?

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy!

who, alas! that I must so write it, *was*—

A Jew!

These, however, are not the only reflections to which the basket of apples gave rise. The same day, after dinner, while eating one of them, I could not help thinking of the important part an apple has played in the world's history. I first thought of the German imperial apple (*Reich's äpfel*), whose golden exterior was only filled with bitter ashes, the fruit of deadened hopes

from the Lake Asphaltes. Then came thoughts of that of Paris, an apple of discord which caused the loss of a queen, the fall of Troy, Homer's "Iliad," and consequently the plague and punishment of many a school-boy. I thought, too, of the apples of the Hesperides and the apples of Paradise, and then began to consider in what condition the world would probably have found itself if Eve (instead of the tree of knowledge) had eaten the fruit of the tree of life. Mankind would have wanted no apothecary, no medical man, no surgeon, no church-yard, and no life assurance companies; Morrison's pills, the water-cure, homeopathy, and allopathy, would have been alike unheard of; and the violent strife whether it be better to put one's fellow-creatures under the sword with too much or too little medicine, would have been unknown. There would have been no "Plutarch's Lives," nor any necrologists; no mourning relatives, no laughing heirs, no necessity for the daily cares and anxieties to sustain life. Even the German schoolmasters could have *lived*, and the Silesian weavers and the wretched Irish would not have *starved*. The breed of fine long-tailed black Flemish horses would probably have become extinct in England, for there would have been no funerals, no fashion in burials, no waste of means in parading the dead, no hearse, no solemn-faced rascal of an undertaker, and no still more rascally undertaker's bill; and, moreover, the venomous tongues of envy and slander would nowhere have had an opportunity of saying aught in detraction of the handful of dust that lies mouldering at their feet; we should have had no dishonest guardians, no heirs-apparent, no crown princes, no "Letters from the Dead;" there would have been no Desdemona slain through jealousy, no Romeo poisoned through love, and no mawkish bread-and-butter-cutting lady-lover, shooting himself, like Werther, from a puling sickening mixture of passion and foolery (the only exception I should be disposed to regret). Indeed, although the world might still have been a stage, we should at all events have had no tragedy, which would, however, have been a great impediment as well to poetical justice as to the poets themselves, who, long before the end of a five act piece, are not unfrequently much puzzled to know how comfortably to dispose of their creations. All would have been comedy, and we should have had no coward on the face of the earth, seeing that the display of courage would not have en-

dangered life; we should have had no military, and, as Cobden would say, consequently no wars, and consequently no war-offices, and consequently no such thing as military honor, and consequently no duels; and it is a question whether Berthold Schwartz would ever have discovered gunpowder; we should all have been undying ones; Cato's soliloquy would not have been written, and "To be or not to be" a question that would never have been spoken.

Thus would it have gone in the world if the first of all women had not yielded to temptation, and put forth her hand to that very pleasant-looking, but very equivocal fruit of the tree called knowledge. But she took it, and did eat, and now death in a thousand forms assails us. We die of *ennui* and impatience of having too much to do, and of doing nothing. We die in infancy, youth, manhood, and in old age. We die of cold and of heat—of anger, passion, and disappointed love; of hunger and thirst; of taking too much, and of taking too little; of a redundancy of bile, as well as of a deficiency of money. In a word, we are now poor dying mortals, swept away, some of us, by every passing breeze, and men and their doings are alike transitory. Yet is this thought not altogether without its consolation. If all things be mortal, then it necessarily follows that the Schleswig-Holstein question cannot endure forever; neither the blockade of the Piræus; nor Russian intrigue in Greece and India; nor the betrayal and enslavement of Hungary; nor the crusade against freedom in the Caucasus; nor the present maps of Poland; nor the pres-

ent condition of Ireland; nor the great plague-spot of the American Republic; nor the kingly compact against the liberty and unity of Germany. Then amongst mankind: the great corn-law agitator (to the protectionists' unspeakable comfort) is not immortal in the flesh any more than the Austrian midnight, or *mitternacht* (I never can spell that name) in the *spirit*! Nor Bombastes, the mighty king of the North, nor the weak representative of the imperial long-headed dynasty of the South. Windischgracs and the star-bedizened hangman, *Haynau*, and other cold-blooded slaves of cruel despots. The *floggers of women*, and the wholesale and treacherous *assassins* of noble-minded men, will not cumber the ground forever! Only their names and deeds will stand out-written—immortalized in that dread history for whose blood-stained pages they themselves have supplied the materials.

But hold, my fancy! whither wilt thou run? Said I not rightly that thinking will oftentimes embitter the hours of life? Ay, even to the shaming of one's "humanity." To be sure the fruitful text was, in this case, one full of fatality, and that which first introduced sin and sorrow into the world, could hardly be expected to afford any very pleasant matter of after contemplation. 'Tis enough! and the sad hue thus cast upon the hour, disinclines me to any further effort in this branch of intellectual industry. Gather from it what comfort ye may—for it has its good side—but let it serve as a warning to show to what sad lengths any man may be carried, who gives thought the rein, even while eating an *apple*!

SONG.

A boat, love-laden,
Floating on the sea,
A soft-eyed maiden,
Smiling tenderly.

The golden brightness
Of the fervid noon,
The silvery whiteness
Of the crescent moon.

All flowers of earth,
All gems that strew the deep,
Ideal forms, whose birth
Gladdens a poet's sleep.

The magic eloquence
That thrills the free,
The sweeter excellence
Of harmony.

All marble glories
Of all classic climes,
Heroic stories,
And immortal rhymes;—

Less beautiful, less dear,
These things to me
Less sweet, less bright appear
To phantasy,

Than that fair realm of love I share with thee.

From the Metropolitan.

THE LAST BANQUET AT PERSEPOLIS.

HERE, where we lean, did Xerxes sit and plan
To conquer earth, and crush his fellow-man ;
Around this palace drew his mighty host,
Heaving like stormy waves on some wild coast.
Here, too, came one who bartered all for power,
The dread Napoleon of earth's younger hour ;
Yes, the same spot we calmly muse on now,
Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander bow :
There rang his armed heel—where time hath rent
Yon column's shaft, perchance the warrior leant,
Remorse a moment darkening on his face,
For all the woes he caused the human race.

But lo ! a picture dawns on fancy's eye ;
'Tis that famed night of doom and revelry,
When perished all things costly, bright and fair,
And left, as now, these pillars stern and bare.
The banquet speeds—round Persia's conqueror shine
Those earth-born pomps weak mortals deem divine.
High sits he on his throne of gems and gold,
Bright-starred, and purple robes his limbs enfold ;
No crown adorns his brow, for festive hours
Have wreathed his head with Bacchus' bloomy flowers.
Lamps hung in silver chains, a softened glow
Shed on the warrior groups that feast below ;
But thoughts of slaughter past, and blood-stained fields,
Mar not the joys that gorgeous banquet yields :
Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian wine,
Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of Ora shine ;
Pears from far Bactria vie with Kerman's peach,
And from those climes e'en Greeks have failed to reach ;
Fruit of the burning South, and Northern snows,
Each luscious orb on plates of crystal glows.—
Hark ! from the gilded gallery, flute and lyre
Strains, soft as sighs of dreaming love, respire ;
Then harp and sacbut bolder notes ring out,
Like victory's pæan, o'er some army's rout.
And thus they revel—mirth and joy control
The sterner thoughts, the high aspiring soul :
Slaves who attend, in sumptuous garments drest,
Forget their toils to see their lords so blest ;
E'en marble statues gleam with softer light,
As though they shared, or envied their delight.

But what young beauty leans beside the king,
With form so graceful, air so languishing ?
While other maids are glittering down that hall,
A moon mid earth's sweet stars, she dims them all.
Her mask is off, unveiled her beauteous head,
A lovelier veil those flower-bound tresses spread ;

A spangled zone her Grecian robe confines,
 Bright on her breast a costly diamond shines ;
 But oh, more bright, that eye's entrancing ray
 Melts where it falls, and steals the soul away !
 Woman was born to vanquish—he, the brave,
 The nation-trampler, bowed her veriest slave ;
 Yes, beauteous Thais, with love's flag unfurled,
 Conquered the blood-stained conqueror of the world !*
 There sat the smiler, skilled all hearts to win,
 Light round her thrown, but darkness still within.
 Each envied his young king, to whom were turned
 Those large dark eyes, where melting fondness burned.
 But see, she rises, speaks with witching grace,
 A Pythia's ardor brightening in her face :
 How boldly proud her lovely arm is raised !
 By those sweet lips the Monarch's deeds are praised,
 Yet doth she urge him to an act, that well
 Destruction's fiend might prompt—an act of hell.

"Fire Xerxes' palace !" cried she ; "fire these halls !
 His soul t'will torture—vengeance on us calls :
 What ! dost thou waver, hero king ? and ye
 His warrior chiefs ?—then give the torch to me !
 Greece I'll avenge, though none the deed may share,
 Woman shall do what heroes could not dare."

Galled by the beauty's bold and taunting words,
 The monarch and his bacchants grasp their swords ;
 The quick-drawn blades a moment flash on high—
 "The Greek saith well—we'll follow !"—was the cry.
 Up rose the king, and seized a burning brand,
 And swiftly torches gleamed in many a hand ;
 Heated with wine, and shouting fiercely loud,
 Forth from the palace rushed that frantic crowd.
 But she, bold Thais, moves the foremost there,
 With floating robe, and unbound streaming hair ;
 Shines on her face the torches' flickering light,
 But her wild eye with passion gleams more bright ;
 She looks in terror beautiful, and seems
 Like wrath's pale angel bursting on our dreams,
 When vengeance takes some fair and heavenly form,
 Or comes like beauteous lightning in a storm.
 Away !—tis fired !—the bacchants' shouts arise,
 The smoke rolls out, the flames ascend the skies ;
 Far o'er the city, and the plain below,
 Those blood-red fires a ghastly radiance throw ;
 Like molten brass, the deep-dyed river sweeps,
 The Greek exults, the hapless Persian weeps,—
 So sank the palace, and, from that far day,
 Have these lone pillars stood in dark decay,
 Telling of perished pomp, and vanished bliss,
 The last sad wreck of proud Persepolis.

* Thais was born at Athens, and, while one of the most vicious, has been described as the most lovely woman of her time. She accompanied Alexander in his Persian campaign, but her unenviable fame chiefly rests on the part which she took at the memorable banquet, in the destruction of the Persian palace.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The *Britannia* describes the literary projects on foot in London, during the month of April, so as to present a very comprehensive survey of the market:

THE lists of the publishers begin to give good promise of works of value and interest as well as of amusement, which we may expect during the present literary season. In the *Historical Section*, notwithstanding the certainty of his library edition being followed by a shilling reprint, Mr. Murray not only announces a second volume of *Washington Irving's "Mahomet"*—in which the fortunes of his regal successors are delineated—but also a life of Washington by the same author. We are no admirers of that free trade in literature which savors so strongly of piracy, and would gladly contribute our exertions in devising the means of defeating the present system. As a retaliation on the former piracies of English works by American publishers, it may, indeed, serve to convince our descendants in the West of the advisability and advantage of an international copyright. In every other view it must be regarded as most detrimental to the true interests of literature and literary men. The late Secretary of Ceylon proffers a history of the introduction of Christianity into that island, and of its progress under the missions of the various nations which from time to time have seized its sovereignty. Sir Emerson Tennant's *Christianity in Ceylon* (Murray) will doubtless contain much information hardly attainable by other authors, but which would be open to him in his official capacity. Of *The History of Rome under the Emperors* (Longmans), by the Rev. C. Merivale, of Trinity, Cambridge, two volumes are promised in the present month, besides a *Critical History of the Language and Literature of Greece*, from the pen of Colonel Mure. Such synoptical views of the literature of a nation are the peculiar creations of the art of printing, and their advantages are beyond dispute. For Greece such a work has never yet been completed. Müller, indeed, commenced the task, but his death left the synopsis at the age of Isocrates. *The Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Ministers* (Bentley) cannot but form a most valuable contribution to the history of his age. Besides the original letters preserved in the family archives in Vienna, the Itinerary of the great emperor, from 1519 to 1551, is promised, with a connecting narrative, and characteristic notices of the emperor and his contemporaries. *A History of Banking*, by Mr. Lawson, is also amongst Mr. Bentley's announcements. *Ten Years of the Church of Scotland, from 1833 to 1843* (Blackwood), *Historic Scenes*, by Miss Strickland (Colburn), *Modern State Trials* (Longmans), by Mr. Townsend, *The Early Conflicts of Christianity* (Longmans), and a second series of the *Notes of a Traveler*, by Mr. P. Laing (Longmans)—in which his observations on the social and political state of the European people are continued to the late eventful years 1848 and 1849

—*Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary* (Gilpin), from the pen of the gallant defender of Comorn, the General Klapka, and a laborious *History of Man* (Van Voorst), by Dr. R. Gordon Latham, conclude the historical list.

The *Biographical Section* is even more fully represented than that of history. In this department we are still promised, by Mr. Murray, the long-announced journals and letters of Sir Hudson Lowe, and the autobiographical fictions of Mr. George Borrow; as well as (for the first time announced) the life of the author of "Tremaine," with his political and literary correspondence, his diaries and his letters. Judging from our own recollections of that extraordinary man, his depth of thought and peculiarity of opinion will be constantly lightened and illustrated by his eccentricity in life and manners. The curiously grated windows of Hyde House still remain to attest one of his peculiar tones of thought and modes of action. Mr. Bentley announces *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury* and the *Prime Ministers of England*; and Mr. Murray those of *Vice-Admiral Penrose* and *Captain J. Trevenen* by their nephew, the Rev. J. Penrose. *The Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons* (Shoberl), cannot fail of being most interesting to the many noble families who derive their descent from the successive occupancy of the Speaker's chair. Mr. James A. Manning, of the Inner Temple, the author, proposes to commence with the life of Sir Thomas Hungerford, in the reign of Edward III., and to continue it down to the present occupier of the throne of St. Stephen's. *Leigh Hunt's Autobiography* (Smith and Elder) is one among the promised novelties that will be looked forward to with interest by every class of readers. Among lighter and imaginative literature, we have to expect *The Initials*: a novel of the day (Bentley); *Royalists and Roundheads*: a new historical romance (Shoberl); and *Odd Leaves from the Note-book of a Louisiana Swamp Doctor* (Bentley), by anonymous authors; another historical romance from the well-tried pen of Lieut. Grant, the author of "The Scottish Cavalier," under the title of *Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh* (Blackwood's). *The Ways of the Hour*, by Fenimore Cooper (Bentley). *The Earl's Daughter* (Longmans), by the author of "Amy Herbert," and the *Phantom World*, a series of narratives of apparitions and such like wonders, by Mr. Christmas, who has already trenchanted on the subject in his last work on science and history, are also announced by the same publisher. *Treston Tower* (Colburn), by the Rev. R. Cobbold; a new serial novel, *The Daltons*, by Charles Lever; and *Anscher, a Story of the North* (J. W. Parker), completes, we believe, this portion of our summary. The travelers have a goodly following. *Four Years' Adventures of a Hunter in the Wilderness of South Africa* (Murray), will not only be a record of the sporting adventures of the boldest and greatest destroyer of the great game of the African deserts, Gordon Cumming of Altire, but afford many

a valuable note of geographical discovery by the laird of Altire, whom report records as having penetrated many hundred miles further into Central Africa than any previous traveler. The witness of one who has become domesticated in a foreign land cannot but make Mr. Mansfield Parkin's work on Abyssinia (Murray) of great value. We are also promised—*Gaypacho, or Summer Months in Spain*, by W. G. Clark (J. W. Parker); *Para, or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon*, by J. E. Warren (Bentley); *Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy* (Parker), by Mr. Weld, the historian of the Royal Society. *Pictures of Nuremberg* (Bentley) will give the author, Mr. Whitting's, rambles in the valleys of Tranconia, as well as his recollections of the ancient city. *Leaves from a Lady's Diary*, giving her travels in Barbary, has changed from the column of promises to that of performances even while we write. *A Voyage to the Arctic Sea* (J. Van Voorst), in search of the long-lost Franklin expedition, will be welcomed with pleasure. It is put forward as the work of Mr. R. A. Goodsir. *Life in the Forest and the Frontier* (Bentley), by Mr. Alfred Street, the author of "Frontinac," and *Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies* (Longmans), by Mr. Robert Baird, complete this part of our catalogue.

The Poets muster only three in number, but are headed by the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," who promises another five act play, *The Virgin Widow*. Another dramatic poem, called *The Roman* (Bentley), is a reprint of a masterly poem already known by the analysis of it in Gilfillan's "Second Gallery of Literary Portraits." *Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology*, is by W. C. Kent, a new candidate for the bays.

Among the Hand-books Mr. Murray announces one for the environs of London, by the able author of "The Hand-book of London," whilst from Mr. Bentley's press will issue *Anecdotes of London and its Celebrities*, by Mr. Jesse. To this class belongs Mr. Weir's *Sketch of Literary Society in the Days of Dr. Johnson*.

Religious works form an important item in the list. Besides new editions of Canon Dale's *Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain*, the Rev. R. Montgomery, under the title of *God and Man*, gives the outlines of religious and moral truth according to the Scripture and the Church; the Rev. F. C. Cook proffers a new edition of the Acts of the Apostles, with practical and devotional suggestions for readers and students; and the author of the "Christmas Holydays in Rome," a martyrology under the title of the *Early Conflicts of Christianity*. To the addresses and charges of the late kind-hearted Bishop of Norwich, we can hardly look forward with pleasure. Theology was not Bishop Stanley's best point; and his personal qualifications, as well as his admitted eminence in secular attainments, went far to cover the deficiencies in his theological learning. Pottery, ancient and modern, are about to have their historians. Mr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, whose peculiarly recondite knowledge, as well as his constant diligence and accuracy, fit him for the task, promises a complete history of the ancient fictile art. To Mr. Joseph Marryat falls the same task with regard to European and Oriental pottery and porcelain of later days.

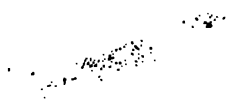
"*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*," republished in handsome form by HARPER & BROTHERS, are spoken of with unexpected liberality and favor by the *Westminster Review*:—

"We have great pleasure in announcing the appearance of the first volume of this work, which, when complete, we may, perhaps, take an opportunity of noticing more at large. The Memoirs will form a most appropriate introduction to Dr. Hanna's admirable edition of the '*Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers*,' which has recently been published in a corresponding form and size, and which we have little doubt will find a place in most libraries. 'The period of Dr. Chalmers's life comprised in the present volume, extends from his birth to his farewell sermon at Kilmany; the narrative includes what may be regarded as the period of growth and preparation. That growth, in all its parts, was natural and unencumbered, having an ease and freedom, which bestowed upon it both beauty and strength.' This is exemplified in almost every page of the Memoirs, in which, for the most part, the subject of them is allowed to become his own biographer; the editor stating his part to have consisted in little more than selecting, arranging, and weaving into a continuous narrative, the materials already possessed by the family of Dr. Chalmers, or which friends and correspondents had presented to him. In doing this, he continues, he was relieved of one difficulty, frequently the greatest with which a relative, who undertakes a biography, has to contend; namely, the conflict between what is due to truth, and what is due to affection or relationship. In fact, the materials left by Dr. Chalmers were so ample as to cause, perhaps, considerable difficulty in the way of selection. The narrative is exceedingly interesting, being written in that pleasant easy style that invites one to continue the perusal when it has been commenced."

The *Westminster Review* speaks of Emerson's "*Representative Men*," published in Boston by TICKNOR, FIELDS, & Co., and in London by Bohn, as containing "subjects handled by a master of language, and one of the most original-minded men of the day."

The *Athenæum* lauds the lately published additional volumes of "*Grote's History of Greece*," published by MURRAY, London, as a work honorable to the literature and scholarship of the country."

"Not soon again, we may be sure, will the great subject of Greek history be undertaken by a man uniting so many qualifications for treating it worthily; it is every way desirable, therefore, that Mr. Grote, now that he is thus engaged, should fairly exhaust himself of all that he knows or thinks in connection with it. Should he finish his work in the same spirit and with the same care that he has hitherto displayed, not Germany herself will be able to exhibit an historical performance more solid, more philosophic, more thoroughly accomplished according to its method."







ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE. AND ART.

JULY, 1850.

From the North British Review.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

1. *The Poetry of Science ; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature.* By ROBERT HUNT, Keeper of Mining Records, Museum of Practical Geology. Second Edition. 1849. Pp. 478.
2. *Researches on Light : An Examination of all the Phenomena connected with the Chemical and Molecular changes produced by the influence of the solar Rays; embracing all the known Photographic Processes and New Discoveries in the Art.* By ROBERT HUNT, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. London. 1844.
3. *Panthea, the Spirit of Nature.* By ROBERT HUNT, Author of "The Poetry of Science," "Researches on Light," &c. &c. London. 1849.*

THAT there is poetry in science will be admitted by those who have but little faith in its truths, and little knowledge of its wonders. The poetry of flowers has been the theme of writers who know them merely by their odors and by their hues; and the poetry of animals has been celebrated by authors who have seen them only within their prisons of stone or their cages of iron. Even the moon, with her pallid face and her cold radiations, has been signalized as the very paradise of poetical sentiment, outstripping the God of Day in her influence over our feelings, and extinguishing in her lyric blaze all the sentimental glimmerings of the tiny

and the distant stars.* To the Queen of Night we cheerfully yield the most respectful and affectionate homage; but even with our native tendencies to resign ourselves to female power, whether it is wielded by the pen or by the sceptre, we must dissent from a judgment founded either on a weak astro-

* "The sun is less poetical than the moon, because his attributes are less exclusively connected with our mental perceptions. * * * The light of the sun is also too clear and too generally pervading in its nature to be so poetical as that of the moon. * * * But the stars, some may ask, are they not sufficiently distant and magnificent for sublimity—mild enough for purity—beautiful enough for love! Yes, but they are too distant, too pure, too cold for human love. They come not near our troubled world—they smile not upon us like the moon." —Miss Stickney's (Mrs. Ellis.) *Poetry of Life*, vol. i. pp. 157, 158.

* This agreeable and instructive article bears internal proof of coming from the pen of Sir David Brewster.—Ed.

nomical faith, or on a feeble apprehension of the glorious destinies of our species. The difference between the poetry inspired by the satellite of silver and the stars of adamant can have no relation, as has been supposed, to our ideas of distance or number. Were the moon a ball of marble in our upper atmosphere, chiseled by the sculptor into her rounded hollows and her mountain ridges—or were it a Cheshire cheese at a lower level, dimpled by the fingers of the dairymaid, she would still be invested with all the poetical feelings with which *her light* is associated. To the vulgar, or to the merely poetical eye, the stars appear as close to us as the moon; and whether we contemplate them merely as solitary lights in the firmament, or as grouped into brilliant constellations, they suggest none of those ideas of deep feeling and sublime emotion which are associated with the past, the present, and the future condition of our race. Their feeble and glimmering ray, dimmed by each rising exhalation, and paling even before the zephyr's breath, has failed to arrest the eye of the poet, or to stud the canvas of the painter. It has never gilded the ripple of the mountain lake, nor crested with silver the ocean wave. It has never lighted the lover to his mistress, nor the pilgrim to his shrine, nor the hero to his deed of glory. But no sooner does philosophy, with her magic wand, marshal the starry host, and arrange their planets and satellites into the glorious systems of worlds which fill the immensity of space, than faith "takes up the wondrous tale," and associates with these bright abodes the future fortunes of immortal and regenerated man. It places there the loved and the lost—it follows them into the celestial bowers—it joins them in the anthem to "mortal minstrelsy unknown"—it listens to their welcoming or their warning voice; and while it gives a visible locality to the home of many mansions, it assembles round its joyous hearth hearts once severed and broken; and longs to wander beside the "rivers of the waters of life," with the sages that enlightened it—the prophets that expounded it—the warriors that fought for it—the martyrs that suffered for it—and the noble victims that bled in its cause. The poetry of death and the grave is thus succeeded by the loftier strains of the Resurrection and the Life; and the fountain of Helicon is thus made to draw its purest waters from springs that rise from below, and from dews that descend from above.

But though poetical feelings of the most

exalted kind are awakened by the contemplation of the stars as the future abode of the blest, they can bear no relation to the beauty and grandeur of the objects themselves. They derive their character as well as their power from their association with life in all its phases of grief or joy, and with human interests and passions in all their reckless energy or heavenward aspirations. Sirius, the brightest of the stars, radiating in succession all the hues of the rainbow, and Saturn, the most interesting of the planets, girded with his noble ring, and enlightened by his seven satellites, have in themselves no more of the spirit of poetry than a charcoal point ignited by electricity, or a gas-illuminated representation of the planet.* But no sooner do we regard Sirius as the sun which enlightens by its rays and guides by its mass a system of planetary worlds; and no sooner is Saturn viewed as a habitable globe, the residence of intellectual and immortal beings, and illuminated by seven moons which give them light in the absence of the sun, than the sensation in the membrane of the eye is transferred to the tablet of the heart, and all the sympathies of our nature surround the conception of worlds more glorious, and of races more numerous and noble than our own. The imagination takes up the theme where reason and analogy leave it, and the living and breathing universe of the poet offers to the child of clay eternity in exchange for time—to the man of sorrows a refuge from the storms and earthquakes around him—to the sage the fellowship of angels—and to the saint the guardian care of the seraph and the cherubim. The chariots of flame and the horses of fire that bore Elijah from his star of earth, and surrounded Elisha on the mountains of Syria, and the wheels of amber and of fire which were exhibited to the captive prophet on the banks of the Chebar, become, in the poet's eye, the vehicle from planet to planet, and from star to star, in which the heavenly host is to survey the wonders and glories of the universe.

* His Majesty George III. promised to the Russian ambassador, when on a visit at Windsor, to show him Saturn and his ring through the great telescope of Sir W. Herschel. The weather, however, was unpropitious, and despairing of a clear sky before the ambassador took his leave, the facetious monarch got a representation of the planet in paper suspended from a tree, and illuminated by a lamp. The ambassador was delighted with the phenomenon; but we have not learned that he left any poetical account of his feelings.

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read
 the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life have named them-
 selves a star."

Childe Harold, iii. 88

"'Tis midnight; on the mountain's brow
 The cold round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with these isles of light,
 So wildly spiritually bright.
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining?
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray."

Siege of Corinth, xi.

We have been led to make these observations by the remarkable title, "*The Poetry of Science*," which Mr. Hunt has prefixed to his very interesting work on the *Studies of the Phenomena of Nature*. Adopting, as we readily do, all his views of the importance and grandeur of scientific truth, and admiring the energy both of sentiment and language in which he vindicates for science the lofty character of being the essence of all poetry, and the basis of all philosophy, we have not been able to look at the realities of matter with the same enthusiastic eye, or to reach his conclusion; that every scientific truth is essentially poetical, or, as he beautifully expresses it, "that to be for ever true is the science of poetry," and that "the revelation of truth is the poetry of science." But though we may adduce some rational grounds for our more limited appreciation of the poetry of the physical world, we are disposed to regard our difference with Mr. Hunt more as the result of temperament than of reason. He was a poet before he was a philosopher;—he had drunk of the Castalian spring before he had analyzed it;—he had worshiped in the Temple of the Muses before he knew of what marble it was built; and he had climbed the Pierian hill while he was ignorant of the geology at its base.

There are certainly some facts in natural science, in its widest acceptation, which are utterly devoid of poetical sentiment, and others which stand in direct antagonism to any feeling allied to poetry. It is only the more picturesque fragments of scientific truth that the poet can assimilate, and it is only amid

its more extensive generalizations, associated with life, that he can gather the flowers of his art. Had the huge and water-worn boulder of science been rolled by some imaginative Sisyphus to the top of Parnassus, it would have formed an unpoetic addition to its two picturesque summits, and, ere its surface had been encrusted with the moss or the lichen, Apollo and the Muses would have sent it bounding to its native plains.

A writer of great merit and fine taste has taken the very opposite view that Mr. Hunt does of physical science in its poetical relations. "The power of poetry," says Miss Stickney, (Mrs. Ellis,) "to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which makes civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life."* The gifted author of these sentiments has mistaken the very nature and object of physical science. When Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and when Newton studied the lunar motions, they never thought that the mariner would be thus guided across the deep. When Oersted discovered the electro-magnetic principle, he did not foresee that it was to transmit with the velocity of lightning the messages of love and of war. In his analysis of coal the chemist did not propose to himself to light our houses and our streets with one of its gaseous elements. Nor did the botanist, when he studied the secretions of the poppy, anticipate the amount of pain and of anguish which his anodyne would alleviate. Philosophers have never assumed the character of utilitarians or philanthropists. Theirs is the loftier aim to unfold the wonders of Divine skill, and to develop the laws of the Divine Government; and if, in the exercise of this high vocation, they can multiply human comforts, or diminish human suffering, or lengthen human life, they rejoice in thus bearing testimony to the great truth, so clearly established in the history of modern civilization—that there is in science no inquiry so recon-dite, and no speculation so daring, that we may not expect from it some useful result—some new power over matter and the ele-

* *Poetry of Life*, by Sarah Stickney, vol. i. p. 18

ments—some new accession to our social blessings, or some welcome relief from our social miseries. This power and these blessings poetry is neither asked to give, nor required to counteract; and it will be better that "imagination is not farther developed" if it has no higher object than to obstruct the philosopher in the exercise of his functions when they are calculated to increase the material comforts of domestic and social life.

Avoiding, therefore, the two extremes of making all science poetical, and of making science the very enemy of poetry, we shall now proceed to give our readers some account of the important work in which the "poetry of science" is so ably vindicated, and the physical phenomena of nature so popularly and eloquently expounded.

Mr. Hunt, the author of the three works placed at the head of this article, is one of those remarkable men about whom we wish to know more than can be gathered from their writings. This laudable curiosity it is often difficult to gratify. The philosopher who works at noon and at midnight is seldom placed before the public eye, and we hear of him only when the voice of fame proclaims the success of his works, or the merit of his discoveries. The annual reunion of scientific men at the meetings of the British Association has, among its other advantages, made the cultivators of science better acquainted with each other. Differences of rank and of reputation disappear in the councils of philosophy; and the young competitor for fame, scarcely known beyond his family circle, pursuing knowledge perchance under difficulties, or struggling, it may be, with poverty and neglect, finds his labors known and valued, and himself the object of sympathy and respect. Men of generous natures, whose merits have been appreciated and rewarded, mourn with a peculiar bitterness over the fate—once their own—of fellow-pilgrims, as deserving as themselves, who have been overlooked in the rivalry of genius; and it is often by their means that humble and unpretending inquirers are drawn from obscurity and want to become the instructors and ornaments of society. Were the romance of real life studied and recorded, the struggles and sufferings of unprotected genius would form one of its most striking chapters.

Mr. Hunt, who has been long an active member of the British Association, has, as we have reason to know, passed through the fiery ordeal by which genius is destined to

be brightened and tried. He was born at Devonport in the year 1807. His father had perished six months before in His Majesty's sloop of war the *Mushroom*, which was lost with its entire crew when carrying out dispatches to Admiral Duckworth, who was then blockading the Dardanelles. The mother of an only son, so early and painfully a widow, was thus led to educate him with all the advantages which her very narrow circumstances could command. Born in an atmosphere of sorrow, and but with one parent at his birth, the posthumous child partook of the melancholy which surrounded his home, and entered life with a sensitive temperament and a delicate constitution. At the age of six he acquired a little knowledge of writing and arithmetic, and was distinguished among the few pupils who composed the school by a retentive memory of a very unusual kind. When he was only eight years of age, he could repeat without a mistake the whole of Pope's Translation of the *Iliad*, and his mind was thus stored with all the imagery which has impressed a poetical character upon his writings. At the age of ten he went to school at Penzance, where he was educated under a clergyman who united with his sacred calling the labors of a teacher of youth. Our young philosopher soon rose to a place next the head boy of the school, a youth two or three years older than himself, who was a worshiper of the Muses, and who inspired his young rival with the same tastes and aspirations. He wrote verses on the death of George III., and other events of the day, and these early efforts of his genius obtained for him the applause of his companions, and the caresses of his friends. In his humble and peaceful home, the object of a mother's tender care, he was not prepared for the struggles and misfortunes which awaited him. The golden days of the poet or the philosopher are those of early life, before he has discovered that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and when he aspires to rewards which he thinks within his reach, and to laurels which he flatters himself he may wear. These illusions, if they at any time dazzled our author, were speedily dispelled. Through the interest of friends, he obtained a place under a surgeon at Paddington, and at the age of twelve he set off alone from the Land's End to the metropolis, to grapple with the realities of life. In this new position he performed the multifarious functions of an errand-boy—a dispenser of medicines—and a student of *Materia*

Medica and pharmacy. With a little pocket-money which he had received from an uncle, he engaged the usher of a neighboring school to instruct him in Latin, and during the year and a half which he spent at Paddington, he made considerable additions to his professional knowledge and his intellectual accomplishments. The treatment, however, which he received from his master was too harsh to be borne, and he was compelled to fly from his persecutor, and take shelter under the wing of his mother, who was then on a visit to London.

Through the kindness of a friend he was apprenticed to a co-partnery of retail druggists in the city, where he contrived, under some professional difficulties, to pursue his favorite studies, which were then chiefly of a literary character. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, he wrote several tales for the *Gleaner*, one of the earliest of the cheap periodicals, and several of his poems were admitted into the *Imperial Magazine*. The celebrated Henry Hunt, M.P., a friend of one of the partners of the firm, but in no way connected with our author's family, took a fancy for the accomplished apprentice, and gave him some of the most valuable instructions he had ever received. It is pleasing to record this anecdote of one of those public characters whom society often proscribes, because their political opinions are more liberal than their own.

After having spent five years in the service of this firm, Mr. Hunt was, in consequence of its failure, again thrown upon the world. The expenses of his mother, who had, on his account, removed to London, had exceeded her narrow income, and having no power to relieve her in her distress, and no prospect of employment for himself, the anguish which he endured may be easily conceived. It is in such a crisis that the watchful Eye above looks down and relieves. Mrs. Fry, to whom his merits had been mentioned, introduced him to that highly-gifted and noble philanthropist, William Allen of Plough Court, (whom we had the privilege of knowing and loving,) who immediately obtained for him a situation with a small salary, which enabled him to assist his parent, and to pursue during five comparatively happy years the scientific studies to which he was now devoted. The misfortunes of our author seem to recur at the end of every cycle of five years' duration, and that fatal epoch had arrived. While witnessing the funeral of the Duke of York, he met with an accident which brought on a serious illness, that com-

pelled him to abandon his situation and seek for health among his friends at Dartmoor and in Cornwall. During this period of leisure he wrote a poem, entitled "Mount's Bay," which was published by subscription, and by the profits of which he was enabled to make a tour through Cornwall, in order to collect the traditions and superstitions of that interesting district. On the re-establishment of his health he returned to London, and obtained the management of a druggist's business in Tottenham Court Road, where he remained till 1832, training his mind to those habits of close thinking which the pursuit of science so imperatively requires.

Circumstances now occurred which gave him an opportunity of being his own master. His maternal uncle, who had married a member of Sir Humphry Davy's family, and who had acquired an independence in trade, invited him to open along with him a druggist's shop in Penzance. Prosperity shone for a while on this undertaking, but family disputes and lawsuits, between different relations of his uncle, brought along with them their usual train of evils, and in the catastrophe which resulted, our author was thrown upon the world under more painful circumstances than before. During this period of prosperity, Mr. Hunt had married a lady of Devonport, who had become the mother of two boys. As the curator of the Mechanic's Institution at Penzance, he had been called upon to give lectures on poetry and science, and his powers as a lecturer being well known, he advertised a course of lectures on chemistry at Devonport, his native town. These lectures having been well attended, he was enabled to proceed to London in search of employment. The place of assistant to a druggist in Newgate Street, was the only situation which he could obtain, and he held it upward of a twelvemonth, in exile from his wife and family, who remained with his father-in-law at Devonport. During this year of sorrow he composed two plays, one of them a tragedy, entitled "Geraldine of Aspin," which Mr. Macready, as manager of Covent Garden Theatre, politely declined to patronize. Thus separated from his family, and disappointed in his attempt to make his talents available for their support, he made another effort to establish himself in business by opening a small druggist's shop in Devonport. He offered his services to the public as an analytical chemist, and commenced a series of original researches, which has procured for him a high reputation in the scientific world. The Photographic process as

exhibited in the Daguerreotype, attracted his peculiar notice, and he pursued with ardor and success his investigations on the chemical agencies of the Solar radiations, which he afterward made public in the *Philosophical Magazine*. After having been two years in business, Mr. Hunt was made Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, which rendered necessary the removal of himself and his family to Cornwall. In this new position he continued his inquiries into the chemical action of the Solar rays, and began a series of researches on the electricity of mineral veins, for which his residence in a mining district gave him peculiar facilities. Thus free from professional anxieties and labor, he wrote a treatise on "Photography," and also a very interesting work, entitled "Researches on Light," which was published in 1844. Upon the establishment of the Museum of Practical Geology, under the management of Sir Henry De La Beeche, this distinguished geologist drew around him as coadjutors some of the most eminent cultivators of science. Professor Edward Forbes, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Professor Ramsay, obtained places in this admirable institution, and Mr. Hunt was appointed to the important office of keeper of the mining records. In the society of such distinguished associates, and in the discharge of duties so congenial with his own tastes, our author will doubtless find some compensation for the anxieties and misfortunes of his early life, and will pursue with a light heart and an ardent spirit those noble studies in which he is engaged.

His work "On the Poetry of Science," which we are about to analyze, the first fruits of his literary leisure, has been followed by his "*Panthea*, or the Spirit of Nature," a species of poetical romance, in which he endeavors "to exhibit the progress of a young and ardent mind, captivated by the beautiful in nature, and allured by the wonders of science, under the influence of the conflicting views which beset our philosophy;"—or, in other words, "to describe the contest between the False—seductive by its poetic associations—and the True, as estimated by the standard of the merely useful." In executing this plan, Mr. Hunt has produced a work of a very peculiar character, in which Philosophy and Poetry are finely blended, and where great truths and noble sentiments are expressed in language full of beauty and eloquence.

The fictitious narrative which is made the vehicle of these truths, is simple and inter-

esting. Laon Elphage, a mystic philosopher and astrologer, had acquired by his talents and character a commanding influence over the mind of Lord Julian Altamont, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Devonport. The young nobleman, who possessed mental powers "of the most extraordinary character, could not be restrained from associating with Laon and his equally mystic and accomplished daughter Æltgiva;" and quitting his father's hall, he is carried by the magician under "a power which he could not control, from country to country," beyond the region of civilization, and travels with his gifted Mentor, studying the wonders and beauties of the material world, and imbibing the extravagant opinions of his instructor. Mr. Cheverton, a pious and gifted clergyman, who had been the tutor of Julian, attempts in vain to wean him from his opinions; and such was the influence which they exercised over his affections, that Eudora, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Sir William Spencer, to whom he was betrothed, had ceased to interest him. Under these circumstances *Panthea*, or the Spirit of Nature, carries off Julian into celestial space, exhibiting to him "systems upon systems of worlds," and while "directing his gaze into the vista of Time," displays to him "the tangled web of the Past," and restores him to earth with a higher and better philosophy than that which he had imbibed from his rosicrucian preceptor and his daughter Æltgiva. Encountering Eudora on his return home, he asks and obtains forgiveness for his unkindness and extravagances. A thunderstorm breaks over their head, and after conducting Eudora to her father's mansion, he rushes "into the darkness of the night," to enjoy "the cloud-riving lightning," and "the earth-striking thunder." The rain fell and the wind raged, and having clung for shelter to a lofty elm, which was struck by the lightning, Julian was stunned by the shock and fell into the arms of Laon, who, while superintending his "electrical gatherers," had seen the danger to which his pupil was exposed. Julian is carried to the castle—physicians ply their skill; but Laon succeeds by mesmeric powers in calming the disturbed mind of the patient, who is eventually restored to health. While Julian is still laboring under severe illness, his sister Euthanasia is taken ill and dies; and under the influence of this affliction, and the true philosophy instilled by Mr. Cheverton, the erring neophyte is brought back to reason and to

truth. His mental delusion gradually disappears. The wild speculations that had fascinated him are replaced by sober studies, and having given his heart and his hand to Eudora Spencer, he employs the rest of his life in relieving the wants and assuaging the sufferings of his fellow-creatures.

Our readers may form some idea of the interesting discussions which are embodied in this narrative, from the following titles of its chapters. After a prelude in verse, our author treats in Book I. of the ardent mind—the home influence—the dream of Nature's trial—the vision of the mystery—the break of day—and the seventh day. This Book is followed by "The Interlude," entitled, "On Modern Science," and Book II. contains nine chapters, with the following titles—heart and soul—the chemist's delusion—the tangled web of the past—the soul condemnation—the night of storm—the teachings of affliction—the true philosophy—new resolutions confirmed—and the work of usefulness begun. Such is the nature and such the contents of a very remarkable work, which will be viewed in different lights by readers of different temperaments and intelligence. But whatever view may be taken of this peculiar mode of imparting instruction, the work is full of wisdom and truth, fraught with noble lessons, and addressing man's inmost soul in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Mr. Hunt's work on the Poetry of Science is, of course, of a very different character from his *Panthea*. It is a truly scientific work, which has the character of poetry only in so far as truth is poetical, and may be regarded a popular treatise on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology, similar in its nature and object to the *Kosmos* of Humboldt. It consists of SIXTEEN chapters—on the general conditions of matter—motion—gravitation—molecular forces—crystallogenic forces—heat solar and terrestrial—light—actinism and chemical radiations—electricity—magnetism—chemical forces—chemical phenomena—geological phenomena—phenomena of vegetable life—phenomena of animal life, and general conclusions.

In introducing these subjects to the notice of his readers, Mr. Hunt is naturally led to justify the title of the "Poetry of Science," which he has prefixed to his work,

"But it will be asked," says he, "where is the relation between the stern labor of science and the ethereal system which constitutes poetry?"

The fumes of the laboratory, its alkalies and acids, the mechanical appliances of the observatory, its specula and its lenses, do not appear fitted for a place in the painted bowers of the Muses. But from the labors of the chemist in his cell—from the multitudinous observations of the astronomer on his tower—spring truths which the philosopher employs to interpret Nature's mysteries, and which give to the soul of the poet those realities to which he aspires in his high imaginings.

"Science solicits from the material world, by the persuasion of induction, a development of its elementary principles, and of the laws which these obey. Philosophy strives to apply the discovered facts to the great phenomena of being, to deduce large generalities from the fragmentary discoveries of severe induction, and thus to ascend from matter and its properties up to those impulses which stir the whole, floating, as it were, on the confines of sense, and indicating, though dimly, those superior powers which more nearly relate to infinity, mysteriously manifest themselves in the phenomena of mind. Poetry seizes the facts of the one and the theories of the other; unites them by a pleasing thought, which appeals for truth to the most unthinking soul, and leads the reflective intellect to higher and higher exercise. It connects common phenomena with exalted ideas, and, applying its holiest powers, it invests the human mind with the sovereign strength of the true. * * * * The poetry which springs from the contemplation of the agencies which are actively employed in producing the transformations of matter, and which is founded upon the truths developed by the aids of science, should be in no respect inferior to that which has been inspired by the beauty of the individual forms of matter, and the pleasing character of their combinations.

"The imaginative view of man and his world—the creations of the romantic mind—have been, and ever will be, dwelt on with a soul-absorbing passion. The mystery of our being, and the mystery of our ceasing to be, acting upon intelligences which are forever striving to comprehend the enigma of themselves, leads, by a natural process, to a love for the ideal. The discovery of these truths, which advance the human mind towards that point of knowledge to which all its secret longings tend, should excite a higher feeling than any mere creation of the fancy, how beautiful soever it may be. The phenomena of reality are more startling than the phantoms of the ideal. Truth is stranger than fiction. Surely, many of the discoveries of science which relate to the combinations of matter, and exhibit results which we could not by any previous efforts of reasoning dare to reckon on, results which show the admirable balance of the forces of nature, and the might of their uncontrolled power, exhibit to our senses subjects for contemplation truly poetic in their character."—*Introduction*, pp. xvii-xxiv.

When we study the objects of the material world, either in their growth or in their decay, we speedily discover that everything

around us is in a state of change. Spring and autumn present to us annually the life and death of the year. Vegetable nature shoots, and flowers, and decays; while the fruit which it bears passes into animal life, again to return to its original dust, and again to pass, in endless alternation, into new forms of life and beauty. The oak and the nettle—the poison and its antidote—the lion and the ephemeral insect—the sovereign and the serf, consist of the same matter differently combined; and the atom which to-day forms a part of any one of them may in a brief period be the constituent of another, or may by turns occupy an essential place in them all. Nor is this transference of matter limited to the existing cycle. An atom which lay at the bottom of the primeval ocean may now be borne on the pinion of the eagle, and that which lived and breathed in the earliest age may now be asleep among the ashes of our fathers.

"We have then," says Mr. Hunt, "this certain truth—all things visible around us are aggregations of atoms. From particles of dust, which under the microscope could scarcely be distinguished one from the other, are all the varied forms of nature created. This grain of dust, this particle of sand, has strange properties and powers. Science has discovered some, but still more truths are hidden within this irregular molecule of matter which we now survey than even philosophy dares dream of. How strangely it obeys the impulses of heat—mysterious are the influences of light upon it—electricity wonderfully excites it—and still more curious is the manner in which it obeys the magic of chemical force. These are phenomena which we have seen; we know them, and we can reproduce them at our pleasure. We have advanced a little way into the secrets of nature, and from the spot we have gained we look forward with a vision somewhat brightened by our task; but we discover so much to be yet unknown, that we learn another truth,—our vast ignorance of many things relating to this grain of dust.

"It gathers around in other particles; they cling together, and each acting upon every other one, and all of them arranging themselves around the little centre, according to some law, a beautiful crystal results, the geometric perfection of its form being a source of admiration.

"It exerts some other powers, and atom adhering to atom, obeying the influence of many external radiant forces, undergoes inexplicable changes; and the same dust which we find forming the diamond aggregates into the lordly tree, blends to produce the graceful, scented, and richly-painted flower, and combines to yield the luxury of fruit.

"It quickens with yet undiscovered energies; it moves with life; dust and vital force combine; blood and bone, nerve and muscle, result, from

the combination. Forces which we cannot, by the utmost refinements of our philosophy, detect, direct the whole, and from the same dust which formed the rock, and grew in the tree, is produced a living and a breathing thing, capable of receiving a divine illumination, of bearing in its new state the gladness and the glory of a soul."—Pp. 3, 4.

After a chapter on motion, as a peculiar condition of matter, a subject of too metaphysical a nature to be discussed here, our author treats of the forms of matter, of the shape of the earth, the principle and law of gravitation, and the nebular theory, which is the leading topic in his third chapter. Considering the ample discussion which his hypothesis has lately undergone, not only in this Review, but in various other periodical works, and its entire abandonment by all sound thinkers, and even by persons who had previously espoused it, we have been surprised that Mr. Hunt should have again brought it into notice, and given it such a prominent place among the "Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature." Had it been a theory supported by any definite facts, or had it afforded an explanation of any unexplained phenomena, or had it led philosophers, as other theories have done, to discover new facts, we should have gladly welcomed it within the sphere of physical science; but it possesses none of these qualities, and must therefore be viewed as a mere conception of the mind, which every improvement in the telescope has served to dissipate.

"Amid the remoter stars," says Mr. Hunt, "some remarkable cloud-like appearances are discovered. These nebulae, presenting to the eye of the observer only a gleaming light, as from some phosphorescent vapor, were long regarded as indications of such a condition as that which we have just been considering. Astronomers saw in those mysterious nebulae a confirmation of their views, which regarded all the orbs of the firmament as having been once thin sheets of vapor, which had gradually, from irregular bodies traversing space, been slowly condensed about a centre, and brought within the limits of aggregating agencies, until after the lapse of ages they became spheroid stars, moving in harmony amid the bright host of heaven. * * * The researches of modern astronomers, aided by the magnificent instruments of Lord Rosse, have, however, shown that many of the most remarkable nebulae are only clusters of stars, so remote from us, that the light from them appears blended into one diffusive sheet or luminous film. There are, however, the Magellanic clouds, and other singular patches of light, exhibiting changes which can only be explained on the theory of their slow condensation. There is no evidence to prove the position that

world-making may still be going on; that a slow and gradual aggregation of particles under the influence of laws with which we are acquainted, may be constantly in progress, to end eventually in the formation of a sphere.

"May we not regard the zodiacal light as the remains of a solar luminiferous atmosphere which once embraced the entire system of which it is the centre? Will not the strange changes which have been seen to take place in cometary bodies, even while they were passing near the earth, as the division of Biela's comet, and the alternate formation of a second nucleus from the detached portion, strongly tend to support the probability of the idea, that attenuated matter has, in the progress of time, been condensed into solid masses; and that nebulous clouds must still exist in every state of tenuity in the regions of infinite space, which in the mysterious processes of world-formation, will eventually become stars, and reflect across the blue immensity of heaven, in brightness, that light which is the necessary agent of organization and all manifestations of beauty?"

* Whether the earth and the other members of the solar system were ever parts of a central sun, and thrown from it by some mighty convulsion, though now revolving with all the other masses around that orb, chained in their circuits by some infinite power, is beyond the utmost refinements of science to discover. This hypothesis is, however, in its sublime conception, worthy of the master mind that gave it birth.—Pp. 17-19.

Upon reconsidering the arguments for the nebular theory contained in the preceding extract, Mr. Hunt will, we think, himself see that they have no weight whatever. Lord Rosse's telescope has not only resolved nebulae into clusters of stars, but it has proved that what have been called planetary nebulae, or round nebulous discs, with a condensed light at their centre, are really not circular, and have no central condensation. If the nebulae of Orion has been resolved into stars, the Magellanic clouds may also be resolved, as we have no doubt they will. There is certainly "no evidence to disprove the position, that world-making may still be going on;" because there is no evidence to prove that world-making, by the aggregation of particles or "star-dust" has ever gone on. But we decidedly prove that there is no nebulous matter in the sidereal spaces, by every observation that converts a nebula into a cluster of stars; and even if a thousand nebulae were to resist being resolved, this would only show the imperfection of our telescopes. It is impossible, indeed, by any means whatever, to prove the existence of nebulous matter in the stellar universe; and though we may find it in the tail of a comet, should it ever sweep across our globe, we should be as far

as ever from finding it among the stars. We may, perhaps, discover some apology for our author's defence of "world-making made easy," in the poetical character of the speculation; but we cannot reconcile it with his own proposition, "that the revelation of truth is the poetry of science," and that "to be forever true is the science of poetry."*

We have been led to make these observations upon the nebular theory, not merely because it is gratuitous and unsound, but because it is a part of the more general hypothesis of creation by natural law, which we have so often had occasion to denounce as hostile to Scripture as well as to reason. We know that Mr. Hunt respects the truths of revelation as much as we do; and we are not of the opinion that the nebular theory taken alone is either atheistical or unchristian; but associated as it is with opinions adverse to revealed truth, and opposed to the declaration, that in the beginning God created the

* The following observations on the nebular theory, which we believe have not hitherto been quoted in the controversy, form part of Sir John Herschel's admirable opening address to the British Association, at Cambridge, on the 19th June, 1845:—"Much has been said of late of the nebulous hypothesis as a mode of representing the origin of our own planetary system. An idea of Laplace, of which it is impossible to deny the ingenuity, of the successive abandonment of planetary rings, collecting themselves into planets by a revolving mass gradually shrinking in dimension by the loss of heat, and finally concentrating itself into a sun, has been insisted on with some pertinacity, and supposed to receive almost demonstrative support from considerations to which I shall presently refer. I am by no means disposed to quarrel with the nebulous hypothesis even in this form, as a matter of pure speculation, and without any reference to final causes; but if it is to be regarded as a demonstrated truth, or as receiving the smallest support from any observed numerical relations which actually hold good among the elements of the planetary orbits, I beg leave to demur. Assuredly it receives no support from observation of the effects of sidereal aggregation, as exemplified in the formation of globular and elliptic clusters, supposing them to have resulted from such aggregation; for we see this cause—working itself out in thousands of instances—to have resulted not in the formation of a single large central body, surrounded by a few much smaller attendants, disposed in one plane around it, but in systems of infinitely greater complexity, consisting of multitudes of nearly equal luminaries, grouped together in a solid elliptic or globular form. So far, then, as any conclusion from our observations of nebulae can go, the result of agglomerative tendencies may indeed be the formation of families of stars of a general and very striking character; but we see nothing to lead us to presume its further result to be the surrounding of those stars with planetary attendants. If, therefore, we go on to push its application to that extent, we clearly theorize in advance of all inductive observation.

earth and the waters, we are anxious to prevent our young readers from being misled either by the philosophy or the "sublimity of the conception." *

In his *fourth* chapter on molecular forces, our author treats of the different conditions of matter—the *solid*, the *fluid*, and the *gaseous* or *aërial*, which belong equally to the organic and the inorganic world—the world of plants and animals, and the world of rocks and crystals. Nearly *sixty* principles or ultimate elements of matter have been detected in the material world; and all the forms of creation which the chemist has yet analyzed are derived from these elementary principles. Some of them are permanently gaseous at ordinary temperature, and others solid, the one passing into the other according to the relative intensities of the opposing forces of heat and cohesion. In gaseous bodies the particles, which are small, are kept asunder by some repulsive force, and at such a distance, that the attraction of cohesion is infinitely small. In fluids, the particles are nearer each other, and kept there, by the force of cohesion; while in solids the particles are nearer still, and the force of cohesion more powerful. The particles of all these bodies are free to move, and to be separated by the agency of heat. Hence they are all porous. The porosity of fluids is beautifully shown in the experiment of dissolving hydrated salts in water. The salts thus dissolved occupy no more space in the water than that which is equal to the water contained in the salt; and hence the solid matter of the salt must, in such solutions, fill up the interstitial spaces of the fluid. Mr. Hunt considers the "peculiar manner in which hydrogen gas appears to dissolve solid substances, as iron, potassium, sodium, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, and arsenic, as of a chemical character, and only a manifestation of the powers of affinity over the forms of bodies." If two masses of tin and copper are melted together, the united mass will be less in bulk than the two when separate; and if an ounce of sulphuric acid is mixed with an ounce of water, the combined ounces will not fill a two-ounce measure,—a large quantity of heat having been, as it were, squeezed from their pores by the combination.

In the great operations of nature certain changes take place in the conditions of matter, to which Berzelius has given the name of *Allotropy*. The diamond, for example,

has been converted by M. Jaquelin into graphite and coke by the agency of the galvanic arc of flame; and yet these three bodies consist of the same atoms, though they are wholly unlike each other, and have different physical properties. Silicium, too—the metallic base of flint—assumes two or more different states. Sulphur, selenium, phosphorus, and arsenic are susceptible of similar changes, and remarkable effects may be produced by a mere molecular disturbance. A piece of yellow and transparent phosphorus, for example, becomes quite black by plunging it in water; and the color of a crystal of iodide of mercury suffers a remarkable change either by heat or by mechanical pressure.

In his *fifth* chapter, Mr. Hunt treats of crystallogenic forces, or those in virtue of which the particles of bodies form regular geometrical solids. When crystallizable matter is dissolved in water or any other fluid, or exists in a state of fusion, the same substances always crystallize in the same form, unless the conditions of the crystallizing matter are changed. Sometimes, however, bodies assume a false form, which is called *Pseudomorphism*. The particles of crystallized carbonate of iron, for example, being removed, those of copper pyrites are found to take their place; and in like manner the crystals of felspar in granite sometimes decompose, and leave moulds of their own peculiar shape, which are gradually filled by oxide of tin,—“the metallic mineral thus taking the form of the earthy one.” Certain substances, though very unlike each other in composition, often assume the same crystalline form—a phenomenon which is called *Isomorphism*; and when the same body crystallizes in two different forms, such as carbonate of lime in the form of Iceland spar and Aragonite, the fact is called *Dimorphism*. The size of crystals is often very great. In the Museum of Milan there is a crystal of *quartz* or *rock-crystal*, three feet three inches long, five feet six inches in circumference, and weighing eight hundred and seventy pounds; and we are informed by Mr. Dana, that a crystal of beryl has been found at Acworth, in New Hampshire, *four* feet long, eleven inches in diameter, and weighing about two hundred and forty pounds.

“Electricity, and light, and heat,” says Mr. Hunt, “exert remarkable powers, and both accelerate and retard crystallization; and we have recently obtained evidence which appears to prove that some form of magnetism has an active influence in determining the natural forms of crystals.

* See this Review, vol. iii. p. 474; vol. iv. pp. 230, 490; vol. viii. pp. 500, 507; vol. xii. p. 458, &c. &c.

Electricity appears to quicken the process of crystalline aggregation—to collect more readily together those atoms which seek to combine—to bring them all within the limits of that influence by which their symmetrical forms are determined; and strong evidence is now afforded in support of the theory of magnetic polarity, by the refined investigation of Faraday and Plücker, which prove that magnetism has a directing influence upon crystalline bodies in direct dependence upon the crystalline or optic axes of the body.

"It has been found that crystals of sulphate of iron, slowly forming from a solution which has been placed within the range of powerful magnetic force, dispose themselves along certain magnetic curves; whereas the *Arbor Dianæ*, or silver tree, forming under the same circumstances, takes a position nearly at right angles to these curves. Certain groups of crystals have been found in nature which appear to show, by their positions, that terrestrial magnetism has been active in producing the phenomena they exhibit.

"During rapid crystallization, some salts—as the sulphate of soda, boracic acid, and arsenious acid crystallizing in muriatic acid—exhibit decided indications of electrical excitement. Light is given out in flashes; and we have evidence that crystals exhibit a tendency to move toward the light. Professor Plücker has recently ascertained that certain crystals—in particular the cyanite—point 'very well to the north, by the magnetic power of the earth only. It is a true compass needle; and more than that, you may obtain its declination.' We must remember that this crystal, the cyanite, is a compound of silica and alumina only."—Pp. 46 48.

The very interesting topic of solar and terrestrial heat forms the subject of our author's *sixth* chapter, which might have borne the title of *Meteorology*. Although light and heat are generally combined, both in solar and terrestrial heat, yet they may be readily separated. In the solar spectrum, if the yellow ray, which is the most luminous, has a temperature of 62° Fahr., the blue ray has only 56°, and at the extremity of the violet no heat can be detected. Some substances, which are perfectly transparent, and transmit light copiously, transmit heat in very different quantities. Transparent alum, for example, which is as clear as water, transmits only 12 per cent. of heat; while rock crystal, which is equally clear, transmits 97 per cent. of heat. Obsidian, black glass, and black mica, allow 90 per cent. of heat to pass through them; whereas "a pale green glass, colored by oxide of copper, and covered with a layer of water, or a very thin plate of alum, will, although perfectly transparent to light, almost entirely obstruct the passage of heat rays."

The heat which is radiated by the sun, is absorbed by the air and by all bodies on the

earth's surface, whether organic or inorganic. About *one-fifth* of the sun's heat is absorbed by passing through 6000 feet of air near the earth's surface, and about *one-third* when the solar heat is transmitted vertically through the whole depth of our atmosphere. The mixture of gases and aqueous vapor which compose our atmosphere, thus equalize, by absorption, the solar heat, and render it agreeable to animal life. "Every tree," says Mr. Hunt, "spreading its green leaves to the sunshine, or exposing its brown branches to the air—every flower which lends its beauty to the earth, possesses different absorbing and radiating powers. The chalice-like cup of the pure white lily floating on the lake, the variegated tulip, the brilliant anemone, the delicate rose, and the intensely colored peony, or dahlia, have each powers peculiar to themselves for drinking in the warming life-stream of the sun, and for radiating it back again to the thirsting atmosphere."

In a very interesting Report *On the growth of plants*,* Mr. Hunt has shown that the three classes of radiation which exist in the solar rays, change their relative proportions with the seasons. In spring the chemical excitation, or the actinic principle, prevails; in summer the luminous influence is the most powerful; and in autumn the calorific powers are in the greatest activity.

When heat is radiated from material substances, its character is changed.

"Snow," says our author, "which lies near the trunks of trees or wooden poles, melts much quicker than that which is at a distance from them—the liquefaction commencing on the side facing the sun, and gradually extending. We see, therefore, that the direct rays of solar heat produce less effect upon the snow than those which are radiated from colored surfaces. By numerous experiments it has been shown that these secondary radiations are more abundantly absorbed by snow or white bodies than the direct solar rays themselves. Here is one of the many very curious evidences which science lays open to us of the intimate connection between the most ethereal and the grosser forms of matter. Heat, by touching the earth, becomes more earth-like. The subtle principle which, like the spirit of superstition, has the power of passing unfelt through the crystal mass, is robbed of its might by embracing the things of earth; and although it still retains the evidences of its refined origin, its movements are shackled as by a clog of clay, and its wings are heavy with the dust of this rolling ball. It has, however, acquired new properties, which fit it for the requirements of creation,

* Report of the British Association for 1847, p. 17, &c.

and by which its great tasks are facilitated. Matter and heat unite in a common bond, and harmoniously pursuing the necessities of some universal law, the result is the extension of beautiful forms in every kingdom of nature.

"An easy experiment pleasingly illustrates this remarkable change. If a blackened card is placed upon snow or ice in the sunshine, the frozen mass underneath it will be gradually thawed: while that by which it is surrounded, although exposed to the full power of solar heat, is but little disturbed. If, however, we reflect the sun's rays from a metal surface, an exactly contrary result takes place: the uncovered parts are the first to melt, and the blackened card stands high above the surrounding portion."—Pp. 60, 61.

M. Melloni, a distinguished Italian philosopher, has thrown out and supported the ingenious idea, that the rays of heat have different properties, connected with color, as the rays of light have different calorific properties, although they are invisible:—that is, a blue surface has a strong affinity for the blue-heat ray, and a red surface for the red ones. If we throw upon a polished metallic surface the prismatic spectrum, deprived of its chemical influence or actinic rays, by passing through a transparent yellow solution, and if we afterwards expose the plate to the vapor of mercury, the space covered by the red rays and beyond it, will condense the vapor thickly, while all the other part that was covered by the other rays will receive none of the vapor. When the sun's rays, after having passed through glasses of different colors, are thrown upon a polished metallic surface, a similar effect will be produced. No vapor will be lodged upon the parts under yellow or green glass, but abundance of vapor will be deposited upon the parts below a red or even a blackened glass. "More remarkable still," says Mr. Hunt, "if these or any other colored bodies are placed in a box, and a polished metallic surface suspended a few lines above them, *the whole being kept in perfect darkness* for a few hours, precisely the same effect takes place as when the arrangement is exposed to the full rays of the sun. Here we have evidence of the radiating heat of bodies producing even in darkness, the same phenomena as the transmitted heat-rays of the sun."* From these we learn, "that in their relations to heat every flower which adds to the adornment of the wilds of nature, or the carefully tended garden of the florist, possesses a power peculiar to itself," and is "by their different colors prevented from having the same tem-

peratures under the same sunshine. Every plant bears within itself the measure of heat which is necessary for its well-being, and is endued with functions which mutely determine the relative amount of dew which shall wet its colored leaves."

The condition of the interior of our globe with regard to heat has always been a subject of high scientific interest. On the supposition that the earth was once an incandescent mass, and is now cooling, its temperature should be highest at its centre, and lowest at its surface. From the valuable observations of Mr. R. W. Fox, made in the Cornish mines, it has been found that in latitudes where the mean temperature is 50° Fahr., the temperature of the rock at 59 fathoms from the surface is 60°, at 132 fathoms 70°, and at 239 fathoms 80°. The heat, therefore, increased 10° at a depth of 59 fathoms, or 1° in 35½ feet; 10° more at an additional depth of 73 fathoms, or 1° in 44 feet; and 10° more at an additional depth of 114 fathoms, or 1° in 64 feet, thus indicating an average increase of 1° in about 48 feet. At the bottom of the united mines in Cornwall, water rises from one part of the lobe at 90°; and one of the levels in these workings is so hot, that though a stream of cold water is purposely brought into it to reduce the temperature, the miners *worked nearly naked, and will bathe in water of 80° to cool themselves*. At the bottom of Tresavean mine in the same county, about 320 fathoms from the surface, the temperature is nearly 100°. Although it can scarcely be doubted that the interior of the earth is hotter than its exterior from some general cause, yet in many deep mines the heat is generated by chemical action, or the decomposition of large quantities of the sulphurate of iron, which is actually found in this condition near the workings.

The effect of heat in disturbing and separating the particles of bodies is well known. A metallic bar, for example, expands by heat, the particles being further and further separated from one another, till they are placed beyond the sphere of their mutual attraction, when the metal becomes liquid. A very peculiar species of disturbance, produced by cooling, was discovered in 1829 by Mr. Arthur Trevelyan,* who found that when bars of copper, zinc, brass, and bell-metal, were heated and placed so as to cool on blocks of lead, tin, or pewter, the bars were thrown

* See this Review, vol. vii. p. 496, &c. &c.

* Edinburgh Transactions, vol. xii. p. 137.

into a state of vibration, and *produced sounds similar to those of an Æolian harp*. In order to obtain this effect, one of the metals must have a rough surface, for when the two surfaces are smoothly polished no sound is emitted. Hence it is supposed that the sound is produced by two causes, neither of which is singly sufficient—by the peculiar mode in which the heat passes during cooling from one metal to a different one, and to “the undulating movement of the air, induced,” as Mr. Trevelyan observes, “by flowing in a current through the channels afforded by the roughness of the block or bar.” Professor Forbes has shown that the intensity of the vibrations is related generally to the difference of temperature of the metals, and to the difference of their conducting powers for heat or electricity.

The existence of heat in a latent state in all bodies is well known. The blacksmith can press it out of a piece of iron by simply beating it with a cold hammer, till he can light his match at it when it becomes red hot. There is now less room in the condensed iron for the heat, and the same piece cannot again be made red hot by the same hammering till it has been made red hot in the fire, and brought back to its originally expanded state. It is from the same cause that pieces of wood can be set on fire by friction, and pieces of ice melted by the same cause. Groves of bamboo have been burned down in India by the friction of their stems during a gale of wind. Our author has well illustrated the principle of latent heat by the following facts:—

“By the condensation of hydrogen and oxygen gases, pulverulent platinum will become glowing red hot, and, with certain precautions, even the compact metal, platinum, itself; the heat being derived from the gases, the union of which it has effected. A body passing from the solid to the fluid state absorbs heat from all surrounding substances, and hence a degree of cold is produced. The heat which is thus removed is not destroyed; it is held combined with the fluid; it exists in a latent state. Fluids, in passing into a gaseous form, also rob all surrounding bodies of an amount of heat necessary to maintain the æri-form condition. From the air or from the fluid this heat may, as we have shown above, be again extracted. Locked in a pint measure of air there exists sufficient caloric to raise several square inches of metal to a glowing red heat. By the compression of atmospheric air this may be shown, and with a small condensing syringe a sufficient quantity of heat may be set free to fire the *bol-tus ignarius*, which, impregnated with nitre, is known as *amadou*. We are acquainted with various sources of heat for artificial purposes; the

flint and steel, and the modern lucifer-matches are the most common.

“If spirits of wine and water are mixed together, a considerable degree of heat is given out, and by mixing sulphuric acid and water an infinitely larger amount. If oil of vitrol and spirits of wine, or aquafortis (nitric acid) and spirits of turpentine, at common temperatures, be suddenly mixed, so much heat is set free as to ignite the spirits. In all these instances there is a condensation of the fluid. In nearly all cases of solution, cold is produced by the absorption of the heat necessary to sustain the salt in a liquid form, but when potash dissolves in water, heat is given out, which is a fact we cannot yet explain. If potassium is placed in water it sets fire by the heat produced to the hydrogen gas liberated from it. Antimony and many other metals thrown into chlorine gas, ignite and burn with brilliancy; the same phenomenon takes place in the vapors of iodine or bromine. Many chemical combinations, as the chlorate of potash and sulphur, exploded with a blow; whilst the slightest friction occasions the destruction of the fulminating salts of silver, mercury, and gold. Compounds of nitrogen and chlorine, or iodine, are still more delicately combined—the former exploding with fearful violence on the contact of an oleaginous body, and the latter with the smallest elevation of temperature; both of them destroying the vessels in which they may be contained.”—Pp. 82, 84.

The influence of extreme heat on the conditions of matter has been shown in a series of very interesting experiments by the Baron Cagnard de la Tour, and M. Boutigny. The first of these philosophers having enclosed water, or alcohol, or ether in a strong glass-tube of a small bore, and having sealed both ends hermetically and strongly, he exposed the whole to a strong heat. The fluid in each case disappeared, having been converted into transparent gases, under the pressure of their own atmospheres. “We can readily conceive,” says Mr. Hunt, “a similar result occurring upon a far more extensive scale, in volcanic districts, at great depths, and, consequently, under the pressure of the superincumbent mass, the silicious rocks, or even metal, may from the action of intense heat be brought into a gaseous or fluid condition without any change of volume, since the elastic force of heat is opposed by the rigid resistance of the pressure of the surrounding rocks.” Mr. Hunt does not seem to be aware that this *conception* or conjecture has been long ago established as a truth by the discovery of fluids and solids in the cavities of minerals, which have been imprisoned in their cells for millions of years, from the time that the primitive rocks were indurated. Sir David Brewster, to whom we owe these results, has shown that two

immiscible fluids of very different properties, and unlike any other fluids in their physical relations, exist in the same cavities in topaz and other gems. By opening these cavities one of the fluids flies off into a gas, while the other hardens into a solid. In the closed cavity, of which there are millions in the same specimen, the volatile fluid expands thirty times more than water, and thus, in most specimens, fills the cavity, a portion of which is always empty. In other specimens where the empty space is greater, the volatile fluid is thrown off in vapor, and thus fills the cavity.

"When any of these cavities," says Sir David Brewster, "whether they are filled with fluid or with vapor, is allowed to cool, the vacuity reappears at a certain temperature, (between 50° and 90° Fahr.) In the fluid cavities the fluid contracts, and the small vacuity reappears, and grows larger and larger till it resumes its original size. When the cavities are large, several small vacuities make their appearance, and gradually unite into one, though they sometimes remain separate. In deep cavities, a very remarkable phenomenon accompanies the reappearance of the vacuity. At the instant that the fluid has acquired the temperature at which it quits the sides of the cavity, an *effervescence or rapid ebullition takes place*, and the transparent cavity is for a moment opaque, with an infinite number of minute vacuities, which instantly unite into one, that goes on *enlarging* as the temperature diminishes. In the *vapor* cavities the vapor is reconverted by the cold (by a drop of ether) into fluid, and the vacuity gradually *contracts* till all the vapor has been precipitated. It is curious to observe, when a great number of cavities are seen at once in the field of the microscope, that the vacuities all disappear and reappear at the same instant."* During these changes, the dense fluid lies at rest in the corners or narrow places of the cavity, where it is kept by capillary attraction. In large cavities with narrow necks, which in some specimens are very common, the dense fluid is driven from the corners into the narrow necks, where it performs the part of a fluid valve, opening and shutting during changes of temperature. These cavities are often filled with transparent crystal of beautiful geometrical forms, many of which can be melted by heat, and again crystallized by cooling.†

In some cases the cavities are found to have burst, either from having been exposed to great heat, or from the crystal having been relieved when taken out of its parent rock from the superincumbent pressure which acted in opposition to the elastic force of the imprisoned gases. This force has been so great as actually to produce a condensation of the hard and solid topaz which contains the cavities.* "When the gem," says the same author, "which contains the highly expansive fluid is strong and the cavity not near the surface, heat may be applied to it without danger, but in the course of my experiments on this subject the topaz has often burst with a tremendous explosion, and in one case wounded me in the brow. An accident of the same kind occurred to a gentleman who put a crystal into his mouth for the purpose of expanding the fluid. The specimen burst with great force and cut his mouth, and the fluid which was discharged from the cavity had a very disagreeable taste. In the gems which are particularly appropriated for female ornament, cavities containing the expansive fluid frequently occur, and if these cavities should happen to be very near the surface or the edge of the stone, the fever heat of the body might be sufficient to burst them with an alarming and even dangerous, explosion."†

It is doubtless a strange sight to see fluids that have been in existence for millions of years before the creation of man; and to see them restored to the same state of matter in which they existed before the primitive rocks of our globe were consolidated.

A series of very remarkable phenomena have been recently discovered by M. Boutigny of Evreux, who has published them under the title of "*The Spheroidal Condition*" of bodies. We had the pleasure of seeing M. Boutigny's experiments at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1845, and consider them as too interesting to be passed over with the slight notice which Mr. Hunt has taken of them. If a drop of water is projected upon a red hot metallic plate, it assumes a spheroidal form, and does not touch the plate, but is kept in a state of rapid vibration. At a white heat the repulsion between the plate and the fluid is the greatest, and the water does not evaporate; but at a brown red heat, evaporation takes place. While the water is in the spheroidal state, its temperature is only 96°; but when the plate,

* Letters on Natural Magic, p. 334; and Edinburgh Transactions, vol. x. pp. 1, 407.

† Edin. Trans., vol. xvi. p. 11.

* Edin. Trans., vol. xvi. p. i.

† Letters on Natural Magic, p. 341.

cools, the water is raised to 212° ! When a lump of silver, at a glowing red heat, was plunged into a glass of water, there was no ebullition while it continued bright red, but as it slowly cooled the water boiled. When a sphere of copper fitted with a safety valve, and containing a little water, and corked, was kept at a red heat, everything was quiet, but upon cooling, the cork was blown out with explosive violence. "The concluding experiment excited great interest—the production of ice in a vessel at a glowing red heat! A deep platina capsule was brought to a glowing red heat, and at the same moment water and liquid sulphurous acid, which had been preserved in the liquid state by a freezing mixture, were poured into the vessel, the rapid evaporation of the volatile sulphurous acid, which enters into ebullition at the freezing point, produced such an intense degree of cold, that a large lump of ice was immediately formed, and being thrown out of the red hot vessel, handed round for examination."*

In following out this inquiry M. Boutigny, has been led to some curious results, which prove that the human skin may be protected from disorganization by intense heat, simply by the moisture in its pores. Both in ancient and in modern times there have been magicians who professed to walk on burning coals or red-hot iron. Some were able to hold red-hot iron in their hands or between their teeth, and to plunge their hands into boiling water or melted lead. M. Boutigny had learned that at some foundries there were workmen who had put their finger with impunity into melted iron, but he experienced great difficulty in verifying the fact. He at last learned from M. Michel, who lived among the forges of Franche-Comté, that a workman of the forge of Magny, near Lure, had performed the remarkable experiment. M. Michel saw it made, and made it himself without ever wetting his fingers. M. Boutigny lost no time in repeating the experiment. He first divided with his naked hand a current of melted iron which flowed from an aperture, and he plunged his other hand into a vessel full of the incandescent metal. He shuddered involuntarily at the frightful sight, "but both his hands came out victorious from the ordeal;" and now, he says, "if any thing astonishes me it is that such experiments are not quite common." The only precautions which he considers necessary are to have no fear, to make the experiment with confidence,

and to pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, through the red-hot fluid. If the experiment is made timorously, and the hand moved too quickly, we may overcome the repulsive force which exists in the incandescent bodies, and thrusting them into contact with the skin which would be immediately destroyed; the experiment succeeds best when the skin is moist, which it generally will be from fear when such an apparent risk is to be encountered. M. Boutigny has given the following method of making the skin invulnerable,—"I rub," says he, "my hands with soap so as to give them a polished surface, then at the instant of making the experiment I plunge my hand in a cold solution of sal-ammoniac, saturated with sulphurous acid, or simply in water containing sal-ammoniac, or, when these cannot be had, in fresh water." "M. Regnault," he continues, "who is occupied with this question, says, that those who make it a profession to handle fire, and to keep it in their mouth, employ sometimes an equal mixture of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice," all of them volatile substances, which "render latent during their evaporation a certain quantity of heat."* M. Boutigny has repeated these experiments frequently with melted lead, bronze, and other metals, and he has given the following explanation of them:—"When the hand is plunged into melted metal the skin is not in contact with the metal, and therefore the heat incident upon the skin can arise only from that which is radiated from the metal. The moisture of the skin passes into the spheroidal state, and reflects the radiating caloric, so that the heat is never at the boiling point.

The changes produced upon bodies by abstracting the heat which they contain are very interesting. Mr. Hunt has given a brief, and instructive notice of some of the most remarkable.

"By taking advantage," says he, "of the cooling produced by the rapid solution or salts of several kinds in water, an intense degree of coldness may be produced. Indeed, the absorption of heat by liquefaction may be shown by the use of metallic bodies alone. If lead, tin, and bismuth are melted together and reduced to a coarse powder by being poured into water, and the alloy then dissolved in a large quantity of quicksilver, the thermometer will sink nearly 50 degrees. An intense amount of cold will result from the mixture of muriate of lime and snow, by which a temperature of 50 degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, or 82

* Report of the British Association, 1845; Transactions of Sections, pp. 27, 28.

* Compté Rendu, &c., 14 Mai, 1849, tom. xxviii. p. 598.

degrees below the freezing point of water, is produced. By such a freezing mixture as this mercury will be rendered solid. A degree of cold, however, far exceeding it has lately been obtained by the use of solid carbonic acid and ether. Solid carbonic acid is itself produced from the gas liquefied by pressure; which liquid, when allowed to escape into the air, evaporates so rapidly that a large quantity of it is congealed by being robbed of its combined heat by the vaporizing portion. When this solid acid is united with ether a bath is formed, in which the carbonic acid will remain solid for twenty or thirty minutes. By a mixture of this kind, placed under the receiver of an air-pump, a good exhaustion being sustained, a degree of cold 166° below zero is secured. By this intense cold many of the bodies which have hitherto been known to us only in the gaseous state, have been condensed into liquids and solids. Olefiant gas, a compound of hydrogen and carbon, was brought into a liquid form. Hydriodic and hydrobromic acids could be condensed into either a liquid or a solid form. Phosphoretted hydrogen, a gas which inflames spontaneously when brought into contact with the air or with oxygen, became a transparent liquid at this great reduction of temperature. Sulphurous acid may be condensed by pressure and a reduction of temperature, into a liquid which boils at 14° Fahrenheit, but by the carbonic acid bath it is converted into a solid body, transparent, and without color. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas solidifies at 122° below zero, and forms a white substance resembling a mass of crystal of sea-salt.

"A combination of the two gases, chlorine and oxygen, becomes solid at 75° , and the protoxide of nitrogen at 150° . Cyanogen, a compound of carbon and nitrogen, the base of prussic acid, is solidified at 30° below the zero of our thermometric scale. The well-known pungent compound, ammonia, so exceedingly volatile at warmer temperatures, is converted into a crystalline, translucent white substance at the temperature of 103° ."

Mr. Hunt proceeds in his seventh chapter to treat of the subject of light—its sources—velocity—absorption—analysis—diffraction—interference—polarization and magnetization; and he concludes his chapter with a brief notice of the structure of the eye, with remarks on the influence of light on animals and vegetables, and an account of the phenomena of phosphorescence. In drawing up this chapter Mr. Hunt has had to contend with great difficulties from the want of diagrams, but making every allowance for these, we cannot regard it as a popular abstract of physical optics, fitted to convey anything like a view of the splendid discoveries which have given so much prominence to this branch of science. On the subject of the polarization of light he describes an experiment with two reflectors, which contains no explanation whatever of polarization, and the result of

which is quite different from what he states it to be.

"To give a familiar illustration," he says, "of the distinction between ordinary and polarized light we will suppose the use of a cylinder having a mirror at one end of it. If we point this to the sun, and receive the reflected image on a distant screen, we may turn the cylinder round on its axis, and the reflected ray will be found to revolve constantly and regularly with it. If now, instead of receiving the ray direct from the sun, we allow a beam reflected from a glass plate at an angle of about 54° to fall upon the screen, it will be found that the point of light has not the same properties as that previously examined; it is altered in its degree of intensity as the cylinder is turned round, has points of greatest brightness, and others at which it is lost in shadow. * * * This remarkable change, as produced by the reflection of the ray from glass, was first observed by Malus in 1808."—Pp. 113, 114.

In the *first* part of this experiment the phrase "revolving constantly and regularly," does not indicate what the author means to indicate, that the *reflected ray is in every position of the cylinder of the same intensity*. In the *second* part of the experiment he is quite wrong. The reflection must be made at an angle of $56^{\circ} 45'$ (not 54°) from both reflectors, and both reflectors must be glass plates. After mentioning that Bartholinus first noticed "that the two images produced by Iceland spar were not in the same physical condition," Mr. Hunt, by some strange oversight, adds the following paragraph:—"It must not be considered that this change in the character of the luminous beam is due to any of the powers of reflection or refraction of bodies; it is a property of matter independent of the other modes of action which it exercises over light." This paragraph embodies an erroneous opinion expressed by Malus, nearly in the same words, after he had first discovered the fact that light was polarized by reflection at an angle of about 55° . His words are, "The polarizing angle neither follows the order of the refractive powers, nor that of the dispersive forces. It is a property of bodies independent of the other modes of action which they exercise upon light." It was at this period that Sir David Brewster investigated the subject, and proved that the polarizing angle did follow the order of the refractive and dispersive forces, and that it *was* a property of bodies *dependent* on their modes of action upon light.*

* Mr. Hunt's observations on the interference of light and on the prismatic analysis of the spectrum will require considerable correction in another edition of his work.

Even without the use of diagrams Mr. Hunt might have given in a short space some idea of the polarization of light, without conveying to the reader any notion of the beautiful laws and splendid phenomena which characterize this branch of physical optics. We shall endeavor to supply the defect. There are three kinds of polarization—*plane* polarization, *circular* polarization, and *elliptical* polarization.

1. *Plane polarization* is produced in three ways: 1st, By reflection at an angle between 53° and 68° , from the surface of bodies either fluid or solid, but not metallic. The law discovered by Sir David Brewster is, that "*The index of refraction is the tangent of the angle of polarization.*" Hence the angle of polarization for water whose index of refraction is 1.336 is $53^\circ 11'$, and the angle for diamond whose index of refraction is 2.47 is 68° . The angle of polarization at the second surface of transparent plates is obtained by the law that *the index of refraction is the cotangent of the angle of polarization.* 2. Plane polarization is produced by the refraction of light by several refracting surfaces acting upon the pencil of light in succession. Each surface polarizes a portion of the pencil; the portion polarized increasing from 0° of incidence to 90° ; and the number of plates necessary to polarize the whole beam depends upon the intensity of the beam, and the angle of incidence. At an angle of $41^\circ 41'$, the light of a wax candle is wholly polarized by 47 plates of glass; and at an angle of $79^\circ 11'$ it is polarized by 8 plates. 3. Plane polarization is produced by the double refraction of crystals. Each of the two pencils is polarized like light reflected from glass at an angle of $56^\circ 45'$, but in opposite planes.

2. *Circular polarization* is produced by light when it is twice totally reflected from the second surfaces of bodies at their angle of maximum polarization. This discovery we owe to Fresnel. It may also be produced, as discovered by M. Arago, by rock crystal; and, as discovered by M. Biot and M. Seebeck, in passing through certain fluids, such as oil of turpentine, oil of laurel, solutions of sugar, &c.

3. *Elliptical polarization* is produced by reflections at angles between $70^\circ 45'$ and $78^\circ 30'$, from the polished surfaces of metals,—gold having the least, and tin the greatest polarizing angles. This discovery was made by Sir David Brewster.

Mr. Hunt proceeds from the polarization to what has been called the *magnetization* of

light—a name, we think, very improperly given to Dr. Faraday's beautiful discovery of the influence of magnetism when transmitted through transparent bodies along with a ray of polarized light. In this experiment, a cube of dense glass of high refractive power, which Dr. Faraday calls the *diamagnetic*, transmits a polarized ray, which is viewed with an analyzing plate or prism, or rhomb of calcareous spar. The diamagnetic is placed between the two poles of a powerful electro-magnet, so arranged that the line of magnetic force coincides nearly with the polarized ray in its transit through the glass. If the analyzer is so placed that the polarized ray disappears, then as soon as the magnetism is transmitted the ray appears just as it would have done, speaking generally, as if the cube of glass had been heated all round, or compressed by a uniform force. The plane of polarization of the ray is turned round as in circular polarization, and the effect is proportional to the intensity of the magnetic force, and to the thickness of the glass. Dr. Faraday is of opinion that the magnetic force acts upon the polarized ray, and hence he supposes that he has *magnetized light*, and *illuminated the magnetic lines of force*. In our opinion, the magnet acts solely upon the glass altering its mechanical condition, and giving it the power and heat which pressure gives it of altering the polarization of the passing ray. The mechanical change produced upon the glass is, of course, such as we cannot produce by either heat or pressure, but this is just what might have been expected from a power acting like magnetism.

In treating of phosphorescence, Mr. Hunt mentions some curious facts regarding the light emitted by plants and flowers. If a *nasturtium* is plucked during sunshine, and carried into a dark room, the eye, after it has rested for a short time, will discover the flowers by the light emitted from its leaves.

"The leaves," says our author, of the *cenothera macrocarpa* are said to exhibit phosphoric light when the air is highly charged with electricity. The agarics of the olive grounds of Montpellier have been observed to be luminous at night; but they exhibit no light, even in darkness, *during the day*. The subterranean passages of the coal mines near Dresden are illuminated by the phosphorescent light of the *rhizomorpha phosphoreus*, a peculiar fungus. On the leaves of the Pindoba palm, a species of agaric genus, which is exceedingly luminous at night, and many varieties of the lichens, creeping along the roofs of caverns, lend to them an air of enchantment by the soft and clear light they diffuse. In a small cave near

Falmouth, this luminous mass is very abundant; it is also found in the mines of Hesse; and according to Heinemann, the *rhizomorpha subterranea* and *aidula* are also phosphorescent.

"It is but lately that a plant, which abounds in the jungles in the Madura district of the East Indies, was sent to this country, which, although dead, was remarkably phosphorescent; and, when in the living state, the light which it emitted was extraordinarily vivid, illuminating the ground for some distance. Those remarkable effects may be due, in some cases, to the separation of phosphorated hydrogen from decomposing matter, and in others, to some peculiar electric manifestation."—Pp. 129, 130.

As a remarkable example of phosphorescence, Mr. Hunt has given the following fact from Goethe, who has published in his *Farbenlehre*, as a case of phosphorescence:—"On the 12th of June, 1799, says Goethe, late in the evening, when the twilight was deepening into a clear night, as I was walking up and down the garden with a friend, we very distinctly observed a flame-like appearance near the Oriental poppy, the flowers of which are remarkable for their powerful red color. We approached the place and looked attentively at the flowers, but could perceive nothing further, till at last, by passing and repassing repeatedly, while we looked sideways on them, we succeeded in renewing the appearance as often as we pleased. It proved to be a physiological phenomenon, such as others we have described, and the apparent corruscation was nothing but the spectrum of the flower, or the compensating blue-green color."* There is here no phosphorescence, and nothing even connected with it. And the description, if it is a correct one, is an excellent specimen of Goethe's optical lucubrations.

Mr. Hunt's eighth chapter, on "Actinism, or Chemical Radiations," will be read with much interest by all classes of readers; but as we have already treated the subject at great length in a previous article on Photography,† and given a full account of the discoveries of Talbot, Daguerre, Niepce, Draper, Moser, Becquerel, Fizeau, Claudet, and others, we must limit our present observations to the discoveries which have been made since the publication of that Article. Mr. Hunt has not taken any notice of the more recent discoveries, and we must therefore draw upon our own resources.

M. Claudet,‡ to whom both the theory and

practice of Photography is deeply indebted, has placed it beyond a doubt, that in the Daguerreotype process, the first action of light upon the silver plate is to render the iodide of silver susceptible of attracting the vapor of mercury which is condensed upon it in the form of a white powder, that has the appearance of crystals reflecting light, when examined by the microscope. When the light acts much longer upon the iodide of silver, it is decomposed, and there is produced on the surface, without the aid of mercury, a white precipitate insoluble in the hyposulphite of soda, and having the appearance of crystals reflecting light, when seen by the microscope. In this last action the iodide is decomposed, and the silver being set free, is precipitated on the surface in the form of a white powder or very minute crystals. These two actions are so different in their intensity, that while the pure light of the sun determines the affinity for mercurial vapor in the short space of about $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of a second, light of the same intensity requires *three* or *four* seconds to effect the decomposition of the bromo-iodide of silver. "So that," as M. Claudet remarks,* "the affinity for mercury is imparted by an intensity of light 3000 times less than that which precipitates the decomposition manifested by the white precipitate. While the white rays communicate to the sensitive surfaces, the affinity for mercury, the red, orange, and yellow rays withdraw it; but what is very singular, when the sensitive surface is prepared only with iodine, without bromine, the red, orange, and yellow rays, instead of destroying the action of white light, continue the effect of decomposition as well as that of affinity for mercury." M. Claudet has observed that the iodide of silver without bromine, is about 100 times *more* sensitive than the bromo-iodide to the action of light which produces the decomposition of the compound forming the white precipitate of silver, while it is 100 times less sensitive for the effect which gives the affinity for mercury.

As a light yellow glass nearly obstructs the photogenic rays, and a deep blue one allows them to pass without obstruction, "we may," as M. Claudet observes, "construct a room lighted only through an inclosure of light yellow glass, in which the light would be very dazzling to the eye, and in this room photographic operations could be performed; or a room enclosed by deep blue

* Goethe's *Theory of Colors*. By C. L. Eastlake, B.A., F.R.S.—Pp. 23, 24.

† See this Review, vol. vii. pp. 465-504.

‡ Lond. and Edin. Phil. Mag., Nov. 1849.

* *Philosophical Transactions*, 1846, p. 1.

glass which would appear very dark, and in which the photographic operation would be nearly as rapid as it would be in the open air." If we use only the photogenic rays beyond the limit of the violet, or beyond the visible spectrum, or if we absorb all the luminous rays from the blue extremity of the visible spectrum, we may in an apartment thus darkened, or rather thus radiant with photogenic emanations, perform one of the most wonderful feats of natural magic—*take portraits in absolute darkness*.*

M. Edmund Becquerel, to whom this branch of science owes so much, has very recently succeeded in impressing upon a daguerreotype plate all the colors of the solar spectrum, and, to a certain extent, those of colored drawings and natural bodies. Previous to this discovery, he had observed that red rays, which exercised almost no action upon sensitive paper prepared in the dark, acted much more rapidly upon the same paper after it had been exposed to light, and that, while the paper in the first of these states gave only a brown or slightly violet color in the most refrangible rays, the paper in the second state, or after exposure to light, gave variable colors, recalling those of the rays which produced them, and even developed these colors in the less refracted parts of the spectrum. Pursuing the subject, he was led to the following method of preparing the plates for receiving colored impressions:—After polishing the plate with English rouge or tripoli, he fixes it on a small support formed by two copper wires in the shape of a fork, which holds it by means of two hooks at its extremities. The two wires are joined at their upper end, which is put in communication with the positive pole of a pile composed of two elements of Bunsen's pile of an average charge. The plate is then plunged into a large vessel containing from eight to ten litres of chlorohydric acid, diluted in the proportion of one hundred and twenty-five cubic centimetres of common chlorohydric acid to one litre of water. Into the same vessel there is plunged a rod or narrow strip of platina which communicates with the negative pole, and this rod is moved rapidly backward and forward, parallel to the surface of the plate, and at a certain distance from it. The plate of silver takes successively the different colors of thin plates, which may be readily seen when the room is feebly illuminated. The color commences

with gray, then come the yellow and violet tints; it then passes to bluish and greenish, and then a whitish-gray, then rose-colored, then violet, and lastly blue. The operation is stopped before this second blue tint appears, and when the plate has a lilac tint. It is then quickly taken from the bath, plunged in distilled water, dried by slightly inclining it, and heating it gently with a spirit lamp, and blowing upon its surface. The immersion of the plate continues only one or two minutes. Were it kept longer, its color would become deeper and deeper, and finally black, in which case it would become less and less sensible to luminous radiations. Plates thus prepared will keep for an indefinite time in the dark. Before using them the surface should be well rubbed with a pledget of cotton to make it brilliant.

These plates take a gray tint in diffused light. When a pure and strongly concentrated solar spectrum is thrown upon the plate, the orange and red rays first develop a red color which increases rapidly in intensity, but at the same time deepens and finally becomes black. The photogenic action of this spectrum is prolonged considerably beyond the ray A of Fraunhofer, producing an amaranth tint, or one passing from red to violet. The prismatic green is green on the plate, and the blue and the violet produce their own colors, which are very fine and very intense at a certain period of the action. The yellow and orange are impressed with difficulty, but still they are seen on the plate after the first moments of action. There is a distinct action beyond the violet and the lavender gray band beyond H, and stretching even much beyond this band. The tint is grayish, becoming very sensible after ten or fifteen minutes' exposure, and then growing deeper and deeper. This portion of the photogenic spectrum, viz., that beyond H, shows itself very clearly by breathing upon it. The vapor condenses itself there in preference, and under the form of small liquid globules.

If the prepared plate of silver is heated before exposing it to the action of light, it acquires new properties; while light impresses upon it a positive image which comes out, and sometimes makes the ground as white as paper. When the plate is heated in a stove at 100°, it assumes after a few minutes a slightly reddish tint, which is the state most suitable for receiving all the colors of the spectrum. In this state the solar spectrum impresses upon it all its colors. The yellow and the green are very fine, the

* See this Review, vol. iii. pp. 30, 31.

blue and the violet take bright and clear colors, and the orange and the red have a great intensity, but their shades are more violet than those of the spectrum. Beyond the red the effect is scarcely sensible, and beyond the violet there is a gray band which grows deeper and deeper. When the solar spectrum is very concentrated, a fine colored impression of it is obtained in a few minutes; but when it is dilated, and produced from a narrow aperture, one or two hours are required, and in this case the principal black lines of Fraunhofer are produced in black.

M. Edmund Becquerel has also produced upon his sensitive plates copies of colored prints; but the colors are much fainter than those of the solar spectrum. He has also obtained, by the camera obscura, pictures still more distinctly colored of brightly colored objects, but they require a long exposure in order to obtain pictures of a certain intensity. These *photo-chromatic* pictures may be preserved a long time in the dark; but they become faint under the prolonged influence of diffused light, and M. E. Becquerel has tried in vain to fix them.*

One of the most important discoveries that has been made since those of Talbot and Daguerre is that of M. Niepce, who proposed to substitute for paper a transparent and solid substance, which is capable of containing the sensitive material. The following is the process which M. Blanquart-Evrard of Lille has found the best, and which he communicated to the Institute of France in August, 1849:—Put into a deep vessel a number of the whites of eggs, quite pure and free of solid particles; add fifteen drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potash. After beating up the eggs, let them rest till they return to the liquid state. Clean a plate of glass the size of the picture required with alcohol, and, having placed it upon a support narrower than itself, pour upon it a sufficient quantity of this albumen, spreading it over the surface with a strip of glass, pushing the albumen backward and forward till it is everywhere in perfect contact with the surface of the glass. The plate of glass is then to be taken by one of its angles, and the excess of albumen run off. When the albuminous film is well dried, it must be exposed either to a great heat or to a great cold till the film is cracked in every direction. Thus prepared, the film must then be brushed over with the aceto-nitrate very quickly, and then suddenly plunged into a vessel of water.

* Comptes Rendus, &c. &c., tom. xxviii. pp. 200, 209. Fév. 12, 1849.

The best method of doing this is as follows:—Pour into a flat dish, larger than the glass plate, a solution one-half of a centimetre deep of aceto-nitrate, and then give the dish an inclination of 45°. The edge of the albuminous film is then placed in the fluid with the albuminous side immersed, and by a single movement the glass is dropped into the dish, and the dish placed upon a horizontal table. It is then to be agitated for a few seconds, and when the glass is taken out it must be held by one of the angles to let the fluid run off, striking the other sharply upon the table. The glass, with its albumen, is now photogenic, and may be used either in the wet or dry state, exactly like sensitive paper. After the picture is brought out by Gallic acid, the glass plate is well washed in fresh water, and the clear parts by a solution of bromide of potash of the strength of thirty grains to one hundred of water. The plate is then washed and dried, and ready for taking positive pictures. We have now before us specimens of Talbotypes taken in this way by Messrs. Ross and Thompson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, which are quite perfect, surpassing every photographic picture which we have previously seen. The human skin is represented in its natural softness and delicacy; and portraits of ladies and children can now be taken free of that roughness of surface and coarseness of feature which generally rendered them so unpleasing.

In his ninth chapter on electricity, Mr. Hunt has described in a brief and popular manner the various phenomena of common, voltaic, animal, atmospheric, and thermoelectricity.

In treating of the amount of electricity developed by chemical action, our author gives the following brief account of some of Dr. Faraday's interesting results.

"He has proved, by a series of exceedingly beautiful and most conclusive experiments, that if the electrical power which holds a grain of water in combination, or which causes a grain of oxygen and hydrogen to unite in the right proportions to form water, could be collected and thrown into the condition of a voltaic current, it would be exactly the quantity required to produce the decomposition of that grain of water, or the liberation of its elements, oxygen and hydrogen.

"By direct experiment it has been proved that one equivalent of zinc in a voltaic arrangement evolves such a quantity of electricity in the form of a current as passing through water will decompose exactly one equivalent of that fluid. The law has been thus expressed:—The electricity which decomposes, and that which is

evolved by the decomposition of a certain quantity of water, are alike. The equivalent weights of bodies are those quantities of them which contain equal quantities of electricity: electricity determining the equivalent number, because it determines the combining force.

"The same elegant and correct experimentalist has shown that zinc and platinum wires, 1-18th of an inch in diameter, and about half an inch long, dipped into dilute sulphuric acid, so weak that it is not sensibly sour to the tongue, will evolve more electricity in 1-20th of a minute than is given by thirty turns of a large and powerful electrical machine in full action, a quantity which, if passed through the head of a cat, is sufficient to kill it as by a flash of lightning. Pursuing this interesting inquiry further, it is found that a single grain of water contains as much electricity as could be accumulated in 800,000 Leyden jars, each requiring thirty turns of the large machine of the Royal Institution to charge it, a quantity equal to that which is developed from a charged thunder-cloud."—Pp. 174, 175.

The phenomena of animal electricity possess a high degree of interest, not merely from the supposed connection of electricity with the vital force, but from the remarkable phenomena which are exhibited by those fishes which possess and use an electrical apparatus. The most important of these fishes are the *Gymnotus Electricus* and the Raia Torpedo. In our article on Kosmos* we have already described, after Humboldt, the method employed in the Caraccas of fishing for electrical eels by means of wild horses or mules. When one of these eels was brought to London some years ago, and exhibited in the Adelaide Gallery, several experiments were made upon it by Dr. Faraday, who has given the following interesting description of it:

"The *Gymnotus* can stun and kill fish which are in very various positions to its own body; but on one day when I saw it eat, its action seemed to me to be peculiar. A live fish, about five inches in length, caught not half a minute before, was dropped into the tub. The *Gymnotus* instantly turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it; a shock passed, and there in an instant was the fish struck motionless, as if by lightning, in the midst of the water, its side floating to the light. The *Gymnotus* made a turn or two to look for its prey, which having found he bolted, and then went about searching for more. A second smaller fish was given him, which being hurt in the conveyance showed but little signs of life, and this he swallowed at once, apparently without shocking it. The coiling of the *Gymnotus* round

its prey had in this case every appearance of being intentional on its part to increase the force of the shock, and the action is evidently well suited for that purpose, being in full accordance with the well known laws of the discharge of currents in masses of conducting matter; and though the fish may not always put this artifice in practice, it is very probable he is aware of its advantages, and may resort to it in cases of need."

After describing the electricity of mineral veins, which, in Cornwall, have commonly a bearing in direction of north-east and south-west; and the art of electrotype by which copper, platinum and gold are thrown down and depressed from their solutions, and the electro-telegraph of Wheatstone, he proceeds, in Chapter x., to treat of Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Magneto-Electricity, Thermo-Magnetism, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Diamagnetism. We have already, in our review of Kosmos,* treated of the Magnetism of the Earth, and of the Aurora Borealis, and of Magnetic storms, and we mentioned generally the magnetic poles and curves as having a remarkable connection with the magnetic curves and the poles of maximum cold. These poles or points to which the lines of equal variation point, have a regular motion round the globe—those in the northern hemisphere moving from west to east, in an oblique direction, and those in the southern hemisphere moving from east to west also in an oblique direction. By computing from the best observations previous to 1817, when his work on the Magnetism of the Earth was published, Professor Hansteen of Christiania obtained the following periods of revolution:—

The weakest north pole in	860 years.
The weakest south pole in	1304 years.
The strongest north pole in	1746 years.
The strongest south pole in	4609 years.

From these data he obtained the following positions of these poles for the present year 1850:—

Strongest north pole	83° 10' West long.	69° 14' North lat.
Weakest north pole	152° 40' East long.	86° 0' North lat.
Strongest south pole	130° 14' East long.	68° 29' South lat.
Weakest south pole	143° 16' West long.	78° 54' South lat.

Hansteen remarks, as has been elsewhere stated,† that the four periods above mentioned, viz., 860, 1304, 1746, and 4609, become by a slight alteration 864, 1246, 1728,

* See this Review, vol. xv. p. 213.

* See this Review, vol. iv. p. 237.

† Brewster's Treatise on Magnetism, pp. 190, 191

and 4320; and he adds, rather fancifully for a matter of science, that these numbers are equal to 2×432 , 3×432 , 4×432 , and 10×432 , and that the number 432 is one of the most important among the sacred numbers of the Indians, Babylonians, Greeks, and Egyptians, which are said to depend on certain combinations of natural events. According to the mythology of the Brahmins, the duration of the world is divided into four periods. The *first* of which is 432,000 years; the *second*, $2 \times 432,000$ years; the *third* and *fourth* are in all $(1+2+3+4) = 10 \times 432,000$. Hansteen also considers it worthy of remark, that the Sun's mean distance from the Earth is 216 (the half of 432) radii of the Sun; the Moon's mean distance 216 radii of the Moon; and what, he says, is still more striking, $60 \times 432 = 25920$, the smallest number divisible at once by all the four periods;—and hence, he adds, the shortest time in which all the four poles can accomplish a cycle, and return to the same state as at present, *coincides exactly with the period in which the precession of the equinoxes will amount to a complete circle*, reckoning the precession at a degree in seventy-two years.

According to the recent observations made during the British Arctic Voyages of Discovery, the time of revolution of the strongest north magnetic pole is 1890 years, and according to Sir James Ross, who erected a flag upon the spot, the position of this pole was in $96^\circ 45' 48''$ of West Longitude, and $70^\circ 5' 17''$ of North Latitude.*

The recent discoveries of Dr. Faraday and Dr. Plücker are so beautiful and important, that we must devote a portion of our space to give a fuller account of them than Mr. Hunt has done. Every substance in nature is under the influence of magnetism. While one set of bodies like *iron* arrange themselves in the line of the magnetic force, another set like *bismuth* place themselves at right angles to that line. The first of these classes are called *magnetic* bodies, and the second *diamagnetic*. This fact is strikingly shown by the agency of electro-magnets, but it may be exhibited by the action of terrestrial magnetism. Dr. Faraday has given the following list of these bodies; those at the top of the columns having the least, and those at the bottom the highest force:—

Magnetic Bodies.
O° Air and a Vacuum.

Osmium.
Platinum.
Crown Glass.
Palladium.
Manganese.
Cobalt.
Nickel.
Iron.

Diamagnetic Bodies.
O° Air and a Vacuum.

Arsenic.
Ether.
Alcohol.
Gold.
Water.
Mercury.
Flint Glass.
Tin.
Heavy Glass.
Antimony.
Phosphorus.
Bismuth.

Thus it appears that *iron* and *bismuth* are the metals most powerfully opposed to each other in their magnetical condition. By combining magnetic and diamagnetic bodies, Dr. Faraday produced a compound which was neither the one nor the other. By dissolving *proto-sulphate of iron*, a *magnetic* body, in *water*, which is a *diamagnetic*, (48.6 grains to 10 cubic inches of water,) he obtained a solution which was neither attracted, nor repelled, nor pointed when in air. "Such a solution," says Dr. Faraday, "pointed axially when surrounded with water. If made somewhat weaker in respect of the iron, it would point axially in water, but equatorially in air; and it could be made to pass more and more into the *magnetic* or the *diamagnetic* class, by the addition of more sulphate of iron or more water. Thus a *fluid* medium was obtained, which practically, as far as I could perceive, had every magnetic character and effect of a gas, and even of a vacuum; and as we possess both magnetic and diamagnetic glass, it is evidently possible to prepare a *solid* substance possessing the same neutral magnetic character."

By far the greater number of the bodies which compose the crust of the earth are diamagnetic, and though the magnetic matters are much more energetic in their action, "it is not at all unlikely that many of the masses which form the crust of our globe may have an excess of diamagnetic power, and act accordingly." "It is a curious sight," says Dr. Faraday, "to see a piece of wood, or of beef, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet, or taking the leaf of a tree and hanging it up between the poles, to observe it take an equatorial position."

Professor Plücker of Bonn has shown that magnetism and diamagnetism increase as the temperature is augmented; and that when the force of the electro-magnets is increased, the intensity of the diamagnetic force increases more rapidly than that of the magnetic force. He has found also that the increase of

* Phil. Trans. 1846, p. 54. Mr. Hunt has omitted mentioning the position of the poles, and the more recent measure of the period and position of the strongest.

the force of the electro-magnets imparts to a piece of charcoal which has the position of a magnetic body, the position of a diamagnetic body. The following experiment he gives as a very striking one:—"If by means of a counterpoise any body containing at the same time magnetic and diamagnetic substances, (for instance, mercury in a brass vessel, the last being magnetic,) is held in equilibrium, this body is repelled by the magnet when brought near it, and attracted when it is removed."

A new species of magnetic action discovered by the same philosopher, is exhibited in the action of electro-magnets upon crystals with double refraction. He has found that "there will be either repulsion or attraction of the optic axis by the poles of a magnet, according to the crystalline structure of the crystal. If the crystal is a negative one there will be repulsion; if it is a positive one there will be attraction." The crystals most suited for these experiments he found to be *Diopside* a positive, and *Kyanite* and *Topaz* negative crystals. In these crystals the line (A) bisecting the acute angles made by the two optic axes, is neither perpendicular nor parallel to the axis of the prism.* Such a crystal suspended horizontally like a prism of *Tourmaline staurolite*, and "ferro-cyanide of potassium," will point neither axially nor equatorially, but will take always a fixed intermediate direction, which continually changes as the prism is turned round its axis. "The *Kyanite*," says Professor Plücker, "is by far the most interesting crystal I have examined. If suspended horizontally it points very well to the north, by the magnetic power of the earth. It is a true compass needle, and more than that, you may obtain its declination! If, for instance, you suspend it so that the line (A) be on the vertical plane passing through the axis (B) of the prism, the crystal will point exactly as a compass needle does. But by turning the crystal round the line (B), you may make it point exactly to the north of the earth. The crystal does not point according to the magnetism of its substance, but only in obedience to the magnetic action upon its optical axis." The crystal also exhibited strong polarity, and like a magnetic needle, the same end was always directed to the north. It is obvious from the preceding fact, that we may by means of a magnet find the optic axis of a crystal that is both amorphous and opaque, and determine

also whether such crystals are positive or negative. According to Professor Plücker, the crystals of *bismuth* and *arsenic* are positive, and those of *antimony* negative.

Having followed our author through the various chapters of his work which relate to what is in this country called Natural Philosophy, we are warned, by our exhausted space, to terminate our analysis of it here. These remaining chapters treat of Chemistry, Geology, and Vegetable and Animal Physiology—subjects which would require to be discussed at some length in a separate article. These chapters are written in the same popular and glowing style which characterize those which precede them, and cannot fail to be perused with the greatest interest both by the scientific and the general reader.

In closing his observations on the advantages of science, Mr. Hunt makes the following just observations:—

"To study science for its useful applications merely, is to limit its advantages to purely sensual ends. To pursue science for the sake of the truths it may reveal is an endeavor to advance the elements of human happiness through the intelligence of the race. To avail ourselves of facts for the improvement of art and manufactures is the duty of every nation moving in the advance of civilization. But to draw from the great truths of science intelligible inferences and masterly deductions, and from these to advance to new and beautiful abstractions, is a mental exercise which tends to the refinement and elevation of every human feeling.

"The mind thus exercised during the mid-day will find in the twilight of age a Divine serenity, and, charmed by the music of nature, which like a vesper hymn poured forth from pious souls, proclaims in devotion's purest strain the departure of day, he will sink into the repose of that mysterious night which awaits us all, tranquil in the happy consciousness that the sun of truth will rise in unclouded brilliancy, and place him in the enjoyment of that intellectual light which has ever been among the holiest aspirations of the human race.

"The task of wielding the wand of science—of standing a scientific evocator within the charmed circle of its powers, is one which leads the mind through nature up to nature's God.

"Experiment and observation instruct us in the discovery of a fact,—that fact connects itself with natural phenomena, the ultimate cause of which we learn from Divine revelation, and receive in full belief,—but the proximate causes are reserved as trials of men's intelligence; and every natural truth, discovered by induction, enables the contemplative mind to deduce those perfect laws which are exemplifications of the fresh-springing and all-enduring POETRY OF SCIENCE."—Pp. 401, 402.

These are great truths, which should be

* This is certainly not true of *Topaz*. The line (A) is perpendicular to the faces of cleavage, which are at right angles to the axis of the prism.

deeply pondered by those patriotic individuals who are struggling against the prejudices of the age, to diffuse knowledge among the ignorant; to bring education to the door of the poor, and to dispense it to the outcasts of society. Knowledge is the only antidote to misery and crime. Without education there can be no knowledge either secular or divine; and without knowledge there can be no happiness either in this world or the next. If education, therefore, cannot be claimed by the ignorant as a right, it may be demanded from the State as a duty. Laws cannot be justly enforced upon those who are unable yet willing to read them; and if, like the code of Draco, they are written in blood, the judge who puts them in execution against the ignorant is himself a criminal.

If the education of the people is the duty, it is equally the policy of the State. The schoolmaster is the most efficacious policeman; and the lesson which in the school is instilled by the rod, will survive that of the lash in the penitentiary. It is well to teach and to reclaim the convicted criminal; but it would have been better to have kept him from crime. When the tendrils of vice have shot through the moral frame, and corrupted its capillaries, it would be useless to open a vein or an artery.

If these be truths, to which we cannot refuse our assent, what opinion must we entertain of those various forms of fanaticism which are now raised against a system of national education? To refuse a grant for sec-

ular education because it is not directly accompanied with religious instruction—to refuse it in Scotland, where evangelical truth is the national creed—would be equivalent to withholding the Scriptures from the people. The moral death of every man who dies unreformed and uneducated, would lie at the door of the party who denied him instruction; and we can scarcely conceive how a Christian can reconcile it with his conscience, that he has raised a barrier against the only method of suppressing crime, and teaching the doctrines of his faith.

But whatever be the result of this struggle for ecclesiastical domination among the different religious classes, it is of great importance that the education which is given, whether limited as it now is, or extended as we trust it will be, shall be of the proper kind. Few people have an adequate idea of the amount of knowledge which can be instilled at school. The facts and elements of all the sciences are capable of being taught at a very early age; and were a set of elementary works drawn up by eminent scientific men, and used in our schools, the most beneficial results would accrue to society. While the young student was made familiar with the wonderful works of the Almighty, he would at the same time be preparing himself for his professional career, or for those higher studies by the prosecution of which he might benefit society by his inventions, or extend the boundaries of knowledge by his discoveries.

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

Oh, merry goes the time when the heart is young,
 There is naught too hard to climb when the heart is young;
 A spirit of delight
 Scatters roses in her flight,
 And there's magic in the night—when the heart is young.
 But weary go the feet when the heart is old;
 Time cometh not so sweet when the heart is old;
 From all that smiled and shone,
 There is something lost and gone;
 And our friends are few—or none—when the heart is old.
 Oh, sparkling are the skies, when the heart is young,
 There is bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young;
 The golden break of day
 Brings gladness in its ray,
 And every month is May, when the heart is young.
 But the sun is setting fast when the heart is old,
 And the sky is overcast when the heart is old;
 Life's worn and weary barque
 Lies tossing wild and dark,
 And the star hath left Hope's ark—when the heart is old.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE BITTER GOURD.*

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"GRACE" in good truth,—renown'd for that rare art
 Call'd Perfect Tact (if it indeed be art,
 Whose skill implies an all-embracing heart),
 Behold,—in Lokman's lord,—the only thing,
 In all he did, beyond thy compassing;—
 In Lokman's self,—the spirit more than free,
 Which thou hadst shown as well, hadst thou been he.

Lokman the Wise, therefore the good (for wise
 Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
 Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
 Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
 Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat
 So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,
 The sage receiv'd what stretch'd the donor's eyes;
 And, piece by piece, as though it had been food
 To feast and gloat on, every morsel chew'd;
 And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
 Till all the nauseous favor disappear'd.

Vex'd, and confounded, and dispos'd to find
 Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
 "Lokman!" exclaim'd his master,—“In God's name,
 How can a slave himself become so tame?
 Have all my favors been bestow'd amiss?
 Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this?”

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.—
 “Have I receiv'd,” he answer'd, “at thine hands
 Favors so sweet they went to mine heart's root,
 And could I not accept one bitter fruit?”

“O Lokman!” said his lord (and as he spoke,
 For very love his words in softness broke),
 “Take but this favor yet:—be slave no more:—
 Be, as thou art, my friend and counselor:—
 Oh be; nor let me quit thee, self-abhorr'd;—
 'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord.”

* See the ground-work of the story in D'Herbelot, and other Eastern authorities. Lokman has sometimes been called the Arabian *Æsop*; and sometimes thought to have been *Æsop* himself.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MUSINGS IN MY STUDY.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE," &c.

As there are many way-side flowers scarcely worth gathering individually, which would nevertheless contribute to the beauty of a nosegay, so do spring up in the mind many thoughts of trifling separate value which may be well worth collecting into a posy. FULTON.

NONE SO BLACK, AND FEW SO WHITE, AS THEY
ARE PAINTED.

WHEN Shakspeare wrote

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out,

so deeply was he impressed with the religiousness of the thought, that he introduced it by a solemn invocation of the Deity—a feeling not less characteristic of the man than the sentiment itself was honorable to mankind. Yes, earthly creatures though we be, not altogether have we lost the purifying influences of the heaven from which we fell. Nay, we cannot, even if we would, divest ourselves of this hallowing, this celestial infusion. Every man, it has been said, carries a chained devil in his heart: with more truth might it be asserted that every man has a guardian angel in his bosom, whose wings are free, whose yearnings are always heavenward. What! shall we crown Satan and dethrone the Deity? When we are evil-doers shall we pitifully urge that we were moved and tempted by the devil, as if he were irresistible? And, when holier invitations beckon us to virtue; shall we not ejaculate with pious gratitude—"Tis the divinity that stirs within us?" Small, however, is the merit of recognizing the source of these promptings, when their nature is righteous and lofty. We must go further; we must adopt Shakspeare's recommendation, and acknowledge "some soul of goodness in things evil."

As the cloud that looks black and fuliginous to the earth has a bright side to the sun, so may we hope that the darkness of human offences may present some atoning gleams when contemplated from above; and

if Heaven can find a plea for forgiving our misdeeds, surely we may exercise a similar indulgence toward each other. Alas! in our compound elements virtue and vice are almost inevitable companions. They are the medal and its reverse: they attract and repel each other by a sort of antipathetical sympathy. As physical nature is subject to passions—such as storms, inundations, volcanoes, earthquakes, which, however terrible their immediate devastation, eventually purify the atmosphere, and fertilize the earth; so do our human passions, despite their imminent danger and mischief, frequently produce the most beneficial results. Many of our vices—the shadows or caricatures of our virtues—are but so many good qualities pushed to distortion and ugliness: some of our virtues, on the contrary, borrow their radiance from the defects of our nature, as the luminousness of certain organized bodies proceeds from their corruption. Passion, like the bias of the bowl, will sometimes carry us to the right point in the end, by drawing us away from it at first. To march straightforward, and to storm every impediment we meet, when, by a trifling deviation, we might avoid it, is to be wrong-headed in pursuit of what is right. A winding path will enable us to ascend a mountain which would be inaccessible in a direct one. Many a man has fallen by looking too high. Thales, the Milesian, tumbled into a pond while staring at the moon. "Fool that I am!" exclaimed the philosopher, "by looking into the pond I might have seen the moon, but I could never see the pond by gazing at the moon."

Good and evil, like the Siamese twins, can have no separate existence. There can be no light, either moral or material, without shadow; no shadow without light. Turn the him-

ges upon which the cardinal virtues swing, and you will see their opposite vices. Were there no such failings in the world as infidelity, despair, and misanthropy, then faith, hope, and charity—the inevitable conditions of our existence—would confer no more merit on their possessor than the merely animal functions of eating, drinking, and sleeping. What passion so prolific of wretchedness and crime as jealousy; yet this snake among the roses springs from love—the best and holiest of our impulses. Revenge is only a wild sense of justice: it is taking the law into our own hands when we cannot find or cannot trust other hands to wield it. Tyranny has often been exercised for the good of mankind. Freedom, as recent examples abundantly prove, often degenerates into oppression. Prodigality is only an excessive generosity; parsimony nothing but a too rigid economy. Though we do not always injure those whom we hate, we generally hate those whom we have injured—a feeling which, however culpable, is not altogether without a palliating explanation; since it may arise from an effort to recover our own respect, by persuading ourselves that our victim was really odious, and merited what we have inflicted.

Oh, superficial reader! (should I have any such) I beseech thee to banish the thought that I have been seeking to remove any moral landmark—to confuse the boundaries that separate right from wrong—to dim the beauty of virtue, or varnish over the ugliness of vice. "Believe me, I had no such stuff in my thoughts." It was my object to show, that, in the mysterious interfusion of our double nature, our motives must often be unconsciously mixed; and that when we reflect upon the weakness of our strength, and the strength of our weakness, it becomes us incessantly to exercise toward each other the "charity that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; that is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil."

THE MAN-MICROCOSM.

From the conceit of certain philosophers, that man has in him something analogous to the four elements, he has been called a microcosm, or little world. Little indeed! In the immeasurable expansion given to the universe by recent improvements in our telescopes, and the inconceivable, the infinite enlargement of which we shall probably become cognizant as we increase the power of our optical instruments, man can hardly assume the title even of a little world without ren-

dering himself ridiculous. If he must claim mundane honors, let him at the same time confess his comparative insignificance, and dub himself—*mundus mundulus in mundo immundo*.

As the centuries roll on, burying generations upon generations, the human microscope does not seem to gather wisdom, nor to have made up his mind very easily even as to the physical laws of his dwelling-place. In the heathen mythology, Vesta personified the stability of the earth; and when the Samian astronomer, Aristarchus, first taught that the earth revolved on its axis and round the sun, he was publicly accused of impiety, for moving the everlasting Vesta from her place! A thousand or two of years elapsed, and the human microcosm had gathered so much sapience in the interval, that Galileo received similar treatment for promulgating the same opinions. O most enlightened little world! Two hundred and thirty-three years have passed away since his imprisonment, during which term education has been regularly expanding; yet we have wiseacres, ecclesiastical and lay, who apply to our geologists and their discoveries the precise terms of the Jesuits, when they declared the positions of Galileo to be "absurd, false in philosophy, and contrary to the express word of God." O most learned and liberal Pundits!—if ignorance is bliss, ye must be wise indeed; if bigotry be religion, ye are most unquestionably devout.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Pythagoras is said to have borrowed this theory from the Egyptians, or from the Indian Brahmins, among the latter of whom the doctrine still forms a leading feature of their religion; but it is probable that the belief prevailed long before its existence can be proved by any historical record or assignable tradition. In the infancy of the world, when man could not even guess at a solution of the many mysteries by which he was surrounded, when he saw the grub transformed into the butterfly, the egg into the eagle, the acorn into the oak; when other products of the animal and vegetable world were presenting the most startling changes to his eyes, it was not unnatural to suppose that the soul of man passed after death into other bodies. This theory, however visionary, was so far beneficial that it involved a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments; for if the deceased had been vicious, he was to be imprisoned in the body of some appropriate beast.

there to do penance for several ages; but if he had lived virtuously, some happy brute, or even a human creature, was to receive his soul.

What so natural as a belief in this transmigration of a being whose body was subjected to various metamorphoses and constant interfusion with the outward world? Hamlet deduced the lump of earth which

Patch'd a wall to expel the winter's flaw,

from imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, and he might have followed its subsequent mutations until it again became animated in the person of some future emperor. Men, animals, and plants undergo a perpetual incorporation into one another, the same primary elements, which are only four in number, forming the basis in all organic beings. United thus together in the consanguinity of universal nature, we are of brotherhood with the lion, the eagle, and the oak; but not the less closely connected with the weazel, the guat, and the weed. Happy the man who feels that there is but one family in the world, and who is imbued with a love for all his relations.

Curious the speculation, assuming the truth of the metempsychosis, to follow out the judicial transmigrations to which the different classes of mankind would probably be doomed. Conquerors and warlike kings, animating the bodies of gamecocks, would lacerate, torment, and destroy each other for the amusement of the populace, just as they themselves, for their own royal pastime, encouraged popular throat-cutting. Worldly priests might be converted into hawks, which only fly heavenward in pursuit of prey; or into larks, which seem to be seeking the sky for the sole purpose of singing hymns, but which never lose sight of their snug home and their nest eggs on the earth below. Surgical experimentalists, vivifying frogs, dogs, or rabbits, would undergo the tortures they had wantonly inflicted, the operators being their own sons, who had succeeded to their practice and their cruelty. Anglers would exchange the amusement of the rod for the anguish of the hook, which should be torn out of them, after they had gorged it, at least twice a day. Sportsmen, incorporated in pheasants and partridges, and condemned to taste for once what they had so frequently dispensed, would crawl with maimed and broken limbs, or blinded eyes, to some hidden ditch, there slowly to expire of hunger; and foxhunters, metamorphosed into hunted

foxes, should be allowed the daily privilege, after a desperate run, of being in at their own death! Authors, and more especially critics, realizing the nickname sometimes bestowed upon them, and converted into real book-worms, should pass their lives in defacing the leaves by which they are supported, and constantly picking holes in the works before them.

To speculate upon the probable fate of individuals, and more especially of those still living, might appear invidious, otherwise I could name a celebrated ex-chancellor, who would find himself quite in his element as a chameleon. I could point out two never silent senators—"Et cantare pares, et respondere parati"—either of whom might give an appropriate soul to the great animal killed by Meleager. I could indicate a distinguished — Let me not, however, be tempted into any such perilous personalities—

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON RELIGION.

Idolatry is of southern growth, the countries for which God has done the most being generally the most deficient in pure and true religion. In those sunny and soul-seducing lands men become enamored of the beauty of the earth, and worship it as a divinity. Their religion is the gratitude of their senses, not of their understanding. In the cheerless and unlovely north, man, repelled from the outward, betakes himself to the inward temple, and turns from the unattractive visible to the beauties of the unseen. Let it not be supposed that such abstractions are cold or even incompatible with a fiery enthusiasm, for spiritual imaginings have often a stronger hold upon the mind than tangible realities.

Who can preserve his religion, however steadfast and settled, from the influences of climate? Who can render his mind independent of the barometer? On a gloomy November day I have sometimes fancied that I could hear the tolling of my own passing-bell, and my soul has been the more saddened by the boom of its silent echoes, because at such moments misgiving clouds have passed over my mind, dark and spectral as the shadow of a monumental figure. A sunny May morning, on the contrary, intoxicating my spirit with its delicious breath, has made me feel as if life were a perpetual ecstasy, and earth contained no tomb. Merely animal enjoyments, in fact, lower us to the level of animals who are virtually immortal from

their ignorance of death ; whose present is also their future ; and who find in this world, according to the treatment they experience, either their heaven or their hell.

COMMUNISM.

Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," speaking of the "toyes, fantasies, and bableries whereof the world is full," exclaims—"are they not invented and excogitate by Belzebub, written by Lucifer, licensed by Pluto, printed by Cerberus, and set abroad to sale by the infernal Furies themselves, to the poysoning of the whole world?" He could not have said more, and he ought not to have said less, had he been reading the recent writings of the French Communists.

TRUTH.

From the time of Pilate downward thousands have asked, "What is the truth?" and as many more have attempted to define it ; but M. de la Motte seems to have been the first who sought a solution of the difficulty by tracing its genealogy—"When Ignorance was brought to bed of Opinion," says that writer—"Pride and Idleness, the parents of Ignorance, without hesitation named the child TRUTH."

Moral truth, being to a certain degree conventional, may vary in its aspect ; but whatever theologians may say to the contrary, there is but one religious truth that is uniform and immutable—viz., the truth that is n-shrined in the intention and manifested by worship.

A BATCH OF BALLADS.

BY A. PARK.

ROSY JULY.

Or all the sweet months of the year,
There's none like rosy July !
The early sun shines warm and clear,
And flowers have open'd fully :
All sparkling is the world at noon,
At eve the air breathes coolly ;
Of all the sweet months of the year,
There's none like rosy July !

Young April has its smiles and tears,
And May its opening roses ;
And though the sun in joy appears,
Oft darkness round him closes.
And even though June brings forth new bloom,
Though Summer reigns more truly—
Of all the sweet months of the year,
There's none like rosy July !

The birds aboon are in full tune,
With joy the woodlands ringing ;
The haw-thorn trees perfume the breeze,
And all the world is singing !
The butterfly and bee sweep by,
To blossoms open'd newly—
Of all the sweet months of the year,
There's none like rosy July !

THE HEATH-CLAD HAUNTS OF INFANCY.

When heath is purple, verdure lies
O'er mountain breasts in rich display ;
When Summer-blossoms meet the eyes
Where'er our wandering footsteps stray ;
When cascades leap in dazzling sheen,
And nature's grandest form is seen,
I love my native hills to see,
Those heath-clad haunts of infancy !

I've seen Hibernia's vernal land,
Like Titau rising from the sea ;
As if some fairy with her wand
Had form'd a world alone, and free !
I've seen fair England's lofty towers,
And France in her frivolity ;
But dearer, far, is still to me,
Those heath-clad haunts of infancy.

There's not a spot on this fair earth,
That warms my heart and charms mine eye,
That calls such joyous thoughts to birth,
Or can such careless hours supply,
As those gigantic cliffs of old,
Where clouds and tempests revel free—
Where Summer spreads ethereal gold,
My heath-clad haunts of infancy !

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF DIRECTORIES.

WE have long been struck by some remarkable deficiencies in the most complete works of this nature; and have only refrained, up to the present moment, from calling attention to them, in the hope that the authors themselves would have anticipated our observations, by volunteering to supply the wants of which we complain. Indeed, from the experience we have had for several years of the great value, for many practical purposes, of Mr. Thom's publication, in particular; and having found that work steadily increasing in the quantity of its materials, and the accuracy of its information, we confess that we opened his Directory for 1850, not without very sanguine expectations of seeing our own views to some extent carried out; but, amidst many improvements and additions, we have failed to discover those which would, in our opinion, double the value of a work of the kind.

The glaring defect, then, to our judgment, of the ordinary directory, is its almost exclusive adaptation to professional and commercial purposes, utterly neglecting a thousand more important uses of a domestic and social nature to which such a publication might easily be adapted. In a social point of view, what information is to be got even from Mr. Thom's work, ample as it is, beyond the names and residences of the inhabitants of the city and suburbs? For the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the tradesman, it abounds with all sorts of useful intelligence; gives a full account of every public institution; furnishes tables without end for computing interest, ascertaining stamp-duties, calculating servants' wages, and turning English money into Irish, or Irish back into English; then, in the novel article of statistics, it leaves the "Companion to the Almanac" a thousand miles in the rear, for it has literally become a digest of all the bills and papers of the Session, and might properly be called the con-

centrated essence of Blue Books. But of what use are any of these business-like details to multitudes of people, to men of pleasure, for instance, or to the fair sex generally? A comprehensive directory ought surely to provide useful information for all classes and conditions of people, instead of aiming only to be of service in the counting-house, the shop, or the public office. In London, indeed, there is a "Court Guide," but it is nothing but a meagre repertory of names and abodes, not even giving the names of the Sovereigns of Europe, or treating the Londoners to an abridgment of their annals, as our more liberal almanac-makers have done from time immemorial. We do not quarrel with the number of tables which have enriched our Dublin Directories, but only their *partiality*. We want a directory that will direct everybody, and not merely merchants, attorneys, clerks, and housekeepers; that will come home, not only to our business, but to our bosoms; that will be as much in demand in the *boudoir* as in the *bureau*; assist in other transactions of life besides buying and selling, and be as indispensable to a practical young lady, for example, as to the gravest practical man. This brings us at once to a defect which we may as well notice here as anywhere else, and which we hope Mr. Thom will remedy in 1851. Why should there not be a list of bachelors as well as a list of lawyers and physicians? To a young lady of business, or a practical mother, having young ladies on her hands, a catalogue of bachelors, with their residences, would be of the greatest interest and utility, particularly if it was accompanied by a table, arranged in columns, showing the age and the income of the parties, with a few observations upon their tastes, tempers, and dispositions. We shall give an example, with imaginary names and details, for Mr. Thom's guidance next year:—

Name.	Residence.	Age.	Estate.	Remarks.
Sir Smithson Smith, Bart. (Of Nova Scotia.)	South Frederick-st. — no country seat known.	Middle	None in Nova Scotia, little anywhere else.	A good speculation, as his wife would be Lady Smithson Smith.
Geo. Augustus Snaggs, Esq.	A Boarding-house in the suburbs.	33	Property in the funds, expectations from an uncle, &c.	Looking out for a wife, and has no doubt that his name alone will get him a good one.
Robert Hunter Boosy, Esq.,	Kildare-street ; cottage at the Curragh.	35	Very good, but much incumbered.	Fond of field-sports and the bottle—a very good speculation.
Patrick John Strutt Strutt,	The houses of his relatives and friends.	40, or thereabouts	Looking for a good place under Government ; — when he gets one will be well off.	His wife will be Mrs. Strutt Strutt.
Driscoll O'Driscoll,	Castle Driscoll, in Co. Mayo.	45 or 50	Enough to say that he is a proprietor in the Co. Mayo.	His hair very black, but suspected to be a wig. Teeth excellent — by the first London dentist.
O. D. T. Tomkinson, Esq.,	Small house in Holles-st., cottage near Bray.	32	Gross income large ; nett not considerable, but his father living, and he has an uncle in California.	A young lady might do worse than take pity upon him.
Harry Lackland Bright, Esq.,	Chambers in Henrietta street.	25	Estate in his head.	Called to the bar, and is confident he will be a judge in a few years. A lady wishing to be a judge's wife would do well to think of him.

A column might be added with advantage for the general health of each individual ; and the table might be made highly useful to gentlemen as well as to ladies, by setting forth the convivial habits of each bachelor : whether he is a dinner-giving sort of a man, or a dining-out sort of a man ; what clubs he belongs to, and where he was black-balled, if anywhere ; for there are always a multitude of independent young men about town, to whom the acquaintance of bachelors of some standing in the world is a matter of great importance, provided they are thoroughly “sans reproche,” and have the

spirit and good feeling to give snug dinners to their young friends at their lodgings or hotels.

With respect to dinners, indeed, we would propose a more extensive improvement in our directory statistics. As there is nothing which distinguishes one set of houses more from another in a great city, than the difference between their notions of hospitality, it would be highly advantageous, to be enabled to see at one view what houses give dinners, what houses give none, and to have the dinner-giving houses properly classified according to the relative merits and capacities of their several cooks, larders, and cellars.

Houses.	Dinners.	Company.	Wine.	Cooking.
No. — square, — street,	0 Frequent.	0 Stupid, miscellaneous, and on the inclusive principle.	0 Varies with company.	0 Ditto.
— square,	Rare events.	Select and stupid, on the exclusive principle.	Fair.	Fair.
— row,	Not uncommon.	Queer people, with queer faces, in queer dresses.	Too good for the company.	Much too good for such queer people.
— place,	Two every year.	Mobs. (You long to read the riot-act, and disperse them.)	Not particularly vinous.	Quantity much more remarkable than quality.
— square,	Not frequent enough.	Agreeable.	Excellent.	Commendable.
— street,	Often.	Family parties.	Questionable.	Abominable.

This is what we call "useful knowledge;" for how often do we cultivate people with great pains, visit them, bow to them in the street, notice them in public places, and even sometimes make them little presents, or send them boxes of game, all under the impression that their houses are desirable to dine at; when it turns out in the end that they either give no dinners at all (like the first house in the foregoing table), or, like the fifth in the list, entertain a rabble twice a year with dishes as cold as charity, and wine from the neighboring grocer's. Then, on the other hand, how many worthy people do we often neglect, and even snub in society, who have the highest claims upon our consideration, only that they labor under the disadvantage of having no public and authentic organ to record their hospitalities, and procure for them the respect they deserve. Take the second and the sixth mansions in the above table for examples. Only think how such houses would rise in reputation if Mr. Thom were to take the hint we now give, and enrich his volume with the statistics of good living. The scent of their dinners would not be long in spreading all over the town—the bouquet of their dishes would be wafted on the wings of the wind to all points of the compass; and, what is more, modest worth would be forced out of retirement; the rose would no longer blush unseen, or the gem sparkle in unfathomed caves: all the world would know the people who have the good taste and the good feeling to feast their friends handsomely and frequently, and thus, as far as in them lies, promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number—performing a most important part of the "whole duty of man."

It is not for us to profess to instruct Mr. Thom how to obtain the equally curious and useful information necessary to form a complete directory to the city of Dublin, considered under a social and hospitable aspect; but we may mention one or two sources of intelligence which occurs to us. Returns might be obtained, without much expense, from the members of that admirable corps of respectable men in blue coats and white waistcoats, who officiate by day as Mercuries and Cerberuses to the public departments, and minister by night as supernumerary Ganymedes at the tables of people who give dinners. These respectable men, for such they are in every point of view, could indeed furnish much more information than mere lists of the houses where their convivial services are rendered; the store of anec-

dote, the knowledge of character, necessarily accumulated by them in the course of their professional labors, must needs be very great; and a most agreeable companion to the almanac might be formed out of their note-books, if they take notes, as we trust they do. But, at all events, they might be called upon to make returns of those who employ them on festive occasions, and such returns would be most valuable. Another plan would be to use the metropolitan police for our purposes, as the constabulary are constantly, and most beneficially, employed to collect much less interesting statistical details all over the island. The police are not so very busy watching, or catching thieves, that they might not also be required to observe and report upon the external phenomena which indicate the existence of a genial system of housekeeping. At an early hour of the day who does not remark the boys of the poulterers, fish-mongers, and butchers, with baskets or trays, traversing their several beats, and dropping a turkey here, a pheasant there; at one house a turbot and couple of lobsters; at another a haddock, with oysters, and so on, until their loads are discharged, and they are at leisure to play at Scotch-hop, or jump Jim Crow for the rest of the day. Then, between six and seven in the evening, just as the moon is seen mounting over the chimneys, or Hesperus begins to twinkle through the chinks in the clouds, unobservant must he be of what is passing about him, who does not notice another interesting class of carriers, the apprentices of the confectioners and pastry-cooks, gliding through the dinner-giving quarters of the town, bearing on their heads, or under their arms, wooden boxes, inscribed "Polson," "Doyle," or "Giovanni," and containing all the devices and "specious miracles" of *patisserie*—creams of all colors and flavors, the numerous species of the great genius, pudding; in short, all that French fancy and Italian art, coming in aid of our native tastes (which, even in our second courses, has a strong tendency to the solid rather than the elegant), has invented for our superfluous eating. Now, what could be easier than for Mr. Thom to make an arrangement with the commissioners of police, by which the police might be directed to note the houses where these several consignments of fish, flesh, fowl, or confectionery are deposited, with the actual amounts of the deposits in each case? By this process, pursued say for a twelvemonth, we should have a very close approximation, in-

deed, to the relative merits of the Dublin houses during that period; and it is plain that the police might collect a still more exact body of information, by availing themselves of the facilities which they notoriously have (and notoriously avail themselves of for their *private* purposes), of penetrating the areas of houses, and holding familiar intercourse with the cooks and other domestics, who, holding the keys of our safes and larders, are the very highest authorities from whom information could be obtained. But there is still a third method which might be taken, and which we are disposed to prefer to either of the former, as being more ingenious and scientific. Indeed, the full development of it we reserve for a paper which we shall either read at the Royal Irish Academy, or request some friend to read for us at some reunion of the Statistical Society, where we have not the honor of *figuring* ourselves. We propose, then, to apply the thermometer to the purpose of the proposed research, upon the obvious principle that, as the temperature of the kitchen increases with the quantity of good cheer cooked in it, the degrees of culinary heat must afford a faithful index to the degrees of hospitable fervor. We would employ a number of well-instructed young men, provided with most delicate instruments, to carry them all round the town, at a certain hour to be fixed by a careful determination of the period of the day when the temperature of the kitchen is at the maximum, and we would enjoin them to record, with scrupulous accuracy, the tale told by the thermometer at each successive railing. This sort of Thermo-gastric Survey of Dublin (or, Gastro-thermometric, if you please to call it so), would put the Ordnance Survey entirely out of countenance. Perhaps, as a rival undertaking, the best name of all for our project would be the Battery, meaning the Kitchen Battery, Survey; but, there's "nothing in a name;" the substantial advantages of the plan proposed will, we hope and trust, recommend it to those whose interest, as well as duty, it must be to see it carried into execution. The thermometers employed for the test of hospitality might be graduated, or, rather, the graduations marked as follows:—

Splendid and frequent.
Plain and generous.
Very comfortable.
Occasional and excellent.
Occasional and tolerable.
Seldom and indifferent.

Seldom or never.
Never.

The mathematical instrument-makers would do well to have a stock of thermometers instantly manufactured upon this savory principle. There would be a large demand for them, independently of the order which Mr. Thom would be sure to give for his Directory of 1851. Can a more agreeable philosophical recreation be imagined, than to ramble about the town on an evening, when one is unfortunately free from social engagements, and, pulling out our little pocket-thermometer and note-book, make our grave observations upon the convivial temperatures of the houses of our friends and acquaintances? A small telescope, of great penetrating power, might also be employed with advantage, to enable us to pry, in the spirit of scientific curiosity, into the interiors of kitchens, and witness, in detail, the working of that subterranean machinery by which, more than by any other moving power, the world is swayed and governed. But we refrain from offering more suggestions on this head at present.

Here is another hint, the social importance of which will be felt by thousands of readers. We would take care to have those houses in which the children come in after dinner, marked, or *stigmatized*, with an asterisk, as Roman Catholics are distinguished in the list of the peers. By this means, those who abhor, detest, and abjure the system of a post-prandial irruption of the little Goths and Visigoths of a family, would learn in what disorderly establishments so flagrant an abuse is permitted, and would be careful to avoid their ill-omened thresholds; while those, on the other hand, who take a barbarous satisfaction in the spectacle of juvenile gluttony, as some unquestionably do, would have the corresponding advantage of knowing where that pleasure is sure to form part of the entertainment. In the same way as we propose to have a Directory indicating the several degrees of activity in the culinary department, that make such important distinctions between one roof and another, we would also have a similar key to the relative attractions of houses, in point of general gayety and fascination; in fact, we would have a key to the drawing-room as well as a key to the kitchen. A complete town-guide ought to inform us what houses are dull and morose—what cheerful and good-natured—what abound with buxom, handsome, agreeable women—what are inhabited by duennas, and ogresses—what by blue-stockings—

what by angelical people—what by evangelical—in what saloons you are liable to be riddled to death—in what punned within an inch of your life—where you may do what you like—where you must do what other people like—where people have sense enough to talk nonsense occasionally—and where they are so nonsensical as to be always sensible and steady: we would have those musical houses distinguished with marks of honor where the music is the best of its kind—in which case *alone* is music to be tolerated as a mode of entertaining company. As to those “mansions of woe,” tenanted by the common herd of piano-thumping sisters, flute-playing brothers, and choruses of squalling cousins, we would invent some new note of warning to point them out, and include them in the same statistical return with those never-enough-to-be execrated houses where the nursery fry come in with the jellies and creams.

We have already stated how we would

make our improved Directory eminently useful to young women, by a full and carefully-prepared list of bachelors, out of which a maiden must be very hard to be pleased if she cannot select some Lothario to her fancy, hard as female fancy proverbially is to hit. Of course it would be only fair to give a corresponding catalogue of marriageable ladies, for the benefit of “Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.” This part of our plan we should like to see executed with great pains and accuracy. A complete return of the girls of Dublin, with their several styles of beauty, their heights and other measurements, their talents and accomplishments, their airs, tempers, whims, caprices and propensities, their rakks and connections—and above all, their fortunes and expectations,—would be an invaluable guide to practical young men, and well worth a host of Mr. Thom’s present tables of exports and imports, corn-averages, and bills of mortality. Such a return might be made upon a model like the following:—

Christian Name.	Surname.	Style of Beauty	Fortune.	Temper.	Connections.	Accomplishments.
Victoria	Bourke . . .	Dutch.	Uncertain.	Quick.	Connaught.	Punts and paints hand-screens.
Jane Eleanora . . .	De Potts . .	Pale and sentimental.	Personal property—a poodle, and a tiara of Irish diamonds.	Smooth.	Agreat many cousins in the country.	Hums tunes in private. Draws in chalk. The “Pet Pig” in the Amateur Exhibition is by her.
Henrietta	Ogle . . .	Florid and globular.	£1000 consols.	sn geable.	The Shabbies and Seedies.	Innumerable.
Auricula	Primrose . .	Wan and slight.	£500, and a geranium-stand.	Dovelike.	Pastoral and rural.	Paints flowers on satin, and writes lines on linnets and cowslips.
Patty Maria	Parrot . . .	Charming.	A fortune in herself.	Animated.	Professional.	Principally conversation.
Myrtilla	Skipworth.	Pretty.	£8,000 (believe the half of it.)	Breezy, but only a zephyr.	Great people (in their own opinion.)	Paints in oils—see her picture of “Nebuchadnezzar Smoking,” in the Amateur Exhibition.
Maria Theresa	Fitzdickens.	A beauty.	Immaterial.	Divine, (her mother’s report.)	Official and influential.	Sings, plays, dances, paints, talks, writes, &c., &c., painted a Cenci, see it at the Exhibition.
Celestina Arachne	Spinner . . .	Dumpy.	Variously stated, some say £10,000, some £2,000.	Might be better, might be worse.	Puseyitical.	Chaunts Requiems, and embroiders pulpit cushions.
Cecilia	Skylark . . .	Angular.	Not much, except a lot of music, and a piping bullfinch.	Squally.	Musical.	Ut, Re, Sol, Di, Tol, Rol, De, Rol.
Augusta Constantia	Peabody . . .	Colossal.	Rents of houses on Peabody terrace, Rathmines.	Even and sour.	Municipal.	Made a model of Peabody Terrace in rotten-wood, and a figure of Alderman Peabody in cheese. See Am. Exhib.

There might be a separate table of widows, or they might be included in the foregoing, under the general heading of ladies in want of husbands. The necessary information for this return would be obtained with the utmost facility, for mothers would be only too glad to send in reports of the charms and accomplishments of their daughters, and the widows would be sure to give an account of themselves. With respect to drawing and painting, we would be far from insinuating that the ladies of Dublin, in getting up the Amateur Exhibition, were, in the least degree, influenced by a wish to advertise their several proficiencies with the brush and pencil; but that exhibition has certainly had the desirable effect of disclosing the fascinating possessors of an elegant and praiseworthy accomplishment. Sensible husbands will always encourage painting in their wives, provided they paint any other faces but their own. Designing with the pencil keeps the sex from designing in other ways, not so unobjectionable; and, moreover, the domestic and sedentary nature of the occupation has a direct tendency to restrain them from gadding about town, and particularly from stray-

ing into Grafton Street, a thoroughfare to which husbands and fathers have a decided and most natural aversion. As, in all probability, the exhibition of amateur artists will, in due course of time, suggest the expediency of a like exhibition of amateur musicians, for the same or like charitable purposes, Mr. Thom will, probably, before the end of the present year, possess ample materials for filling up the column devoted to female accomplishments in the proposed table.

We flatter ourselves that by this time we have established a fair claim to a large participation in the profits of the Directory for 1851, improved, as it would be immensely, by the adoption of our suggestions, and obtaining an enormous increase of circulation. But we could easily add to the number of our hints. A list of bores, well classified, specifying their haunts and modes of annoyance, and giving practical directions for either shunning them, or extinguishing them, would be ten times as useful as the receipts given in the common publications for destroying mice and rats, or extirpating the far less vexatious bores of the insect kingdom. A table like this would be most welcome:—

Name.	Species of Bore.	Haunts.	Directions.
Fydeget (Francis John)	Miscellaneous and universal.	Public places, Lecture-Rooms, Meetings of Societies, Levees, Vestries, &c., wherever people can go without invitation.	Keep him at a distance, if you can; if you cannot, be as savage to him as possible.
Danbeny (Salvator R.)	Artistic.	Art-Union Exhibitions, Auctions, Cranfield's, &c.	Whistle Lillibullero and take snuff.
Cocker (Decimus Zero)	Statistical—price of oats, tenant-right, &c.	Statistical Society, Record Offices, Chamber of Commerce, Custom House, &c.	D—n his facts and c—d his figures.
Crofts (Don Pacifico)	Temperance and peace.	Eccles-street.	Pitch him into the Liffey, and give him his bellyful of his favorite element.
Skeleton (Joseph Thynne)	Famine and Cholera. Prospects of Ireland.	Kingstown Railway.	Throw him out, or jump out yourself.
Harrow (Triptolemus)	Agricultural—Green Crops, Guano, Thorough Draining, Smith of Deanstown, and Mr. Bullen, Spade Husbandry.	Sackville-street Agricultural Association.	When he comes to the spade husbandry, give him a dig.
Vigors (Hercules Armstrong)	Hypochondriac.	Medical Hall.	Congratulate him on his robust health, and he will never speak to you more.
Seedy (Peto Le Poer)	Solicitor-General for all manner of Asylums, Hospitals, Institutions, and objects generally, not forgetting himself.	He appears to be ubiquitous.	Lend him a couple of guineas on his private account, on the Vicar of Wakefield's principle.

We have only one more suggestion on the present occasion, and it relates to the commercial part of the directory, in which we think we have a valuable improvement to propose. We should like to see a classification of the shops of Dublin, which would enable us to distinguish those illiberal and mercenary houses, which think more of the return of their capital than of the return of their customers, from the high-minded establishments, where the public accommodation is the first object, and their private profits a mere secondary consideration. It is obvious that nothing checks the operations of commerce, interferes with the easy, cordial, and frequent intercourse of buyer and seller, and degrades mercantile transactions into a mere sordid barter, so much as the obstacles which many tradespeople throw in the way of the most willing customers, in the form of bills, and the system of stickling for money-payments; and it is equally clear that those who conduct business on the opposite plan (that of encouraging, not repelling their customers) act on the best possible principle for filling their shops with purchasers; and must, in fact, soon monopolize all business done in their respective lines, particularly if they are careful to be always provided with the very best articles to be procured from the manufacturers. A great fuss is made about bills in Chancery, and no doubt it would be a great public service to abridge and curtail them; but for one person who is interested in the reform of bills of that kind, there are a thousand interested in reforming the equally prolix and disagreeable bills of merchants and tradesmen. After all, how few of us have anything to do with bills in Chancery; while who is there in the community who is not continually called upon to answer the bill of some wine-merchant, shoemaker, milliner, or tailor? Why, there are very few

of those people who do not file a bill against us at least once in the twelvemonth; selecting, too, for that litigious and hostile proceeding, the blessed season of Christmas, which might well suggest a more pacific and charitable line of conduct. But it is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature and the credit of commerce, that all shop-keepers are not equally sordid. We think the public ought to know what houses do business like Jews, and what like Christians; in what houses there is always going on a dark, malignant system of entering and recording the smallest purchase made by their oldest and best friends, for the purpose of eking out an atrocious yearly bill; and in what, on the contrary, commercial dealings are divested altogether, or as much as possible, of the innumerable littlenesses, bitternesses, and dirtinesses inseparable from the transfer of money from hand to hand. There ought, therefore, to be lists of shops and warehouses, arranged according to the facilities and encouragements afforded to their customers. The letter J to indicate the griping, mercenary and Jewish system, and C to mark the liberal, civilized, and Christian method of transacting business, would be the simplest and most appropriate way of effecting the object.

We have now done our duty, which is only to give hints, not to carry them into execution. We are not authors, makers, or publishers of directories, like Mr. Thom. It is for him to decide whether he will take our advice in 1851, or again attempt to palm upon the public, as a complete town-guide, a work so glaringly defective in the kind of information which men upon town stand most in need of, and without which a Dublin Directory is just about as useful to a Dublin woman as a Directory for Pekin or Constantinople.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LONGFELLOW.

WE believe it was M. L'Abbe Raynal who said that America had not yet produced a single man of genius. The productions now under our notice will do more to relieve her from this imputation than the reply of President Jefferson—

"When we have existed," said that gentleman, "so long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

The ingenuity of this defence is more apparent than its truth; for although the existence of America, as a separate nation, is comparatively recent, it must not be forgotten that the origin of her people is identical with that of our own. Their language is the same; they have always had advantages in regard of literature precisely similar to those which we now enjoy; they have free trade, and a little more, in all our best standard authors. There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between their condition and that of the other nations with whom the attempt has been made to contrast them. With a literature ready-made, as it were, to their hand, America had never to contend against any difficulties such as they encountered. Beyond the ballads of the Troubadours and Trouveres, France had no stock either of literature or of traditions to begin upon; the language of Rome was foreign to its people; Greece had but the sixteen letters of Cadmus; the literature of England struggled through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and Monkish Latin. If these difficulties in pursuit of knowledge be compared with the advantages of America, we think it must be admitted that the President had the worst of the argument.

But although America enjoys all these advantages, it cannot be denied that her social condition presents impediments of a formidable character toward the cultivation of the higher and more refined branches of literature. Liberty, equality, and fraternity, are not quite so favorable to the cultivation of elegant tastes as might be imagined; where every kind of social rank is obliterated, the field of observation, which is the province of fiction, becomes proportionately narrow; and although human nature must be the same under every form of government, the liberty of a thorough democracy by no means compensates for its vulgarity. It might be supposed that the very obliteration of all grades of rank, and the consequent impossibility of acquiring social distinction, would have a direct tendency to turn the efforts of genius in directions where the acquisition of fame might be supposed to compensate for more substantial rewards; and when men could no longer win their way to a coronet, they would redouble their exertions to obtain the wreath. The history of literature, however, teaches us the reverse: its most brilliant lights have shone in dark and uncongenial times. Amid the clouds of bigotry and oppression, in the darkest days of tyranny and demoralization, their lustre has been the most brilliant. Under the luxurious tyranny of the empire, Virgil and Horace sang their immortal strains; the profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth produced a Voltaire and a Rousseau; amid the oppression of his country, grew and flourished the gigantic intellect of Milton; Ireland, in the darkest times of her gloomy history, gave birth to the imperishable genius of Swift; it was less the liberty of Athens than the tyranny of Philip, which made Demosthenes an orator; and of the times which produced our great dramatists it is scarcely necessary to speak. The proofs, in short, are numberless. Be this, however, as it may, the character of American literature which

has fallen under our notice must demonstrate to every intelligent mind, what immense advantages she has derived from those sources which the advocates of her claims would endeavor to repudiate. There is scarcely a page which does not contain evidence how largely she has availed herself of the earning and labors of others.

We do not blame her for this; far from it. We only say that, having reaped the benefit, it is unjust to deny the obligation; and that, in discussing her literary pretensions, the plea which has been put forward in her behalf is untenable.

But ere we proceed further, we must avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our obligations where they are due—it is to the enterprise of a Liverpool publisher we are indebted for this very elegant—we believe, indeed, the first complete edition of our poet's works, brought out in this country; and we sincerely hope he will gain from the gratitude of a discriminating public a reward more substantial than any approbation of ours can bestow. Prefixed to this edition is a preface from the accomplished pen of Mr. Gilfillan, which contains critical observations upon the poet's works, with some of which we are happy to be able to agree. There are others from which we dissent; but as our present task is not criticising Mr. Gilfillan's preface, but writing a criticism of our own, we shall leave these matters to the discrimination of our various readers.

It is impossible there can be a more complete illustration, than the works now before us, of the truth of our assertion, that the national poet of America has not as yet been produced. The muse of Mr. Longfellow owes little or none of her success to those great national sources of inspiration which are most likely to influence an ardent poetic temperament. The grand old woods—the magnificent mountain and forest scenery—the mighty rivers—the trackless savannas—all those stupendous and varied features of that great country, with which, from his boyhood, he must have been familiar, it might be thought would have stamped some of these characteristics upon his poetry. Such, however, has not been the case. Of lofty images and grand conceptions we meet with few, if any, traces. But, brimful of life, of love, and of truth, the stream of his song flows on with a tender and touching simplicity, and a gentle music, which we have not met with since the days of our own Moore. Like him, too, the genius of Mr. Longfellow is essentially lyric; and if he has failed to derive inspiration

from the grand features of his own country, he has been no unsuccessful student of the great works of the German masters of song. We could almost fancy, while reading his exquisite ballad of the "Beleaguered City," that Goethe, Schiller, or Uhland was before us; and yet, we must by no means be understood to insinuate that he is a mere copyist—quite the contrary. He has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these exquisite models, that he has contrived to produce pieces marked with an individuality of their own, and noways behind them in point of poetical merit. In this regard he affords another illustration of the truth of the proposition with which he started, that the legendary lore and traditions of other countries have been very serviceable toward the formation of American literature. But, as is happily observed by Mr. Gilfillan:—"Longfellow bears so well his load of accomplishments and acquirements, his ornaments, unlike those of the Sabine maid, have not crushed him, nor impeded the march of his own mind. He has transmitted a lore gathered from many languages into a quick and rich flame, which we feel to be the flame of genius."

We cannot commence our extracts better than with that exquisite little poem, entitled "The Psalm of Life," every line of which is full of touching beauty, besides inculcating a philosophy we may all study with advantage:—

"A PSALM OF LIFE.

"What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife.

" Trust no future, however pleasant ;
 Let the dead Past bury its dead ;
 Act—act, in the living present,
 Heart within, and God o'er head !

" Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Foot-prints on the sands of time.

" Foot-prints that, perhaps, another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main ;
 Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, may take heart again.

" Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for every fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait."

To expatiate on the beauties of this poem would be quite superfluous ; they are apparent to every reader. And cold, indeed, and insensible, must be the heart which they do not touch with a softening and purifying influence.

We are reluctant to subject to the test of minute criticism those two fine verses, toward the conclusion of this piece, the image of the mariner sailing over the solemn sea of life, is, unquestionably, one of great beauty, but we doubt if its application is quite in keeping with the rest of the stanza ; and we fear that the footsteps on the sands of time would be of a nature too evanescent to be of much use to him in his course—the stars of heaven would serve him better ; but we shall not dwell upon this. The poem is most touchingly beautiful, and we ought not always to analyze too curiously what affords us real pleasure. We would far rather enjoy the effect than scrutinize the cause.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Jean Paul will be at no loss to recognize the source of many of the ideas contained in this piece. The coincidence is so remarkable that we shall add the parallel passage—the prose of which is almost as poetical as the melodious verses of Longfellow :—

" Cheerfulness," saith Jean Paul, " not enjoyment, is our duty. Be it, then, our aim. In a soul filled with pleasures and mistrust, the heavy air checks the growth of spiritual flowers. Let your heart expand to sympathy and compassion, but not to cold mistrust, as the flower opens to the blessed dew, but closes its leaves against the rain. So little is suffering, so much is happiness, a proper part of our nature, that, with equal means of

delusion, we reach only what has pained instead of what has given us pleasure. Great bereavements work more refreshingly upon the spirit thus pained than great joys ; so, on the contrary, minor sorrows weaken more than minor joys strengthen. After the sunshine of happiness, the chambers of the heart open to our enemies. Grief expands them to our friends. But the happiness of grief consists, like the day, not in single flashes, but in a steady, mild serenity. The heart lives in this peaceful and even light. The spirit alone can yield us this heavenly calm and freedom from care—it is beyond the power of Fortune, who gives with one hand what she takes away with the other ; therefore, instead of planting joys, our endeavor ought to be to remove sorrows, so that the soul, unchoked by acids, may of itself bear sweet fruits, not by man's seeking after joys, and building up for himself heaven after heaven, which clouds may obscure, but by removing the mask from grief, and looking it steadily in the face. If man has only once unmasked, that is, conquered, grief, he holds in his hand the key of Eden, for there remains to him besides all the higher blessings of circumstance and of duty. Thus we shall have a perpetual ' Forget-me-not' of joy within us, but no similar one of pain ; and thus is the blue firmament greater than any cloud that is therein, and more lasting, too."

There is, perhaps, no department of poetry which requires a combination of so many varied qualities of mind, as that in which Mr. Longfellow most excels. Milton, Byron, Dryden, and Pope, were masters of the art of song ; but we greatly question if they could have produced lyrical effusions so simple, and yet so full of sweet and touching beauty, as many which are contained in this little volume. We have marked so many for extracts, that the task of selection is by no means an easy one. Whenever we open the book we are sure to light upon some gem of rare beauty which we feel a reluctance in passing over ; and yet, were we to extract them all, we could fill half of our Magazine. Of the singular sweetness, melody of versification, and elegance for which these compositions are distinguished, perhaps no piece affords a better example than that which we shall place next on our list. The quaint simplicity and beauty of these charming lines are quite irresistible :—

NUREMBERG.

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, across broad meadow-lands,
 Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.
 Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
 Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round thee throng.
 Memories of the Middle Ages—when the emperors rough and bold
 Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old.
 And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme—
 That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.
 In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
 Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Lunigunde's hand.
 On the square the oriel window, where, in old heroic days,
 Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
 Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous works of art,
 Fountains wrought with richest sculpture, standing in the common mart;
 And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
 By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
 In the church of sainted Laurence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
 Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air.
 Here, when art was still religion, with a simple reverend heart,
 Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art.
 Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiled he still with busy hand;
 Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.
 'Emigravit' is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies,
 Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.
 Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
 That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.
 Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
 Walked of old the master singers, chaunting rude poetic strains.
 From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
 Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build;
 As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he, too, the mystic rhyme,
 And the smith his iron measures, hammered to the anvil's chime.
 Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poetry bloom,
 In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
 Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
 Wisest of the twelve wise masters, in huge folios sung and laughed;
 But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely-sanded floor,
 And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;
 Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
 As the old man, gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.
 And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
 Quaffing ale from pewter tankards in the master's antique chair.
 Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
 Ran these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
 Not thy councils, not thy Kaiser, win for thee the world's regard,—
 But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard;
 Thus, O! Nuremberg! a wanderer from a region far away,
 As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay,
 Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a flow'ret of the soil,
 The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil."

We once chanced to meet with a rare old German book which contains an accurate history of the foundation of the Meister-singers, a body which exercised so important an influence upon the literary history, not only of Germany, but of the whole European Continent, that the circumstances connected with its origin cannot prove uninteresting to our readers.

The burghers of the provincial towns in Germany had gradually formed themselves into guilds or corporations, the members of

which, when the business of the day was discussed, would amuse themselves by reading some of the ancient traditions of their own country, as related in the old Nordic poems. This stock of literature was soon exhausted, and the worthy burghers began to try their hands at original composition. From these rude snatches of song sprung to life the fire of poetic genius, and at Mentz was first established that celebrated guild, branches of which soon after extended themselves to most of the provincial towns. The fame of

these social meetings soon became widely spread. It reached the ears of the Emperor, Otho I., and, about the middle of the ninth century, the guild received a royal summons to attend at Pavia, then the Emperor's residence. The history of this famous meeting remained for upward of six hundred years upon record among the archives of Mentz, but is supposed to have been taken away, among other plunder, about the period of the Smalkaldic war. From other sources of information we can, however, gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian, by giving the names of the twelve original members of this guild, among which we do not find that of the "laureate of the gentle craft" mentioned by Mr. Longfellow:—

Walter, Lord of Vogelweid.
 Wolfgang Eschenbach, Knight.
 Conrad Mesmer, Knight.
 Franenlob of Mentz, } Theologians.
 Mergliny of Ment, }
 Klingsher.
 Starke Papp.
 Bartholomew Regenboger, a blacksmith.
 The Chancellor, a fisherman.
 Conrad of Wurtzburg.
 Stall Seniors.
 The Roman of Zgwickau.

These gentlemen, having attended the royal summons in due form, were subjected to a severe public examination before the court by the wisest men of their times, and were pronounced masters of their art; enthusiastic encomiums were lavished upon them by the delighted audience, and they departed, having received from the Emperor's hands a crown of pure gold, to be presented annually to him who should be selected by the voice of his fellows as laureate for the year.

Admission to these guilds became, in process of time, the highest literary distinction; it was eagerly sought for by numberless aspirants, but the ordeal through which the candidate had to pass became so difficult that very few were found qualified for the honor. The compositions of the candidates were measured with a degree of critical accuracy of which candidates for literary fame in these days can form but little idea. The ordeal must have been more damping to the fire of young genius than the most slashing article ever penned by the most caustic reviewer. Every composition had of necessity to belong to a certain class; each class was distinguished by a limited amount of rhymes and syllables, and the candidate had to count each stanza, as he read it, upon his fingers.

The redundancy or the deficiency of a single syllable was fatal to his claims, and was visited in addition by a pecuniary fine, which went to the support of the corporation.

Of that branch of this learned body which held its meetings at Nuremberg, Hans Sachs became, in due time, a distinguished member. His origin was obscure—the son of a tailor, and a shoemaker by trade. The occupations of his early life afforded but little scope for the cultivation of those refined pursuits which afterward made him remarkable. The years of his boyhood were spent in the industrious pursuit of his lowly calling; but when he arrived at the age of eighteen, a famous minstrel, Numenbach by name, chancing to pass his dwelling, the young cobbler was attracted by his dulcet strains, and followed him. Numenbach gave him gratuitous instruction in his tuneful art, and Hans Sachs forthwith entered upon the course of probationary wandering, which was an essential qualification for his degree. The principal towns of Germany by turns received the itinerant minstrel, who supported himself by the alternate manufacture of verses and of shoes. After a protracted pilgrimage of several years, he returned to Nuremberg, his native city, where, having taken unto himself a wife, he spent the remainder of his existence; not unprofitably, indeed, as his voluminous works still extant can testify. We had once the pleasure of seeing an edition of them in the library at Nuremberg, containing two hundred and twelve pieces of poetry, one hundred and sixteen sacred allegories, and one hundred and ninety-seven dramas—a fertility of production truly wonderful, and almost incredible, if we reflect that the author had to support a numerous family by the exercise of his lowly trade.

The writings of this humble artisan proved an era, however, in the literary history of Germany. To him may be ascribed the honor of being the founder of her school of tragedy as well as comedy; and the illustrious Goëthe has, upon more than one occasion, in his works, expressed how deeply he is indebted to this poet of the people for the outline of his immortal tragedy of "Faust." Indeed, if we recollect aright, there are in his works several pieces which he states are after the manner of Hans Sachs.

The Lord of Vogelweid, whose name we find occupying so conspicuous a position in the roll of the original Meistersingers, made rather a curious will—a circumstance which we find charmingly narrated in the following exquisite ballad:—

"WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

"Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

"And he gave the monks his treasure;
Gave them all with this bequest—
They should feed the birds at noontide,
Daily, on his place of rest.

"Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels,
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.'

"Thus the bard of lore departed,
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted,
By the children of the choir.

"Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair—
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

"On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place—
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face:

"There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered,
Was the name of Vogelweid.

"Till at length the portly Abbot
Murmured, why this waste of food;
Be it changed to loaves henceforward,
For our fasting brotherhood.

"Then in vain, o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bell rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

"Then in vain with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

"Time has long effaced the inscription
On the cloister's funeral stones;
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

"But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid."

The critical distinction between imagination and fancy is now so well understood, that any discussion upon the principles by which they are regulated would be unnecessary—the one makes the greatest poets, the other, when combined with feeling, will generally produce the most popular. Upon

the ordinary run of mankind, the higher flights of imagination will probably be thrown away; while the thoughts of fancy, expressed with taste and feeling, must always come home to the hearts of all. How many are there who have a keen appreciation of the beauties of Moore, or Burns, upon whom the lofty grandeur of Milton would be utterly lost. The one class of poetry will always be the most popular—the other the most enduring. Nothing that is false, fleeting, or redundant can last; and the true aim of real poetry has, perhaps, by no one been better defined than by Shelley:—

"It lifts," he says, "the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations, clothed in its Elysian light, stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves and the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others. The pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause."

This critical maxim is so beautifully expressed, it contains the whole germ of what can be said or thought upon that branch of the subject; and although, in some regards, Longfellow does not come quite up to the standard, yet in others his poems will be found an exquisite illustration of the truth and force of the observations we have quoted. Although full of fancy, his pieces do not display much of the higher order of imagination, with the exception, perhaps, of "Excelsior," which comes nearer to the mark than any we have read. Beautiful and impressive, yet tender and touching, it is one of the highest proofs of his genius; because, its own merit apart, it shows more implied power, and more imaginative passion, than any other piece he has written. The simplicity is most touching; and although the sequence of thought is not quite so clear as might be desired, it is uncommonly beautiful.

The succession of pictures presented to the mind's eye, each complete in perfect beauty, can scarcely be surpassed. The solitude of the lonely Alpine village among the mountains—its lights glimmering faintly through the mists and shadows of darkening

night; the entrance of the youthful enthusiast, his heart and eye full of the fire of hope and of resolute purpose, and bearing in his hand the banner with the "strange device;" his sorrow, as he turns with wistful eye away from the warm and friendly welcome of social homes, to the stern reality of the giant height that frowns before him; the warning of cautious age, the solicitations of youthful beauty, fall alike unregarded on his ear. His path is upward! He hears a voice—he sees a hand dim in the distance pointing to the path, and forbidding him to tarry—

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
'Excelsior!'

And then the last scene of all—the cold and lifeless clay—from which the daring spirit had departed—found in the snow by the kindly monks; the banner, with the wondrous device, grasped in the frozen hand firmly still; the musical voice, faint like the light of a star falling from the clime he had gained—all, all, is exquisitely beautiful:—

"EXCELSIOR.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
'Excelsior!'

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
'Excelsior!'

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
'Excelsior!'

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide;
And loud that clarion voice replied—
'Excelsior!'

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh—
'Excelsior!'

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height—
'Excelsior!'

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—
'Excelsior!'

"A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found—
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
'Excelsior!'

"There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star—
'Excelsior!'

We are sorry to say that the only poem of any length contained in this volume we have as yet been unable to accomplish a perusal of: the metre is a formidable impediment which we are unable to surmount. We therefore leave "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadia," to the discrimination of some future critic. The story upon which it is founded is one which narrates the wholesale eviction of a people from their own country and homes. The inhabitants of this fated province having entered into a treaty that they would not afford arms or assistance to the Indians, were supposed to have violated their engagement; and having been collected together into a large church, by the orders of General Winslow, were afterward forcibly expelled into the woods, and the whole of their houses and possessions set on fire. The story is a most painful one; the act seems one which it is difficult to justify, even under the stern exigencies of war. We shall not, however, enter into any discussion of it here, but pass on to objects more attractive, many of which merit our notice.

From the few specimens which Mr. Longfellow has given us of his translations, we are enabled to form a very tolerable opinion of his qualifications for excellence in that most difficult path of literature. With many of the originals which he has selected in English verse we are familiar, and they are all very tastefully as well as beautifully rendered. There is one, however, which is new to us, taken from the works of a German poet, with whom the reading public here are not very familiar. We are therefore unable to pronounce any opinion upon its merits as a mere translation; but as a beautiful piece of English poetry, we feel assured that our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it. It is by Salis, a poet whose genius inclines most to the plaintive and mel-

ancholy. He is, if we recollect right, the author of a beautiful little poem, called "The Grave," which may be found in some of the collections of German ballads issued from the Leipsic press.

"SONG OF THE SILENT LAND!"

"Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither;
Clouds in the evening skies more darkly
gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand,
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Hither! O hither!
Into the Silent Land?"

"Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! the future's pledge and
band!"

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

"O land! O land
For all the broken-hearted;
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Into the land of the great departed;
Into the Silent Land."

We thank Mr. Longfellow, as we are assured our readers will also, for making us acquainted with this most exquisite little piece, which in the original can scarcely be more beautiful than in the medium through which he has presented it to our notice.

Although distinguished by grace, tenderness, and sweetness of modulation, the more we study these poems, the more we feel assured that the author is deficient in those qualities to which we have already alluded. With little grandeur of conception, he seldom attempts to soar, and when he does it is a failure. There is no martial music in the sound of his verses. He never could have been a Tyrtæus, and could no more, as far as we are enabled to give an opinion, from the specimens before us, have written a ballad like Campbell's "Mariners of England," or the "Battle of the Baltic," than he could write the "Iliad." With much variety and tenderness, his verses have little force or vigor. He has the sweetness of Tennyson, without his quaintness or his varied power. He has all the lyrical excellencies of Moore, without his glitter—and we think also, without his playful imagination. He has a good deal of learning, without a great deal of imaginative power; and his wood-notes are warbled with a cadence

which is most exquisite. With the exception of the little piece called "Excelsior," we have not for many a long day read anything more affecting than—

"THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS."

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy calm delight:

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall:

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

"They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore;
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

"And with them came the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered, not yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

The nicest analysis of the most metaphysical critic, we are of opinion, can scarcely detect a flaw in this very beautiful little poem. We must all bow down, as it were, involuntarily, and pay homage due at the shrine of genius—and genius, too, in one of its most exquisite moods. We can luxuriate in these beautiful thoughts. They have something which must come home to, and must touch,

the hearts of all of us—tears stand in our eyes as at the strain of well-remembered, melancholy music; when the world is locked in sleep and silence, and the common cares of life have subsided, the mind, no longer disturbed, can hold communion with the friends who have long passed away to that realm of shadows whither we shall follow them—they come back, then, radiant and beautiful—

"Each heart as warm, each eye as gay
As if we parted yesterday!"

We see in these pleasant dreams the eye brighten and the lip smile, which are dim and cold long ago; and from these realms, so far away above the storms and cares of this miserable world, where it is pleasant to hope and believe our friends have gone, kindly they gleam upon us through the misty light of fancy: and we rise from these reveries strengthened and doubly armed for the battle of life by the reflection so beautifully expressed in the poet's concluding verse:—

"All our fears are laid aside,
If we but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

Of kindred beauty with "The Footsteps of Angels," and no unfit companion to it in thought and feeling, is a poem, entitled "Resignation," which we extract from a subsequent collection of poems by Mr. Longfellow.* Although our space is rapidly narrowing, we cannot pass it by. Such of our readers as are familiar with these beautiful lines on the same theme, by "La Motte Fouque," will read it with increased gratification. All of them must do so with pleasure:—

"RESIGNATION."

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, however defended,
But has one vacant chair.

"The air is full of farewells for the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachael, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

"Let us be patient! Those severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume their dark disguise.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

* "The Seaside and Fireside." By W. H. Longfellow. Liverpool: Walker.

"There is no death—what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led—
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

"Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with rapture wild,
To our embrace we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

"But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

"And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moving like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

"We will be patient, and assuage the feelings
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way."

We must now pass to a consideration of the prose writings of Mr. Longfellow; and we have devoted so much of our space to his poetry, that we shall be unable to dwell at much length upon their merits.

With "Hyperion" the public have been for some time familiar; but it is not generally known that in this exquisite little story are shadowed forth the leading incidents of the poet's life, and that he himself is the hero of his own romance. We shall give the facts as they have come to our own knowledge, and, we are assured, they will not fail to interest our readers.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness, which ultimately proved fatal. It a-

happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty; and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away—they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his head-quarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrows.

The success of "Hyperion," in America, was for some time doubtful—it "hung fire," as the phrase is, until it reached England, where it rapidly gained an extensive popularity; and Longfellow was thus elected by the suffrages of our countrymen to the distinguished position he now occupies among his own.

The Romance of "Hyperion" consists simply of the facts we have thus briefly detailed, upon which are interwoven some beautiful episodes.

There is no attempt either at the construction of plot or incident. In this respect the author has not drawn upon his inventive faculties in the very least. We have a series of pictures, brilliant, beautiful, and ever-shifting; subtle reflections, full of sound and noble philosophy, and descriptions of the varied aspects of nature amid that enchanting spot where the scene is laid, so vivid and so beautiful, that we can only reiterate our regret that he has not studied more deeply, or to more advantage, the grand features of his own country. The chapter upon literary

fame is, perhaps, one of the best in the book; the philosophy which it breathes is sound and instructive:—

" 'And after all,' said Fleming, 'perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word—wait! Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throb, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle. There is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly—you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this press of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say, come! the voices of the past say, wait! With calm and solemn footsteps bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait, should bide his time, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book; so be it, the deed and the book were well done? It is the part of an indecent and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do or say—to be always waiting to hear the echoes of our own voice! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful, because their purpose is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the trick and phantasy of fame; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait. Believe me the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is decreed, not because it is sought after, and there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish disappointment.' "

The easy, graceful, flowing and unaffected style of this charming little romance, must be considered one of its chief attractions: in this respect it may stand a comparison with the writings of the poet's gifted countryman,

Washington Irving. It abounds with the traces of a highly-cultivated and elegant mind. And it is impossible not to recognize passages of a loftier tone, upon which the inspiration of genius is strongly stamped; and without being striking, it contains a sufficient amount of originality to distinguish it from, and lift it above the level of the present popular literature of the day. But the observation which we felt called upon to make, with reference to the poetry of Mr. Longfellow, applies, we think, with even greater force to his prose; elegant and graceful as it is, there is not much vigor, there is nothing national about it—an Englishman might have produced it just as well as an American. And although this by no means detracts from the merits of the author, or from the beauty of his compositions, yet, expecting to find in them something characteristic of the country which has produced the author, we cannot help owning to a little feeling of disappointment. It may be not a whit more unreasonable than that expressed by the English traveler who was struck with astonishment at hearing himself greeted so fluently in his own tongue, upon his arrival at Bologne.

We have contented ourselves with running rapidly over the leading features of "Hyperion;" it has been so long before the public, and is so well known to them all, that any lengthened or elaborate critique would be unnecessary. The other little volume* which now awaits us, being a more recent production, might, had we space, call for a more lengthened comment. As a companion to "Hyperion," "Kavanagh" is by no means unworthy to occupy a distinguished position in the public estimation. There are many to whom it will unquestionably prove of higher interest than its predecessor. With equal grace and elegance of style, it contains more touches which come home and appeal to the hearts of all. A charming love story, its simplicity is exquisite; less exalted in its pretensions than "Hyperion," and with less of the peculiar power and reach of imagination by which that work is distinguished, it will perhaps be more popular with the generality of readers.

The little group of characters, round which converges the interest of the tale, are drawn with an exquisite and airy touch, which is very fascinating. Churchill, the dreamy enthusiast, who wastes his life away in vain

aspirations and resolves that bear no fruit, is happily contrasted with the active, energetic, practical young clergyman, whose labors wrought such a wondrous change among the inhabitants of the little town. The sweet and charming picture of the gentle and loving Alice Archer, with her pale face and dark eyes, rises out of the canvas, appealing to our sympathies not in vain; for beside it stands that of her more favored and more fortunate rival, fresh and glowing with the brilliant hues of youth and of love; and then, the old blind mother, conversing in the room below of moths and cheap furniture, and the best remedy for rheumatism, as forth from her door went two happy hearts, beating side by side with the pulse of youth, and hope, and joy; while within, and nearer to her still, sat the pale and blighted flower, doomed so soon to bow its head and die.

"The first snow came. How beautiful it was falling silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white, save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

"What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every word was muffled; every voice changed to something soft or musical. No more trampling hoofs—no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children. All day long, all night long, the snow fell on the village and on the church-yard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes, for before the winter came, she had gone to that land where winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed. Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave! Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion unnoticed and unknown."

The beauty of this passage is irresistible; and if the author had never written another line, would go far to establish his reputation. Nor can we, in lingering over these charming pictures, so rich with beauty, so true to nature, pass over without notice the minor figures which fill up the back-ground of the picture—the loving and the forsaken serving-

* "Kavanagh," a Tale. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: George Slater, Strand.

woman, "the good chamber-maid, and the bad cook," who did the work of the house, tended the cow and poultry, and administered lamp-oil to the cock when he crowed hoarsely!—with her blue poplin Sunday-gown, her pink bow on the congregation-side of her bonnet, and her matrimonial engagement to the traveling-dentist, "who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something more dangerous and mercurial!" The awkward advances of the enamored woolen-draper, Hiram Adolphus Hawkins, "who spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The swain Silas, Sally Manchester's adorer, who adopted the quaint mode of expressing his devotion by writing letters with his own blood, "going barefoot into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as inkstands." And last, but not least, the retreating figure of Mr. Pendexter going from the ungrateful village, in the old-fashioned chaise, "drawn by the old white horse that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged his

stump of a tail, and had caused so much discord in the parish, stopping now as if he made common cause with his master, and even shaking from his feet the dust of the thankless place they were leaving." All these are pictures which appeal irresistibly to the fancy or to the heart; and which, while language and genius have power over the minds of men, cannot readily be forgotten.

So much of the space at our disposal had been occupied in describing the poetical works of Mr. Longfellow, that we have necessarily been obliged to pass over, with brief observation, many of the beauties of his prose: several passages which we had marked for extract, we are most reluctantly obliged to omit. We hope, however, upon some future occasion, it may be in our power to return to this interesting writer. That a pen so graceful, so powerful, and so eloquent as his, should remain idle, the beautiful philosophy inculcated in his writings forbids us to expect. We therefore take our leave of him for the present, in the hope that, before long, we may have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with him.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CRADLE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Dreimal mit dem weissen Kleide, &c.

THREE times with a robe of white
Has thy mother deck'd thy bed;
Thrice, with garments green bedight,
Has thy place of rest been spread.
She has look'd, in silent woe,
If her child still sleeps below.
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Thrice, in spite of winter's wrath,
Snow-drops came and violets blue,
From their bed, to lure thee forth:—
Thrice came pinks and roses too,
Asking thee, with wooing tone,
If thy slumbers were not flown!
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Three times—and three hundred more—
Sun and moon came, as of yore—
Looking on with joyous blaze,
Looking on with mournful gaze—
Asking with their flickering light
If no ray will end thy night!
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Thrice has gentle zephyr's sigh
Play'd around thee tenderly;
Thrice, with angry breath, the blast
Roughly o'er thy cradle past—
Each the post intent to gain;
Both are warring now amain!
But thy rest still dost thou keep
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

From the Edinburgh Review.

SYDNEY SMITH'S SKETCHES OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, M.A. London: 1849. Pp. 424.

THIS volume—printed, but, at the time we are writing, not yet published—appeals not to our tribunal; one hundred copies only have been issued to gratify the eye of private friendship. Under such circumstances, we feel little disposition to make it the subject of detailed criticism; nor would our disinclination for the task be removed, even were the merit of the volume much less or its faults much greater than they will either of them be found to be. For the deficiencies in a posthumous work, the publication of which was neither contemplated nor desired by him, the author cannot properly be held responsible. It is its merits alone, which are indeed his own. But in the present case those merits may be more gracefully made the subject of minute criticism anywhere than in this Journal, the pages of which have been so often illuminated by his wit and genius. Of that wit and genius it is not now necessary, here or elsewhere, to enter into a critical estimate. Sydney Smith has had his due place of honor long assigned him. We shall better occupy the little space allotted to us by presenting our readers with a few brief specimens of that vigorous intellect—a few scintillations of that brilliant wit—which in past times have so often delighted them.

But alas! there are other reasons for inexpressible reluctance to assume the critic's office in the case before us. The duty has been virtually performed by one—and it was the last office of the kind he ever did perform—than whom none could perform it more justly or more kindly;—by one of whom we do not venture to say more at present. We refer to that illustrious friend of Sydney Smith who, in conjunction with him and other men of genius, projected the present Journal, and who presided for so long a series of years over the tribunal of criticism he had established, with a taste, skill, and

energy, on which the public has already long since pronounced its judgment. He has now passed from among us; but his name and memory are embalmed in the veneration and affection of all who knew him.

Lord Jeffrey had received the present volume and was engaged in perusing it, only a few days before his death. The delight it gave him, and the spirit in which he seized the opportunity it afforded him of expressing his sense of the merits he had overlooked at first, are so strikingly characteristic of his candor and generosity of nature, that we must not suppress a brief account of what passed on the occasion.

The notes of these lectures, delivered nearly half a century ago—about the period, in fact, when the two friends first commenced their long literary career,—were never prepared or designed for publication. Their author had even often resolved on their destruction; and on one occasion partly accomplished his purpose. His family naturally begged a reprieve, and wisely as well as naturally; for, as old Fuller says of Herbert's remains, even "shavings of gold are carefully to be kept." At his death, the interest of the family in them was renewed. Anxious to ascertain the propriety or otherwise of giving these lectures to the public, and knowing how well they could rely on Lord Jeffrey's judgment and kindness, Mrs. Smith sent the manuscript to him for his opinion. He,—doubtless feeling much more strongly than the generality of men, how much injustice is often done to genius by publishing what itself would be mortified to think should see the light without the advantage of careful revision, and perceiving also, on a slight and partial inspection, that some parts of the present work would require that revision to do them full justice,—advised that the volume should not be published. Out of acquiescence, we

may presume, in this sentence, a few copies only were struck off in the first instance for private circulation.

And now comes the incident which it is such a pleasure to record. On perusing the volume in print, Lord Jeffrey at once discerned, in spite of *hiatus*, mutilations, and imperfections, so many indications of the "*vis viva*" of genius—so many traces of originality, splendor, and power—that he lost no time in writing to Mrs. Smith a beautiful letter, retracting his former cautious judgment in the amplest manner. "I cannot rest," said he, "till I have not merely expressed my thanks to you for the gratification I have received, but made some amends for the rash, and I fear somewhat ungracious, judgment I passed upon it, after perusing a few passages of the manuscript some years ago. I have not recognized any of these passages in any part of the print I am reading, and think I must have been unfortunate in the selection, or chance, by which I was directed to them. . . . I am now satisfied I was quite wrong. My firm impression is, that, with few exceptions, they will do him as much credit as anything he ever wrote; and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a *truer* and more engaging view of his character, than what the world has yet seen in his writings. Some of the conclusions may be questionable, but I do think them generally just, and never propounded with anything like arrogance, or in any tone of assumption; and the whole subject treated with quite as much, either of subtlety or profundity, as was compatible with a popular exposition of it. I *retract*, therefore, peremptorily and firmly, the advice I formerly gave against the publication of these discourses."

It was traits like these—of sweetness, frankness, and fearless love of truth; the rare magnanimity which made him ever ready to recant an error, when he had reason to suspect that he had been betrayed into one,—traits beautifully displayed in his introduction to his essays reprinted from this Journal,—which not only endeared him to so large a circle of friends, but rendered it impossible for him to have any permanent enemies. Such qualities had, in fact, long before his death, conciliated toward him the esteem and affection of most of those who, in earlier years, thought they had reason to complain of the severity of the criticisms which he had either himself passed, or had suffered others to pass, on their productions. Even literary

animosities—the most embittered, perhaps, of any—could not but yield before the genial warmth of his frank and kind-hearted nature. These traits made him more truly great than the opulence of his knowledge—the elegance of his fancy—the acuteness of his logic—or the vigor and the versatility of his genius.

After such a testimony, we trust that the publication of these "*Elementary Sketches*" may be confidently reckoned upon—perhaps before the appearance of our present number: in which case it is to be hoped that this beautiful and instructive letter will be prefixed to them.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, we think there was sufficient reason for Lord Jeffrey to affirm both his earlier and his later judgment; reason, in the first instance, for his caution,—prompted doubtless by a genuine solicitude for his friend's reputation,—and reason for his subsequent retraction on seeing the whole in print. He perceived that the volume, after all deductions, was everywhere so pervaded with vigorous thought, and so adorned by felicitous illustration, as to render it not only not unworthy of Sydney Smith's genius, but an acceptable contribution to the literature of mental philosophy: not to mention the numerous passages which, as often as the lecturer has occasion to apply his philosophy to the business and bosoms of men, do the greatest honor to the elevation of his sentiments and the humanity of his heart.

In truth, we are disposed to concur with Lord Jeffrey, in thinking, that however some *hiatus* may be "*lamented*," and certain modifications desiderated, this volume will raise Sydney Smith higher in the esteem of the public, as a thinker, than any of his previous writings. He has been by many principally regarded as a man of exquisite wit indeed, but of little more than wit; of infinite facetiousness, but with moderate powers of argument or speculation, at least in relation to abstract science. We are much mistaken if these pages do not vindicate his claim to rank with philosophers; whether he be not an illustration of his own theory, propounded in one of these lectures, and more than once propounded by other writers in this Journal,—that great wit rarely exists alone; that few men have ever possessed it in extraordinary measure, without being *capable* by nature of achieving something higher and better than its own triumphs; a theory supported by the fact that in one or other of its diversified modes, it has been an almost in-

separable concomitant of the most splendid forms of genius—whether in the departments of philosophy, poetry, or eloquence.

There are few parts of these lectures over which it is possible to glance, especially when we bear in mind the abstruseness of the subject, and the youthfulness of the professor,—difficulties not likely to be lightened by the necessity of descanting on such themes before a popular and miscellaneous audience, without being struck with the indications of power which they everywhere present. Inexhaustible vivacity and variety of illustration, one would, of course, expect from such a mind; but this is far from being all. The sound judgment and discrimination with which he often treats very difficult topics,—the equilibrium of mind which he maintains when discussing those on which his own idiosyncrasy might be supposed to have led him astray—of which an instance is seen in his temperate estimate of the value of wit and humor,—the union of independence and modesty with which he canvasses the opinions of those from whom he differs,—the comprehensiveness of many of his speculations, and the ingenuity of others,—the masterly ease and perspicuity with which even abstruse thoughts are expressed, and the frequently original, and sometimes profound remarks on human nature to which he gives utterance—remarks hardly to be expected from *any* young metaphysician, and least of all from one of so lively and mercurial a temperament,—all render these lectures very profitable as well as very pleasant reading; and show conclusively that the author might, if he had pleased, have acquired no mean reputation as an expositor of the very arduous branch of science to which they relate. Doubtless there is many a “bone” in these lectures which a keen metaphysician would be disposed to “pick” with the author; for when was a metaphysical banquet spread without abundance of such meagre fare? Still the general merits of the volume every man of sense will assuredly admit to be very great.

But our readers will feel that our rapidly dwindling space had better be devoted to giving them some light prelibation of the contents of this interesting volume, than to further disquisition on either its merits or defects; and to this accordingly we proceed.

When Sydney Smith undertook to popularize to a London audience the subject of Mental Philosophy he was just fresh from the schools of Edinburgh, where he had heard Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown

prelecting on their favorite science. It is impossible to conceive an assembly less adapted to the reception of such mysteries than a metropolitan audience of that period. It would have been almost as hopeful for a Stoic to lecture on Zeno's system in the Garden of Epicurus.

The title of the lectures will be apt to mislead many readers of the present day. The author uses the words “Moral Philosophy” in the sense in which they were currently accepted in the schools in which he had been studying; as including, that is, not only, what they are so often now used to import, Ethics properly so called, but the whole of what is denominated at present “Mental Philosophy.”

The Introductory Lecture is certainly not the least interesting in the volume. The following remarks on the alleged uncertainty and vagueness of the science are very characteristic:—

“The existence of mind is as much a matter of *fact* as the existence of matter; it is as true that men remember, as that oxygen united to carbon makes carbonic acid. I am as sure that anger and affection are principles of the human mind, as I am that grubs make cockchafers; or of any of those great truths which botanists teach of lettuces and cauliflowers. The same patient observation, and the same caution in inferring, are as necessary for the establishment of truth in this science as in any other; rash hypothesis misleads as much, modest diligence repays as well. Whatever has been done for this philosophy has been done by the inductive method only; and to that alone it must look for all the improvement of which it is capable.

“A great deal of unpopularity has been incurred by this science from the extravagancies or absurdities of those who have been engaged in it. When the mass of mankind hear that all thought is explained by vibrations and vibratuncles of the brain,—that there is no such thing as a material world,—that what mankind consider as their arms and legs are not arms and legs, but *ideas*, accompanied with the notion of *outness*; that we have not only no bodies, but no minds,—that we are nothing, in short, but currents of reflection and sensation;—all this, I admit, is well calculated to approximate in the public mind the ideas of lunacy and intellectual philosophy. But if it be fair to argue against a science from the bad method in which it is prosecuted, such a mode of reasoning ought to have influenced mankind centuries ago to have abandoned all the branches of physics as utterly hopeless. I have surely an equal right to rake up the mouldy errors of all the other sciences,—to reproach astronomy with its vortices—chemistry with its philosopher's stone,—history with its fables,—law with its cruelty and ignorance,—and if I were to open this battery against medicine, I do not know where I should stop.

Zinzis Khan, when he was most crimsoned with blood, never slaughtered the human race as they have been slaughtered by rash and erroneous theories of medicine.

"If there be a real foundation for this science, if observation can do *anything*, and has not done all, there is room for *hope*, and reason for exertion. The extravagancies by which it has been disgraced, ought to warn us of the difficulty, without leading us to despair. To say there is no path, because we have often got into the wrong path, puts an end to all other knowledge as well as to this.

"The truth is, it fares worse with this science than with many others, because its errors and extravagancies are comprehended by so many. . . . Every man is not necessarily an astronomer, but every man has some acquaintance with the operations of his own mind; and you cannot deviate *grossly* from the truth on these subjects without incurring his ridicule and reprehension. This perhaps is one cause why errors of this nature have been somewhat unduly magnified."

Nor less characteristic are the observations in confutation of the asserted tendency of the science to foster scepticism:—

"Scepticism, which is commonly laid to the charge of this philosophy, may, in the first place, be fairly said to have done its worst. Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained after his time, but mind—which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume, in 1737; so that, with all the tendency to destroy, there remains nothing left for destruction: but I would fain ask if there be any one human being, from the days of Protagoras the Abderite to this present hour, who was ever for a single instant a convert to these subtle and ingenious follies? Is there any one out of Bedlam who doubts of the existence of matter? who doubts of his own personal identity? or of his consciousness, or of the general credibility of memory? Men talk on such subjects from ostentation, or because such wire-drawn speculations are an agreeable exercise to them; but they are perpetually recalled by the necessary business, and the inevitable feelings of life, to sound and sober opinions on these subjects. Errors, to be dangerous, must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance, and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can, sustain any mischief. It is not in our power to believe all that we please; our belief is modified and restrained by the nature of our faculties, and by the constitution of the objects by which we are surrounded. We may believe anything for a moment, but we shall soon be lashed out of our impertinence by hard and stubborn realities. A great philosopher may sit in his study, and deny the existence of matter; but if he goes to take a walk in the streets he must take care to leave his theory behind him. Pyrrho said there was no such thing as pain; and he saw no proof that

there were such things as carts and wagons; and he refused to get out of their way: but Pyrrho had, fortunately for him, three or four stout slaves, who followed their master, without following his doctrine, and whenever they saw one of these ideal machines approaching, took him by the arms and legs, and, without attempting to controvert his arguments, put him down in a place of safety." (P. 7.)

The following observations are in a higher mood:—

"But what are we to do? If the enemies of religion derive subtlety and acuteness from this pursuit, ought not their own weapons to be turned against them? And ought not some to study for defence if others do for the purposes of aggression? When the old anarch Hobbes came out to destroy the foundations of morals, who entered the lists against him? Not a man afraid of metaphysics, not a man who had become sceptical as he had become learned, but Ralph Cudworth, Doctor of Divinity; a man who had learned much from reading the errors of the human mind, and from deep meditation, its nature;—who made use of those errors to avoid them, and derived from that meditation principles too broad and too deep to be shaken; such a man was gained to the cause of morality and religion by these sciences. These sciences certainly made no infidel of Bishop Warburton, as Chubb, Morgan, Tindal, and half a dozen others found to their cost. . . . Locke was no sceptic, nor was Lord Verulam. Malebranche and Arnauld were both of them exceedingly pious men. We none of us can believe that Dr. Paley has exercised his mind upon intellectual philosophy in vain. The fruits of it in him are sound sense, delivered so perspicuously, that a man may profit by it, and a child may comprehend it.

"I have already quoted too many names, but I must not omit one which would alone have been sufficient to have shown that there is no necessary connection between scepticism and the philosophy of the human mind: I mean Bishop Butler. To his sermons we are indebted for the complete overthrow of the selfish system, and to his 'Analogy' for the most noble and surprising defence of revealed religion, perhaps, which has ever yet been made of any system whatever."

In a yet finer style are the remarks on the proofs which the mind itself affords of a Divine Creator—a subject not yet fully worked out, by either Dr. Chalmers or by any of the several writers whom Dr. Turton has enumerated in his "Natural Theology;" and which requires, to do it full justice, the deliberate labors of a mind—if ever there shall be such a prodigy—uniting the metaphysical depth of Butler with Paley's felicity of representation:—

"But there is no occasion to prop this argu-

ment up by great names. The school of natural religion is the contemplation of nature; the ancient anatomist, who was an Atheist, was converted by the study of the human body; he thought it impossible that so many admirable contrivances should exist, without an Intelligent Cause: and if men can become religious from looking at an entrail or a nerve, can they be taught Atheism from analyzing the structure of the human mind? Are not the affections and passions, which shake the very entrails of man, and the thoughts and feelings which dart along those nerves, more indicative of a God than the vile perishing instruments themselves? Can you remember the nourishment which springs up in the breast of a mother, and forget the feelings which spring up in her heart? If God made the blood of man, did he not make that feeling, which summons the blood to his face, and makes it the sign of guilt and of shame? You may show me a human hand, expiate upon the singular contrivance of its sinews and bones—how admirable, how useful for all the purposes of grasp and flexure! I will show you, in return, the mind, receiving her tribute from the senses;—*comparing, reflecting, compounding, dividing, abstracting*;—the passions, *soothing, aspiring, exciting*, till the whole world falls under the dominion of man; evincing that in his mind the Creator has reared up the noblest emblem of his wisdom and his power. The philosophy of the human mind is no school for infidelity, but it excites the warmest feelings of piety, and defends them with the soundest reason." (P. 11.)

The observations on the utility of the science are distinguished by a most judicious moderation—moderation the more admirable when it is considered that it is almost a uniform tendency of the juvenile metaphysician to form exaggerated estimates of the practical value of his favorite pursuits; and that the distinguished man, at whose feet Sydney Smith has so reverently sat as pupil, had prophesied all sorts of splendid results from the more vigorous prosecution of the inductive science of Mind,—in relation particularly to education, legislation, and political economy. Such prospects, it need hardly be said, have not been realized; nor in our view are they likely to be. This branch of science, indeed, will be always worthy of the profound study of an intelligent nature; for what, in truth, can be worthy of it, if the very structure and mechanism of that very nature itself be not? These subjects are worthy of investigation quite apart from any presumed utility; just as there are many other things which we all study, and many study deeply, from the *direct* use of which not one in a million anticipates the actual making of two-pence. As to the immediately practical bearings of Mental

Philosophy on Education, we apprehend, with Sydney Smith, that all its more important facts have been pretty patent to mankind for thousands of years. And it may be added, that the application even of these more obvious facts depends much more on practical tact, skill, and habit, than on any profound knowledge of their theory. The best schoolmasters, we suspect, have not been, nor are likely to be, the most refined, mental analysts.

The *real* utility of the science consists in its being a peculiar *discipline*, a valuable system of intellectual gymnastics; in its immediate influence on our *habits* of thinking, investigation, and expression; and in the light it throws on the criticism of the greatest of the Fine Arts, more particularly on poetry and eloquence,—the philosophy of which is, in fact, a section of the science of mind. In these points of view, and especially in the two first, the utility of the science cannot be easily exaggerated; like language and the mathematics, it forms an essential part of that just and comprehensive training which must be employed in order to develop, in harmonious proportion, *all* the faculties of the human mind. These branches of education are all supplementary to one another; not one can be wisely dispensed with. Their capacity of *direct* application is in most cases secondary to their value as a discipline. But though not one person in a hundred may ever need to make use, in ordinary life, of the formulæ of Trigonometry, or the Calculus, or to refer to Descartes' Theory of "Innate Ideas," or Berkeley's "Theory of Vision," it is sufficient if the studies such things involve have ministered, better than any other branches of mere discipline could, to form a well-proportioned, active, healthy, robust mind, master of its faculties, and capable of using them powerfully and effectively in any direction in which the exigencies of life may require them to be employed.

"Of the uses of this science of Moral Philosophy, one is the vigor and acuteness which it is apt to communicate to the faculties. (P. 14.) . . .

. . . The subtleties about mind and matter, cause and effect, perception and sensation, may be forgotten; but the power of nice discrimination, of arresting and examining the most subtle and evanescent ideas, and of striking rapidly and boldly into the faintest track of analogy, to see where it leads, and what it will produce; an emancipation from the *tyranny of words*, an undaunted intrepidity to push opinions up to their first causes;—all these virtues remain in the dexterous politician, the acute advocate, and the unerring judge. . . . It may be of incalculable ad-

vantage to me, at an early period of life, to guard my understanding from the pernicious effects of association, though those effects cannot now be pointed out for the first time. I might have learned something about association, *without* the aid of this science, by the mere intercourse of life, but I should not have learned that lesson so early and so well. I am no longer left to gather this important law of my nature from accidental and disconnected remark, but it is brought fully and luminously before me;—I see that one man differs from another in the rank and nobleness of his understanding, in proportion as he counteracts this intellectual attraction of cohesion; I become permanently and vigilantly suspicious of this principle in my own mind, and when called upon in the great occasions of life to think and to act, I separate my judgment from the mere accidents of life, and decide, not according to the casualties of my fortune, but the unbiased dictates of my reason: without this science I might have had a general and faint suspicion, with it I have a rooted and operative conviction of the errors to which my understanding is exposed."

We shall not detain the reader any longer on that portion of the volume which embodies the first course of lectures, to which (if to any) the modest language of the preface is, as it seems to us, most applicable. Since they are, for the most part, a re-statement of the doctrines which the metaphysicians of the Scotch school had taught respecting the "Faculties" of the mind; though illustrated with all the novelty and freshness which the author threw over everything he touched. These early lectures are also frequently imperfect, and in some places provokingly abound in those unhappy printers' "stars," which shed darkness instead of light.

The lectures on "Wit and Humor," a right facetious subject, treated, one may be assured, *con amore*; as well as those on the "Beautiful and Sublime," and on the "Faculties of Animals," are unmutilated, and are distinguished, we think, by many original observations, as striking from their matter as their manner. It is from these we shall make our necessarily parsimonious selections.

The lectures on "Wit" open with a very admirable and acute survey of the principal attempts to define that Protean thing. The author points out as he proceeds the defects of each; he shows that Barrow's celebrated description is but an enumeration of its forms, instead of a definition of its essence; that Cowley, in a similar manner, has exemplified instead of defining it; that Addison's papers on the subject in the "Spectator" rather tell us how to "form a just taste in wit than to explain what it is."

"Dryden says of Wit, that it is a propriety of

thoughts and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject; but there is a propriety of thoughts and words in one of Blair's sermons which I never yet heard praised for their wit. And the thoughts and words are elegantly adapted to the subject in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' which is something much *better* than a witty poem. Pope says of wit,—

'True wit is Nature to advantage drest,

Oft thought before, but ne'er so well exprest.'

Then the *Philippics* of Cicero, the *Orations* of Demosthenes, are witty; Cæsar's Commentaries are witty; Massillon is one of the greatest wits that ever lived; the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet are prodigies of facetiousness. Sir Richard Blackmore's notion of wit is, that it is a series of high and exalted ferments. It very possibly *may* be; but, not exactly comprehending what is meant by a 'series of high and exalted ferments,' I do not think myself bound to waste much time in criticising the metaphysics of this learned physician." (P. 117.)

"'Wit,' says Johnson, 'may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *concordia discors*,—a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike;' but, if this be true, then the discovery of the resemblance between diamond and charcoal, between acidification and combustion, are pure pieces of wit, and full of the most ingenious and exalted pleasantry." (P. 120.)

"Hobbes defines Laughter to be a sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with infirmity of others, or our own former infirmity. . . .

Taking the language of Hobbes to mean the sudden discovery of any inferiority, it will be very easy to show that such is *not* the explanation of that laughter excited by humor: for I may discover suddenly that a person has lost half a crown,—or that his tooth aches,—or that his house is not so well built, or his coat not so well made, as mine; and yet none of these discoveries give me the slightest sensation of the humorous. If it be suggested that these proofs of inferiority are very slight, the theory of Hobbes is still more weakened by recurring to greater instances of inferiority: for the sudden information that any one of my acquaintance has broken his leg, or is completely ruined in his fortunes, has, decidedly, very little of humor in it;—at least, it is not very customary to be thrown into paroxysms of laughter by such sort of intelligence." (P. 136.)

In the same manner, Locke's theory of wit is shown to include much more than is now or long has been ordinarily attached to the term. We doubt, however, whether our author (or Dugald Stewart, when commenting on the same passage of Locke) sufficiently adverted to the fact that the word "wit" was used in Locke's day in a much less restricted sense than at present,—a sense, of which the expression "mother wit" is a remnant,—when, in fact, a man of wit was nearly synonymous with a man of genius.

The theory which finds most favor in our author's eyes is that laid down by Campbell in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric." He describes it as the best to be found in our language, and, perhaps, on the whole with justice. But this, too, is faulty; at least it certainly includes far more than the word is now employed to designate.

The lecturer then proceeds to give us *his own* theory, which, as so often happens, is less satisfactory than his refutation of the theories of others. He defines "wit" to be the result of "any discovery of relations amongst our ideas," attended by *surprise*, and that *only*. Surprise, he contends, and justly, often attends a perceived relation among ideas, provocative of far different emotions from that elicited by wit; as, for example, those of the beautiful or sublime; and that it is even true that there are many instances in which such "surprising discovery of relations" has not the effect of wit, simply because all thought of wit is quenched in the beautiful or sublime. But he thinks, that where *surprise* only—unadulterated surprise—is the result, that then in every case we have *wit*: and that, if this be so, this constitutes its essence. He acknowledges that his definition had not given universal satisfaction, and that, to use his own expression, the week which followed the announcement of his definition "was one of the most polemical that ever he remembered to have spent in his life." He defends himself against his objectors, who adduced many examples of *facts* which occasion pure surprise, without producing any sense of facetiousness,—facts which all of us experience to be unpleasantly plentiful,—by saying that he did not mean that any surprising *facts* will produce the effect of wit, but any surprising "relations amongst *ideas*." We cannot say that the theory, even thus limited, will satisfy us. It seems undeniable that there are many "surprising relations" discovered amongst "ideas;" as, for example, those by which the algebraist often most unexpectedly solves a difficulty, or those which characterize some half score of the ingenious interpretations of the mysterious number in the Apocalypse, which produce no sense of the "witty" any more than of the "beautiful." They affect the mind in precisely the same manner as the discovery of the relations between the parts of some ingenious mechanical contrivance. Some of Sydney Smith's "polemical" friends might probably plead even his own definition of wit against itself, and affirm, that though it was certainly a *surprise* to them to find "any sur-

prising relation between ideas" denominated the essence of wit, they felt none of the appropriate emotion of wit in that surprise.

It appears to us, we frankly confess, that, though a *pleasing surprise* is a very general, perhaps uniform accompaniment and condition of the emotions both of "beauty" and "wit," it is in itself as little the *essence* of one as of the other. Though it should be supposed uniformly coincident with both, it is obviously more extensive than either. If this be so, it will still require some limiting terms to define those cases, neither more nor less, in which the surprise, as felt, is coincident with wit. That is, the essence of wit is still to be sought.

Such a definition we certainly shall not attempt; and instead of pursuing this difficult subject, shall prefer, as our readers will also prefer, enjoying some of the passages of these lectures in which Sydney Smith has, at all events, exceedingly well *illustrated* the nature of wit, however he may have failed to exhibit its theory.

The remarks on the necessity that we should learn betimes how to defy ridicule, in adherence to our convictions of right, are admirable, and admirably expressed; nor less so those on the limits which wit must prescribe to itself if it would not render itself odious:—

"I have insisted in the beginning of my lecture, on the great power of the ridiculous over the opinions of mankind; including in that term, wit, humor, and every other feeling which has laughter for its distinguishing characteristic.

"I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear;—do it not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*,—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can

tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause." . . . (P. 134.)

" . . . It is beautiful to observe the boundaries which nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our minds. Where is the heart so hard that could bear to see the awkward resources and contrivances of the poor turned into ridicule? Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who is so wicked as to amuse himself with the infirmities of extreme old age? or to find subject for humor in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body? Who is there that does not feel himself disposed to overlook the little peculiarities of the truly great and wise, and to throw a veil over that ridicule which they have redeemed by the magnitude of their talents, and the splendor of their virtues? Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come? Whenever the man of humor meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that, in all the great feelings of their nature, the mass of mankind always think and act aright; that they are ready enough to laugh,—but that they are quite as ready to drive away, with indignation and contempt, the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth, and to beat down the
les of God!" (P. 139.)

The judicious and moderate estimate he forms of the value of this intellectual endowment has already been referred to as a signal proof of the equilibrium of our author's judgment, naturally disposed, as he must have been, to regard with favor a quality which he himself so highly possessed. It is thus he speaks of it:—

"I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions, from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. . . . (P. 150.) . . . So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's

minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. . . .

I have talked of the *danger* of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous. Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. . . . But when wit is combined with sense and information,—when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle,—when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something much *better* than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit,—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature." (P. 151.)

Our author dismisses "puns," "charades," and the other diminutive forms of wit, with the following summary expression of his contempt:—

"I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems, for a moment, to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning, is an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas, in order to be witty, operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry;—it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigor enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all should be done well whenever it is done. For we may observe that mankind are always more fastidious about that which is pleasing than they are about that which is useful. A common-place piece of

morality is much more easily pardoned than a common-place piece of poetry or of wit; because it is absolutely necessary for the well-being of society that the rules of morality should be frequently repeated and enforced; and though, in any individual instance, the thing may be badly done, the sacred necessity of the practice itself atones, in some degree, for the individual failure: but as there is no absolute necessity that men should be either wits or poets, we are less inclined to tolerate their mediocrity in superfluities. If a man has ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it; but if he sticks vulgar, gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly." (P. 131.)

"I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery. If charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy;—the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth." (P. 143.)

The following observations on the degree in which wit is susceptible of *culture* are curious and just:—

"It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation; that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning; and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody; and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*; but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit." (P. 129.)

Our author's prelections on Beauty are eminently "beautiful," but we cannot say that he appears quite consistent in his theory respecting it. We need not remind our readers what a "*questio vexata*" this has ever been in metaphysical criticism. Like her in whom Beauty was so pre-eminently embodied, Beauty itself has been the source of "dire contentions" between our critical Greeks and Trojans. From the day when Plato treated it in the "*Hippias Major*" down to very recent times, men were as much and ludicrously in doubt about the nature and cause of what all were so famil-

iar with, as about the theory of any facts whatever.

In general our author accedes to the theory adopted with different modifications by most modern metaphysicians;—that the beautiful is to be sought, not in some quality or qualities of external nature itself, but in the *mind*,—in pleasurable associations; that these may be of infinitely various kinds, and exist in all sorts of proportions; and that the emotion of the beautiful will depend for its intensity on the number, duration, individual force, and concurrent influence of the harmonizing elements.

This doctrine, we say, (in the main that of Alison,) our author accepts; yet it must be confessed, he does not very consistently adhere to it. For though he has defined Beauty to be "a feeling of the mind," (p. 173,) he on the next page (p. 174) speaks of Beauty as "a quality of matter," and even deviates into the absolute heresy, that there are many objects which have beauty in themselves, and immediately affect the mind with it.

If by this last expression he only meant (and we half suspect that he did only mean, or *would* only have meant, had he paused to adjust fully his own conceptions) that there are, as Lord Jeffrey says in his admirable critique on Alison,* many cases in which the emotion of the beautiful springs up at once in the presence of certain objects, and does not wait to be slowly deposited as the product of those long trains of associations to which Alison attributes it, few would have objected to the expression; rather, most would have accepted it as a valuable correction.

Further, if he had merely meant, that the sensational and organic delight with which so many external objects, and their combinations, impress us, forms an immediate and appreciable element in the associations which determine the emotion of beauty,—however inferior in power may be the associations which are so founded on them, to other and higher associations dependent on intellectual and moral causes,—few, when their attention was

* *Art. Beauty, Ency. Brit.* This exquisite piece of criticism (an expansion of an article in an early number of this Journal) is well worthy of a separate publication. On our once expressing to Lord Jeffrey a wish to see it in such a form, he said that he could have no objection, if the proprietors of the *Encyclopædia* had none. As so many of the contributions to that great work have been given to the public in a separate form, it may be hoped that this also will at length be added to the number.

fairly called to the fact, would have been disposed to disagree with him. It is a point, however, which has been too much overlooked. Perhaps, even Lord Jeffrey's critique has hardly given sufficient prominence to it. Had it been duly borne in mind, it would have removed that apparent paradox which seems to postpone the emotion of beauty (not merely higher degrees of it, but the emotion itself,) to a long, tardy, and intricate compilation of associations. There seems something more peculiar still in the special case of an ear for music. But, surely it is not difficult to suppose that the delightful sensations with which the eye and the ear, and all the senses are regaled amidst woodland scenery on a fine spring day—the mellow tints—the golden broken light—the variety of light and shade—the pleasing effects of the play of both under the waving foliage in the green forest glade—the whispering of the winds in the trees—the warbling of birds in the branches—the bright colors and fragrant scent of flowers—constitute a very positive item in the sum of associations on which the emotion of beauty is founded, and instantaneously lead to that emotion, however capable it may be (as we see it is) of being indefinitely intensified in relation to particular localities, by repetition of the pleasure, by all the bonds of remembrance with such scenes, by all the social pleasures with which such scenes may be enriched,—by all, in a word, which a cultivated and happy mind can bring to bear upon it.

But, alas! for the consistency of metaphysicians. Our lecturer certainly *says* something much more questionable, even if he would not on maturer thoughts have adhered to it. He expressly says that the eye has *beauty* for its object (at least in many cases) just as the organ of smell has fragrance for *its* object;—not merely that the eye and the ear have their appropriated *sensations* of delight from colors and sounds, as the nose from scents and the palate from flavor; but that the emotion of beauty (undoubtedly in many cases the instantaneous *reflex* of delighted sensation, though purely mental in itself,) is the direct object of the eye. He says, "it seems strange to me, that men should doubt any more of the gluttony of the eye, than of the gluttony of the mouth. As the palate feasts upon the savory and sweet, the ear feasts upon melody, and the eye gorges upon light and color, till it aches with pleasure." He contends, in opposition to Alison and Jeffrey, that matter is capable of immediately exciting *emotion*; and seems

to think that he has proved this in proving, what none deny, that it is capable of exciting agreeable or disagreeable sensations. This is of course true, and hence the approximate uniformity of men's notions of beauty; because external nature, affecting them in the same manner, will necessarily lead, for the most part, to the same associations, and therefore to a similar conception of the beautiful. But the difference of the degree of this emotion, in relation to the same objects, in different men,—the absence of it in many, in relation to certain objects which inspire others with rapture,—the power of investing with beauty objects once indifferent, or even disagreeable,—the fluctuation of the standard of taste in different ages and nations,—even, in some cases, the transfer of the emotion to opposite objects in the history of the same individual, all show that association, and not sensation, is the key to its explanation. This theory, and this alone, accounts both for the approximate uniformity, and the limited diversities of taste in mankind at large.

But whatever he means, or does not mean, it is impossible, here or elsewhere, to withhold our admiration of the manner in which the author has illustrated and adorned his theme, and of the many original and beautiful reflections which are interspersed amidst some rather questionable speculations.

We have left ourselves no space for extracts from the Lectures on the Beautiful; but we cannot help extracting the following brief paragraphs on the effect of custom and proportion in modifying our idea of beauty:—

"But in order to show the effect of custom upon the beautiful, take a chin, which is of no use at all. A chin ending in a very sharp angle, would be perfect deformity. A man whose chin terminated in a point, would be under the immediate necessity of retiring to America; he would be a perfect horror; and for no other reason that I can possibly see, but that Nature has shown no intention of making such a chin,—we have never been accustomed to see such chins. Nature, we are quite certain, did not intend that the chin should be brought to a perfect angle, nor that it should be perfectly circular, and therefore either of these extremes is a deformity. Now, something considerably removed from the perfect circle and the perfect angle, is the chin we have been most accustomed to see, and which, for that reason, we most approve of." (P. 187.)

"Mr. Burke contends, and in my humble opinion with great success, that proportion is never of *itself* the original cause of beauty. It is the cause of beauty, as it is an indication of strength and utility in buildings,—of swiftness in animals,—of any feeling morally beautiful; and it is agreeable, as it is customary, in animals, or the

proof of the absence of deformity ; but no proportion of itself, and without one of these reasons, ever pleases. No man would contend Nature ever intended that 6 to 2, or 9 to 14, are perfection ; that the moment a monkey could be discovered and brought to light, the length of whose ear was precisely the cube root of the length of his tail, that he ought to be set up as a model of perfect conformation to the whole sinuous tribe. Certain proportions are beautiful, as they indicate skill, swiftness, convenience, strength, or historical association ; and then philosophers copy these proportions, and determine that they must be originally and abstractedly beautiful,—applying that to the sign, which is only true of the thing indicated by the sign." (P. 190.)

Two of the best lectures in the volume are those entitled, "Faculties of Animals and Men," and "Faculties of Beasts." If one had picked up this portion of the manuscript by the road-side, one could have sworn to its authorship. How characteristic is the opening paragraph :—

"I confess I treat on this subject with some degree of apprehension and reluctance ; because, I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause by lecturing on *our* faculties ; and at the same time I know there is a very strong anthropical party, who view all eulogisms on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion ; and look upon every compliment which is paid to the ape, as high treason to the dignity of man.

"There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and ill-considered security in my opinion, than of magnanimity or liberality ; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind,—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen,—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music,—that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding, which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them ; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear." (P. 238.)

In an enumeration of the causes of man's superiority to the lower animals, there occur the following singular, yet apposite illustrations :—

"His gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all other animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock ; and if any other lion happens to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and

fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress. Every man's understanding and acquirements, how great and extensive soever they may appear, are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions.

"If lions would consort together, and growl out the observations they have made, about killing sheep and shepherds, the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, and so forth, they could not fail to improve ; because they would be actuated by such a wide range of observation, and operating by the joint force of so many minds. . . .

A third method in which man gains the dominion over other animals, is, by the structure of his body, and the mechanism of his hands. Suppose, with all our understanding, it had pleased Providence to make us like lobsters, or to imprison us in shells like cray-fish, I very much question if the monkeys would not have converted us into sauce ; nor can I conceive any possible method by which such a fate could have been averted. Suppose man, with the same faculties, the same body, and the hands and feet of an ox,—what then would have been his fate ?" (Pp. 267, 268.)

"The fact seems to be, that though almost every quality of mind we possess, can be traced in some trifling degree in brutes ; yet *that* degree, compared with the extent in which the same quality is observable in man, is very low and inconsiderable. For instance, we cannot say that animals are devoid of curiosity, but they have a very slight degree of curiosity : they imitate, but they imitate very slightly in comparison with men ; they cannot imitate anything very difficult ; and many of them hardly imitate at all : they abstract, but they cannot make such compound abstractions as men do ; they have no such compounded abstractions as city, prudence, fortitude, parliament, and justice ; they reason, but their reasonings are very short, and very obvious : they invent, but their inventions are extremely easy, and not above the reach of a human idiot. The story I quoted from Bailly, about the ape and the walnuts, is one of the most extraordinary I ever read ; but what a wretched limit of intellect does it imply, to be cited as an instance of extraordinary sagacity !" (P. 270.)

The whole of this interesting subject is treated with great power. Instinct—its nature and limits—its resemblance and dissimilarities to reason—the "vain philosophies" which would exalt brutes to men or degrade men to brutes, or degrade brutes below themselves—even into mere machines,—are discussed in the spirit of true philosophy, and with the vivacity of genuine wit. Maintaining the just prerogatives of the "sovereign of this lower world," our author yet defends the claims of the subject brutes with an impartiality which may make the "lion" cease to regret that his race have no "painters."

In conclusion—though some may probably deem that this volume contains too much merriment for so grave a theme, and that philosophy is here masquerading it a little too lightly for her character,—the fault, if fault it be, may well be pardoned. It is rarely indeed that metaphysics have so transgressed. For one vessel (laden with a similar cargo) that rides too high in the water for want of ballast, there are a hundred whose weight sinks them to the water's edge,

and thousands whose too ponderous freight has sent them to the bottom, before they were fairly afloat. It is, in our judgment, a recommendation of these lectures that they may induce some to read about Mental Philosophy who would otherwise have never read about it at all. He who cannot bear philosophy except in conjunction with a congenial gravity, can find plenty of works to his mind.

THE WORLD-LIKE STREAM OF ROSENDREAM.

BY T. WEBB.

THE moon shone bright,
Her silv'ry light
Falling fair on the crystal stream,
Whose waters leapt
O'er stones that wept
By the Castle of Rosendream.

A maiden fair,
The Lady Clare,
Sat down beside
The silver tide,
That rippled and gurgled, danced and leapt,
So joyously over stones that wept.

She noticed how it danced and leapt,
She noticed how it falsely crept,
About the weeping stones ;
And how, in truth, it sang and laughed,
Altho' with false and cunning craft
It utter'd sighs and moans.

And she thought that the world was like the stream
That she saw 'neath the rocks of Rosendream ;
That it ran its course in selfish glee ;
That it cared not why or what might be
A creature's woe ;
That now and then it would make believe
That it could sympathize and grieve.

But 'twas not so :
The world's great stream
As falsely crept,
And danced and leapt,
As Rosendream.

Then Clare saw how the stream was black,
Where darksome shadows, o'er it hov'ring,
Changed its hue ;
And yet it was a silver track,
Where moonbeams bright, its waters cov'ring,
Fell like dew.

And she thought that the world was like the stream
That she saw 'neath the rocks of Rosendream ;
That tho' where shaded it was black,
Where lighted was a silver track.

From the Edinburgh Review.

GERMANY AND ERFURT.

1. *Rückblick auf die Entwicklung der Deutschen Angelegenheiten im Jahre 1849.* (Retrospect of the Development of German Affairs in the Year 1849.) Berlin: 1850.
2. *Preussen und seine politische Stellung zu Deutschland und den Europäischen Staaten von Bülow-Cummerow.* (Prussia and her Political Relation to Germany and the States of Europe.) Berlin: 1849.
3. *An Heinrich Gagern; eine Stimme aus dem Deutschen Volke.* (To Henry Gagern; a Voice from the German People.) Stuttgart: 1849.
4. *Political Letters on Germany.* By GERMANICUS. (In the "Globe" Newspaper.)

WE closed our remarks on the Political State of Germany, twelve months ago, at the moment when the Headship of the German Union had been offered to the King of Prussia by the Parliament of Frankfurt, and while his answer was still uncertain. It was a moment in which much of the future of the civilized world hung upon the will of one man. A spontaneous and informal meeting of representatives of public opinion had drawn from the Germanic Diet the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, whose legality was undisputed, and whose decisions only wanted to be acted on to become laws. The arch of the constitution had been gradually raised, and the key-stone lay ready to consolidate the work. After apparent hesitation, and with semblances of regret, the King of Prussia declined the honor and the responsibility, and in so doing sealed the doom of the German Parliament. Disheartened, and, for the time, distracted, the Constitutional Party, who had struggled long and well against fanaticism and treachery, almost disappeared from the scene: the last days of the Assembly were characterized by impotent violence, and its extinction was almost more welcome to the friends of its promise and its purpose, than to the enemies who rejoiced over its downfall.

We have sometimes thought that the magnitude of this enterprise of a German Empire has not been sufficiently understood in this country to be justly appreciated; and the contemplation of what it was the King of Prussia by that act rejected, may both surprise and instruct. It was the revival in

himself and his House of the great traditional organization of that sacred Roman Empire, which fills the central period of European history: it would have placed within the control, not indeed of his arbitrary will, but of his counsel, his judgment, his administrative skill, and all the moral influences from which a sagacious constitutional monarch can distill so much real power, the political destiny of thirty-three millions of men, more generally educated, and less exposed to violent popular instincts, than any other civilized people: he might have wielded, for the defence of the nation and for the assertion of its rights and dignity against other powers, a force of not less than half a million of highly-disciplined soldiers; and through him a distinct and authoritative foreign policy would have impressed on the history of Europe the desire and opinions of the German people, instead of the nullity of the diplomatic equilibrium, which may represent, indeed, contending principles, but which expresses only rival interests.

But the acceptance of such a trust, though in itself an act of courage, does not imply the power or the means of conducting it to any good issue. There are two other grave points of consideration,—the obstacles which stood in the way of success, and the capacity of the man to surmount them. We have never concealed from ourselves or others the gravity of these impediments. However earnest and truthful the yearning of a large majority of the people of the several German States toward a comprehensive unity—a feeling based on a supposed historical reality, and

severely tested by persecution and by time,—yet it was evident that the ready consent of the governments of the smaller States, and the tardy or prospective adhesion of the larger, had little foundation either in their national sentiment, personal conviction, or high policy, and could only be the result in some cases of individual timidity, and in others of absolute despair. Many, and indeed most, of the grand-duchies and principalities had found the independence conferred on them by the Treaty of Vienna an intolerable burden: the evils of political convulsion and discontent were infinitely aggravated by the smallness of the locality; the public force was not sufficient to afford protection to life and property against the tumults of the hour; and royal dignity had not those means of preserving itself from insult, which the lowest delegated authority enjoys in a large and well-organized community. But in the case of the four kingdoms, it was very different. As long as the army remained faithful, there was no particular personal danger, and it was clear that nothing short of an exercise of revolutionary power on the part of the people, or the pressing fear of it, could force the governments into a scheme, with the grandeur of which they had no sympathy, and the immediate effect of which, in the elevation of Prussia, was eminently unwelcome to them. Hanover, with her old grudges, and still mindful of the thwarted ambition of her neighbor,—Saxony, with her sense of inconvenient contiguity, and the recollection of 1815, when her very existence was in peril,—and Würtemberg, with her avowedly Austrian and Russian predilections, were none of them likely to submit to anything but necessity; while Bavaria, proud of her historical and often anti-German past, and regarding herself as distinct from the north of Germany both in religious sentiments and in some material interests, was evidently determined to struggle hard, before she permitted her political individuality—now idealized to her imagination by her great sculptor Schwanthaler—to be subordinately grouped into a German Hegemony. The hostility of Austria to the project was sure to be that of a defeated rival; her unhappy relations with her own provinces could not, indeed, at that time have allowed of open hostilities, but no resources of diplomacy and intrigue would be spared, to mar the fortunes of the new-born Union, and present menaces might easily be fanned into future war. Of the opposing influences of foreign Powers, we speak with

caution, because they are each so modified by the internal condition of their several countries at any particular moment, that it is difficult to estimate the worth and weight of the opposition. But it has ever been the traditional policy of France to prevent the cohesion and compactness of Germany;* and the establishment of this mighty Union, emanating from the popular will, constraining the inclinations of dynasties, and accepting all the principles of constitutional government, must have combined every element most distasteful to the Czar, and most likely to provoke his interference in the centre of Europe.

On the other hand, there is perhaps no undertaking of equal importance in history against which equal obstacles have not been brought to bear, but which men have not been found equal to surmount. The fable of Napoleon Bonaparte, as recorded by Archbishop Whately, rests on the unlikelihood of his success: for the heroic is ever supernatural, as far as ordinary life is nature, and our adult and accomplished world is just as susceptible of fantastic events and dramatic surprises as that distant past which imagination adorns and obscures. Will not the February of 1848 seem to future historians a moment of time as astonishing in the magnitude and diversity of its accidents, and as important in its results, as perhaps any other recorded on the dial-plate of the world? That hour assuredly was not unpropitious to great and new events; and the moral impulse from which the movement sprang had already done so much, that probability was no limit to its power. If in 1847 it had been predicted to the German governments that in the following spring the hitherto obstructive and absolutist Diet would unanimously decree, and all its members, including Austria, would issue orders for, the election of the National Assembly of Germany,—in which the power should be vested to give a Constitution (*die verfassunggebende National-Versammlung*); and that the Diet would solemnly surrender all its rights into the hands of a central power responsible to this Assembly, what language could have characterized the extravagance of the supposition? And yet this came

* We have heard a distinguished French statesman very lately assert "that he should think even the possession of the Rhenish Provinces of Prussia a poor compensation to France for the dangers of a German Union." There was more of this feeling in the moderation that prevented the French army in 1848 from establishing the kingdom of Northern Italy than liberal statesmen are willing to own.

about from two simple causes,—the intense desire of the German people for a national unity, and the involuntary confession of the separate governments, in the crisis of revolution, that there did lie in that union an ultimate defence, both of the social order, at that time seriously threatened, and of the very authorities themselves, at that time so gravely endangered.

When, indeed, the immediate peril was past, the international difficulties revived; and the unanimity of feeling, which had brought the Assembly together, was shattered by opposing interests and dynastic jealousies. The position of Prussia soon clearly defined itself. In March, 1848, M. Von Gagern had proposed to the Legislative Chamber of Hesse-Darmstadt that, until some complete change should be effected in the constitution of Germany, one German sovereign should be invited to take the direction of the affairs of the Confederation; and he strongly indicated the King of Prussia, as the only one whose political tendencies and material circumstances permitted him to be selected. The meeting of fifty constitutionalists, which took place at Heidelberg in the same month, under the superintendence of Gervinus and Bassermann, and which convoked the Vor-Parliament, made no concealment of its intention of proclaiming the King of Prussia head of the new *Bund*. But the revolution of March at Berlin considerably changed this aspect of things. The popular opinion which had looked on the King of Prussia as the necessary "Deliverer," now finding him in open battle with a portion of his people, and amenable to the same accusations as other sovereigns, turned bitterly against him. His tardy concessions to the popular will were then, at least, believed to have been extorted by necessity, and no credit was given to him for them. On the other hand, the ready acceptance of the convocation of the Frankfurt Parliament by Austria, had layed for the moment its own revolutionary spirit, and had been followed by the nomination of the Archduke John; so that the position of the Austrian party in the Assembly was very different from that which the statesmen of Western Germany could have anticipated. No one could have believed that Austria would have succeeded in making any head against the tide of liberal opinions or against the long-nourished and carefully inculcated doctrine, that the unity of Germany had been the passionate dream of the youth of Frederick William, and was now the main project of his experienced manhood.

It had, however, required a protracted and consistent course of Anti-German policy on the part of Prince Metternich to dissociate the ideas of German Unity and Austrian Headship in the German mind. When the proclamation of Kalisch, in 1813, had raised the standard of German nationality, and summoned to the field those popular hosts, who reinstated the power which the armies of Frederick the Great had been unable to preserve and would have been unable to restore, no thought of Prussian supremacy existed in the mind of any man. When, again, the princes had betrayed the hopes of the people, and Germany, dismembered and "leas'd-out,"* found herself nearly as powerless for either her own development or her influence on the world as while she lay bound beneath the eagles of France, the forbidden dream of German empire was surmounted with the figure of Barbarossa, and the descendants of the House of Hapsburg were looked on as equally recreant to their own uncontested rights and their inherited duties to the common fatherland. The policy under which Austria rejected and persecuted this feeling, instead of making use of it, was certainly not founded on any chivalrous disinterestedness; but was a necessary consequence of a principle, the wisdom of which late events have rather confirmed than disproved,—namely, that the unitary government of Austria is only possible under an absolute sovereign. So strong was this conviction in the minds of the Emperor Francis and his minister, that, on the reconstruction of Europe, Belgium was given up without an effort; and Lombardy and Venice (which it is now a high political heresy to conceive of as disconnected from Austria) were accepted with reluctance, the Emperor having at the first pledged his word to the British commissioner that he would not resume them. The apparent sacrifice was reasonable and far-sighted. For the non-German population of Austria would in any case so far outnumber the German, that, under a common constitutional system, the German element would necessarily be overpowered; while, on the other hand, it was very problematical whether provinces so entirely alien as these in habits, language, and position, could be retained in faithful and profitable connection

* "This dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or palting farm.

Richard II., Act. 2d, Sc. 1st.

under an irresponsible central rule. When it had been once assumed that the federative principle should not be applied to Austria, but that, on the contrary, all the efforts of the government were to be bent toward obliterating provincial distinctions, it was wise to make the Empire as compact as possible: And, though the Lombard soldier is now playing *mora* on the frontiers of Saxony, this military triumph has been achieved by a waste of resources and of vigor which deprives the victory of present profit or future peace. As long, therefore, as the Austrian Government was determined rigorously to pursue the system of an absolute and centralized authority, it was impossible for it to take advantage of the great national feeling, which only saw in Austria the traditional Head of the German Federation, administering its affairs in strict adherence to laws and customs, and honoring the liberties of the other States as its own. It was not so much an opportunity that had been lost by Austria, as that circumstances had arisen entirely incompatible with the form of national existence, which she had advisedly adopted and constantly adhered to. When, after the lapse of years, the influences of Austria and Prussia met face to face at Frankfurt, the chief author and agent of this system was himself in exile. On that occasion, Austrian statesmen would have done well to remember that, while, on the one hand, they could not reasonably have attempted to divest themselves of complicity with the former system, and to claim as their own the interests they had for thirty years been trampling under foot; on the other hand, it had now become equally extravagant to hope to realize what their ablest minister had never attempted in his plenary authority,—a unitary Austria, exercising empire over Germany.

But the suspension, or even the extinction, of the claims of Austria to the headship, did not necessarily imply their assumption by any other Power. Confederation (*Staatenbund*) and union (*Bundes-staat*) still remained two possible and distinct schemes of reconstruction. For all her own immediate purposes Austria had always found the old Diet sufficiently subservient, from Prussia down to Lichtenstein. But the restoration of the Diet implied the destruction of all that the Frankfurt Assembly represented: the very existence of that body had been an absolute proof that the Diet had failed of its object and end: the constitution they were there met to frame was of necessity to be something in principle and action other than

the Diet; and hence the representatives of Austrian interests, as opposed to German, became members of the Assembly for the purpose of destroying it, and framers of the constitution with the intent of making it null and void. Thus, when the parliamentary history of Frankfurt comes to be written, it will be seen that no abnegation of political consistency was too great to accomplish this object. If the Union must be decreed and the Headship offered to Prussia, the main effort was to be directed to giving it such characteristics as would make it most unacceptable to the King. Universal suffrage,—unwelcome to all industrial interests, as well as contrary to the general German appreciation of political power as a trust; and the suspensive veto,—eminently offensive to a mind which even at the moment of concession loves to cheat itself with the imagination of its own unfettered will,—these, and other democratic portions of the constitution, were carried by the votes of the Austrian members.

The essentially Conservative and Constitutional Party, of which Gagern is the head, was thus thwarted by the very persons who, if not Austrians, would have been its natural supporters; and the democrats profited by the aid of these treacherous allies. The design was successful; and the Constitution offered to the King of Prussia gave a plausible pretext to those who described it as an ill-concealed Republic. Many of the princes who adhered to it made no secret of their belief, that it would seal their political doom; and the king was earnestly warned, even by those who were not absolutely disinclined to the undertaking, to beware lest he became the puppet of a merely destructive faction, who would use his name and that of Prussia to complete the disorganization of society. Nor were there wanting accusations of treason to the order to which he providentially belonged. The cause of kings in such an hour, it was said, was the cause not of one, but of all; and the man of honor was appealed to, when the statesman hesitated. There are two springs of human action, before either of which all these and similar remonstrances might have given way: intense personal ambition, or entire conviction of rightful duty. But neither of them was here. When the hour of action arrives, it is not enough that a man should have his theory of what he would wish to see accomplished; the Deed comes to him dressed in circumstances so different from what his fancy had depicted: it stands before him,

long expected, yet hardly recognized: and the opportunity, on which days have meditated and nights have dreamt, passes by unseized, and is lost for ever. Heroic ambition, unshaken and unscrupulous, working out its ends by evil or by good, and trusting to be absolved by the history itself has made, rejoices too heartily in the occasion of action to analyze what lies beyond. Patriotic or philanthropic devotion confronts the danger, comparatively careless of victory, in the self-sufficing consciousness of right; and is less the agent of its individual will than of a certain divine necessity. By one of these impulses Frederick the Great raised up Prussia, by the other Washington created the United States; and either might have erected a United Germany. As it is, the "*gran rifiuto*" of modern times will long remain a subject for the conflict of probabilities; and be discussed as one of those events which, if it had happened otherwise than it did, might have altered the history of Europe.

The King of Prussia, now acting under the counsel of General Radowitz, attempted to obtain by diplomatic means what he had rejected—presented by the popular will; and the events which occurred in rapid succession proved incontestably that there was no fear of a fierce and brutal demagoguery succeeding, even under the most favorable circumstances, to turn the national sentiments to their own ends. The Democratic party believed that the moment was arrived when the people, hopeless of any good from above, and indignant at the abandonment of the great cause by their chosen chief in the crisis of its consummation, would rise in its wrath and sweep before it all established government, as it had done in France on much less provocation. Baden and Saxony burst into open revolution; in the former the extinguisher itself caught fire, and the army joined the rebels. Austria at the time was too busily occupied with her own embroilments to be capable of offering any material assistance, and no army but the Prussian seemed of sufficient force to arrest the movement. But the King of Prussia could not leave his own dominions unprotected; and it was only by calling out the Landwehr that he was enabled to succor his distressed confederates. On this emergency, the king summoned his people to be the guardians of public order in Prussia, while he put down by force the outbreaks, which his own refusal of the Headship of Germany had provoked. This was much to ask; for

it required the Prussian people to assume the attitude of repressing the excesses to which the irresolution of their sovereign had the appearance of having mainly contributed, and also to show him a mark of entire confidence at the very moment when he had disappointed their highest national hopes. And yet, almost without an exception, the service was faithfully discharged,—that service, which would have been rendered with tenfold readiness, had it been demanded to maintain order and arrest confusion in United Germany. There is also little doubt, but that the ultra-democratic portions of the Frankfurt Constitution would have been constitutionally altered with great facility: or that the reaction against the extravagancies of democracy, which was certain to invade the minds of men, might have been prudently used to fence round the central authority with all such protection as was compatible with constitutional freedom. The governments which had received, and those who might desire to receive, the assistance of Prussia in their hour of need, were naturally expected to be prepared with some equivalent. The results of gratitude were now to be added to those of fear, and upon this groundwork the so-called League of the Three Kings,—of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony,—was established. It was based on a constitution which embodied all that was really essential in that of Frankfurt: and the parties were bound to adhere to this engagement for the space of one year. If by that time no arrangement had been come to by the other German States, they were at liberty to reconsider the scheme. The King of Wirtemberg, having been forced into submission to the Constitution of Frankfurt, did not think it worth while to adopt the Prussian modification; and Bavaria, after holding out hopes of an amicable agreement, grew more positive in her alienation, in proportion as Austria grew freer from actual embarrassment, and more able to afford her a direct support and countenance.

The intervention of Russia in the Hungarian war had now liberated Austria—not from any great national calamity, but—from the necessity of admitting the limited independence of that extensive kingdom. There was no period during that conflict, up to the actual intervention of foreign troops, when the young Emperor would not have been joyfully crowned at Pesth as King of Hungary; and it is doubtful whether that would not have been the result of Hungarian victory, even at the last moment. But, there

are certain favors which no man can receive at the hands of another without some loss of self-esteem, and so it is with nations. Gloss it over as they may, the acceptance of this assistance has inflicted a most humiliating wound on Austrian dignity: and all the brave blood in which it has since been bathed cannot heal it. To have been the first German power to call in Russian troops to its assistance, was an odious characteristic in the judgment as well as instincts of all true Germans: and the pretensions of Prussia must now, accordingly, be doubly galling to the cabinet of Vienna, after so flagrant a demonstration of its own weakness. In the very cause of order, of which Austria had been the persistent champion, Prussia was winning national laurels all her own, while Austria was receiving Cossack aid. The very provinces which Austria had of old wrapped round the German Empire, and stood between Germany and France, were now rescued from anarchy by Prussian troops; and Saxony was compelled by circumstances into that dependence on Prussia, which, from her local position, it must have been naturally one of her chief political objects to avoid.

About this time a meeting of the Conservative National Party took place at Gotha, at which it was resolved to adhere to the League of the Three Kings, distinguished by the title of "the 26th of May." By this act a certain sanction of public opinion was given to what otherwise might have been regarded as a simple demonstration of royal will, and liable to all the changes and chances of that condition. This engagement gradually received the accession of all the Powers who had been parties to the constitution of Frankfurt, with the exception of Hesse-Homburg (whose landgrave is an Austrian field-marshal,) and of Frankfurt, still the residence of the Austrian Archduke John. Plenipotentiaries of all these governments met at Berlin under the presidency of Prussia, for the purpose of preparing the drafts of the measures to be laid before the General Assembly, which it was now decided should be held at Erfurt. Military conventions were also entered into, which drew closer the relations between the forces of several of the States and those of Prussia. During these arrangements the liberation of Austria by Russian arms enabled the kings of Hanover and Saxony to show with how little sincerity or good-will they had joined the League at all, and it was only by more firmness than Prussia had often exhibited, that she succeeded in definitively

fixing the convocation of the Assembly for the 20th of March, 1850.

If the extinction of all enthusiasm and of the power that accompanies the passionate impulses of multitudes delays almost indefinitely the solution of the German question, and complicates its difficulties by allowing authority to interests and designs which would otherwise have been swept away on the instant, it is an advantage to a foreign reviewer to be able now to state the case as one of facts, and to balance the plain reasonableness of the propositions before him. The long and weary negotiations between Berlin and Vienna have produced no fruit; neither the consent of Austria to a German Union, nor the contentment of Prussia with a simple Federation. The division of Germany into Circles which would submit each of the lesser States to one of their powerful neighbors, and thus absorb them into the several kingdoms, has been one basis of the Austrian proposals. This plan would reconstruct Germany under six divisions; and was in no way unwelcome to the smaller sovereignties; for by these means a better chance of future importance was held out to them, than by any other political arrangement. But just in proportion as the power of these separate kingdoms was consolidated, would the subdivision of Germany be confirmed; and, whatever other advantages might result from it, the scheme supposed an entire abandonment of all notion of a United Germany. A circular from Prince Wittgenstein to his diplomatic agents, dated July 21, 1849, sketches out a simpler form of partition, viz.: an Austrian Germany south of the Main, and a Prussian Germany to the north. This is a scheme which could only be realized by sheer material force; and which has neither historical basis, nor public opinion, nor State necessity to stand on. Any such project is totally without a precedent, unless a precedent is accepted in the dismemberment of Poland, or in the secret treaty (of the 14th April, 1816) between Austria and Bavaria, in which the former power guarantees to the latter the reversion of the Baden Palatinate, in case of the extinction of the direct male line of the existing Grand Duke. By this treaty Austria is exhibited disposing of territories, over which she had not the slightest pretence of right; thus evincing the sincerity of the regard so loudly expressed by her for the independence of lesser Powers,—the appearance of which at least was preserved in the old Diet by the parity of votes given to the smaller and greater States. But a new de-

vice has been lately started, and at the present moment is attracting the attention, more perhaps than the confidence, of the public. The former Austrian proposals had altogether rejected the principle of popular representation; a course which it would seem is no longer regarded politic. There shall, therefore, be an Assembly, consisting of about 300 members,—one third elected by the Legislative Assemblies of Prussia, one third by those of Austria (including all her non-Germanic States), and one third by those of the rest of Germany. Above this must be placed a Directory of Royal Commissioners, one named by the Emperor and each of the six Kings, and one by the two Hesses (Darmstadt and Cassel). The other States can appoint one of these seven its representative in the Directory, except where especial engagements of agnation and rights of succession connect it with some especial Power—a stipulation evidently introduced to prevent the general surrender of themselves by the smaller States into the hands of Prussia. It is with the same object that the two Hesses are preferred to Baden as the seventh Director, in order to cut off Baden from Prussian influence, and thus force her into submission to Bavaria. To this scheme the three kings of Würtemberg, Bavaria and Saxony, have formally acceded, the latter at the imminent risk of a collision with his parliament. Hanover, as yet, abstains, both on public and private grounds. Her local isolation prevents her from joining a league from which she could derive no material advantage; and there are men among her ministers who anticipate that the flagrant false pretensions and extravagance of the scheme would, if it attained any substance, drive the whole public opinion of Germany to Erfurt as the only hope of refuge.* For if such an assembly were convened, it would contain some fifty or sixty deputies, not only not Germans, but in many cases, and in some justly, implacable enemies of the German name and power,—who, in a division of parties, might become the arbiters of German destinies. These fears, however, never will become alarming, from the universal conviction that the Assembly, as proposed, is a mere bait thrown out to catch the constitutionalists; and that its only serious intention is to arrest the congress of Erfurt. How, in-

deed, could the hundred Austrian members be elected by the Legislative Assembly of Austria, which is not yet in existence, while the Directory might be summoned at once and assume the whole faculty of administration? And when this authority had been once constituted, what reasonable man can believe that any portion of its power would be willingly abandoned to the chances of even such an imperfect representation.

Were it really possible to test the opinions of the intelligent and educated classes of Germany on this question of Unity as distinguished from the interests of princes, the theories of philosophers, and the schemes of statesmen, we should rejoice in the occasion. We are by no means minded to assume that the impulses which called together the Parliaments at Frankfurt still exist in the sober second-thought of the people; but we must own that, as yet, we have no proof to the contrary. There is, no doubt, a strong party who are repelled by the prominence which circumstances have given to Prussia in the practical working out of the idea, just as there is a large body of Prussian officials who have no notion of opening Prussian employments to the rest of Germany, and who raise the cry that Prussia must perish when Germany begins. Now it is clear that Prussia, having interpreted the 11th article of the Federal Act of 1815 into the right of all and any German States to form among themselves a league of any kind,—even as in the case of the Hohenzollern Principalities, to merge themselves in any other State,—she cannot contest with Austria or Bavaria the right of forming with the kings or other princes such a confederation as they may think fit. These are the privileges of the dynasties;—beyond and above these rest the rights and the will of the people. No portion of Germany, except Austria, is now without its legal organ; the press is free; public meetings on this topic could hardly be dispersed by force, if conducted with order; and we own that we should see our way much more clearly by these lights than by any array of diplomatic notes, of projects written to be rejected, and counter-projects rejected before proposed.

Germans must not be surprised that England, whose commercial interests are so intimately bound up with the peace of Europe, should look with suspicion on any political change, which may compromise the friendly relations of the great Continental Powers. It requires both knowledge and foresight to understand the evils which threaten the

* See a dispatch of M. Detmold, Hanoverian Plenipotentiary at Frankfurt (dated Feb. 14), which has found its way into the *Cologne Gazette* of March 21.

peace of Europe from the old constitution of Germany; but it requires neither the one nor the other to feel that the irritation of Austria and the wrath of Russia are elements of future distress to all other European nations. On the other hand, in case the rivalry between Prussia and Austria could be turned into any fair and liberal alliance, this would, in itself, be a guarantee for peace; and any organization of Germany, founded sincerely on such a basis, not dynastically but nationally, might well defy the violence of all Foreign Powers. If, therefore, the Austrian scheme were practicable, its advantages are undeniable; and nothing but a consideration of its material and moral obstacles has inclined us against it. Some of these we have already alluded to: the immense disproportion of the German and non-German populations; the non-German, and, frequently, anti-German sympathies of whole races of Austrian subjects; the pride and power of the Slavonians, who make no concealment of their hatred and contempt for Germany, which they look upon as crumbling into senile impotence, while the future of Europe rests with their youthful energies: how can these and any principles the like of these possibly become constituents of a German Unity? Again, can Germany, or ought she, to be made responsible for all the complications of foreign relations, to which the diverse and distracted portions of Austria expose the Austrian government,—for instance, to a war with Piedmont or France for Lombardy, with Russia for Galicia or Transylvania? Nor would the strength which Austria might acquire by the German Union be of a nature to secure her from those acts of cruel and treacherous weakness which have disgraced her administration, and are still dishonoring it. The permissive massacres of Galicia or the proscriptions of conquered Hungary may be repeated any day, as long as no higher moral principle than the success of the hour shall guide the counsels of Vienna. Providence wonderfully adapts the moral strength of governments to the elevation of their moral standard; and self-defence is a poor excuse for evil deeds, when the weakness that makes it necessary is the consequence of ignoble motives or willing ignorance. And has the moral or the intellectual elevation of the Austrian government or people been such as to authorize her to assume and retain the direction of any large portion of the human race? A strict police gave to the sensuality of Vienna a sobriety

—even a decency—which had the effect of organizing vice to an extent almost unknown in any other capital. The absence of all proper excitement to the understanding or even imagination encouraged an animal life which debased but did not shock, and which, if completely successful, would have ended as much in limiting as in perverting the human faculties. But as weeds will grow up where seed is not sown, there was enough of prurient and rampant life to prevent this consummation. Good books were not read, but bad ones were eagerly devoured. There was a regular hierarchy of forbidden publications,* and those absolutely interdicted had the largest circulation. While the North of Germany was rising into a higher existence, under the inspiration of poetry, history, and philosophy, there was nothing too corrupt or too dull for the Austrian market; and thus there is little wonder that the outbreaks in the Austrian cities have been characterized by a purposeless confusion, and have resulted in less political improvement than has been generally the case in the recent series of popular commotions. To replace Prince Metternich by Prince Schwarzenberg, and a patriarchal despotism by an indefinite state of siege, is as sad an issue of the efforts and sacrifices of political enthusiasm as its bitterest enemies could desire.

Germany requires moral guidance as well as national improvement; and if Austria cannot supply the one or the other, can Prussia? The negative proposition is doubtless much the easier to decide. In the encouragement of commerce, at least, Prussia has deserved well of Germany: she is the author of the Zollverein, the revision of which, at the end of 1853, she proposes shall be submitted to the German parliament. The scheme of German Unity must attach Hamburg to the Commercial League,—an object which would long ago have been obtained, in conjunction with another still more important, had not Baron Von Bulow broken off the negotiations, all but concluded, for the adhesion of Hanover. That State, not unreasonably, demanded some pecuniary satisfaction, by way of compensation to her people for the increase of price in many articles of common consumption, which would have followed from her junction with the Zollverein. The propositions were refused at the very moment when their acceptance

* "*Damnatur*," "*Non Admittitur*," "*Transeat*," "*Erga Schedam*." In the last case the name of the purchaser was transmitted to the police.

seemed certain; and but for this accident, Prussia would have met the question of a German political Unity in 1848, with a commercial Unity already complete, Austria alone excepted,—an immense advantage as a starting-point. As it is, the power of exclusion from the Zollverein, on its revision, is a weapon of force in the hand of Prussia, and may be skillfully used, especially against Würtemberg and Bavaria. The Austrian government feels the full advantage of commercial union with Germany, and many points are already in process of agreement with Prussia. But it does not seem likely that any terms will be arrived at, as concerning a common tariff; for Austria, although inclined to turn in the direction of free imports, can find no better way of conciliating the States of the Zollverein than by proposing that they should consent to a higher tariff, until such time as her national interests are sufficiently advanced for her to admit of a liberal one. Again, after much irresolution, and even semblance of bad faith on the part of the authorities, and after some immoderate acts on the part of the representatives of the people, the Prussian parliament is now firmly cast in a mould which promises endurance and development; while, on the contrary, the paper-constitutions of Austria bear about them a singular unreality and disregard of circumstances—so very singular, that they look less like the theories of well-intentioned men, than deceptive measures artfully designed, should they be ever put in practice, to discourage free institutions by their failure, rather than encourage them by their success. From present appearances, then, we think it may fairly be concluded that the political influence of Prussian predominance would not, in the long run, be adverse to the constitutional liberties of Germany. Under a constitution so popular as that proposed at Erfurt, it is impossible that minor despotisms could revive; and the breadth of political views and the sense of the national dignity which must be created by the habits of a great assembly would go far to neutralize the petty spirit of local politics, and infuse a higher feeling into the separate legislatures.

Although the accidental character of the present rulers of Prussia should justly have little to do with an enterprise, the success of which must depend on something far above and beyond the merits or conduct of individual men, yet it is in the power of those who hold authority in Prussia, at this moment, to check or advance the movement

almost at will. Much will turn on the position assumed by her at Erfurt: if it is firm and independent,—relying on the affections of the people, regardless of the rights of princes, less as individuals than as representatives of their subjects,—tolerant of objections and criticism,—and rather contemplating the necessity with regret than boasting of the occasions in which her material force has been called on to defend the cause of order,—in that case, mere insolent menaces and coarse insinuations will not prevail against her work. But she must also be prepared to have the conduct of her government toward its own people taken as a test of her sincerity. If, for instance, the independence of Switzerland should be violated in the name of the feudal protectorate of the Prince of Neuchâtel, the weaker members of the League will naturally feel less confidence in entrusting themselves to Prussian power; if restraints upon the press, or limitation of trial by jury, take place at Berlin, the constitutionalists of Germany will be the less willing to attach themselves to a centre whose influence might be indirectly extended even to the modification of those fundamental rights which Frankfurt had established, and which it has bound itself to confirm. And as regards Foreign Powers, it is essentially incumbent on Prussia to give no color whatever to the very natural imputation, that in all this project her first object is her own aggrandizement. This suspicion can only be set to rest by a resolute perseverance in declining every species of superiority not absolutely necessary for the service of the Union. Radowitz has begun well.

It is agreeable to many minds to represent in some personality an idea or scheme of action which they desire fully to apprehend. In that of German Unity the figure of Gagern offers itself in undisputed prominence. His father, acting as representative of the House of Nassau at the Congress of Vienna, distinguished himself through his desire to extend the sphere of the German Diet, by the admission of Luxemburg and Holstein,—a plan, however, which would have weakened its influence, by dispersing it. His son joined the army in 1815, and passed into precocious manhood on the field of Waterloo, where the accidents of war placed him for a moment in a position of command. Thence he returned to civil life, and at the University of Jena partook with enthusiasm of all the hopes and projects with which the youth of Germany hailed the new-born independence of their country. We know how these have since

been thwarted and perverted; but with his sanguine temperament disappointment rather dimmed than darkened the future; and what was the zeal of the student is now the faith of the statesman. He soon after became distinguished in the service of the State of Hesse-Darmstadt, and retained office till he found his own opinions running so continually counter to those of his government, that he felt he had no alternative but to resign. After a short course of opposition, he resolved to retire from politics; and considerations of a private nature favored his determination. He had been attached to a lady in the full enjoyment of health and beauty, and had looked forward to a proud and prosperous domestic life as ample compensation for the troubles and vexations of public duty. But a serious and probably fatal malady seized upon the object of his affections, and brought the daily prospect of death into the natural region of life and hope. The lady long combated his resolution to devote to her weakness and sorrow the vigor and bloom of his existence, but in vain. For nine years he tended her with undivided care, and he since has mourned her loss as deeply as if she had been to him all that their hopes had ever promised. Indeed, her great moral and intellectual qualities must have given to those years of apparent sacrifice a present happiness of the highest order; for it was in that atmosphere of pure and tranquil affection that his mind was disciplined by study and experience to the stature it has now attained. Agriculture became his favorite pursuit; and his anxiety for the improvement of the cultivation of Germany led him to a minute consideration of her material interests. These he found to coincide in most points with that Union of the German States which had been the delight of his youth; so that, on his higher and inner life being broken up, he returned to public occupation, his imagination fortified by practical learning, and his feelings justified by his judgment. His political worth became apparent to the whole of Germany, as soon as it was perceived that his appoint-

ment to the government of his adopted country arrested the torrent of revolution in 1848; and all the public men of different States, who saw present safety and future welfare in German unity, at once turned to him instinctively as their friend and guide. In the conduct of this question, steering between anarchy and despotism, he has shown himself worthy of this trust; his massive and towering figure and his genial countenance inspire immediate confidence; while a hearty optimism, which in the moment of personal failure seems to his colleagues to have a character of insensibility, bears him above all repulses, disappointments, and disasters. He meets the Assembly of Erfurt as resolutely as he met that of Frankfurt; and if there were many men of his character engaged along with him, we should not hesitate as to the issue.

There can hardly be a greater contrast in history than the aspect of the circumstances under which these two Assemblies come together. If that of Frankfurt was borne so high on the wings of hope that its fall was inevitable, that of Erfurt has been in imminent danger of being crushed before it dares to rise. The one, however, looks as though it might be a beacon over the deep of time, the other was as the burning of a prairie. The folly of democratic violence has, for the moment, placed at the discretion of governments much more than it is desirable should be so placed; and the essentially conservative and pacific character of the Erfurt project renders any appeal to popular excitement contradictory to the very terms of its existence. Will this one stable organization rise above the confusions that still possess Europe, and demonstrate that there is no more instability in progress than in reaction? For mere Order, even that of the divine Cosmos, is in itself a barren thing—as barren as mere Liberty: each requires the breath of life to generate what is good and great,—and it is only to their coincidence and harmony that we can look for any permanent advantage to the societies of mankind.

From the North British Review.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. Vols. 2 and 3. 1850.

SINCE our last publication two more volumes of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's Life of his father have appeared, and the interest of the work continues undiminished. Such letters of the poet as have fallen into his son's hands form almost the whole materials from which the narrative is framed. The letters, however, from which the son's narrative is put together, differ essentially from those published in the earlier part of the first volume, in which the poet endeavored in advancing life to summon back his recollections of infancy and childhood. Such recollections are more or less vivid; but even where the affections are strongest and truest, the memory does not, cannot preserve the past. The picture is a fading one, and imagination is called in to perfect the outline or supply the colors. The process is not the less a process of the imaginative faculty that we are unconscious of any power but that of memory being called into active exercise; and we regard the portraits of Southey's uncles and aunts, and the heroes and heroines with whom he has peopled the dream-castles of his childhood with no more assured sense of their having had an existence in the world of realities than his Rodericks and Florindas, who, though the names be found in legends and chronicles, are the creations of the poet's mind as truly as the Ladarluds and Kailyals, who never had any other being than in romance. The pictures of Southey's relatives, given in his letters to Mr. May, affect us precisely in the same way as the Doctor Daniel Dove, and the Bhow Begum of the Doctor. The part of the work which more properly belongs to his son, is formed, as far as the work has yet gone, of letters written as the occasions of every-day life required, expressing, always very naturally and often very happily, such thoughts as the impulse of the passing moment suggested; the fixed opinions, too, of

a man very opinionative, and often very unreasonably intolerant of all opposition, are repeated in letter after letter. These opinions are seldom enforced by anything that can be properly called argument, of which, indeed, Southey appears to have been himself, in any true sense of the word, incapable, and of which from others he would seem to have been singularly impatient. Even in his formal works, and in the case of questions which demanded careful investigation and examination of principles, Southey assisted those who sought to form a judgment for themselves rather by accumulating authorities from old writers than by bringing the powers of an original thinker to the inquiry. In his letters it was not to be expected that powers of mind which had not been exhibited in his works should appear. Southey's best letters are those which are occupied with literary gossip, and unluckily for Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book, of this class of letters we find more in Mr. Robberds' Life of William Taylor, and in Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography, than he has as yet been able to give us. In the letters to Taylor and to Brydges we have—as also in those to his friends Bedford and Wynn, which are found in Cuthbert Southey's book—in addition to the opinionativeness never at any time absent, that which gives its true charm to Southey's correspondence and to much of his poetry—"the thousand phantasies unsought and undetained" that pass over the mind in a state of dreamy half-consciousness when it can scarcely be described as fully occupied or entirely active, when it is not so much thinking as playing with thoughts. But all Southey's letters, in whatever tone or temper they are written, to whomever or on whatever subject, are illustrative of the peaceful tenor of a fully occupied life; there is no effort in any of them—no display of any kind—no affect-

tation. Those in the second and third volumes of "The Life and Correspondence" are in actual contrast with the autobiographical letters, and if it were not that the business of a man occupied with literature can scarcely be without interest to a very large class of readers, would have no better claim to publication than ordinary business letters. As it is, we think they have been published at too great length. The mere fact that a letter has been written by Southey is not an adequate reason for its being printed. The fact that a letter was originally private—was written confidentially, is surely a reason why it should not be published; and though there may be easily imagined quite sufficient reasons to outweigh these considerations, yet it is for the person who prints private letters to make out such a case. The biographers of every man whose name is familiar to the public are sure to imagine that whatever relates to him has to all men an abiding interest, and if there be nothing to give offence to men still living, and, indeed, very often whether there be or not, every idle word becomes fixed in permanent and ineffaceable record. In one volume of biography, which we have been lately looking over, the bill of the upholsterer who furnished a poet's cottage is printed; in another a washer-woman's accounts and a tailor's day-books occupy pages upon pages; a third, mentioning a gentleman's marriage, gives three letters stating the fact, and nothing but the fact, which had never been a subject of dispute or doubt, and not content with this, adds an extract from a local newspaper, and a copy of the entry in the parish register. Why all this? Does it not occur to persons engaged in biography that the shorter and the more simple the annals, the nearer they are to what it must be presumed is their chief purpose—the preservation of an enduring record of the deceased? Books may easily be made too long to be read at all; and it is scarcely fair to the fame of Southey, already oppressed with the weight of his own works, to increase the burden by volume after volume, of whatever in his toil for daily bread he may have set down in his journals, much of which must have been merely as aids to his own memory, aids of a kind which every man who has to write for the public must use—and more of it, in all probability, as an index of reference to such books as he found it necessary to consult.

The biographer of Southey may, however, regard one of the questions which we have mooted as decided for him by the poet him-

self. When the Life of William Taylor was about to be published, Southey gave to Mr. Robberds such letters of Taylor's as were in his possession, in order that both parts of the correspondence should be published. Their letters were chiefly on literary subjects. There was both in his letters, and in Taylor's, something to communicate which many would be glad to learn. There was a good deal respecting his own and Taylor's studies. And if there was now and then the mention of some incident interesting to them alone, such interruption occurred but rarely—so rarely, indeed, that on the whole we think it was wise, if the letters were published at all, that they should be published without abridgment. With Mr. Robberds we had but one fault to find—the letters refer very often to proposed alterations of passages in manuscript poems, and without the poems, it is impossible to understand the criticism. In some cases the poems were never printed, in others the printed poem so differs from what it was in manuscript that the passages referring to it in its former state cease to have any application. Such letters should surely have been omitted, or notes given, which would have been the true course, whenever the Editor had the opportunity of thus rendering the meaning clear.

We have, in our last Number, transcribed a sentence from a letter of Coleridge's, describing to Southey the scenery at Keswick, and the house which was to be his future home. In another letter Coleridge again endeavors to paint the landscape or landscapes; and Southey himself has frequently done all that can be done by words to bring it before the eye. In writing to Mr. Wedgewood, Coleridge says,—“The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes—the two lakes, the vale, the river; and mountains and mists, and clouds and sunshine make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking to each other. Often when in a deep study I have walked to the window, and remained there, looking without seeing, all at once the lake of Keswick and the mountains of Borrowdale at the head of it, have entered into my mind with a suddenness as if I had been snatched out of Cheapside and placed for the first time in the spot where I stood; and that is a delightful feeling—these fits and starts of novelty received from a long-known object. The river Greta flows behind our house, roaring like an untamed son of the hills, then winds round and glides away in the front, so that we live in a peninsula. But besides

this ethereal eye-feeding, we have very substantial conveniences. Our garden is part of a large nursery garden, which is the same to us and as private as if the whole had been our own, and then, too, we have delightful walks without passing our garden gates."

In September, 1803, Southey, after negotiating for a house in Wales which some accidental circumstances interrupted, went to take up what was intended to be a temporary abode at Greta Hall, the house described in those letters of Coleridge which we have quoted, and which was then the residence of Coleridge. Some sad changes had taken place in his family during the past year. His letters mention the death of his mother, and of his first and—then—his only child.

"We had been suffering for twelve hours, and the moment of her [his mother's] release was welcome: like one whose limb has been just amputated he feels the immediate ceasing of acute suffering; the pain of the wound soon begins, and the sense of the loss continues through life. I calmed and curbed myself and forced myself to employment; but at night there was no sound of feet in her bed-room, to which I had been used to listen, and in the morning it was not my first business to see her. I had used to carry her her food, for I could persuade her better than any one else to the act of swallowing it. * * * I have now lost all the friends of my infancy and childhood. The whole recollections of my first ten years are connected with the dead. There lives no one who can share them with me. It is losing so much of one's existence. I have not been yielding to, or rather indulging grief; that would have been folly. I have read, written, talked: Bedford has been often with me and kindly. When I saw her after death, Wynn, the whole appearance was so much that of utter death that the first feeling was as if there could have been no world for the dead; the feeling was very strong, and it required thought and reasoning to recover my former certainty, that as surely we must live hereafter as all here is not the creation of folly or of chance."

Southey's first letter on his arrival at Keswick was to his brother Thomas, then a Lieutenant in the navy, and with whom he at all times kept up an affectionate correspondence. The death of his child was then a recent grief.

"To escape from Bristol was a relief. The place was haunted, and it is my wish never to see it again. Here my spirits suffer from the sight of little Sara (Coleridge's daughter), who is about her size. However, God knows that I do not repine, and that in my very soul I feel His will is best. These things do us good; they loosen, one by one, the roots that rivet us to earth; they fix

and confirm our faith till the thought of death becomes so inseparably connected with the hope of meeting those whom we have lost, that death itself is no longer considered as an evil.

Edith (Mrs. Southey) suffers deeply and silently. She is kept awake at night by recollections, and I am harassed by dreams of the poor child's illness and recovery, but this will wear away. Would that you could see these lakes and mountains! how wonderful they are! how awful in their beauty. All the poet-part of me will be fed and fostered here."

In another letter to his brother he tells him, among the advantages of Keswick as a residence, that the beauty of the surrounding scenery tempted him to take more exercise than he had ever taken elsewhere. Health and cheerful spirits were the immediate result. His means of support were derived chiefly from writing reviews of new publications in the *Annual Review*; and he at the same time carried on works that may be more properly called his own, some of which were so successful as to add something—not much, however—to his income. Wynn, a school-fellow of his, gave him an annuity of £156 a year. Still, to keep the wolf from the door was no easy task; and Southey had to work for others as well as those for whom it was his duty to provide. It was well for him that his lot was cast at a distance from the great city. Neither his health of body nor of mind could have been preserved there; and where he resided he seems to have had every source of enjoyment that was possible for a studious man. In his poems he is fond of adverting to the fact of his living among the mountains; and in his "*Colloquies on Society*," the designation he gives himself is a name derived from that fact,—*Montesinos*. In October of the same year he again writes—

"The mountains, on Thursday evening, before the sun was quite down, or the moon bright, were all of one dead blue color; their rifts and rocks and swells and scars had all disappeared—the surface was perfectly uniform—nothing but the outline distinct; and this even surface of dead blue, from its unnatural uniformity, made them, though not transparent, appear transvius, as though they were of some soft or cloudy texture through which you could have passed. I never saw any appearance so perfectly unreal. Sometimes a blazing sunset seems to steep them through and through with red light; or it is a cloudy morning, and the sunshine slants down through a rift in the clouds, and the pillar of light makes the spot where it falls so emerald green that it looks like a little field of Paradise. At night you lose the mountains, and the wind so stirs up the lake that it looks like the sea by moonlight."

In a letter to Bedford, we have the mountains in another of their ever-varying aspects—the date is February 16, 1804:—

"I have seen a sight more dreamy and wonderful than any scenery that fancy ever yet devised for Fairy land. We walked down to the lake side; it was a delightful day, the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. The opposite shore of Derwentwater consists of one long mountain, which suddenly terminates in an arch, thus , and through that opening you see a long valley between mountains, and bounded by mountain beyond mountain; to the right of the arch the heights are more varied and of greater elevation. Now, as there was not a breath of air stirring, the surface of the lake was so perfectly still, that it became one great mirror, and all its waters disappeared; the whole line of shore was represented as vividly and steadily as it existed in its actual being—the arch, the vale within, the single houses far within the vale, the smoke from their chimneys, the farthest hills, and the shadow and substance joined at their bases so indivisibly that you could make no separation even in your judgment. As I stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds seemed lying under me; I was looking down into the sky, and the whole range of mountains, having one line of summits under my feet and another above me, seemed to be suspended between the firmaments. Shut your eyes, and dream of a scene so unnatural and so beautiful. What I have said is most strictly and scrupulously true; but it was one of those happy moments that can seldom occur, for the least breath stirring would have shaken the whole vision, and at once unrealized it. I have before seen a partial appearance, but never before did, and perhaps never again may, lose sight of the lake entirely; for it literally seemed like an abyss of sky before me—not fog and clouds from a mountain, but the blue heaven spotted with a few fleecy pillows of cloud, that looked placed there for angels to rest upon them."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 258.

That Southey was satisfied with his description of the phenomenon which he witnessed, is evidenced by his having used almost the very words of this letter in the account which he makes his imaginary Spaniard, Espriella, give of his first visit to the lake country; and through all Southey's correspondence we have every now and then—as was perhaps inevitable when a man wrote so much—a good deal of repetition of this kind. This is often, no doubt, unconscious—often, too, it is for the purpose of saving himself trouble. It has never gone, we believe, quite so far as in the case of Goethe, who sent copies of the same love poems to more than one young lady, each of whom thus seemed to be given a right to think herself the object of the great poet's idolatry.

What lover of the city was it who called

a great mountain a great impostor? Southey's friend Taylor seems to have had as little love for mountains as Samuel Johnson himself. It is not in a letter to Southey, nor in any connection with the Cumberland mountains in particular, or the raptures of the poets who dwelt among them, that Taylor writes, but to a sober Liverpool man—"When you arrive in Paris, climb the turrets of *Notre Dame*. Man! what a panorama! I never could understand the merit of a mountain prospect. The eye walks on broken flints; the paths are too steep to ascend or descend; the rills too fall* to float a canoe; the hills too rugged for the plough; where there might be pasture glares a lake; cottages can be staked there, not a city. Look here: I like these masses of stone, which mind has moved; which the arranging hand of man has piled into dwellings, enriched into temples, laid out into streets, or expanded into public edifices, where centre the roads of a thousand miles, the produce of millions of acres, the picked intellect of a hundred departments, the best works of human art, in literature, picture, architecture, sculpture, the brain of France, the wonder of Europe, the result of ages, the glory of society. . . .

I have enjoyed myself wonderfully. I am exactly made to delight in that class of beautiful objects which derives effect from associated ideas of human skill."† Taylor repeats the same tirade against mountains in a letter to Southey—"How can you delight in mountain scenery? The eye walks on broken flints; not a hill tolerant of the plough, not a stream that will float a canoe; in the roads every ascent is the toil of Sisyphus, every descent the punishment of Vulcan; barrenness with her lichens covers upon the mountain-top, yawning among mists that irrigate in vain; the cottage of a man, like the eyry of an eagle, is the house of a savage subsisting by rapacity in stink and intemperance: the village is but a coalition of pigstyes; where there might be pasture glares a lake; the very cataract falls in vain—there are not customers enough for a water-mill. Give me the spot where victories have been won over the inutilities of nature by the efforts of human art—where mind has moved the massy everlasting rock, and arranged it into convenient dwellings and stately palaces—into theatres and cathedrals, and quays and docks and warehouses, wherein the primeval

* Is this a misprint, or is the word fall-y, and of William Taylor's own mintage?

† Robberds' *Life of W. Taylor*, vol. i. p. 418.

troglydite has learned to convoke the productions of the antipodes."

Of the mountains among which he lived, Southey was in no small degree proud. The secluded leisure in which it was alone possible for him to pursue his industrious occupations, was secured to him for a great part of the year by the barrier which they interposed between him and the world of London, with its everlasting interruptions. In spite of his not taking exercise enough, health soon returned, the tendency to consumption passed away, and the life which a few years before seemed to depend on the chance of his being enabled to feed its decaying strength with Mediterranean sunshine, became vigorous and active in a climate severe enough to try the most robust. The room in which he lived commanded from one window the Bassenthwaite lake, woods, and mountains. From the opposite, the Derwentwater, and fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Straight before us is a wilderness of mountains, catching and streaming lights and shadows at all times.* The northern winter is of considerable length, half the autumn and all the spring may be regarded as added to what are called the winter months—fully two thirds, if not more, of the year. In the summer were his holidays; for a month or two the tourists, many of them bringing him letters of introduction, were moving in every direction among the lakes and mountains, and Southey made it a point to show the lions. These were his holidays. When he occasionally visited London he was more occupied with business and with society than he found good for his nerves.

"London," says he in one of his letters, "disorders me by over stimulation. I dislike its society more from reflection than from feeling. Company to a certain extent intoxicates me. I do not often commit the fault of talking too much, but very often say what would be better unsaid, and that too in a manner not easily forgotten. People go away and repeat single sentences, dropping all that led to them and all that explains them, and very often in my hearty hatred of affectation I commit faults of the opposite kind. Now I am sure to find this out myself, and to get out of humor with myself, what prudence I have is not ready on demand; and so it is that the society of any except my friends, though it may be sweet in the mouth, is bitter in the belly."

One great advantage to a man engaged in literature of a residence in the country, Southey's peculiar occupation as a reviewer

prevented him from enjoying. It must be no small luxury to a man fond of books, to live in his own library among the true books—which, after all, are not many—and not have his time and thoughts distracted by the countless volumes which are every day thrown on the table of a man living in London. But Southey found time for these and for all things.

"My actions," says he, "are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta—for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper, and this is my life—which if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish.

When I cease to be cheerful it is only to become contemplative—to feel at times a wish that I was in that state of existence which passeth not away; and this always ends in a new impulse to proceed, that I may leave some durable monument, and some efficient good behind me."

The enjoyment of opening a box of books is vividly described, and this must be of infrequent occurrence, except in the country:—

"You would rejoice with me," writes Southey to Coleridge, "were you now at Keswick, at the tidings that a box of books is safely harbored in the Mersey, so that for the next fortnight I shall be more interested in the news of Fletcher* than of Bonaparte. It contains some duplicates of the lost cargo; among them the collection of the oldest Spanish poems, in which is a metrical romance upon the Cid. I shall sometimes want you for a Gothic etymology. Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening of a box of books! The joy upon lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the porter opens the door up stairs and says, Please to walk in, Sir. That I shall never be paid for my labor, according to the current price of time and labor, is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me £10,000 to forego that labor, I should tell him and his money to go to the devil, for twice the sum would not produce me half the enjoyment. It will be a great delight to be in the next world, to take a fly and visit those old worthies who are my only society here, and to tell them what excellent company I found them here at the lakes of Cumber-

* Coleridge to Wedgewood.

* Keswick carrier.

land, two centuries after they had been dead and turned to dust. In plain truth, I exist more among the dead than the living, and think more about them, and perhaps feel more about them."

We transcribe without abridgment a letter to his friend Rickman, both because it not alone exhibits the work at which he was engaged, but gives a picture of the workman. Poor Tobin's anxiety to get an epilogue from him is not a little amusing. It would not be easy to persuade the writers for the theatre that it would be easier for such a man as Southey to compose a play than an epilogue. The letter opens with the mention of his son Herbert's birth.

"October 13th, 1806.

"MY DEAR RICKMAN,

"You will be glad to hear that my child proves to be of the more worthy gender.

"I would do a great deal to please poor Tobin, (indeed, it is doing a good deal to let him inflict an argument upon me,) but to write an epilogue is doing too much for anybody. Indeed, were I ever so well disposed to misemploy time, paper, and rhymes, it would be as much out of my reach as the moon is; and I bless my stars for the incapacity, believing that a man who can do such things well cannot do anything better.

"I am also thoroughly busy. Summer is my holiday season, in which I lay in a store of exercise to serve me for the winter, and leave myself, as it were, fallow to the influences of heaven. I am now very hard at Palmerin,—so troublesome a business, that a look before the leap would have prevented the leap altogether. I expected it would only be needful to alter the *propria quæ maribus* to their original orthography, and restore the costume where the old translators had omitted it, as being to them foreign or obsolete; but they have so mangled, mutilated, and massacred, the manner; vulgarized, impoverished, embeggered the language; so lopped, cropped, and docked the ornaments, that I was fain to set my shoulder stiffly to the wheel, and retranslate about one-half. As this will not produce me one penny more than if I had reprinted it with all its imperfections on its head, the good conscience with which it is done reconciles me to the loss of time; and I have, moreover, such a true love of romance, that the labor is not irksome, though it is hard. To correct a sheet, sixteen pages of the square-sized black-letter, is a day's work—that is, from breakfast till dinner, allowing an hour's walk, and from tea till supper; and the whole is about sixty sheets.

"Secondly, Espriella is regulated by the printer, who seems as little disposed to hurry me as I am to hurry him.

* * * * *

"Thirdly, the reviewing is come round, of which, in the shape of Missionaries, Catholic Miracles, Bible and Religious Societies, Clarkson, and little Moore, (not forgetting Captain Burney,) I have more to do than I at first desired, yet not more

than will make a reasonable item on the right side of the King of Persia's books.

"Fourthly, I have done half the Cid; and whenever I seem sufficiently ahead of other employment, to lie-to for a while, that is what I go to.

"Lastly, For the Athenæum, *alias* Foolæum, for I abominate such titles, I am making some preparations,—meaning, among other things, to print there certain collections of unemployed notes and memoranda, under the title of Omniana.

"By God's blessing I shall have done all this by the end of the winter, and come to town early in the spring, to inspect certain books for the Cid, at the Museum and at Holland House.—God bless you. R. S."

We have the helmet in which he did battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in another letter,—

"My eyes are better, which I attribute to an old velvet bonnet of Edith's, converted without alteration into a most venerable studying cap for my worship; it keeps my ears warm, and I am disposed to believe that having the sides of my head cold as this Kamschatka weather, [he is writing in November,] needs must make it, affected the eyes. You may imagine what a venerable, and, as the French say, *penetrating* air this gives me,—hair, forehead, eyebrows, and eyes, are hidden, nothing appears but nose, but that is so cold that I expect every morning when I get out of bed to see the snow lie on the summit of it—this was not my old Egyptian plague, but pure weakness."

In another letter we have a similar description,—

"Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately, with the long worsted pantaloons, and-gaiters-in-one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper, the dog, down stairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat up stairs plays with me; for puss, finding my room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me."

And in speaking of himself in connection with the editor of the Quarterly Review,—

"Let not Gifford suppose me a troublesome man to deal with, pertinaciously about trifles, or standing on punctilios of authorship. No, Grosvenor, I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clock-work in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own,' when he wrote his 'Imitation;' working hard and getting little,—a bare

maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity, with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning; not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, and not so proud as happy. Grosvenor, there is not a lighter-hearted or happier man upon the face of this wide world. Your godson thinks that I have nothing to do but play with him, and anybody who saw what reason he has for his opinion, would be disposed to agree with him. I wish you you could see my beautiful boy."

Another letter to Rickman, when the boy is six months old, shows the onward-looking spirit of the affectionate father. Rickman had been writing to him about the Keltic language, and Southey replies.

"Should Herbert live I should more incline (as more connected with my own pursuits) to let him pass two or three years in Biscay, and procure all that is to be found of Cantabrian Antiquity—a distinct stock, I learn, from the Keltic; but I believe that one part of our population came from these shores, of which the prevalence of dark hair and dark complexion is to me physical proof. Nothing can be so little calculated to advance our stock of knowledge as our inveterate mode of education, whereby we all spend so much time in learning so little. I was from the age of six to that of twenty learning Greek and Latin, or, to speak more truly, learning nothing else. The little Greek I had, sleepeth, if it be not dead, and can hardly wake without a miracle; and my Latin, though abundant enough for all useful purposes, would be held in great contempt by those people who regard the classics as the scriptures of taste."

We suspect that some twenty years later, Southey would have used a different language on this subject—at all events, the course adopted with respect to his own education was one to which it is not fair to appeal, as to him no school instruction in any true sense of the word was given. It is a mistake to say that nothing but the dead languages are taught when a boy learns Greek and Latin. What he learns in addition to these—what he learns even in the effort to learn languages, is the power of reasoning, exercised at the same time that the memory is disciplined, and so impossible is it to substitute a different system of education for that which the experience of many centuries has approved, that we have never known a self-educated man who did not exhibit, whatever the original powers of his mind, an incapacity for just reasoning. What he knows he over-estimates, and makes no allowance at all in his calculations for the possibility of his being ignorant of anything—and the effect is, that even when he is right, the conclusions to

which he has come exist in his mind as prejudices, which preclude any farther examination of such questions as he made his mind up on, as it is called, and producing little influence on others, impede rather than assist the progress of truth. From these faults Southey's own mind was not altogether free, and we think so far from the Latin and Greek, which he read at school, doing him any harm, the great misfortune of his life was that he neglected such learning. But we must pass to another mention of his son Herbert, in whom his whole being seemed to be wrapped up for the few years of his brief life. He is now two years old, and his father's play-fellow.

"We have got the prettiest kitten you ever saw—a dark tabby—and we have christened her by the heathenish name of Dido. You would be very much diverted to see her hunt Herbert all round the kitchen, playing with his little bare feet, which she just pricks at every pat, and the faster he moves back, the more she paws them, at which he cries 'naughty Dido,' and points to his feet and says, 'hurt, hurt,' naughty Dido! Presently he feeds her with comfits, which Dido plays with a while, but soon returns to her old game. You have lost the amusing part of Herbert's childhood—just when he is trying to talk, and endeavoring to say everything."

This is a father's tale, and told to a brother. Southey lived in his affections. In a letter written to his friend Bedford, written a few days after, we have Herbert again—"My son is the oddest fellow in the world; I wish you could see his bright eyes." To another friend he writes, March 31, 1809,—
"I have now three girls living, and as delightful a play-fellow, in the shape of a boy, as ever man was blest with. Very often when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged."

In a letter to Landor, we have an account of the sudden seizure of the child by croup. Immediate medical aid was fortunately within reach, and the danger arrested; but the father's heart, who had all along thought of the boy as too lovely to live, had its misgivings. After all cause for fear would seem to have been over, he writes to Landor:—

"Even now I am far, very far from being at ease. There is a love which passeth the love of woman, and which is more lightly alarmed than the wakefullest jealousy. Landor, I am not a Stoic at home; I feel as you do about the fall of an old tree; but, oh! what a pang it is to look upon the young shoot, and think it will be cut down. And this is the thought which almost at all times haunts me. It comes upon me in mo-

ments when I know not whether the tears that start are of love or of bitterness. There is an evil, too, in seeing all things like a poet; circumstances which would glide over a healthier mind sink into mine; everything comes to me with its whole force; the full meaning of a look, a gesture, a child's imperfect speech, I can perceive, and cannot help perceiving; and then I am made to remember what I would give the world to forget. * * * The leaven of anxiety is working in my whole system; I will try to quiet it, by forcing myself to some other subject."

In a letter to Bedford, the same tone of feeling is again expressed:—

"The poor child has been so used to have me for his play-fellow, that he will have me for his nurse, and you may imagine with what feelings I endeavor to amuse him. But, thank God! he is lively and likely to live. * * * Still the instability of human happiness is ever before my eyes. I long for the certain and the permanent; and, perhaps, my happiest moments are those in which I am looking on to another state of being, in which there shall be no other change than that of progressing in knowledge, and thereby in power and enjoyment.

"I have suffered some sorrow in my time, and expect to suffer much more; but, looking into my own heart, I do not believe that a single pang could have been spared. My Herbert says to me, 'You are very naughty,' when I hold his hands while his neck is dressed. I have as deep a conviction that whatever affliction I have ever endured, or yet have to endure, is dispensed to me in mercy and in love, as he will have for my motives for inflicting pain on him now; if it should please God that he should ever live to understand them."

Within less than a month of the date of this letter, affliction fell upon him in a form which he had not anticipated.

"May 23, 1809.—We lost Emma yesterday night. Five days ago she was in finer health than I had ever seen her, and I had repeatedly remarked it. * * * The transitoriness of everything here is always present to my feeling, as well as my understanding. Were I to speak of my family as sincerely as Wordsworth's little girl, my story would be, that I have five children, three of them at home, and two of them under my mother's care in Heaven. No more of this. * * * Herbert, thank God, seems well: seems is all one dares to say."

We have dwelt the longer on the occasional notices of Herbert Southey, because, while Southey loved all his children, his whole heart seemed to have been given to this child, whom he was fated early to lose.

Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book has not yet advanced far enough to exhibit to us the do-

mestic group which, in a few years after, circled round Southey's hearth. We transcribe a sentence from a letter written by Southey to Wilberforce, soon after the death of Herbert, as we do not wish to separate the memoranda which relate to him.

"They only who know me in my daily habits can imagine or believe how great has been the extent of my loss, or how it is possible that a child of ten years should have been so entirely the companion as well as pupil of his father. I was recovering Greek in the process of teaching Herbert; we were learning German together, and were to have begun Saxon in the same manner. For his age, there was no better Latin scholar; in Greek, he was fit for the fifth form of Westminster; and he was acquiring, with little expense of time, and no trouble, the French and Spanish. With all these acquirements going on, his life was like a continual holiday, so much was his disposition and mine to mingle sport with study, and find recreation in all things. He was the constant companion of my walks, and felt as much interest in my pleasure as I did in his. His disposition was as beautiful as his intellect, and therefore I had ever an ominous apprehension that he was not destined to grow upon earth, where it was not possible that his nature could be improved, and but too certain that it must in some degree be sullied. The feeling which thus prepared me for this privation has not been without its use in enabling me to submit to it with resignation. I hope and believe that I have borne this affliction as becomes a Christian. The Stoicism which I endeavored to practice in youth, and not without signal benefit, might have supported, but could not have consoled me. My heart is weaned from the world, and the brightest spot in the prospect before me is, when the light from Heaven shines upon the grave. Yet do not imagine that I give way to sorrow, or indulge in vain sorrow or guilty regret. 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' Never were these words pronounced with more heartfelt sincerity than when I repeated them in the most painful scene and moments of my life. I am thankful for the abundant blessings which I still possess; but of all things most thankful for having possessed a son whom I loved so entirely, who was so entirely worthy to be loved, and whom I shall one day rejoice."

Coleridge is frequently mentioned, often with impatience, at what seems his indolence, but always with unbounded admiration of his genius. In speaking of Coleridge, he is led to the mention of one whom he had known; who had died early, having disappointed all the hopes formed of him. The name is not given in the letter from which we quote, nor is it supplied by the editor. Were it possible now to disinter it, the value of the warn-

* Wilberforce's Correspondence.

ing would not be increased by a communication of the name.

"I knew one man resembling Coleridge, save that with equal genius, he was actually a vicious man. If that man had common prudence, he must have been the first man in this country, from his natural and his social advantages, and as such, we who knew him and loved him at school used to anticipate him. I learnt more from his conversation than any other man ever taught me, because the rain fell when the young plant was just germinating, and wanted it most; and I learned more morality by his example than anything else could have taught me, for I saw him without envy. He is dead, and buried at the Cape of Good Hope, and has left behind him nothing to keep his memory alive. A few individuals only remember him with a sort of horror and affection, which just serves to make them melancholy whenever they mention him, or think of his name. This will not be the case with Coleridge; the *disjecta membra* will be found, if he does not die early; but having so much to do, so many errors to weed out of the world, which he is capable of eradicating, if he does die without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted. Wordsworth will do better, and leave behind him a name unique in his way; he will rank among the very first poets, and probably possess a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakespeare."

We have Hazlitt mentioned in two of the letters of the second volume. He was at this time still pursuing painting as a profession, and had not yet contemplated authorship as his vocation in life. We are not quite sure, that with all his occasional praise of the poets of the lake country, he was likely at any time to have quite satisfied them; but his portraits of them with the pencil were things more to be deprecated than any criticism, however severe. A printed book is fair game for any man, though we think it would be as well he let alone his friends' books when he could not praise them; but what right had he to tell the world in calumnious colors, that they were an ugly set of dogs? This was unkind, and appears to have been felt. Southey laughed a little, to be sure, at the effect, but did Wordsworth?

"Hazlitt," says Southey to Duppa, "whom you saw at Paris, has been here,—a man of real genius. He has made a very fine picture of Coleridge for Sir George Beaumont, which is said to be in Titian's manner; he has also painted Wordsworth, but so disnally, though Wordsworth's face is his idea of physiognomical perfection, that one of his friends, on seeing it, exclaimed, 'At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, yet determined to die like a man;' and if you saw the picture, you would admire the criticism."

In a letter to Coleridge, three portraits of him are mentioned, and among them this "very fine" one of Hazlitt's.

"I went into the exhibition merely to see your picture, which perfectly provoked me. Hazlitt's does look as if you were on your trial, and certainly had stolen the horse; but then you did it cleverly; it had been a deep, well-laid scheme, and it was no fault of yours that you had been detected. But this portrait by Northcote looks like a grinning idiot; and the worst is, it is just like enough to pass for a good likeness with those who only know your features imperfectly. Dance's drawing has that merit, at least, that nobody could ever suspect you of being the original."

Coleridge and Southey had the misfortune of having given up the prospects of regular professional life at an early age. Their views of religion and of politics not only prevented their taking orders in the Church of England, but placed them in a state of what was regarded as hostility by the ruling powers. Coleridge's acquaintanceship with Thelwall, and the intimacy that both had with Godwin, and others of the persons most prominent in the warfare which the press and the platform was waging against the Government, and indeed against the principles of all government—while Rebellion was raging in Ireland, and Revolution triumphant in France—rendered intelligible, if it did not justify the system of espionage then adopted. We always had doubts of Coleridge's having been right in thinking that a spy was employed to watch his and Wordsworth's movements; but a passage in these letters of Southey shows that he was not misinformed. Men such as Southey and Coleridge were felt as an important accession to the party which they were understood to join; and the first Reviews which took notice of their works were those in the hands of that party. The very subject of "Joan of Arc" was hailed as one in which the defeat of England was celebrated; indeed, Pitt himself was introduced, in one of the allegorical passages of the poem canceled in later editions, as the "dark vizier," to whom the miseries of an ill-governed country were to be attributed. In Coleridge's poems were passages in which Episcopacy was denounced, and the union of Church and State represented, as that which realized the Scriptural picture of Antichrist. These passages were written in a very elevated tone of feeling, and the language was of that imaginative cast which affects imperfectly educated men almost contagiously. Words produce their

effect, awakening not thought but passions, and praise is conferred as the formed sympathies, that are appealed to, suggest. The poet who inveighs against war is lauded by the Quaker reviewer. If "mitred Atheism" be one of the figures in a poem, it is surely not wonderful that a dissenter, pledged against Episcopacy, and who has not only to rejoice over a new convert to his doctrines, won from the Establishment, in the young poet, but has gained a new word for his vocabulary without the expensive process of any additional thought, bestows his warmest admiration on the young conjuror who has taught him a new charm. Ludicrous as it may now seem, it was something for the cause of reform and dissent when Coleridge preached at Bath, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, against Pitt and hair-powder, and when it was communicated to the congregation that the preacher was "the Reverend S. T. Coleridge, from Cambridge University."* To their politics more than to their poetry Coleridge and Southey owed the first plaudits which they received. As praise thus given was felt by the bestowers to be a boon rather than a right, it is not surprising that they resented the after course of the men whom, when they were mere boys, they had thought attached to their political views, and whose early influence on the public mind was certainly in great part due to the dissenting journals and to the temper of exaggeration in which political advocates—and such our poets were regarded as being—are always spoken of by their party. We do not think that either Southey or Coleridge can, in any offensive sense of the word, be regarded as abandoning what was unreasonably called their party, or as at any time of life acting in violation of principle, though it was not at all surprising that those who reckoned on their alliance, and found they had miscalculated, should so represent the matter to themselves as well as others. That the publications to which we allude were regarded by Southey as having aided the circulation of his early works, is proved by his letter to William Smith,†—

"The poem to which, with all its faults, he is indebted for his first favorable notice from the public, may possibly have been honored with a place in Mr. William Smith's library, as it received the praise of all the dissenting journals of the day. It is possible that their recommendation

may have induced him to favor 'Joan of Arc' with a perusal, and not improbably in a mood which would disregard its manifold demerits in style and structure for the sake of its liberal opinions. Perhaps, too, he may have condescended to notice the minor poems of the same author, sanctioned as some of these also were at their first appearance by the same critical authorities."

The circumstances under which these distinguished men were forced into a sort of doubtful public life in their struggle for bread, were unfavorable—to say the least—to their resuming their abandoned studies, or, perhaps, to their being permitted, had they so wished, to return to their colleges.

In these circumstances, Southey's unwearyed industry and punctuality recommended him to the booksellers. Unequal health, and a range of studies more extensive than Southey's, and requiring more time for thought, rendered task-work such as Southey's a thing impossible for Coleridge; and hence the imputation of indolence and idleness at times when he was laboriously engaged. His works are the best answer to the charge; for we believe that there was no single year in which he did not produce something that the world would not now be willing to have lost—and this under the disadvantages of uncertain health, of an unfixed home, and of his talents being of an order that it would not at any time have been easy to command a market price for their produce. We have mentioned William Taylor in a former part of this paper, and we must now quote a letter from Southey to him on one of Taylor's projects; but it may be desirable that we first speak of Taylor himself. His works would well deserve a separate notice, but we must content ourselves with a sentence, and this for the purpose of rendering the letter we quote intelligible.

Taylor was the son of a Norwich merchant, and was sent in early life to the Continent to learn languages, with commercial views. He made himself acquainted with the literature of Germany; and partly for the purpose of supplying himself with money for the purchase of books while he was living with his father, he became a contributor to the *Reviews* of the day. The articles on foreign literature, in the *Monthly* and *Annual Reviews*, were chiefly supplied by him. His style was his own—always thoughtful, often fantastic, sometimes—more especially when he wrote in verse—singularly happy. His translation or imitation of "*Bürger's Leonore*" is an instance of this which every one will remember.

* Cottle's "Early Recollections."

† Southey's *Essays*. London, 1832. Vol. ii.

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed—
Splash, splash across the sea,"

was at one time familiar to every ear.

"The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sound is none,"

—difficult as it would be to give it a distinct meaning, were lines which affected the imagination of all. Wordsworth, a severe critic, regarded them with the highest admiration. The persons who took any interest in poetry looked in vain for a poem from Taylor,—his time was consumed from day to day in the journeywork of the day. He wrote as industriously as if he were writing for bread, and as carefully as if he thought of fame being to be purchased by his accounts of other men's books. "I can trace William Taylor," says Mackintosh in 1808, "by his Armenian dress gliding through the crowd in annual reviews, monthly magazines, athenæums, &c.; rousing the stupid public by paradox, or correcting it by useful and unseasonable truths. It is true, that he does not speak the Armenian, or any other language, but the Taylorian; but I am so fond of his vigor and originality, that, for his sake, I have studied and learned his language. As the Hebrew is studied for one book, so is the Taylorian for one author." In 1803 Taylor set up a newspaper in Norwich, which he called the *Iris*, and the prospectus of which is no bad specimen of the Taylorian. "*Iris*," says the prospectus, "sprung from Curiosity or Thaumasia, and was the messenger of Juno, the goddess of empire. On swift wings she brought and bare every variety of intelligence in pleasing words. Her errands were worthy, and conspicuous as the colors of the rainbow. She sometimes instructed the slumbering monarch, sometimes brought perfume to the toilet of her protectress, and sometimes indicated for the deceased the path to Hades. Her robes were blue and white. The rival of Mercury—the terror of Chronos, she is every way fitted for our patroness." Southey, when he saw this prospectus, thus writes to his friend:—

"Your prospectus has the mark of the beast. I should have known it had it been for a York or an Exeter paper, and excellently good it is. I wish I had advertisements to send you, or anything else. I am reviewing for Longman—reviewing for Hamilton—translating; perhaps again about to versify for the Morning Post; drudge, drudge, drudge. Do you know Quarles's emblem of the toad that tries to fly but is chained by the leg to earth? For myself I could do easily,

but not easily for others; and there are more claims than one upon me. But in spite of your prospectus, and all the possible advantages of a party newspaper in a county where parties are nearly equal, I cannot be satisfied that William Taylor should be a newspaper editor; that he who should be employed in preparing dishes for the daintiest palates should be making wash for swine. Few men have his talents, fewer still his learning, and perhaps no other his leisure joined to these advantages. From him an *opus magnum* might—ought to be expected. Coleridge and I must drudge for newspapers from necessity, but it should not be your choice."

Taylor was indoctrinated with the German theologies, and was the great hierophant in revealing them to England. He did not deny revelation, but the Scriptures revealed to him other things than it communicated to any other of the children of men; and whatever he imported from Germany was dashed with stranger matter of his own. Our Lord he believed to have written the "Wisdom of Solomon" after his crucifixion. He created for himself a Daniel, not the Daniel,—and his Daniel was the sublimest of poets, for to him he ascribed whatever most he admired in the prophetic books of Scripture. Thales wrote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Wilkes was the author of Junius's Letters. Southey did not spare his friend, but admired him; and he deserved to be admired, notwithstanding all his absurdities.

"Dear William Taylor," one of his letters begins, "your theology does nothing but mischief. * * * The regular troops of infidelity do little harm; and their trumpeters, such as Voltaire and Paine, not much more; but it is such pioneers as Middleton, and you, and your German friends, that work underground, and sap the very citadel. That Monthly Magazine is read by all the dissenters—I call it the Dissenters' Obituary—and here you are eternally mining, mining, under the shallow faith of their half-learned, half-witted, half-paid, half-starved pastors. We must not give strong meat to weak stomachs. I have qualms of conscience about it myself. There is poor Burnett gone stark foolish, because he has been made the friend of the wise—diseased at once with a plethora of vanity and an inanition of knowledge, with all the disposition to destroy himself, only that he cannot muster up courage, and that, I suppose, he will do at last in the hope of being talked of as an instance of neglected genius. Oh, that proverb about the pearls and the swine has a great deal more in it than I once imagined! I, who am a believer, were I now at three-and-twenty with the opinions that I hold at nine-and-twenty, would choose the Church for my profession; but then I have a deep, and silent, and poet-feeling connected with these things which has grown with me, and will grow."

Taylor had, in the year 1791, persuaded his father to retire from business. The family consisted but of his father, mother, and himself; their means seemed ample, and were sufficient to enable them to live in the best society that Norwich and the neighborhood afforded. William Taylor's entire time was given to study and to writing for periodical publications; and he may be described as the first who adopted the course of rather communicating to his readers what he knew of a subject, than confining himself to an account of the particular book which accident laid on his desk. The income of the Taylors was not so large as the public believed. There had been some losses owing to American failures, and another serious loss occurred at a time it could be ill borne, when Taylor's parents were old, and when one of them was blind. After retiring from business, Taylor's father was tempted to try to increase his means by the practice of insuring at Lloyd's. He deposited £1500 to pay losses and averages as they occurred, with a merchant to whom he gave his proxy. Interest was allowed on the deposit, and an annual profit was divided besides of £100, £120, or £150. The merchant who held their proxy failed.

"This failure," he says to Southey in a letter written at the time, "sweeps away all this deposit, the interest it produced, the annual profit of insuring, and an independent capital responsible for the outstanding risks. Our total suffering will annihilate between three and four thousand pounds. We cannot subsist, in our contracted shape, on the interest of what remains. The capital will last but our joint lives; but I shall be abandoned at once to solitariness and penury. To what can I look forward but to a voluntary interment in the same grave with my parents? Oh, that nature would realize this most convenient doom!"

It is customary to complain of the want of generosity in society; and it would be a mistake which few who know anything of the world, or who have thought at all on the subject, would make, to expect assistance or sympathy in the hour of trial or of distress from the crowd of persons whom accidental circumstances have connected with the sufferer even in something like intimacy. In Schiller's language—

"As light

As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped between us two.
Yea! he deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life

Impress their characters on the smooth forehead;
Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth."*

In the case of the Taylors there was the necessity of immediately changing the house in which they lived to a smaller one, and reducing their expenditure by the amount to which their income was diminished. This some of Taylor's friends endeavored to prevent—one gentleman urged the old lady's blindness as a reason for her not removing from a house with every spot of which she was familiar, and pressed on Taylor an annuity of £100 a year—another told him that he had left him a sum of £500 in his will, and wished to give it at once. Southey made anxious efforts to get him appointed to an office in the British Museum, which had become vacant by the retirement of Douce; and also urged the publication of his collected works, for which arrangements were suggested that would have made this a source of considerable income. These modes of meeting the difficulty are insisted on in Southey's letters to Taylor; but it was not in Southey's character to rest satisfied with exertions such as these, which after all depended, both in the case of the appointment to the Museum, and of anything to be realized by the immediate sale of his collected writings, on the success of solicitations which no man whose services could be worth anything to an institution, or whose works could be of any permanent value, could make or consent to have made for him. We do not know whether the plan suggested by Southey would have been feasible, as there was that in Taylor which would have resisted any attempt to relieve him, but it is due to Southey to mention it. He proposed the purchase of an annuity for Taylor's life by a few of Taylor's friends, either by raising a sufficient sum at once, or by yearly subscriptions.

"This"—he is writing to an intimate friend of Taylor's—"of course is a thing on which the very wind must not blow. Ten years hence, or perhaps five, if the least desirable of those plans should be found the most practicable, you and Harry [Southey's brother] may be able to co-operate in it. I am ready now, either with a yearly ten pounds or with fifty at once. If more were in my power, more should be done; but if his friends do not love him well enough to secure him at least £100 a year, one way or other, the world is worse than I thought it."

The income which remained to the Taylors after their losses was found sufficient

* *Death of Wallenstein—Coleridge's Translation.*

for their purposes; and William Taylor must have taken a more gloomy view of the future when he first wrote than events justified, as he lived for twenty-five years after this, and, though never rich, left at his death property amounting to several thousand pounds. The fear, however, of want, roused him into some active measures for the publication of parts of his works which, we are sorry, were not carried out; for with all his heresies—religious and literary—we incline to believe that his works contain a vast deal of matter worthy of preservation. Mr. Robberds, his biographer, has done some service by giving lists of his publications, and references to the works in which they are contained. The facts brought before us in looking over the biography of literary men satisfy us, that in England there must be a vast amount of generous conduct that from its nature can never come before the public eye. In the case of Southey himself, his school-fellow Wynn gave him an annuity of £150 a year; and Landor, when he found Southey, was prevented from writing poetry by the expense of bringing before the public books for which he could find no remunerative sale, offered to undertake himself the risk of the publication. In resigning the annuity to Wynn, Southey writes—

"You had been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and at one time sole subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother. It was being done to as I would have done."

Through Southey's whole life we find unnumbered proofs of his own generosity, and that he must have known by his own experience how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive." He made exertions not alone in the editing of the works of Chatterton and Kirke White, for the families, for whom he thus created a valuable property, but also endeavored in every way to promote the sale by means which he disregarded or thought unbecoming with respect to any of his own publications.

Southey's support was derived, we have said, chiefly from his task-work for reviews. He appears to have been sufficiently bold in his criticisms on other men's books. "Stop thief!" is the commencement of a savage dissection of the rhymes of some poor devil who had been plundering Wordsworth; "This is a Dutch imitation of the German sublime," is his account of a poem which has since become popular; "*Hayley, gaily, gamborally, draggletail, dreary, dun,*" is his

word of welcome to poor old Hayley when he published some hobbling ballads; and he in turn appears to have borne with great good-humor such of the attacks on his poems as he saw—anxious, however, about them, inasmuch as they had effects on the sale.

"The public," he says, "do not buy poetry unless it be made fashionable; mine gets reviewed by enemies, who are always more active than friends: one reviewer envies me, another hates me, and a third tries his hand on me as fair game. Thousands, meantime, read the books, but they borrow them, and then wonder that they do not sell. . . . Puff me, Coleridge! if you love me, puff me!—puff a couple of hundreds into my pocket!"

Of the "Annual Review," while it lasted, he and Taylor were the great strength, and the care which he took in the actual study of the works he reviewed, stood him afterward in good stead, as the subjects of his papers in the Quarterly Review on its first establishment were those on which he had written in the Annual. In writing to a friend in 1806, he says,—

"If you have seen or should see the Annual Review, you may like to know that I have borne a great part in it thus far, and I may refer you for the state of my opinions to the Reviews of the Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Mission, vol. i., of Malthus's Essay on Population, Miles's History of the Methodists, and the Transactions of the Missionary Society, vol. ii. and iii., and of the Report of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. In other articles you may trace me from recollections of your own, by family likeness, by a knowledge of Spanish literature, and by a love of liberty and literature freely and warmly expressed."

Scott, always anxious to serve his friends, suggested to Southey a connection with the Edinburgh Review, by which a large addition to his income might be obtained. We quote the letter in which Southey declined the proposed engagement.

"I am very much obliged to you for the offer which you make concerning the *Edinburgh Review*, and fully sensible of your friendliness, and the advantages which it holds out. I bear as little ill-will to Jeffrey as he does to me, and attribute whatever civil things he has said of me to a special civility, whatever pert ones (a truer epithet than severe would be) to the habit which he has acquired of taking it for granted that the critic is, by virtue of his office, superior to every writer whom he chooses to summon before him. The reviews of Thalaba and Madoc do in no degree influence me. Setting all personal feeling aside, the objections which weigh with me against bearing any part in this journal are these:—I

have scarcely one opinion in common with it upon any subject. Jeffrey is for peace, and is endeavoring to frighten the people into it: I am for war as long as Bonaparte lives. He is for Catholic Emancipation: I believe that its immediate consequence would be to introduce an Irish priest into every ship in the navy. My feelings are still less in unison with him than my opinions. * * * Every separate article in the *Review* derives authority from the merit of all the others; and, in this way, whatever of any merit I might insert there would aid and abet opinions hostile to my own. * * * To Jeffrey as an individual I shall ever be ready to show every kind of individual courtesy; but of Judge Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review* I must ever think and speak as of a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic, in matters of taste, equally incompetent and unjust.

"To recur to the *Edinburgh Review*, let me once more assure you that, if I do not grievously deceive myself, the criticisms upon my own poems have not influenced me; for, however unjust they were, they were less so, and far less uncourteous, than what I meet with in other journals; and though these things injure me materially in a pecuniary point of view, they make no more impression upon me than the bite of a sucking flea would do upon Garagantua."

Southey soon found more profitable work than reviewing in the *Annual* by the sheet, where the sheet was prodigiously large and closely printed, and the payment was very small. It is probable that it was Scott's friendly interference that made him be selected to write the historical volumes of the *Edinburgh Annual Register* at a salary of £400 a year. When his engagements enabled him to get rid of his slave-work in the *Annual Review*, he writes exultingly, "My reviewing is this day finished for ever and ever, Amen. Our fathers, who are in the Row, will I dare say wish me to continue at the employment while I am weary of it. Seven years have I been like Sir Bevis, preying on rats and mice and such small deer, and for the future will fly at better game. It is best to choose my own subjects." Reviewing, however, was destined to be his fate to the last. His exceeding diligence and punctuality, on which the conductors of such publications could entirely rely, distinguished him from almost every other person engaged in literature. Literature was his profession in a sense as distinct as the practice of the law is that of a barrister, and no other person of his day can be named, except perhaps his friend William Taylor, who in writing for reviews was not snatching from some more proper occupation a few hurried hours, or availing himself of those channels of communication with

the public for some ulterior end. His writings were Southey's means of livelihood, and mercantile regularity was as necessary in his dealings with the booksellers as with his banker. On no other condition could his unexampled diligence have had that portion of its reward, which consisted in being able to support and educate his family, and to feel also assured that his cherished hopes of an undying name, arising from the exertion of his talents in the higher walks of literature, were aided essentially by the quiet of heart and mind arising from these habits. At all events, on regularity in its principal contributors must depend the success, almost the existence of a *Review*. Some differences arose between the London and *Edinburgh* partners in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Southey was the first person to whom the Longmans applied for aid when it seemed likely that a rival publication would be started. They asked him for "articles in his best manner," offering a higher rate of payment than he received in the *Annual Review*. In his reply he told them that his principle was to do his best at all times, without reference to the amount of payment; and to this fair taxing of his powers he owed the perfect facility with which he at last came to write, and the occasional felicity of his style, which has, however, been praised something more than it deserves. The articles prepared on this occasion were transferred to the *Annual Review*.

In the autumn of 1808 the *Quarterly Review* was set up. Scott seems to have been the originator of this powerful opponent to the *Edinburgh Review*, then circulating nearly nine thousand copies, and commanding great influence over public opinion. Southey's political opinions had been for a long time those of the Tory party on most questions of Church and State, and on the Spanish question he went farther and augured more favorably than any statesman of the day, except perhaps Canning. His faith was in the character of the people; but while his predictions as to the ultimate success of the Spaniards were not contradicted by the final issue of the European war, we think that he had scarcely the right which he assumed of congratulating himself on being an inspired prophet. On the questions of Church and State, on which he was fond of writing, he says, in one of his letters of the year 1812, that he was "no Church bigot. It would be impossible for me to subscribe to the Church articles upon the mysterious points. I rather withhold

assent than refuse it; not presuming to define in my own imperfect conceptions what has been left indefinite." This is modest, and no doubt expresses what the writer thought was a true account of the state of his feelings; yet this man, who here says he is no Church bigot, in a letter written within two days from that which we quote, speaking of Cobbett and Hunt, whom he calls the evangelists of the populace, tells the friend to whom he is writing,—"There is no way of securing the people against this sort of poison but the old receipt of Mithridates—dieting them from their childhood with antidotes, and making them as ready to die for their Church and State as Spaniards." If this be not bigotry, is it not worse? Shall a man have the right to say I will indoctrinate the people, so that their love of Church and State shall be an unreasoning prejudice, and is not this what is proposed? Writing about Ireland, he says, that "if Ireland were far enough from our shores to be lost without danger to our own security, I would say, establish the Catholic religion there as the easiest way of civilizing it," and this in a letter in which he earnestly impresses the danger of what was called Catholic Emancipation. As to political concessions nothing could be fairer than arguing on such subjects from considerations of the kind suggested, but how is it possible to justify the proposal of establishing Catholicism in Ireland when made by a person professing Southey's views of its being "the greatest work of human wickedness," which is his language in this very letter? There was no question of

politics on which there was any very serious difference between Southey and the principal persons engaged in the *Quarterly Review*. Gifford, half for fun—for it became necessary to have some amusing articles in each Number—seems every now and then to have insisted on sacrificing some victim of the opposite party; and the real or supposed political offences of those whom the Tories regarded as enemies were punished by review of works which otherwise would probably have been allowed to expire unnoticed. This Southey resisted, and as far as he could endeavored to prevent. Now and then, as in the case of James Montgomery, he saved a friend by undertaking the business of reviewing him himself. On the whole, Southey moved pretty well in harness, though he had occasionally to feel that the reins were in a firm hand. Southey complained often bitterly enough of the suppression of passages in his articles. This, we can well believe, was sometimes, more especially in a journal supposed to speak the sentiments of the then Government, absolutely necessary; but what was to Southey exceedingly vexatious, was that the facts omitted—not unlikely to have been omitted from the very fact of their bringing forward something of real importance at a moment deemed inconvenient for its discussion—were often not preserved in

want. If Ireland were far enough from our shores to be lost without danger to our own security, I would say establish the Catholic religion there, as the easiest way of civilizing it; but Catholic Ireland would always be at the command of the Pope, and the Pope is now at the command of France. It is dismal to think of the state of Ireland. Nothing can redeem that country but such measures as none of our statesmen, except perhaps Marquis Wellesley, would be hardy enough to adopt,—nothing but a system of Roman conquest and colonization, and shipping off the refractory to the colonies.

* We transcribe the passage in a note:—"I am for abolishing the test with regard to every other sect—Jews and all—but not to the Catholics. They will not tolerate: the proof is in their whole history, in their whole system, and in their present practice all over Catholic Europe; and it is the nature of their principles now to spread in this country, Methodism and the still wilder sects preparing the way for it. You have no conception of the zeal with which they seek for proselytes, nor the power they have over weak minds; for their system is as well the greatest work of human wisdom as it is of human wickedness. It is curious that the Jesuits exist in England as a body, and have possessions here; a Catholic told me this, and pointed out one in the streets of Norwich, but he could tell me nothing more, and expressed his surprise at it, and his curiosity to learn more. Having been abolished by the Pope, they keep up their order secretly, and expect their restoration, which, if he be wise, Bonaparte will effect. Were I a Catholic, that should be the object to which my life should be devoted, I would be the second Loyola.

"Concessions and conciliations will not satisfy the Catholics; vengeance and the throne are what they

"You ask me about the Catholic question. I am against admitting them to power of any kind, because the immediate use that would be made of it would be to make proselytes, for which Catholicism is of all religions best adapted. Every ship which had a Catholic captain would have a Catholic chaplain, and in no very long time a Catholic crew; so on in the army; just as every rich Catholic in England at this time has his mansion surrounded with converts fairly purchased,—the Jerningham family in Norfolk for instance. I object to any concessions, because no concession can possibly satisfy them; and I think it palpable folly to talk or think of tolerating any sect (beyond what they already enjoy) whose first principle is that their Church is infallible, and, therefore, bound to persecute all others. This is the principle of Catholicism everywhere, and when they can they avow it and act upon it."

the printing-office. In one of his letters, he entreats that if Gifford thinks it necessary to use the pruning-knife, the copy may be returned—

"Because it is ten to one that the passages which he would curtail, being the most Robert Southeyish of the whole, would be those that I should like best of all, and therefore I would have the satisfaction of putting them in again for my own satisfaction, if for nobody else's. I must still confess to you, Grosvenor, that I have my fears and suspicions as to the freedom of the Review, and this article will, in some measure, put it to the proof; for it is my nature and my principle to speak and write as earnestly, as plainly, and as straight to the mark as I think and feel. If the editor understands his own interest he will not restrict me. A Review started against the Edinburgh will instantly be suspected of being a ministerial business, and a sprinkling of my free and fearless way of thinking will win friends for it among those very persons most likely to be prejudiced against it, and to be misled by the Scotamen. The high orthodox men, both of Church and State, will always think as they are told: there is no policy in writing to them; the Anti-Jacobin and British Critic are good enough for their faces of brass, brains of lead, and tongues of bell-metal. I shall not offend them, though my reasonings appeal to better hearts and clearer understandings. I would say this to him if I knew him; but I do not desire you to say it, because I do not know how far it might suit the person to whom it relates."—*Southey to Bedford, December, 1808.*

In a letter to his friend Duppa, he says,—

"You may have known that I have some dealings, in the way of trade, with your bookseller, Murray. One article of mine is in his first Quarterly, and he has bespoken more. Whenever I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you once more under this roof, it will amuse you to see how dexterously Gifford emasculated this article of mine of its most forcible parts. I amused myself one morning with putting them all in again, and restoring vigor, consistency, and connection to the whole. It is certainly true that his Majesty gives me a pension of £200 a year, out of which his Majesty deducts £60, and a few shillings; but if his Majesty trebled or decupled the pension, and remitted the whole taxation, it would be the same thing. The Treasury should never bribe, nor his judges deter me from delivering a full and free opinion upon any subject which seems to me to call for it. If I hate Bonaparte, and maintain that this country never ought to accept of any peace while that man is Emperor of France, it is precisely upon the same principle that I formerly disliked Pitt, and maintain that we never ought to have gone to war."

In a letter to May (*August, 1812*.) he writes—

"My article upon the French Revolutionists in the last Quarterly is a good deal the worse for the mutilation, which, as usual, it has undergone, but which I regard less than I do the alteration of a single word; speaking of 'the pilot that weathered the storm,' I wrote, 'whatever may have been his merits,' and this is altered into 'transcendent as,' an alteration of which I shall certainly complain. Had the article been printed entire it would have done me credit."

This was no doubt a little too much. Southey wished to write without directly contradicting what he supposed was the tone with which the Review was bound in consistency to speak of Pitt, and shaped an ambiguous sentence for the purpose of a compromise between the general opinions of the editor of the Review and the author of the particular article. It seems scarcely fair to have made such an alteration without a previous communication with Southey. But Southey and Coleridge were singularly unfortunate in their review notices of Mr. Pitt. In a collection of letters of Coleridge, published in 1836, we find him giving an account of a review of his published in the Edinburgh—"Clarkson, the moral steam-engine, a giant with one idea, had recently published his book,* and being in a very irritable state of mind his wife expressed great fears of the effect of any severe review in the then state of his feelings. I wrote to the editor, and expressed to him my opinion of the cruelty of any censure being passed upon the work as a composition. In return I had a very polite letter, expressing a wish that I should review it. I did so, but when the Review was published, in the place of some just eulogiums due to Mr. Pitt, and which I stated were upon the best authority, (in fact they were from Tom Clarkson himself,) was substituted some abuse and detraction."

While Southey was engaged in reviewing, he never gave up the production of separate works of his own. Of these, with the exception of the "Life of Nelson," "Espriella's Letters from England" was the most popular. The third edition of it is on our shelves, and it was perhaps more often reprinted. In it are contained the germs of a good deal that Southey afterward produced in a more expanded form. Southey complained that his was not an age of heresiarchs—that the breed had degenerated. "They were really great men in former times, devoting great knowledge and powerful talents to great purposes." Alas! for the historian of the

* History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Church in Southey's day. The heresiarchs of his time were the most ignorant of mankind, and were half insane—

"The Devil saw Brothers the prophet,
And Brothers the prophet saw him."

Joanna Southcote, however, had commenced her ministry, and her early career gives the lively Spaniard materials for a pleasant chapter. The semi-catholicism of Oxford, which has always lingered there from the days of the Reformation, and which seems to regard theology as if it was one of the fine arts, and a mere question of taste, and which in our day has reappeared with much fatal effect, is well described.* A review of one of the books on Wesley, about whom he had written a good deal in *Espriella*, gave rise to what we regard as the most interesting and instructive of his works, the "Life of Wesley." Another paper of his in the *Quarterly* led to his writing the "Book of the Church," a work to which we cannot award the praise claimed for it by the admirers of Southey. Indeed, to the facts of the book, on which he probably most valued himself, we are disposed to assign no higher value than to Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*." We regard with distrust the class of legends on which he seems fond of building; and are more than doubtful whether, be the legends true or false, it is wise to build at all on such a foundation.

In so voluminous a writer as Southey it would be easy to exhibit passages quite inconsistent with each other, but some are of a kind for which we were not prepared. His "Life of Cowper" opens with a sentence describing him as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers." In a letter to Bedford, we find this sentence—"His popularity is owing to his piety, not his poetry; and his piety is craziness. I like his letters, but think their so great popularity one of the many proofs of the imbecility of the age." Still the cu-

* "To do Oxford justice," Southey makes his Spaniard say, "it must be admitted that the apostacy began in the State, and was forced on her; that she clung to the faith till the very last, restored it with avidity under the short sunshine of Philip and Mary's reign, and whenever there has appeared any disposition toward Catholicism in the Government, has always inclined toward it as the saving side. More remains of the true faith are to be found here than exist elsewhere in England, as the frequency of Church service, the celibacy to which the fellows are restricted, and the prayers which are made in every College for the souls of the benefactors."—*Espriella*, vol. ii. p. 22.

rious thing is, that in a person writing so much and living so much alone, led therefore to give a shape in words to every thought as it passed through his mind, there is not more of real or apparent inconsistency. He tells us of his anxiety to see an article in print, having himself forgotten "the form and manner" of it the moment it had passed from his hands. In truth, he seems to have as entirely forgotten what he had written as a practicing barrister forgets the speeches he has made. Nothing seems to have interrupted such parts of his work as could be done in the half-mechanical way in which he had accustomed himself to work. This, however, was the case only with his prose; other and higher powers were required for his poetry. "Anxiety," thus he writes, "unfits me for anything that requires feeling as well as thought. I can labor; I can think. Thought and labor will not produce poetry." In 1809, Southey, writing to Scott, says, "Half my time I sell to the booksellers; the other half is reserved for works which will never pay for the paper on which they are written, but on which I rest my future fame. I am, of course, straitened in circumstances; a little more would make me easy. My chance of inheritance is gone by; my father's elder brother was worth £40,000, but he cut me off without the slightest cause of offence."

Southey appears to have borne the disappointment, if any, which this kinsman created, with good humor. He wrote some verses on the occasion, for which we have not room; the point of which is, that the old age of poor Dives would have been a happy one had he opened his doors to his brother's children:

"Then had the sapless boughs
With buds of hope and genial fruit been hung,
Yea, with undying flowers,
And wreaths forever young!"

The value of the undying flowers and wreaths forever young, were estimated at a higher rate, it would seem, by Southey himself than by his relatives. The Bristol Alderman, of whom he tells in a letter, (July 1809,) would probably have preferred such wreaths around his living head. "Gentlemen," said he to the persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns, "I am going to die, and my death will be an inconvenience to you, because it will be some time before you can get your accounts settled with my executors; now, if you will allow me a handsome discount, I'll settle

them myself at once." They came into his proposal, and the old Alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

The volumes now before us bring Southey's biography down to the close of the year 1812. Of his poems during that interval, "Madoc" and "Kehama" were published, and the greater part of "Roderick" written. The correspondence with William Taylor enables us to show how Southey exulted in what he felt he had done in "Madoc":—

"In classing 'Madoc in Wales' with the historical plays of Shakspeare," says the poet, "you bestow the highest praise, and what I feel to be the most appropriate. It has the historical verisimilitude and the dramatic truth. The other part [Madoc in Aztlan] which is *sui generis*, you over and underrate. It is below Milton and Homer, infinitely below both, for both are unapproachably above my strength of wing. It is below Tasso in splendor, and in structure of fable; above him in originality; and equal in feeling even to Spenser. As to the others, I will not admit comparison. Virgil and Camoens are language-masters of the first order—nothing more; and the Messiah—pardon me if I say at least nine-tenths of what you admire in that poem appears to me bubble, and bladder, and trumpery—just what I should produce for a mock-heroic, and could produce with facility. There is one uniform substitution of *bulk* for *sublimity*."

Of "Madoc" Scott wrote to him expressing the highest admiration. A copy was sent to Fox; and Lady Holland told Southey that the rule at St. Anne's Hill was to read aloud till eleven, but that when they were reading "Madoc" they often read till the clock struck twelve. Miss Seward was an admirer. She read admirably, and she was fond of reading aloud such passages as she admired. Her encomiums on "Madoc" were communicated to Southey in such a way as led to a few letters between him and the lady; and when he next passed through Lichfield, he had no choice but paying her a visit.

"She resided in the bishop's palace. I was ushered," says Southey, "up the broad brown stair-case by her cousin, the Reverend Henry White, then one of the minor canons of that cathedral—a remarkable person, who introduced me with jubilant but appalling solemnity. Miss Seward was seated at her desk: she had just finished some 'verses to be inscribed on the blank leaves of the poem Madoc.'"

She read them aloud. Southey felt the ridicule of the position in which he was placed, and could scarcely forbear laughing

aloud. "Madoc" was very unwisely printed in a very expensive form; and lauded as it was in many circles, it would appear that it was doubtfully received by the public. It was printed at the risk of the Longmans—half the profits of the sale to be the poet's; and the account at the end of a year exhibited a balance in his favor of £3, 19s. 1d. Another year increased his profits to £25, and there we believe ended all he got from the first edition of the work. In the Reviews the poem was treated harshly. Still the extracts given from it in *The Edinburgh* were selected from the more striking parts of the poem: and we do not agree with Southey in thinking that the circumstance of the poem having failed to acquire popularity was in almost any degree to be ascribed to the effect of the Reviews. At all events, whatever the Reviews might say, his own estimate of the poem was a high one.

"I build," says he, "the hope, the confidence of my own immortality on 'Madoc,' because, in a story, as diversified as that of 'Thalaba,' human characters are well developed, human incidents well arranged; because it will be as new in the epic, as Thalaba is in the romance, and assert a bolder claim to originality than has been asserted since the voice of Homer awoke its thousand echoes."

Southey thought the sale of the book a good deal increased by Miss Seward's preaching its merits in all quarters in conversation, and she also wrote a review or defence of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Taylor lauded it in more than one publication. In writing to a friend who had published a book, Southey says—

"Need you be told the history of all Reviews? If a book falls into the hands of one who is neither friend nor enemy—which for a man known in the world is not likely—the reviewer will find fault to show his own superiority, though he be as ignorant of the subject on which he writes as an ass is of metaphysics, or John Pinkerton of Welsh antiquities and Spanish literature. As your book, therefore, has little chance of fair play, get it into the hands of your friends."

As for "Madoc," it was in vain that either friend or enemy strove for or against it. The book was too big; it was encumbered with notes, and notes of a character little likely to interest any but a few antiquarians. The praise given to it by its admirers was calculated, too, to suggest that the work was anything but one of amusement; and it was in

vain that passages of great beauty were from time to time brought before the public,—

"It was heavier than the income-tax,
And twenty times more difficult to raise."

Its size and weight more effectually fixed it to the shelves of the publishers' ware-rooms, or those of the improvident bookseller who was tempted to hazard his order for a copy, than the old chains fastened the valued treasures of a monastic library. Southey was not disheartened; he said he would still write poems, but that he would not print them; that he would leave them completed, and that he would thus day by day go on building what he called his own imperishable monument, and creating what in better times would be a property to his family. Scott's praise of the poem must have been gratifying to Southey; but he told him that his first impression was unfavorable, and he might have told him, as we learn from Scott's correspondence, published by Lockhart, that he reperused the poem in compliance with the entreaties of others. This study of the poem ended in admiration; and Scott ventured to predict, that a day of popularity would come, and that "'Madoc' would assume his real place at the feet of Milton." Still Southey had to look for the means of support. He could not, and no bookseller would of course venture to print volumes which there seemed little chance of selling; and to speak of writing poems for a future day was to speak of what no man ever executed, or perhaps could execute. The excitement of sympathy would be absolutely necessary to sustain the most independent thinker for any length of time in such a purpose; and we know that, in point of fact, Southey had, as he calls it, "abdicated" as a poet, when he fell into personal acquaintanceship with Landor, whose "Gebir" he had long admired. They met at Bristol in 1808. "He was," says Southey, "the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me." Landor talked of *Thalaba*, which led Southey to mention to him his early fancy of writing a series of mythological poems, of which "*Thalaba*" might be considered one, having Mohammedanism as its basis; but that he had given up the plan, as he could not afford to print them. Landor's reply was, "Write them, and I will print as many copies as you please of them." Southey declined the offer; but Landor's praise led to his resuming "*Kehama*." In a short

time after their meeting, he sent him the opening of the poem, and told him, if he thought it deserved to be finished, he would borrow hours from sleep, and accomplish the task, by rising each day two hours before his customary time. In another letter, he tells Landor that blank verse would not suit "*Kehama*." "There must be quicker, wilder movements; there must be a gorgeousness and ornament also—Eastern gem-work and loneliness; rhyme must be rattled upon rhyme, till the reader is half dizzy with the thundering echo." He then speaks of some of the artifices of versification by which effects are produced, of which the reader, or rather the hearer, of verse is conscious, without recognizing the source. These are, however, mysteries in which we could not hope to interest our readers. Southey says, that Sir William Jones's poems on the Hindoo mythology, introduce his gods too coldly and formally; we agree in this; and we think Southey has shown great skill in rendering his scheme of Hindooism intelligible, so that there really is nothing in "*Kehama*" that does not present its meaning to a reader, without any previous study; but in the structure of his verse he is somewhat more indebted to Sir William Jones, than has, we believe, been observed. Through "*Kehama*" there are constant re-duplications of sound—rhymes occurring everywhere, as well as at the end of a line. Of this Jones was fond; and we do not remember it elsewhere in English poetry, except the strange jingles in Sylvester's "*Du Bartas*" may be regarded as somewhat like; but where Sylvester crowds his rhymes he always uses such out-of-the-way words, that no purpose seems aimed at at all; and the oddity of the language, and the seriousness of the thought, are in perpetual contrast.

There is a curious proof in one of Southey's letters to his friend Bedford, that he dreaded the effect of prominent passages in this poem of "*Kehama*;" and yet in one of the prefaces to his collected poetical works, he tells us, that in "*Kehama*" alone of all his poems, passages were from time to time written, to be interwoven with the general texture, as opportunity would serve. The lines beginning

"They sin who tell us love can die,"

are remembered by every one; and Bedford admired them.

"Ah, Grosvenor!" says Southey, "the very way in which you admire that passage in '*Keha-*'

ma,' convinces me that it ought not to be there. Did I not tell you it was clap-trappish? You are chapping as hard as you can to prove the truth of my opinion. That it grew there naturally, is certain; but does it suit with the poem? Is it of a piece in color with the whole? Is not the poet speaking in himself, whereas the whole character of the poem requires that he should be out of himself? I know very well that three parts of the public will agree with you, in thinking it the best thing in the poem; but my poem ought to have no things which do not necessarily belong to it."

The correspondence with Landor contains one or two interesting passages on the subject of Landor's Count Julian and Southey's poem on the same subject, which, as yet but planned, afterward appeared as "Roderick the Last of the Goths." This was the most popular, and we are inclined to think, the best of his poems; it certainly is the most eloquent. The situations, however, in which the characters are placed, and the incidents of the poem, are everywhere superior to the execution—there being throughout the entire work too much of words. Southey speaks of having studied compression. It may have been so in some of his poems; and "Madoc," he says, was an instance; but still the fault of overloading everything with words, instead of by some one suggestive word, escaping the necessity of carrying this load of lumber with him, was Southey's fault from youth to age. It is the one vice of his style—most conspicuous in his imitations of the old chronicle—as in his "Cid;" but least pardonable in his verse. Passages singularly beautiful in conception are thus inadequately presented to the reader's mind. Southey felt this fault; and of one of his poems he says to Taylor,— "I am correcting it with merciless vigilance—shortening and shortening—distilling wine into alcohol." In another letter he says,— "I have read Cowper's *Odyssee* and Trissino to cure my poetry of its wheyishness." In one of Taylor's letters is a sentence which authors would do well to remember:—

"There is a pleasure, an ecstasy in poetical composition, which becomes associated with the words and phrases it dictated—while the recollection of this rapture is fresh, the words and phrases in question wind us poets up to ecstasy, although they have no such power over other persons; hence the absolute necessity of keeping all poetry long enough to forget the orgasm of production, if one would judge of it sanely."

Landor's praises of Southey, as we have seen, led to Southey's again exercising the

poetic art. Yet the praise of a man who saw nothing to admire in Spenser, was calculated to leave the poet not without some misgivings as to his judgment. Taylor was perhaps the man who most of all others read Southey's works with pleasure, and in a letter of his on the subject of "Roderick," he discusses the faults and the beauties of the poem with great fairness. There is, he says, a good deal of prosing in the poem, the reader's attention is detained on little things when he is impatient for the proper business of the work.

"Poets should live in cities: the leisure of the country spoils them. That bucolic contemplation of nature which spreads its ennui in watching for hours the eye-let holes of a rill's eddies is very well for a goat-herd, and may grace an eclogue; but where the fates of empires are at stake, the attention should not be invited to settle on any phenomenon not stimulant enough to arrest the attention of a busy man. The engineer who is sent to reconnoitre is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, botanizing and picturesquizing, as Pelayo does on his way to Covadonga—you Wordsworthize too often. Another fault of the poem is its excessive religiosity. All the personages meet at prayer; all the heroes are monks in armor; all the speeches are pulpit exhortations; all the favorites are reconciled to the church and die, with the comfort of absolution, as if not the deliverance of Spain, but the salvation of the court, constituted the action of the epopee; and in this religiosity there is more of Methodism and less of idolatry, than marked the Spanish catholicism of that era."

Taylor thinks there are too many women in the poem, and he thinks them but little interesting. The character of Roderick he thinks the finest delineation in the whole compass of epic poetry.

"No other epic poet has known how to draw a truly great man: like the knights of olden days such can be only created by their peers. I admire in the poem its originality and its raciness. Hardly any incidents are borrowed from ancient or modern art. Hardly any translated passages occur, and the consummate knowledge of the country, historic and geographic, must endear the poem to Spanish patriotism forever. Next to the '*Paradise Lost*' and the '*Fairy Queen*,' we shall rank '*Roderick*' as third among our Epic poems."

Would, for Southey's sake, that the sentence had stopped there, but it goes on—

"No single poem of Ossian surpasses it.—But the Spaniards will rank it third in epic art, and if they concede priority to Homer and to Tasso, will quarrel for you against Camoens and Virgil. I read the poem to myself aloud, and found myself frequently steeped in tears over the tender emo-

tions—your empire is unrivaled—you are the *Kotzebue of the Epopeæ*.”

The names of Ossian and of Kotzebue, though Southey was at one time a student of Ossian, must have sounded ominously in his ears; still there was no improbability in anticipation that the poem might become popular in Spain.

The volumes of Southey's correspondence before us do not bring the story of his life down to the publication of “*Roderick*,” but the poem is adverted to pretty often under the name of Pelayo. During most of the time treated of in these volumes he was engaged with his history of Brazil, and published considerable portions of it. About half his day, reckoning his day from about 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., seems to have been given to this work, and to his compilations for Portuguese history. The rest was employed in reviewing. His hours for poetry were won from rest by rising early. We have not as yet in these volumes come to any picture of the domestic circle, by whom Southey was surrounded. It is, we presume, reserved for some future volume. We take leave of Southey at this stage of his life—his reputation securely established—his income, if not large, yet adequate to all his wants—his time fully occupied, and with tasks in which he felt unintermitted delight. We transcribe from one of his poems the language in which he poured out the gladness and gratitude of an overflowing heart, for the blessings abundantly bestowed. The lines are in a description of his return from a summer visit to the Continent.—

“Oh, joyful hour! when to our longing home
The long expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth ‘they come! they come!’

And hope's impatience quickened every eye.

“Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there a younger group his sisters came:
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

“Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight

Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

“Oh! happy season theirs when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again;
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed, we sink to rest.

“Soon they grew blythe as they were wont to be:
Her old endearments each began to seek;
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

“But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fullness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

“Bring forth the treasures now—a proud display.
For rich as eastern merchants we return;
Behold the black Beguine, the Sister gray,
The Friars, whose heads with sober motion turn,
The Ark, well filled with all its numerous hives,
Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, and their wives.

“The tumbler loose of limb; the wrestlers twain;
And many a toy beside of quaint device,
Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain
Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice,
The German shepherd carves with curious knife,
Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

“It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill:
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy,
Of those glad girls and that vociferous boy!

“The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
She in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while,
The aunt's rejoicing in the joyful sight,
And he who, in his gayety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the show-man's part.

“Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart to life's last day;
For so that inward light by Nature given,
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way;
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.”

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. VI.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

Camp at Cladich.—SCENE I.—*The Wren's Nest.*—TIME—Six A. M.

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD.*

NORTH. You recollect the words of Edmund in *Lear*—

"A credulous father, and a brother noble
Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
One's practices ride easy."

This is exactly Iago with Othello—believing in virtue, using, despising it. These idolators of self think the virtuous worship imaginary, unreal Gods. But they never doubt the sincerity of the worship; and therein show a larger intelligence, a clearer insight than those other idolators who, shut up in their own character, ascribe their own motives to all; and in virtues can see only different shapes of hypocrisy.

TALBOYS. The Devil himself knows better, sir. He knows that virtue exists; only he flatters himself that he can undermine its foundations. "And oftentimes does succeed"—seeking Evil "as contrary to His High Will whom we resist!"

NORTH. The Evil Principle at war with the Good.

TALBOYS. In what war soever, sir, you are once engaged, you soon feel yourself pledged to it. A few blows given on both sides settle you fast, and you no longer inquire about the cause.

NORTH. To an evil soul all good is a reproach; therefore he wars on it. To the self-dissatisfied the happiness of the good is

a reproach; therefore, if he be thoroughly selfish, he pulls it down.

TALBOYS. Every one's impulse is to throw off pain; and if no pity, no awe, no love be there to stay him, he pulls down of course.

NORTH. My dear Talboys, believe me, that, for a moment, every man has motives fit for a fiend. Perhaps he obeys—perhaps rejects them. The true fiend is constant.

TALBOYS. Every man has motives fit for a fiend! I beg you to speak for yourself, my dear sir.

NORTH. I speak of myself, of you, and of Iago. What is the popular apprehension or theory of the malice disclosed in "*mine Ancient*"—not the Old one, but the Standard-bearer?

TALBOYS. Why, the prompt, apt, and natural answer will be, he is a Devil.

NORTH. And pray what is a Devil?

TALBOYS. Iago.

NORTH. Don't reason in a circle, sir.

TALBOYS. I'd rather reason in a circle, sir, than not reason at all. I like reasoning in a circle—it is pleasant pastime in a cold, raw morning—far preferable to ascending Cruachan; for you are never far from home, and when tired can leap out at your own pleasure, and take some reasoning in a straight line.

NORTH. You are always so pleasant, Talboys, circular, or zig-zag. Whence is the malice in the heart of a Devil?

TALBOYS. I want data, sir. Milton has given some historical elucidation of it; but the People reason less, and are no philosophers.

NORTH. Hate in a devil is like Love in an Angel—uncaused, or self-causing; it is his natural function—his Essence, his Being. Herein the seraph is a seraph. The fiend is a fiend.

* [Our readers will gladly welcome Christopher North to the tripod. After an interval, these admirable papers have been resumed in Blackwood.—Ed.]

TALBOYS.

"Evil! be Thou my good! By Thee at least
Divided Empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By Thee, and more perhaps than half will reign."

Reason—Motive—Cause.

NORTH. Prospero calls Caliban a devil—
a born Devil.

TALBOYS. Also a demi-Devil—as Othello
calls Iago.

NORTH. The Philosopher knows—in *humanity*—of no born devil. He follows, or tries to follow, the causes which have turned the imperfect nature into the worst. The popular sense takes things as it finds them, and acknowledges "born devils," Iago being one, and "of the prime." The *totality* of monster in the moral world seems to that unphilosophical, sincere, and much-to-the-purpose intuition, expressed under the image of a *nativity*. The popular sense recognizes a temper of man which elects evil for evil's sake—which inflicts pain, because it likes to see pain suffered—which destroys, because it revels in misery.

TALBOYS. Coleridge calls Iago's "a motiveless malignity." He hated Othello for not promoting him, but Cassio. That seems to me the real tangible motive—a haunting, goading, fretting preference—an affront—an insult—a curbing of power—wounding him where alone he is sensitive—in self-esteem and pride. See his contempt for Cassio as a book-warrior—and "for a fair life"—simply like our notion of a "milk-sop." Why Othello, who so prizes him for his honesty as to call him ever "honest Iago," keeps him down, I have not a guess—

NORTH. Haven't you? And pray what right have you to interfere with the practice of promotion in the army of the Venetian State?

TALBOYS. I cannot approve of this particular instance—it looks like favoritism. Othello fancied Cassio—Cassio was the genteeler young fellow of the two—the better-born—Iago had risen from the ranks—and was a stout soldier—

NORTH. You don't take your character of Cassio from Iago?

TALBOYS. I do. Iago was a liar—but here I think he spoke truth—there is nothing in the Play indicating that Cassio had seen much service—he had never been at Cyprus—nor anywhere else—he had never seen a Turk—he had never—

NORTH. Hold your tongue.

TALBOYS. A more disgraceful Brawl—

NORTH. Hold your tongue, I say.

TALBOYS. Don't keep pouring out your excuses for him, sir, with such overwhelming volubility—it won't do. He knew his own wretched head. "I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking," yet drink he would,—“I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too”—worse than shirking—"behold what innovation it makes here,"—and yet he would not join the Teetotallers. Out on such a Lieutenant! Iago *was* an ill-used man.

NORTH. Talboys—

TALBOYS. O that ceaseless volubility! Shakspeare afterward makes Iago say that Cassio "has a daily beauty in his life." Where do we see it? In his *liaison* with that "fitchew"? From pleading with the Divine Desdemona on a question to him of life or death, to go straight to sup—and sleep with Bianca!

NORTH. Othello's "Now thou art my Lieutenant," shows the importance meant by Shakspeare to be attached to the previous oppression—or "holding down" of Iago. Alas! how that allocation instigating Iago to murder by more than a promise of promotion, sadly lowers Othello to me—I hardly know why. I feel a descent from his own passion to a sympathy with Iago's desire to step into his superior officer's shoes. I can fancy that Shakspeare meant this. Ay, that he did; for I believe that turbulent passion, in some of its moods, lowers—degrades—debases a great and generous nature.

TALBOYS. Iago was jealous of Othello. He says he was, and either believes it, or tries to believe it. His own words intimate the doubt, and the determination to believe. Malignity and hate indulge in giving acceptance to slight grounds—such he says, in his own coarse way, was the rumor—and perhaps it was true—

NORTH. Certainly it was false. High characters, as Coriolanus, Hotspur, Othello, are, by a native majesty of spirit, saved and exalted from the pursuit of illicit pleasure.

TALBOYS. They are. But let his jealousy of Othello—sincere or assumed—or mixed or alternating—enter as an element into the hatred.

NORTH. Let it. Iago was, you said truly, a stout Soldier—and I add, a hard, unfeeling, unprincipled Soldier. Of all trades in the world, that of a Soldier is the worst and the best—witness an Iago—an Othello. The same trade helped to make both. In Othello we almost see Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*—in Iago one—

"Yet ill he lived, much evil saw,
'Mongst men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately and undeceived,
Those bad men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own!"

You are convinced, without a hint, that he is infidel—atheist: everything shaped like religion, like moral conscience—his mind shakes off and rejects with scorn. He does not, however, as I said, disbelieve in Virtues. He believes in them, and uses them to the destruction of the havers. What he disbelieves is the worth of Virtues. To that savage Idol, Self, the more bleeding and noble victims, the more grateful the sacrifice.

TALBOYS. A singular combination in him, sir, is his wily Italian wit—like Iachimo's—and his rough—soldierlike—plain, blunt, jovial manners—the tone of the Camp, and of the wild-living, *reckless* Camp—plenty of hardihood—fit for toil, peril, privation. You never for a moment doubt his courage—his presence of mind—his resources—he does not once quail in presence of Othello at his utmost fury. He does not stir up the Lion from without, through the bars of his cage, with an invisible rod of iron—that is, a whip of scorpions; he lashes up the Wild Beast, and flinches not an inch from paw that would smite, or tusk that would tear—a veritable Lion Queller and King.

NORTH. I cannot but believe that the Othello of Shakspeare is black, and all black. I cannot conceive the ethnography of that age drawing—on the stage especially—the finer distinction which we know between a Moor and a Blackamoor or Negro. The opposition, entertained by nature, is between White and Black—not between White and Brown. You want the opposition to tell with all its power. "I saw Othello's visage in his mind" is nothing, unless the visible visage is one to be conquered—to be accepted by losing sight of it. I say again, that I cannot myself imagine the contemporary audience of Shakspeare deciding color between a Moor and a Negro. The tradition of the Stage, too, seems to have made Othello jet black. Such, I opine, was the notion of the Moor, *then*, to the People, to the Court, to the Stage, to Shakspeare.

TALBOYS. Woolly-headed?

NORTH. Why, yes—if you choose—in opposition to the "curled darlings."

TALBOYS. Yet Coleridge has said it would be "something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable Negro."

NORTH. Coleridge almost always thought, felt, wrote, and spoke finely, as a Critic—but may I venture, in all love and admiration of that name, to suggest that the removal which the stage makes of a subject from reality must never be forgotten. In life you cannot bear that the White Woman shall marry the Black Man. You could not bear that an English Lady Deademona—Lady Blanche Howard—should—under any imaginable greatness—marry General Tous-saint or the Duke of Marmalade. Your senses revolt with offence and loathing. But on the Stage some consciousness that everything is not as literally meant as it seems—that symbols of humanity, and not actual men and women, are before you—saves the Play.

TALBOYS. I believe that Wordsworth's line—

"The gentle Lady married to the Moor,"

expresses explicitly the feeling of the general English heart—pity for the contrast, and a thought of the immense love which has overcome it.

NORTH. White and Black is the utter antithesis—as, at intensity, Night and Day. Yes—Talboys—Every jot of soot you take from his complexion, you take an iota from the signified power of love.

TALBOYS. As you say, sir, the gap which is between the Stage and Reality must prevent, in our hearts, anything like loathing of the conjunction.

NORTH. The touch of such an emotion would annul the whole Tragedy. A disparity, or a discrepancy, vast as mysterious—but which love, at the full, is entitled to overlook—overstep! Whether Fate dare allow prosperity to a union containing so mighty an element of disruption, is another question. It seems like an attempt at overruling the "*Æterna fœdera rerum*."

TALBOYS. For half an hour after her death, Othello believes her guilty. You must take it for a representation of what his feelings would have been, if she had really been guilty.

NORTH. Unless the fact of her innocence have a secret potency that reaches, through all appearance and evidence of her guilt, into his innermost soul. Be that as it may, he is, after the deed, perplexed and unmanned, totally unlike a man who has performed a great sacrifice to the offended gods. You may say that the convulsion of upturned love is too fresh, and that he would in time have regained his strength—that had she been

guilty, the first half-hour must have been just what it was. All I know is, that his mind first becomes clear, when he knows her innocent. Then he is, in a measure, himself, and sees his way. Had she been guilty, he would have lived two years with a stern, desolate soul—not harsh, perhaps, to honest folks, though—and have then fallen in battle.

TALBOYS. But how is Iago affected by the blackness? No doubt, with more hate and aversion at being commanded by and outshone by him. High military rank and command—high favor by the Senate—high power and esteem in the world—high royalty of spirit—happiness in marriage—all these in Othello are proper subjects of envy, and motives of hate in Iago. The Nigger!

NORTH. Antipathy of bad to good—of base to noble—exacerbated by physical antipathy of color! But I could never fathom the hate, and malice, and revenge of Iago.

TALBOYS. It is unfathomable—and therefore fit agent in Tragedy.

NORTH. Even so. I don't believe that Shakspeare always means you to be able to lay motives in the balance and weigh them. Far otherwise.

TALBOYS. Ay—Think how the Murder of Duncan leaps up, Hell-born, into the heart of Macbeth—at the breath of the Weird Sisters!

NORTH. Perhaps. Poetry shaping out an action, distinguishes herself, amongst other points of distinction herein, from History, that while she shows lucidly and of her own clear knowledge, the concatenation of Cause and Effect, yet passion and imagination require the indefinite. There is then a conflict of claims and powers; and the part of logic is hence imperfectly rendered. You see the river sweeping by you, without knowing all the springs that have fed it.

TALBOYS. Say that again, sir.

NORTH. *There is the hatred—a tragical power, which the Poet is principally concerned to use—less to explain.*

TALBOYS. You said, sir, the noble Moor must have been much disennobled ere he could have cried to Iago, "Now thou art my lieutenant."

NORTH. I did, and you think so too.

TALBOYS. I do. Othello and Iago are joint conspirators to two double murders. Can you conspire to a murder—a private assassination—without lowering yourself—even on the Stage? Othello takes on himself the murder of Desdemona—act, responsibility, consequences; but does he not seem to hire Iago to assassinate Cassio?

NORTH. What did Othello intend to do—after all was accomplished? Consequences indeed! He was stone-blind to the future. What does he expect? that when he has killed his wife, everything is to go on as smoothly as before? That no notice will be taken of it? or that he will have to make another speech to the Senate? He has told them how he married her—the counterpart will be to relate "a plain unvarnished tale of my whole course" of smothering and stabbing her with bolster and dagger. "Now thou art my lieutenant"—shows—if not stone-blindness—a singular confidence in the future.

TALBOYS. The Personages who come in at the End look at the matter contrariwise. Othello exalts the killing of his wife into a sacrifice of Justice. But Cassio? That is mere—pure Revenge. "O that the slave had forty thousand lives,—one is too poor, too weak for my revenge."

NORTH. Upon what pedestal does Othello stand *now*—engaging another to kill Cassio in the dark, for his own revenge? I repeat it, surely the noble Moor is now very much disennobled.

TALBOYS. I rejoice, my dear sir, that you have so completely got rid of that nasty cough—your voice is as clear as a bell. Lungs sound—

NORTH. As those of a prize bagpiper. Talboys, I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare shows up in Othello foul passions—that you see in him two natures conjoined—the moral Caucasian White, and the animal tropical Black. In the Caucasian, the spiritual or angelical in us attains its manifestation. In the offspring of the tropics, amongst the sands, and under the suns of Africa, the animal nature takes domination. The sands and suns that breed Lions, breed Men with Lions' hearts in them. The Lion is for himself noble, but blood of the Irrational in the veins of the Rational is a contradiction. The noblest moral nature and the hot blind rage of animal blood!

TALBOYS. Ay, the noblest moral nature, and high above every other evidence of it, his love of HER—which, what it was, and what it would have remained, or become—and what he was and would have been, had Iago not been there—we may imagine! With all the power of a warrior, and a ruler, he has the sensibility of a Lover—with all spontaneous dignity and nobility, he has the self-mastery of reason—before his overthrow.

NORTH. Wherefore, my dear Sheriff, I prefer Othello as a specimen of the *Ethical*

Marvelous. Like, as in another kingdom, a Winged Horse or a Centaur—the meeting of two natures which readily hold asunder. All this has under the Æthiop complexion its full force—less if you mitigate—if not mitigate merely, but take away, where are we all? The innate repugnance of the White Christian to the Black Moorish blood, is the ultimate tragic substratum—the “*must*” of all that follows. Else—*make* Othello White—and, I say again, *see* where we are!

TALBOYS. Shakspeare, sir, is not one to flinch from the utmost severity of a Case.

NORTH. Not he, indeed—therefore I *swear* Othello is a Blackamoor.

TALBOYS. And I take it, sir, that Othello's natural demeanor is one of great gravity, to which the passionate moods induced are in extremity of contrast. I conceive that, by these mixtures and contrasts, he is rendered picturesque and poetical.

NORTH. I swear Othello was a Blackamoor—and that Desdemona was the Whitest Lady in Europe.

TALBOYS. Had he lived to be tried for murder, I think his counsel might have successfully set up the plea of insanity.

NORTH. They might have successfully set it up—but I, the Judge, would have successfully put it down. Honestly, I don't think Othello mad; and for this reason, that the thought never before came into my head. An incident that appears to me most wonderful in dramatic invention is—the Swooning. Look at the precise words preceding his falling down. To me it has no other effect or sense, than that of the blood being driven up into the head, and oppressing with physical pressure that bodily organ—the brain. The soul strikes the body like a hammer, and knocks it down.

TALBOYS. Ay, how his words waver—“That's not so good now”—from a man believing, or on the point of believing. There is to me a physical faintness in these words, and in the play upon the words “lie with her,” &c., intellect reeling to fall.

NORTH. Good. But I believe body and soul of Othello—or the relation between body and soul—to be physiologically right and sound. The swooning goes soon off—the accident of an hour—the mind is else in full vigor, sound, and misled. You must recollect that a mind of supereminent physical (may one say so?) and moral power—a mind that would have been strong and calm through the Russian Campaign of Napoleon—is not in a day stricken into a state which requires the medical skill and atten-

tion of Dr. Willis. Othello had an immensely strong physical constitution undoubtedly—had he not, the adventures related would long ago have extinguished him. This is one meaning of that sudden and strange narrative which children are taught by rote, and which men may not have quite fathomed; but a strong body and strong soul conjoined, do not lightly admit of disjunction. Madness, properly so called, is a disjunction, in some way or kind, of the natural union between soul and body. A few days disrupt the ties in the aged Lear. You may think that in Othello—I suppose *Ætat.* 40 or 45—the ties would bear some wrenching of the rack, ere snapping. I think that they held firm.

TALBOYS. True, sir, insanity would even detract from the moral majesty and splendor of Othello.

NORTH. It would. The time comes back to me when I *did not care for the Play or the Man*. The Play now seems to me wonderful, more even than Hamlet or Lear—and the Man, in poetical invention, a match for Achilles or Satan.

TALBOYS. Sir—sir.

NORTH. Passion in the blood like that of a Negro—and right in the soul as of Socrates or Epaminondas. Yes, Talboys, the Majesty of the Moral soul in Othello seems to me the most prophetic, or divining, or inconceivable of Shakspeare's conceptions.

TALBOYS. Nay—nay—my dear sir.

NORTH. Everything else might seem to offer its own reason—

TALBOYS. Nay—nay—my dear sir. Compare the gross Hamlet of Saxo Grammaticus with Ours.

NORTH. Well, do—but Othello—you don't know whence he is derived. He is a tropical animal—kindred to the lion—the tiger—the dragon—and, on the other hand, he has the rational equipoise of the faculties that stamp the Philosopher—and he is everything between the two.

TALBOYS. An Eloge, indeed—perhaps a *leettle* too eulogistic.

NORTH. No. What a simple sincerity colors the narrative of his love-making! Is your *imagination* bewitched by the wild story of his adventurous life? Hers, doubtless, was fascinated. But your *soul*, methinks, is won to approving the Venetian Maiden's choice by a profounder, a more legitimate charm. Who ever heard Othello relate, and hung back from believing him? He is honest, and she is honest. That is the bond whereby the *Parcæ* united their

souls and their threads. Why they disunited both—how that infernal intervention of Lachesis and Atropos crossed their pure souls in their pure conjunction, let Clotho—if she can—tell.

TALBOYS. Let's be more cheerful.

NORTH. Ay—let's.

TALBOYS. Othello shows that our Good—our excellence—our capacity of happiness—lies all in Love. That our light in which we walk—our light which we give forth—is Love. He declares this, by cleaving to this Good—by having it—by losing it—by recovering it. The self-consciousness of Othello returns to its unison with universal being—with heaven's harmony of the worlds. Iago denies this Good—never acknowledges it—although he serves involuntarily to demonstrate the truth—of which Othello perishes the self-sacrificed witness. It is great, sir, in the Tragedy, but in him the House of Love is divided against itself. His jealousy, child of his love, lifts up a parricidal hand, wounds and is wounded—but only unto its own death. And what is the feeling left by the catastrophe?

NORTH. Say, my friend, say.

TALBOYS. Peace—rest—repose—depth of tranquillity—like the sea stilled from storms.

NORTH. The charmed calm that reflects heaven.

TALBOYS. Peace grounded in this proved thought—that Love is BEST. Of all the Persons, whose stars will you accept to be your own? If you are a man, Othello's; if woman, the wronged and murdered Desdemona's. Study forever the two closing and summing up verses—"I kissed thee ere I killed thee; no way but this—Killing myself to die upon a kiss!" To gather up all the terror that is past, as if not only the winds were upgathered like sleeping flowers, but upgathered into the sleeping flowers. I don't know how to avoid comparing—all alike as the characters are—the end of Romeo and Juliet—Lear and Cordelia—Othello and Desdemona. I never can separate them. Love the mightiest torn asunder in life—reunited in death. Love—the solace of lapsed and mortal humanity.

NORTH. Lend the Old Hobbler your arm.

SCENE II.—*Pavilion. TIME—After Breakfast.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH. NOW FOR THE GRAND INQUIRY.

How long think you was Othello Governor of Cyprus, and Desdemona the General's wife?

VOL. XX. NO. III.

TALBOYS. How long? Why some weeks, or some months; quarter of a year, half a year, a year.

NORTH. A most satisfactory answer indeed to a simple question. How long have I been Commander of the forces at Cladich?

TALBOYS. Tents pitched on the 14th May, 1849—This is the 24th of June Ditto. You, like Michael Cassio, are "a great arithmetician"—and can calculate the Days.

NORTH. That's precise. Let's have some small attempt at precision with respect to the time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Well,—then—a—month—Two MONTHS.

NORTH. And you are a student—a Scholar—in Shakspeare!

TALBOYS. What the ace do you mean?

NORTH. JUST TWO DAYS.

TALBOYS. What the deuce do you mean? THE MAN has lost his Senses.

NORTH. Who? Shakspeare?

TALBOYS. Really, sir, you are getting daily more and more paradoxical—and I begin to tremble for your wits.

NORTH. See that your own have not gone a wool-gathering, Talboys. Two Months! For two Months read two Days—I insist on it.

TALBOYS. Gentlemen, the case seems serious. What would you propose?

SEWARD. Let's hear the Sage.

NORTH. Open Shakspeares. Act II.—Scene I.

BULLER. All ready, sir.

NORTH. A Sea-port Town in Cyprus—not Nicosia, the capital of the Island, which is inland—thirty miles from the Sea—but Famagusta.

TALBOYS. So says in a note Malone—what's that to the purpose?

NORTH. I wish to be precise. Ship ahoy!

TALBOYS.

"The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore"—

NORTH.

"A sail—a sail—a sail!
My hopes do shape him for the Governor."

BULLER.

"'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General."

TALBOYS.

"The riches of the ship is come on shore!"

BULLER.

"Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."

NORTH.

The Moor! I know his trumpet."

There's the power of poetry for you—I d pity poor prose. The sea-beach—town—

fortifications—all crowded with people on the
gaze-out—for hours. For ships on the stormy
sea. But not a ship to be seen. Obedient to
the passion of the people, one ship after
another appears in the offing—salutes and is
saluted—is within the Bay—inside the Break-
water—drops anchor—the divine Desdemona
has landed—Othello has her in his arms—

“O my soul’s joy!

If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken’d death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell’s from heaven!”

all in five minutes—in three minutes—in one
minute—in no time—in less than no time.

TALBOYS. What’s your drift?

NORTH. Handle Shakspeares! Scene II.
—A Street—On the day of Othello’s arrival
—the Proclamation is issued “that there is
full liberty of feasting for this present hour of
Five, till the bell has told Eleven”—For besides
the mere perdition of the Turkish Fleet, it is
the “celebration of his nuptials.”

TALBOYS. We all know that—go on.

SEWARD. His nuptials! Why, I thought
he had been married at Venice!

NORTH. Who cares what you think?
Scene III.—A Hall in the Castle—and enter
Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and attendants.
Othello says—

“Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let’s teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.”

And before retiring for the night with
Desdemona, he says—

“Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our ear-
liest,
Let me have speech with you.”

TALBOYS. Why lay you such emphasis on
these unimportant words?

NORTH. They are not unimportant. Then
comes the Night Brawl—as schemed by Iago.
Othello, on the spot, cashier Cassio—and at
that very moment, Desdemona entering dis-
turbed, with attendants, he says—

“Look if my gentle love is not rais’d up.—
Come, Desdemona; ’tis the soldiers’ life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak’d with strife.”

Iago advises the unfortunate Cassio to “con-
fess himself freely” to Desdemona—who will
help to put him in his place again—and Cas-
sio replies—“*betimes in the morning I will be-*

seech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for
me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they
check me here;—and the Scene concludes
with these words of Iago’s—

“Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I’ll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife; Ay, that’s the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.”

“By the mass, ’tis morning,” quoth Iago—
and Act II. closes with the dawn of the Sec-
ond Day at Cyprus. You don’t deny that?

TALBOYS. Nobody denies it—nobody
ever denied it—nobody ever will deny it.

NORTH. Act Third. Now for Act III.

TALBOYS. Our six eyes and our six ears
are all wide awake, sir.

NORTH. It opens before the Castle—as
the same morning is pretty well advanced—
and Cassio is ordering some musicians to
play “Good-morrow, General.”

TALBOYS. On the same morning? I am
not so sure of that, sir.

NORTH. Nobody denies it—nobody ever
did deny it—nobody ever will deny it.

TALBOYS. Not so fast, sir.

NORTH. Why, you slow coach! Cassio
says to the Clown, who is with the Musi-
cians, “There’s a poor piece of gold for
thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the
General’s wife be stirring, tell her, there’s
one Cassio entreats her a little favor of
speech;”—and as the Clown goes off, Iago
enters—and says to Cassio—

“You have not been a-bed, then?

And Cassio answers—

Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife. My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I’ll send her to you presently;
And I’ll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.”

Emilia then enters, and tells Cassio that all
will soon be well—“the General and his
Wife are talking of it—and she speaks for
you stoutly.”—

TALBOYS. All this does not positively
imply that the preceding night was the night
of the Brawl. Cassio, though originally in-
tending it, on reflection may have thought it
too precipitate to apply to Desdemona the
very next day; and there is nothing improb-

able in his having been with Iago till day-break on some subsequent night. It is not quite clear, then, that the Third Act commences on the morning after Cassio's dismissal.

NORTH. O rash and inconsiderate man!

TALBOYS. Who is?

NORTH. You. It is not quite clear! I say 'tis clear as mud or amber. Iago has with such hellish haste conceived and executed his machinations, that Cassio has been cashiered some few hours after landing in Cyprus. In the pride of success, he urges on Cassio to apply without delay to Desdemona in the morning. We see the devil-determined to destroy—"By the mass, 'tis morning—pleasure and action make the hours seem short." Iago may have gone to bed for a few hours—Cassio had not—"You have not been a-bed, then."—"Why, no; the day had broke before we parted." The Time of the end of Second Act, and of the beginning of Third Act, are thus connected as firmly as words and deeds can connect. You say there is nothing improbable in Cassio's having been with Iago till daybreak on some subsequent night? Why, who the devil cares to know that Cassio had not been to bed on some other night? His not having been to bed on *this* night is an indication of *his* anxiety, and Iago's question is a manifestation of *his* malevolence cloaked with an appearance of concern. In each case an appropriate trait of character is brought before us; but the main purpose of the words is to fix the time, which they do without the possibility of a doubt. They *demonstrate* that the Third Act opens on the morning immediately subsequent to the night on which Act Second closes. This morning dovetails into that night with an exactness which nothing could improve.

TALBOYS. Why so fierce, my good sir?

NORTH. Fierce! I may well be fierce. What! Cassio's desire to see Desdemona cool before morning—Iago's desire to drive him on to his destruction cool too—and both walk away without further heed—and when next seen, after an interval of some weeks or months, talking about not having been in bed during some other night on which nothing particular has happened! Bah!

TALBOYS. Sir, I do not like to see you so much excited. You mistake me—I was merely, at your bidding, assisting you in your expiscation of the Time—we are at one about it.

NORTH. My dear Talboys, forgive me—my irascibility is a disease—

TALBOYS. Health—health—exuberant health of mind and body—May you live a thousand years.

NORTH. The Third Act, then, you allow, opens on the morning of the day following the night on which the Second Act closes.

TALBOYS. I not only allow, my dear sir, I insist on it. Let me hear any man deny it, and I will knock the breath out of his body. Proceed, sir.

NORTH. Obstinate? I never called you obstinate, my dear Talboys. Well—let me proceed, with you for an ally. In this same scene, First of Act Third, Cassio says to Emilia,

"Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone."

And Emilia says to him,

"Pray you, come in;
*I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.*
Cassio. I am much bound to you."

And off they go to sue to the gentle Desdemona.

TALBOYS. Alas! somewhat too gentle.

NORTH. Then follows Scene II. of Act III.—a very short one—let me read it aloud.

"A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the State; That done, I will be walking on the works; Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*"]

That this Scene is on the same day as Scene Second—and with little intermission of time—is too plain to require proof. Othello here sends off his first dispatches to Venice by the pilot who had brought him safely to Cyprus, and then goes out to inspect the fortification. That is in the natural course of things—such a scene at any subsequent time would be altogether without meaning.

TALBOYS. I cannot see that, sir.

NORTH. None so blind as they who will not see.

TALBOYS. There again.

NORTH. What do you want, Talboys?

TALBOYS. Have the goodness, my dear sir, to pause a moment—and go back to the close of the Scene preceding this short one.

Then and there, Cassio, as we saw, goes into the Castle with Emilia, "*to be bestowed*" that he may have an opportunity of asking Desdemona to intercede for him with Othello. But "*to be bestowed*" may mean to have apartments there—and he may have been living in the Castle for several days, with or without Othello's knowledge, before that short Scene which you have just now quoted.

NORTH. Living in the Castle for several days! With or without Othello's knowledge! Prodigious! All that Cassio asked was, "the advantage of some *brief discourse*;" and, that he might have that advantage, Emilia gave him apartments in the Castle! And there we may suppose him living at rack and manger, lying *perdu* in the Governor's House! Emilia was a queer customer enough, but she could hardly have taken upon herself the responsibility of secreting a man under the same roof with Desdemona, without the sanction of her Mistress—and if with her sanction, what must we think of the "gentle Lady married to the Moor?" Talboys, you are quizzing the old Gentleman.

TALBOYS. I give it up.

NORTH. The short Scene I quoted, then, *immediately* follows the preceding—in time; and that short Scene is manifestly introduced by Shakspeare, merely to get Othello out on the ramparts with Iago, *that* Iago may bring the Moor "plump on Cassio soliciting his wife." SCENE THIRD OF ACT III! Unfurl.

TALBOYS. Ay, ay, sir. *Scene Third of Act III.* That is the Scene of Scenes.

NORTH. Scene Third of Act III., accordingly, shows us Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia before the Castle—and while Cassio is "soliciting his wife"—"enter Othello and Iago at a distance."

"*Emilia.* Madam, here comes My Lord.

Cassio. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desdemona. Why stay, And hear me speak.

Cassio. Madam, *not now: I am very ill at ease—* Unfit for my own purposes.

Desdemona. Well—well—

Do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Down to this exit of Cassio, we are on the morning or forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus. Every word said proves we are. Cassio's parting words prove it. "Madam, *not now*—I'm very ill at ease—unfit for my own purposes." He had been up all night—had been drunk—cashiered. He sees Othello coming—his heart sinks—and he retreats in shame and fear—"unfit for his own purposes."

TALBOYS. Eh?

NORTH. In Scene First of Act III., Emilia tells Cassio that she will do a particular thing—do it of course—*quam primum*—as a thing that requires no delay, and demands haste—and in Scene III. she appears having done it. In Scene First she tells Cassio that she will bring him to speak with Desdemona about his replacement—and in Scene Third, before the Castle, we find that she has done this. The opportunity came immediately—it was made to her hand—all that was necessary was that Othello should not be present—and he was not present. He had gone out on business. Now was just the nick of time for Cassio to bespeak Desdemona's intercession, and now was just the nick of time on which that intercession was by him bespoken. Nothing could be more nicely critical or opportune.

TALBOYS. Between us, sir, we have tied down Scene III. of Act Third to the Forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus.

NORTH. We have tied down Shakspeare thus far to SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS—and to Short Time we shall tie him down till the Catastrophe. OTHELLO MURDERED DESDEMONA THAT VERY NIGHT.

TALBOYS. No—no—no. Impossible.

NORTH. Inevitably—and of a dead certainty.

TALBOYS. How—how, sir?

NORTH. Why will an Eagle be an Owl?

TALBOYS. A compliment and a banter—

NORTH. Why, you Owl! we have just seen Cassio slink away—all is plain sailing now—Talboys—for Iago by four words seals her doom.

"*Ha! I like not that!*

Othello. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Othello. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my Lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like, Seeing you coming."

Mark what follows—there is not a moment of intermission in the Action down to end of this Scene Third of Act Third, which you well call the Scene of Scenes, by which time Othello has been convinced of Desdemona's guilt, and has resolved on her Death and Cassio's.

TALBOYS. Not a moment of intermission! Let's look to it—if it indeed be so—

NORTH. See—hear Desdemona pleading for Cassio—see, hear Othello—saying—

"Not now, sweet Desdemona;" and then again—"Prythee, no more: let him come when he will—I will deny thee nothing." And again—

"I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
[*Exit with Emilia.*"]

Turn over leaf after leaf—without allowing yourself to read that dreadful colloquy between the Victim and his Destroyer—but letting it glimmer luridly by—till Desdemona comes back—and Othello, under the power of the Angel Innocence, exclaims—

"If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it."

TALBOYS. I behold her! I hear her voice—"gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

"Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here."

She drops that fatal handkerchief—

"I am very sorry that you are not well."

What touching words! They go out together—ignorant she that her husband hath heartache, worse than any headache—

NORTH. Both to be effectually cured *that night* by—b g.

TALBOYS. By bleeding.

NORTH. You Owl—yea.

TALBOYS. A sudden thought strikes me, sir. Desdemona has said to Othello—

"Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence."

How's this? This looks like long time—

NORTH. It may look what it chooses—but we have *proved* that we are now on the forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Would it not have been treating them too unceremoniously to have sent round the cards of invitation only the night before? As far as I have been able to learn, they have long been in the habit of giving not less than a week's invitation to dinner at Cyprus. In Glasgow it is commonly three weeks. And why "*generous*?" Because they, the Islanders, have given a series of splendid entertainments to Othello and his Bride.

NORTH. No nonsense, sir. Othello had

done what you or I would have done, had either of us been Governor of Cyprus. He had invited the "generous Islanders," immediately on his landing, to dine at the Castle "next day." Had he not done so, he had been a hunk. "Generous," you know, as well as I do, means high-born—men of birth—not generous of entertainments.

TALBOYS. True, too. But how comes it to be the dinner hour?

NORTH. People dined in those days, all England over, about eleven A. M.—probably they dined still earlier in the unfashionable region of Cyprus. You are still hankering after the heresy of long time—but no more of that *now*—let us keep to our demonstration of short time—by-and-by you shall see the Gentleman with the Scythe—the Scythian at full swing—as long as yourself.

TALBOYS. I sit corrected. Go on.

NORTH. Othello and Desdemona have just gone out—to do the honors at the Dinner Table to the generous Islanders. He must have been a strange Chairman—for though not yet absolutely mad, his soul was sorely changed. Perhaps he made some apology, and was not at that Dinner at all—perhaps it was never eaten—but we lose sight of him for a little while; and Emilia, who remains behind, picks up the fatal handkerchief, and, with a strange willfulness, or worse, says—

"I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago."

Iago snatches it from her—and in soliloquy says—

"I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this napkin,
And let him find it."

"This may do something,—
The Moor already changes with the poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little, act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look! where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Then follows, without break, all the rest of this dreadful Third Scene. The first dose of the poison—the second, and third, and fourth—are all given on one and the same day. The mineral has gnawed through all the coats of the stomach—and *He has sworn to murder Her*—all in one day. We

have Iago's word for it. *Yesterday* his sleep was sweet—how happy he was then we can imagine—how miserable he is *now* we see—"what a difference to *him*," and in him, between Saturday and Sunday!

"O, blood! Iago, blood!"

Now by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up,
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever."

TALBOYS. Thou Great original Short-Timeist! Unanswerable art Thou. But let us look at the close of this dreadful Third Act.

Othello. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within *these three days* let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:

But let *her* live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
To the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

In three days—at the longest—for Cassio;—but Iago understood, and did it that very night. And swift means of death for the fair devil were in Othello's *own hands*—ay—he smothered her that night to a dead certainty—a dead certainty at last—though his hands seem to have faltered.

NORTH. In the next Scene—Scene IV.—we find Desdemona anxious about the loss of the handkerchief, but still totally unapprehensive of the Moor's jealousy—

"Who—he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humors from him."

Othello enters, saying, "Well, my good Lady,"—and mutters aside, "Oh! hardness to dissemble"—and very ill he does dissemble, for he leaves Desdemona and Emilia amazed at his mad deportment, the latter exclaiming—"Is not this man jealous?" Iago had told Othello of Cassio's possessing the handkerchief in the previous Scene, and

Othello takes the first opportunity, *that same afternoon*, to ascertain for himself whether she had parted with it. Would he have let an hour elapse before making the inquiry? Can it be for a moment imagined that he passed days and nights with Desdemona without attempting to sound her regarding this most pregnant proof of her guilt? This Scene concludes the Third Act—and *the time is not long after dinner*.

TALBOYS. All this being *proved*, it is unnecessary to scrutinize the consecution of the Scenes of Acts Fourth and Fifth—Iago's *work is done*—one day has sufficed—and what folly to bring in long time after this—when his presence would have been unsupportable—had it not been impossible. Death must follow doom.

NORTH. *Death must follow doom*. In these four words you have settled the question of time. Long time seemed necessary to change Othello into a murderer—and all the world but you and I believe that long time there was; but you and I know better—and have demonstrated short time—for at the end of the "dreadful Third Act" Othello is a murderer—and what matters it now *when* he really seized the pillow to smother her, or unsheathed the knife?

TALBOYS. It matters not a jot. But he did the deed that same night—or he had not been Othello.

NORTH. There again—or he "*had not been Othello*." In these four words, you have settled the question of time—now and forever.

TALBOYS. It would be a waste of words, sir, to seek to prove by the consecution of the Scenes in Acts Fourth and Fifth—though nothing could be easier—that he *did* murder her that very night.

NORTH. Very few will suffice. Act IV. begins a little before supper-time. Bianca enters in Scene I. inviting Cassio to supper—"An you'll come to supper to-night, you may." If anything were wanting to connect the closing Scene, of Act III. with this opening Scene of Act IV. it is fully supplied by Bianca, who at the end of Act III. gets the handkerchief, in order that she may copy it, and in the scene of this IVth Act, comes back in a fury. "Let the devil and his dam haunt you—what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me *ere* now? I was a fine fool to take it." Cassio had given it to her a little after dinner, and Bianca, inviting him to supper, says he had given it to her *even* now. This Scene I. of Act IV. ends with Othello's invitation to the newly

arrived Lodovico—"I do entreat that we may sup together." Scene II. comprehends the interview between Othello and Emilia; Othello and Desdemona—Desdemona, Emilia and Iago. The whole do not occupy an hour of time—they follow one another naturally, and the action is continuous. Scene III. shows Lodovico and the Noble Venetians still at the Castle—but now it is *after* supper. Lodovico is departing—

"I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Othello. O pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

O Desdemona!

Desdemona. My Lord?

Othello. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith."

Desdemona obeys—the bed-scene follows—and *she is murdered*. What say you, Seward?

Seward. "I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

North. Buller?

Buller. I say ditto to Mr. North.

North. Why have both of you been so silent?

Seward. I knew it all before.

Talboys. What a bouncer!

Buller. I never speak when I am busking Flies. There's a Professor for you—(six red and six black)—pretty full in the body—long-winged—liker eagle than insect—sharper than needle—and with barb "inextricable as the gored Lion's bite." Lunch-gong. To the Deeside.

North. Verdict:—*DESDEMONA MURDERED BY OTHELLO ON THE SECOND NIGHT IN CYPRUS.*

SCENE III.—*Deeside.*

Time—At and after Lunch.

North—Talboys—Seward—Buller.

North. Having demonstrated *SHORT TIME* at *CYPRUS*, let us now, if it please you, gentlemen, show forth *LONG TIME* at *CYPRUS*.

Talboys. With all our heart. We have *demonstrated* the one, let us *show forth* the other.

North. And as, in our Demonstration of *Short Time*, we kept *Long Time* out of sight—excluded him from the Tent—

Buller. Pardon me, sir. I for one was beginning to feel his influence.

North. How?

Buller. In that contraction and expansion of the jaws denoted by that most expressive and characteristic word *YAWN*; for Seward and I were but listeners.

North. I don't believe you heard one word.

Buller. I did—several; and spoiled a promising Palmer in idly trying to audit your discourse at the interesting point of quarrel—just as you, sir, threw yourself back on your Swing, with an angry jerk, and Talboys started up, "like Teneriffe or Atlas removed," endangering the stability of the Tent.

North. My dear Talboys, I was saying to you, when rudely interrupted by Buller, that as in our demonstration of *Short Time* at *Cyprus*, we, purposely and determinedly, and wisely kept *Long Time* out of sight, on account of the inextricable perplexity and confusion that would otherwise have involved the argument, so now let us, in showing forth *Long Time* at *Cyprus*, keep out of sight *Short*—and then shall we finally have before our ken *Two Times* at *Cyprus*, each firmly established on its own ground—and imperiously demanding of the Critics of this great Tragedy—*Reconcilement*. *Reconcilement* it may be beyond their power to give—but let them first see the *GREAT FACT* which not one of the whole set have seen—*HAND IN HAND ONE DAY AND UNASSIGNED WEEKS!* The condition is altogether anomalous—

Talboys. *A DAY OF THE CALENDAR, AND A MONTH OF THE CALENDAR!* No human soul ever dreams of the dreadful sayings and doings all coming off in *A DAY!* till he looks—till he is made to look—as we have made Seward and Buller to look—for they heard every word we said—and finds himself nailed by Act and Scene.

North. To some *FIFTEEN HOURS*.

Buller. I thought you were going to show forth *Long Time* at *Cyprus*.

North. Why, there it is, staring you in the face everywhere—you may see it with your eyes shut—and as most people read with their eyes shut, they see it—and they see it only—while—

Buller. Why, sir, since you won't get on a little faster, Talboys and I must be Ushers to *Long Time*.

North. Be—do.

Talboys. *Long Time* cunningly insinuates itself, serpentwise, throughout Desdemona's first recorded conversation with Cassio, at the beginning of Scene III., Act III.—the "*Dreadful Scene*." Thus—

"Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away."

This points to a protracted time in the future—and though announcing an intention merely, yet somehow it leaves an impression that Desdemona carries her intention into effect—that she does "watch him tame," does make his "bed seem a school"—does "intermingle everything she does with Cassio's suit." The passage recurred to my mind, I recollect, when you first hinted to me the question of time; and no doubt it tells so on the minds of many—

NORTH. Inconsiderate people.

TALBOYS. All people are more or less inconsiderate, sir.

NORTH. True.

TALBOYS. Then Desdemona says—

"How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man *that languishes in your displeasure.*"

I cannot listen to that line, even now, without a feeling of the heart-sickness of protracted time—"hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—*languishes!* even unto death. I think of that fine line in Wordsworth—

"So fades—*so languishes*—grows dim, and dies."

SEWARD. Poo!

NORTH. Seward, the remark is a fine one.

TALBOYS. Far in this Scene, Othello says to Iago—

"If more thou dost perceive, let me no more:
Set on thy wife to observe."

Iago has not said that he had perceived anything, but Othello, greatly disturbed, speaks as if Iago had said that he had perceived a good deal; and we might believe that they had been a long time at Cyprus. Othello then says—

"This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds."

In all this, sir, we surely have a feeling of longish time.

SEWARD. Poo!

NORTH. Heed him not—English manners. We have—

TALBOYS.

"O curse of marriage!
That we can call those delicate creatures ours—
And not their appetites."

This is the language of a some time married man—not of a man the morning after his nuptials.

NORTH. The Handkerchief.

TALBOYS. Ay—Emilia's words.

"I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor—
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjured her, she would ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to."

Here we have long time, and no mistake. Iago has wooed her to steal it a hundred times! When and where? Since their arrival at Cyprus.

SEWARD. I don't know that.

TALBOYS. Nor do I. But I say the words naturally give us the impression of long time. In none of his soliloquies at Venice, or at Cyprus on their first arrival, has Iago once mentioned that Handkerchief as the chief instrument of his wicked design—and therefore Emilia's words imply weeks at Cyprus,—

"What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emilia. Why, that the Moor first gave to
Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal."

NORTH. Go on.

TALBOYS.

"What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust!
I saw it not—thought it not—it harm'd not me—
I slept the next night well—was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."

Next night—night after night—many nights—many *wedded* nights—long time at Cyprus.

NORTH. And then Cassio's dream.

TALBOYS. "I lay with Cassio—*lately.*"
Where, but at Cyprus? "Cursed fate! *that gave thee to the Moor.*"

SEWARD. Of that by-and-by.

TALBOYS. Of that now. What?

SEWARD. By-and-by.

NORTH. Better be a dumb dog, Seward, than snarl so.

TALBOYS. And on Othello going off in a rage about the handkerchief—what saith Desdemona?

"*I ne'er saw this before.*"

These few words are full charged with long time.

NORTH. They are. And Emilia's—" 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man." True, that is a kind of general reflection—but a most foolish general reflection indeed, if made to a Wife weeping at her husband's harshness the day after marriage.

TALBOYS. Emilia's "year or two" cannot mean one day—it implies weeks—or months. Desdemona then says,—

"Something, sure, of state,
Eüther from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
&c.

Does not *that* look like long time at Cyprus? Unlike the language of one who had herself arrived at Cyprus from Venice but the day before. And in continuation, Desdemona's

"Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal."

And that thought brings sudden comfort to poor Desdemona, who says sweetly—

"Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,) Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely."

That is—why did I, a married woman some months old, forget that the honey-moon is gone, and that my Othello, hero as he is, is now—not a Bridegroom—but a husband?
"Men are not gods."

NORTH. And Bianca? She's a puzzler.

TALBOYS. A puzzler, and something more.

"Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging,
Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights? Eight score eight hours? And lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd;

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off the score of absence."

Here the reproaches of Bianca to Cassio develop long time. For, besides his week's absence from her house, there is implied the preceding time necessary for contracting and habitually carrying on the illicit attachment.

Bianca is a Cyprus householder; Cassio sups at her house; his intimacy, which has various expressions of continuance, has been formed with her there; he has found her, and grown acquainted with her there, not at Venice. I know it has been suggested that she was his mistress at Venice—that she came with the squadron from Venice; and that her last cohabitation with Cassio had taken place in Venice about a week ago—but for believing this there is here not the slightest ground. "What! keep a week away?" would be a strange exclamation, indeed, from one who knew that he had been but a day on shore—had landed along with herself yesterday from the same ship—and had been a week cooped up from her in a separate berth. And Bianca, seeing the handkerchief, and being told to "take me this work out," cries—

"O Cassio! whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause."

"To the felt absence," Eight score eight hours! the cause? Some new mistress at Cyprus—not forced separation at sea.

NORTH. Then, Talboys, in Act. IV., Scene I., Othello is listening to the conversation of Iago and Cassio, which he believes relates to his wife. Iago says—

"She gives it out that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha! ha! ha!

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

Iago. Faith! the cry goes, *that you shall marry her.*

Cassio. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you scored me? Well."

That is, have you marked me for destruction, in order that you may marry my wife? Othello believes that Cassio is said to entertain an intention of marrying Desdemona, and infers that, as a preliminary, he must be put out of the way. This on the first day after marriage? No, surely long time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Iago says to Cassio,

"My Lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit: *he had one yesterday.*

Cassio. Rub him about the temples.

Iago.

No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by-and-by,

Breaks out to savage madness."

This is a lie—but Cassio believes it. Cassio could not have believed it, and therefore Iago would not have told it, had "yesterday" been the day of the triumphant, joyful, and happy arrival at Cyprus. Assuredly, Cassio knew that Othello had had no fit *that* day; that day he was Othello's lieutenant—Iago but his Ancient—and Iago could know nothing of any fits that Cassio knew not of—therefore—Long Time.

NORTH.

"For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath—and is again to—"

He does so—and Othello believes what he hears Cassio tell of Bianca to be of Desdemona. Madness any way we take it—but madness possible only—on long time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Then, sir, the trumpet announcing the arrival of Lodovico from Venice, at the close of Iago's and Othello's murderous colloquy, and Lodovico giving Othello a packet containing—his recall!

"They do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government."

What are we to make of that?

NORTH. The recall, except after considerable time, would make the policy of the Senate frivolous—a thing Shakspeare never does, for the greatness of political movements lies everywhere for a support to the strength and power of his tragical fable. Half that we know of Othello out of the Scenes is, that he is the trusted General of the Senate. What gravity his esteem with you derives hence, and can we bear to think of him superseded without cause? Had Lodovico, who brings the new commission, set off the day after Othello from Venice? No. You imagine an intercourse, which has required time, between Othello, since his appointment, and the Senate. Why, in all the world, do they thus suddenly depose him, and put Cassio in his place? You cannot very well think that the next measure of the Senate, after entrusting the command of Cyprus, their principal Island, to their most tried General, in most critical and perilous times, was to displace him ere they hear a word from him. They have not had time to know that the Turkish fleet is wrecked and scattered, unless they sit behind Scenes in the Green-room.

TALBOYS. We must conclude that the Senate must give weeks or months to this

New Governor ere interfering with him.—To recall him before they know he has reached Cyprus—nay, to send a ship after him next day—or a day or two following his departure—would make these "most potent, grave, and reverend Signors," enigmas, and the Doge an Idiot. What though a steamer had brought tidings back to Venice that the Turks had been "banged" and "drowned?" That was not a sufficient reason to order Othello back before he could have well set his foot on shore, or taken more than a look at the state of the fortifications, in case the Ottoman should fit out another fleet.

NORTH. Then mark Lodovico's language. He asks, seeing Othello strike his wife—as well he may—"Is it his use?" Or did the letters "work upon his blood, and new-create this fault?" And Iago answers, "It is not honesty in me to speak *what I have seen and known*." Lodovico says, "The noble Moor, whom our Senate call all in all sufficient?" Then they have not quarreled with him, at least—nor lost their good opinion of him! Iago answers, "He is much changed?" What, in a day? And again—"It is not honesty in me to speak what I have seen and known." What, in a day? Lodovico comes evidently to Othello after a long separation—such as affords room for a moral transformation; and Iago's words—lies as they are—and seen to be lies by the most unthinking person—yet refer to much that has passed in an ample time—to a continued course of procedure.

NORTH. But in all the Play nothing is so conclusive of long time as the Second Scene of the Third Act.

"Othello. You have seen nothing, then?

Emilia. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper?

Emilia. Never, my Lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emilia. Never, my Lord.

Othello. That's strange."

If all this relates to their residence at Cyprus, it indicates many weeks.

SEWARD. Ay—If.

NORTH. What wicked whisper was that? Did you whisper, Buller?

BULLER. No. I have not once whis-

pered for a quarter of a century—My whispering days have long been over.

NORTH. Then a word about Emilia. "I prythee, let thy wife attend on her," says Othello, going on board at Venice, to Iago. In the slight way in which such arrangements can be touched, this request is conclusive evidence to Emilia's being then *first* placed about Desdemona's person. It has no sense else; nor is there the slightest ground for supposing a prior acquaintance, at least intimacy. What had an Ensign's wife to do with a Nobleman's daughter? and now she is attached as an Attendant. Now, consider, first, Emilia's character. She seems not very principled, not very chaste. She gives you the notion of a tolerably well-practised Venetian Wife. Hear Iago's opinion, who suspects her with two persons, and one on general rumor. Yet how strong her affection for Desdemona, and her faith in her purity! She witnesses for her, and she dies for her! I ask, how long did that affection and that opinion take to grow? a few days at Venice, and a week while they were sea-sick aboard ship? No. Weeks—months. A gentle lady once made to me that fine remark,—“Emilia has not much worth in herself, but is raised into worth by her contact with Desdemona—into heroic worth!” “I care not for thy sword—I’ll make thee known, though I lost twenty lives.” And that bodeful “Perchance, Iago, I will ne’er go home!” what does it mean? but a dim surmise, or a clear, that what she will disclose will bring the death upon her from his dagger, which it brings. The impure dying a voluntary martyr for the pure is to the highest degree affecting—is the very manner of Shakspeare, to express a principal character by its influence on subordinate ones—has its own moral sublimity; but more than all, for our purpose, it witnesses time. Love and Faith, and Fidelity, won from her in whom these virtues are to be first created!

SEWARD. Very fine. My dear sir, you are not angry with me?

TALBOYS. Angry? Not he. Look on his face—how mild!

NORTH. Othello, in his wrath, calls Emilia “a closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets: and yet she’ll kneel and pray; I have seen her do’t.” Where and when? It could only have been at Cyprus; and such language denotes a somewhat long attendance there on Desdemona.

SEWARD. Ingenious—and better than so.

NORTH. “Some of your function, mistress,” renewed to Emilia—when, after con-

versing with Desdemona, Othello is going out—is his treatment of one whom he supposes to have been serviceable to his wife’s and Cassio’s amour. Where? There, only there, in Cyprus, by all witnessing, palpably. *She* could not before. He speaks to her as *professional* in such services, therefore long dealing in them; but this all respects *this* one intrigue, not her previous life. The wicked energy of the forced attribution vanishes, if this respects anything but her helpfulness to his wife and her paramour, and at Cyprus—there—only there. Nothing points to a farther back looking suspicion. Iago’s “thousand times committed” can only lengthen out the stay at Cyprus. Othello still believes that she once loved him—that she has fallen to corruption.

BULLER. Antenuptial?

NORTH. Faugh! Could he have the most horrible, revolting, and loathsome of all thoughts, that he wedded her impure? and not a hint given of that most atrocious pang? Incredible—impossible! I can never believe, if Shakspeare intended an infidelity taking precedence of the marriage, that he would not by word or by hint have said so. Think how momentous to our intelligence of the jealousy the *date* is; not as to Tuesday or Wednesday, but as to before or after the nuptial knot—before or after the first religious loosing of the virgin zone. That a man’s wife has turned into a wanton—hell and horror! But that he wedded one—Pah! Faugh! Could Iago, could Othello, could Shakspeare have left *this* point in the chronology of guilt to be argued out doubtfully? No. The greatest of Poets for pit, boxes, and gallery, must have written intelligibly to pit, boxes, and gallery; and extrication, unveiled, after two hundred and fifty years, by studious men, in a fit of perplexity, cannot be the thunderbolt which Shakspeare flung to his audience at the Globe Theatre.

TALBOYS. You remember poor, dear, sweet Mrs. Henry Siddons—the Desdemona—how she gave utterance to those words,

“It was his bidding—therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightgown, and adieu; We must not now displease him.

Emilia.—I would you had never seen him!

Desdemona.—So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Prythee, unpun me,—have grace and favor in them.

Emilia.—I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona.—All's one : Good father ! how foolish are our minds !
If I do die before thee—pr'ythee shroud me
In one of those same sheets."

The wedding sheets were reserved. They had been laid by for weeks—months—time long enough to give a saddest character to the bringing them out again—a serious, ominous meaning—disturbed from the quietude, the sanctity of their sleep by a wife's mortal presentiment that they may be her shroud.

NORTH.

Long time established at Cyprus.

Verdict—DESDEMONA MURDERED BY OTHELLO
HEAVEN KNOWS WHEN.

SCENE IV.—*The Grove.*

TIME—*After Lunch.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

SEWARD. On rising, sir, to—

NORTH. Sit down—no gentleman speaks on his legs before, at, or after meals in a private party.

SEWARD. Except in Scotland. On sitting down, sir, to state my THEORY, I trust that I shall not lay myself open to the im—

NORTH. Speak with your natural tone as if you were sitting, Seward, and not with that Parliamentary sing-song in which Statesmen, with their coat-tails perked up behind, declaim on the state of Europe—

SEWARD. I IMAGINE, SIR, THAT SHAKSPEARE ASSUMED THE MARRIAGE TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE SOME TIME BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PLAY—SUFFICIENTLY LONG TO ADMIT THE POSSIBILITY OF A COURSE OF GUILT BEFORE THE PLAY OPENS. I imagine that, with this general idea in his mind, he gave his full and unfettered attention to the working out of THE PLOT, which has no reference to the time, circumstances, or history of the Marriage, but relates exclusively to the Moor's Jealousy. Therefore the indications of past time at Venice are vague, and rarely scattered through the dialogue.

TALBOYS. A more astounding discovery indeed, Seward, than any yet announced by that stunner, Christopher North. Pardon me, sir.

NORTH. We have said our say, Shirra ; let the Lord-Lieutenant of his County say his—

TALBOYS. And the Chairman of the Quarter-Sessions, and President of the Agricultural Society of the Land's End say his.

BULLER. I can beat you at chess.

TALBOYS. You !!!

NORTH. Gentlemen, let there be no bad blood.

SEWARD. Supposing that this was Shakspeare's general idea of the Plot, I would first beg your attention to the fact that the marriage has taken place—none of us know how long—*before the beginning of the Play.*

TALBOYS. The same night—the same night.

SEWARD. I said—none of us know how long ; and as you are a Lawyer, Mr. Talboys—

TALBOYS. For goodness' sake, my dear Seward, don't mister me—

SEWARD. The only evidence, my dear Talboys, as to the history of the marriage is that given by Roderigo in the First Scene. He, with the most manifest anxiety to prove himself an honest witness, declares that now, at midnight, Desdemona had eloped—not with *the Moor*, but with no "worse nor better guard, but with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, *to*," &c. &c. She has fled *alone* from her father's house ; and Roderigo, being interrogated, "Are they married, think ye ?" answers, "Truly I think they are."

TALBOYS. What do you say to Iago's saying to Cassio—

"Faith he *to-night* has boarded a land Carrack :
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married."

SEWARD. It cannot be inferred, from these words, that this was the first occasion on which Desdemona and Othello had come together as man and wife. The words are quite consistent with the supposition that their marriage had taken place some time before ; also quite consistent with Iago's knowledge of that event. It was not his cue or his humor to say more than he did. Why should he ?

TALBOYS. It cannot be inferred ! It can—I infer it. And pray, how do you account for Othello saying to Desdemona, on the day of their arrival at Cyprus,

"The purchase made—the fruits are to ensue ;
That profits yet to come 'twixt me and you."

SEWARD. "The purchase made"—refers to the price which Othello had paid for conjugal delight with Desdemona awaiting him at Cyprus. That price was the peril which he had undergone during his stormy voyage. In his exuberant satisfaction, simply expressing a self-evident truth, that his happiness

was yet before him. Had Desdemona been then a virgin bride, Othello would hardly have used such language. Iago speaks in his usual characteristic coarse way—so no need to say a word more on the subject.

TALBOYS. Very well. Be it so. But why should such a private marriage have been resorted to; and if privacy was desirable at first, what change had occurred to cause the public declaration of it?

SEWARD. Othello had been nine months unemployed in war—the Venetian State was at peace—and he had been in constant intercourse with the Brabantios—

“Her father lov’d me—oft invited me;”

and he “took *once* a pliant hour” to ask Desdemona to be his wife. That “*once*” cannot refer to the day on which the Play commences; and that their marriage took place some time before, is alike reconcilable with the character of the “gentle Lady,” and with that of the impetuous Hero.

TALBOYS. Truly!

SEWARD. Still, a private marriage is, under any circumstances, a questionable proceeding; and our great Dramatist was desirous that as little of the questionable as possible should either be or appear in the conduct of the “Divine Desdemona;” and therefore he has left the private marriage very much in the shade.

TALBOYS. Very much in the shade indeed.

SEWARD. Her duplicity must be admitted, and allowance must be made for it. It was wrong, but not in the least unnatural, and perfectly excusable—

TALBOYS. No.

SEWARD. And grievously expiated.

TALBOYS. It was indeed. Poor dear Desdemona!

SEWARD. It is, you know, part of the proof of her capacity for guilt, that she ingeniously deceived her father.

TALBOYS. But why reveal it now?

SEWARD. Circumstances are changed. The Cyprus wars have broke out, and Othello is about to be commissioned to take the command of the Venetian force.

“I do know, the State
Cannot with safety cast him, for he’s embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that for their souls
Another of his fathom have they not
To lead this business.”

It was therefore necessary that the marriage

should be declared, if Desdemona was to accompany her husband to Cyprus. And the elopement from her father to her husband did take place just in time.

TALBOYS. Is that what people call plausible?

SEWARD. All the difficulties of Time are thus removed in a moment. In a blaze of light we see LONG TIME AT VENICE—SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS.

BULLER. LONG TIME AT VENICE—SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS. That’s the Ticket. You Scotsmen are not wholly without insight; but for seeing into the heart of the hole—or of the stone—

TALBOYS. Give me a Devonshire Cider-swiller or a Cornish Miner.

NORTH. What! Can’t we discuss a Great Question in the Drama without these unseemly personal and national broils? For shame, Talboys.

TALBOYS. You Scotsmen indeed!

“Nay but, he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against YOUR HONOR.”

NORTH. My dear Seward, let’s hear how you support your Theory.

SEWARD. A great deal of weight, my dear Mr. North, is to be attached to the calm tone—the husbandlike and matronlike demeanor of Othello and Desdemona when confronted with the Senate. That scene certainly impresses one with the conviction that they had been man and wife for a considerable period of time.

NORTH. Very good, Seward—very good.

SEWARD. I do indeed think, sir, that the bride and bridegroom show much more composure throughout the whole of that Scene, than is very reconcilable with the idea that this was their nuptial night. Othello’s “natural and prompt alacrity” in undertaking the wars was scarcely complimentary to his virgin Spouse upon this supposition; and Desdemona’s cool distinguishings between the paternal and marital claims on her duty seem also somewhat too matronly for the occasion.

NORTH. Very good—very good—my dear Seward, I like your observation much, that the demeanor of the married pair before the Senate has a stamp of composure. That is finely felt; but I venture to aver, my dear friend, that we must otherwise understand it. The dignity of their spirits it is that holds them both composed. Invincible self-collectedness is by more than one person in the Play held up for a characteristic qual-

ity of Othello. To a mind high and strong, which Desdemona's is, the exigency of a grand crisis, which overthrows weaker and lower minds, produces composure; from a sense of the necessity for self-possession; and involuntarily from the tension of the powers—their sole direction to the business that passes—which leaves no thought free to stray into disorder, and the inquietude of personal regards. Add, on the part of Othello, the gravity, and on that of Desdemona the awe of the Presence in which they stand, speak, and act; and you have ennobling and sufficing tragical, that is loftily and pathetically poetical, motives for that elate presence of mind which both show. Now all the greatness and grace vanish, if you suppose them calm simply because they have been married these two months. That is a reason fit for Thalia, not for Melpomene.

TALBOYS. Let any one English among all the two of you answer that.

SEWARD. The Duke says—

"You must hence to-night.

Desdemona. To-night, my Lord?

Othello. With all my heart."

This faint expression of Desdemona's slight surprise and reluctance, and no more—is I allow—natural and delicate in her—whether wife, bride, or Maid—But Othello's "with all my heart" is—

TALBOYS. Equally worthy of Othello. You know it is.

NORTH. My dear Seward—do the Doge—Brabantio—the Senate understand and believe what Othello has been telling them—and that he has now disclosed to them the fact of a private marriage with Desdemona, of some weeks' or months' standing? Is that their impression?

SEWARD. I cannot say.

NORTH. I can. Or has Othello been reserved—cautious—crafty in all his apparent candor—and Desdemona equally so? Are they indeed oldish-married folk?

TALBOYS. Shocking—shocking. That Scene in the Council Chamber of itself deals your "Theory!" its death-blow.

SEWARD. I look on it in quite another light. I shall be glad to know what you think is meant by Desdemona's to the Duke

"If I be left behind

The rites for which I love him are denied me."

What are the *rites* which are thus all comprehensive of Desdemona's love for Othello? The phrase is, to the habit of our ears, per-

haps somewhat startling; yet five lines before she said truly "I saw Othello's visage in his mind"—a love of spirit for spirit. And again—

"To his honor and his valiant parts

Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

I think they had been married some time.

TALBOYS. The word *rites* is the very word most fitting the Lady's lips—used in a generous, free, capacious sense—as of the solace entire which the wife of a soldier has, following him; as to dress his wounds, wind his laurels, hear his counsels, cheer his darker mood, smile away the lowering of the Elements—

SEWARD. You won't understand me.

NORTH. No—no—no. It won't go down. I have opened my mouth far and wide, and it won't go down. Our friend Isaac Widethroat himself could not bolt it. The moral impossibility would choke him—that Othello would marry Desdemona to leave her at her Father's House, for which most perilous and entangling proceeding quite out of his character, no motive is offered, or imaginable. The love-making might go on long—and I accept a good interval since he drew from her the prayer for his history. The pressure of the war might give a decisive moment for the final step, which must have been in agitation for some time on Desdemona's behalf and part, who would require some persuasion for a step so desperate, and would not at once give up all hope of her father's consent, who "loved" Othello.

TALBOYS. If they were married, how base and unmanly to *steal one's wedded Wife out of one's Father-in-law's house!* The only course was to have gone in the middle of the day to Brabantio and say, "this we have done"—or "this I have done. Forgive us, if you can—we are Man and Wife." Men less kingly than Othello have often done it. To steal in order to marry was a temptation with a circumstantial necessity—a gallant adventure in usual estimation.

NORTH. The thing most preposterous to me in a long marriage at Venice, is the continued lying position in which it places Othello and Desdemona toward her father. Two months—say—or three or four—of difficult deception! when the uppermost characteristic of both is clear-souledness—the most magnanimous sincerity. By that, before anything else, are they kindred and fit for one another. On that, before anything else, is the Tragedy grounded—on his unsuspi-

cious openness which is drawn against its own nature, to suspect her purity that lies open as earth's bosom to the sun. And she is to be killed for a dissembler! In either, immense contrast between the person and fate. That These Two should truckle to a domestic lie!

TALBOYS. No. The Abduction and Marriage were of one stroke—one effort—one plot. When Othello says, "That I have ta'en away—that I have married her"—he tells literally and simply that which has happened as it happened, in the order of events.

SEWARD. Why should not Othello marry Desdemona, and keep her at her father's, as theorized?

NORTH. It is out of his character. He has the spirit of command, of lordship, of dominion—an *animus imperiosus*. This element must be granted to fit him for his place; and it is intimated, and is consistent with and essential to his whole fabric of mind. Then, he would not put that which belonged to him out of his power, in hostile keeping—his wife and not his wife. It is contrary to his great love, which desires and would feed upon her continual presence. And against his discretion, prudence or common sense, to risk that Brabantio, discovering, might in fury take sudden violent measures—shut her up in a convent, or turn her into the streets, or who knows what—kill her.

TALBOYS. Then the insupportable consideration and question, how do they come together as man and wife? Does she come to his bedroom at his private lodgings, or his quarters at the Sagittary? Or does he go to hers at her father's, climbing a garden wall every night like Romeo, bribing the porter, or trusting Ancilla? You cannot figure it out any way without *degradation*, and something ludicrous; and a sense of being entangled in the impracticable.

NORTH. The least that can be said is, that it invests the sanctimony of marriage with the air of an illicit amour.

TALBOYS. Then the high-minded Othello running the perpetual and imminent risk of being caught thieving—slipping through loop-holes—mouse-holes—key-holes. What in Romeo and Juliet is romance, between Othello and Desdemona is almost pollution.

NORTH. What a desolating of the *MANNERS* of the Play! Will you then, in order to evade a difficulty of the mechanical construction, clog and whelm the poetry, and moral greatness of the Play, with a preliminary debasement? Introduce your Hero and Heroine under a cloud?

TALBOYS. And how can you show that Othello could not at any moment have taken her away, as at last you suppose him to do, having a motive? Mind—he knows that the wars are on—he does not know he shall be sent for that night. He does not know that he may have to keep her a week at his quarters.

NORTH. My dear Seward—pray, meditate but for a moment on these words of Desdemona in the Council Chamber—

"My noble Father,
I do perceive here a *DIVIDED DUTY*:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the *LORD OF DUTY*.
I am hitherto your Daughter: BUT HERE'S MY
HUSBAND;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her Father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord."

These are weighty words—of grave and solemn import—and the time has come when Desdemona the Daughter is to be Desdemona the Wife. She tells simply and sedately—affectionately and gratefully—the great primal Truth of this our human and social life. Hitherto her father has been to her the Lord of Duty—the Lord of Duty henceforth is to be her Husband. Othello, up to that night, had been but her Lover; and up to that night—for the hidden wooing was nothing to be ashamed of or repented—there had been to her no "divided Duty"—to her Father's happiness had been devoted her whole filial heart. But had she been a married woman for weeks or months before, how insincere—how hypocritical had that appeal been felt by herself to be, as it issued from her lips! The Duty had, in that case, been "divided" before—and in a way not pleasant for us to think of—to her Father violated or extinct.

TALBOYS. I engage, Seward, over and above what our Master has made manifest, to show that though this Theory of yours would remove some difficulties attending the time in Cyprus, it would leave others just where they are—and create many more.

NORTH. Grant that Othello and Desdemona must be married for two months before he murders her—that our hearts and imaginations require it. The resemblance to the ordinary course of human affairs asks it. We cannot bear that he shall extinguish her and himself—both having sipped only, and not quaffed from the cup of hymeneal felicity. Your soul is outraged by so harsh

and malignant a procedure of the Three Sisters. Besides, in proper poetical equilibration, he should have enjoyed to the full, with soul and with body, the happiness which his soul annihilates. And men do not kill their wives the first week. It would be too exceptional a case. Extended time is required for the probability—the steps of change in the heart of Othello require it—the construction and accumulation of proofs require it—the wheel of events usually rolls with something of leisure and measure. So is it in the real World—so must it seem to be on the Stage—else no verisimilitude—no “*veluti in speculum*.” “Two months shall elapse between marriage and murder,” says Shakspeare—going to write. They must pass at Venice, or they must pass at Cyprus. Place Shakspeare in this position, and which will he choose? If at Venice, a main requiring condition is not satisfied. For in the fits and snatches of the clandestine marriage, Othello has never possessed with full embrace, and heart overflowing, the happiness which he destroys. If an earthquake is to ruin a palace, it must be built up to the battlements and pinnacles; furnished, occupied, made the seat of Pleasure, Pomp, and Power; and then shaken into heaps—or you have but half a story. Only at Cyprus Othello possesses Desdemona. There where he is Lord of his Office, Lord over the Allegiance of soldier and civilian—of a whole population—Lord of the Island, which, sea-surrounded, is as a world of itself—Lord of his will—Lord of his wife.

TALBOYS. I feel, sir, in this view much poetical demonstration—although mathematical none—and in such a case Poetry is your only Principia.

NORTH. Your hand. But if, my dear Seward, Shakspeare elects time at Venice, he willfully clouds his two excellent Persons with many shadows of indecorum, and clogs his Action with a procedure and a state of affairs, which your Imagination loses itself in attempting to define—with improbabilities—with impracticabilities—with impossibilities. If he was resolute to have a well-sustained logic of Time, I say it was better for him to have his Two Months distinct at Cyprus. I

say that, with his creative powers, if he was determined to have Two Calendar Months, from the First of May to the First of July, and then in One Day distinctly the first suspicion sown and the murder done, nothing could have been easier to him than to have imagined, and indicated, and hurried over the required gap of time; and that he would have been bound to prefer this course to that inexplicable marriage and no marriage at Venice.

BULLER. How he clears his way!

NORTH. But Shakspeare, my dear Boys, had a better escape. Wittingly or unwittingly, he exempted himself from the obligation of walking by the Calendar. He knew—or he felt that the fair proportionate structure of the Action required liberal time at Cyprus. He took it; for there it is, recognized in the consciousness of every sitting or standing spectator. He *knew*, or he felt, that the passionate expectation to be sustained in the bosoms of his audience required a rapidity of movement in his Murder-Plot, and it moves on feet of fire.

SEWARD. Venice is beginning to fade from my ken.

NORTH. The first of all necessities toward the Criticism of the Play, Seward, is to convince yourself that there was not—could not be a time of concealed marriage at Venice—that it is not hinted, and is not inferable.

BULLER. Shall we give in, Seward?

SEWARD. Yes.

NORTH. You must go to the TREMENDOUS TROUBLE TIME AT CYPRUS, knowing that the solution is to be had there, or nowhere. If you cast back a longing lingering look toward Venice, you are lost. Put mountains and waves between you and the Queen of the Sea. Help yourself through at Cyprus, or perish in the adventure.

TALBOYS. Through that mystery, you alone, sir, are the Man to help us through—and you must.

NORTH. Not now—to-morrow. Till then be revolving the subject occasionally in your minds.

TALBOYS. Let's off to the Pike-ground at Kilchurn.

"L'HOMME PROPOSE:"

OR, A LOVE-PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A JUNIOR TREASURY CLERK.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE TIGER'S BACK.

"WHAT a delightful thing is the society of 'lovely woman!'" exclaimed Augustus Headlong, one morning, as he was giving the last sweep of the razor over his palm, preparatory to the operation during which men think more deeply than at any other time. "What a de—lightful thing! especially after a bottle of champagne!"

"I never," continued Augustus, after a pause;—"no, I don't think I ever was in greater force than last night at the Beddingtons. Matilda Beddington is a fine creature—very! I came it strong,—yes,—de—cidedly."

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, Augustus Headlong allowed the razor to perform its duty uninterruptedly to the close, and then, with a pleased expression of countenance, completed his toilette and sat down to breakfast.

While he is pouring out his tea, we will venture upon a slight sketch of his personal appearance, and to add to it a brief account of his position in society.

Handsome, as the term is generally accepted, he certainly was not, for he had a turn-up nose, a mouth somewhat of the widest, a cast in one eye, hair of a suspicious hue, and whiskers about whose color there could be no doubt, though those who spoke well of him behind his back were amiable enough to call it merely sandy. These trifles, however, being kept out of view, he was not considered an ill-looking fellow, except by the members of his club, the people who passed him in the street, and the generality of his male acquaintance. The exceptions were no doubt numerous, but their effect was more than counterbalanced, in his estimation, by the favorable opinion of the fair sex, with whom Augustus was rather popular, owing to an

agreeable, insinuating way he had with him, which chiefly showed itself after dinner. If there were a spice of vanity in his composition he may be pardoned its existence, for it only betrayed itself when any allusion was made in conversation to "legs." On such occasions Augustus (whose nether limbs curved slightly outward) would direct attention to his own, by stretching them out, if he were in a sitting posture, or by gently tapping his boots with his cane, if standing upright. The most self-denying practice little arts like these; there are even severe philosophers with fine teeth who are not above them. For the rest, he was of a good-humored, frank and confiding disposition, which, indeed, he occasionally pushed a little too far, having an irresistible tendency, in certain situations, to be more confiding than was altogether prudent or safe.

The truth is, he was always proposing. He rarely went to a ball—and supper—without offering to become the partner for life of his last partner in the dance; seldom dined out without encouraging matrimonial visions as the claret went round; and never formed one at a pic-nic without volunteering "the Pledge" in the first umbrageous retreat that invited opportunity.

He had, of course, been accepted a great many times, but only by the objects of his sudden passion; for it invariably happened, that when the blushing announcement was made to papa or mamma, a stern negative on their parts put an end to the affair, and Augustus Headlong was forthwith banished from the house. The reason for this continuous parental cruelty arose from the well-ascertained fact that he was only a junior clerk in the Treasury, with no prospect of ever becoming prime minister, a category in which he by no means stood alone. It is true that he was known to have an aunt somewhere in the country who was reported to be pretty well off, but it was equally well

known that Augustus was no favorite of hers, and that he was the youngest of three nephews. Besides, in the romantic flights in which he was fond of indulging, he always pictured the delight of "flying from the world" to "love and a cottage," which figure of speech worldly-minded parents interpret to mean a second story, unfurnished, in an inaccessible suburb; or, at the best, a four-roomed house in St. John's Wood, with a rain-water butt and an oblong strip of garden behind it.

Strange to say, these ever-recurring obstacles in the way of his hopes had not saddened Augustus Headlong. We all know that "the path of true love" is strewn with the roughest and sharpest flints, instead of what it ought to be—the smoothest and most delicate sea-shell gravel; but, often as he had trodden that path, the feet of Augustus were not lacerated. This immunity was, probably, the result of his brief sojourn in love's "pleasance," or, it might be, that he had become, in a manner, case-hardened.

There are men who, when they lapse into a maudlin condition, exhibit a painful sense of the pangs of unrequited love, and spoil their whisky-punch by squeezing sorrow into it; "the bowl before them" is literally "turned to tears." Augustus Headlong was not one of this description; whisky, or wine, or whatever potation he indulged in, affected him only so far as to afford him a new perception of the Beautiful, and he always acted on his perceptions with the greatest promptitude. Occasionally, perhaps, he saw, as it were, "through a glass darkly," which accounted for the favorable reception he sometimes met with, when the beauty he dreamed of existed only in his own imagination; but whether he forgot the lady afterward—which now and then happened—or was "driven from her presence"—which was of more frequent occurrence—the end of the adventure was always the same, and, at the age of thirty-five, Augustus Headlong was still unmarried, and likely to remain so, for he was still a junior clerk in the Treasury.

After this explanation, it is scarcely necessary to observe that Matilda Beddington, of whom Augustus soliloquized just now, while in the act of shaving, was the most recent mistress of his affections, and that he had proposed to her the evening before. But, though he was perfectly aware of the fact, it made no difference in the state of his appetite. He had become a kind of fatalist; he felt that he was not the master of his own

actions, and that to propose to a young lady after dining with her father was as inevitable an act as wishing her good night. He remembered it, however, for the proposal had been made under circumstances which many people would consider not only extraordinary, but impossible, provided no explanation were offered. It took place on a tiger's back!

The circumstances were these:—

Mr. Beddington, who had four exceedingly handsome daughters, was passionately fond of natural history, and his house was crammed with "preparations." His drawing-rooms glittered with the choicest groups from Williams's; the library was lined with cases of butterflies, and other brilliant insects; you made your way into the hall through a forest of skins and antlers; and if you threaded the passages without driving your boots or elbows into cabinets filled with horned owls, silver pheasants, and scarlet ibises, you might consider yourself a very successful pilot. It was a pleasant house, notwithstanding, for it abounded in nooks and corners, and where these are, and four handsome daughters into the bargain, society has many charms. It is a great mistake for a marriageable family to live in a plain, square, regularly-shaped, mathematically-built mansion. Flirtation in such a case is out of the question. Where there are no bay-windows, daughters never go off,—and without recesses declarations are almost impossible.

Mr. Beddington's house abounded, we have said, in these *lacs d'amour*. There was "the tent-room," delightfully situated off "the inner drawing-room," with a nice little escape of its own into "the small conservatory," and from thence into the garden beneath the blank windows. There was "the second library," where some of the oldest books and rarest prints were kept, of which Isabella or Matilda, or Charlotte or Emily—as the case might be—always took particular charge. Into this room no one ever ventured save under the guidance of one or other of the young ladies. It had another recommendation; from being seldom used, the hinges were stiff, and the door creaked when anybody tried to open it from the outside. Then there were passages which did not, as in many cases, "lead to nothing;" there was always a *sortie* to be discovered in some unexpected angle. The house was large, and Mrs. Beddington, thinking, with her accustomed kindness of feeling, that people who wander about much must occasionally tire themselves, had considerably caused seats

to be placed wherever there was room for them. There were no "Glastonbury chairs," or solitary devices of that kind, fit only for mitred abbots to read their breviaries in—but *chaises longues* that held exactly two, *causeuses* which deserved the name, and ottomans in profusion.

But the most glorious of all the upholsterer's contrivances was a splendid stuffed tiger, whose broad and well-pressed back invited rest where it stood, behind one of the discreetest and most useful *portières* that ever shut out observation. Nobody who passed near that *portière* would by any chance have suspected that it served any other purpose than that of keeping out a troublesome draught and making everything snug within. Indeed, it answered the latter object capitally, for nothing could be snugger than the individuals who ensconced themselves on the right side of it. In the daytime, when its folds were partially drawn, you saw a passage opening upon a side-door, by which you might enter "the large conservatory;" but it was not the usual mode of access, and therefore, when evening came, and the *portière* was closed, a very small lamp, which shed a very dim ray, was hung up just to prevent accident in case anybody incautiously went that way.

If that tiger could have related its experiences since it first became a settee, its revelations would have filled a goodly volume. It could have told every syllable of the flirtation between Miss Isabella Beddington and young Fitzarthur of the Lancers, which terminated so unexpectedly in his marriage with her dearest friend, Caroline Radford, with whom he ran away, and about which she was "wretched for life," till the same tiger heard the vows of Mr. Prettyman, the owner of the *Zephyr* yacht and three thousand a year, breathed over it about a fortnight afterward, when another Theseus consoled the fair Ariadne, who, not to run another risk, consented on the spot. It could have given the only true account of the quarrel between Miss Charlotte Beddington and Count von Meerschau, which all the world ascribed to his being supposed to be already married, when the real cause was her having discovered that he was making love to her younger sister Emily. It could have described how the saint-like Emily herself was won over to Puseyism by the Reverend Paschal Pyxe, for whose sake she undertook to embroider the altar-cloth which now delights and astonishes the select congregation of the beautifully-restored church

of Saint Zig-zag,—*en attendant* his presentation to the living, and his claiming "his dear sister's" portion.

These things, and many more, that tiger could have borne witness to; and amongst its unfoldings the animal could have shown how, fired by champagne and encouraged by tender glances, Augustus Headlong had the temerity to propose to Matilda Beddington. We use the word "temerity" advisedly, for we may as well tell the truth, which, for the sake of Mr. Headlong's consistency, we have hitherto kept back, and say at once, fairly and openly, that it *was* an act of temerity on his part, as he had already, in the course of the evening, proposed to every one of her sisters.

That this was a secret to all but himself—if, indeed, he really did let himself into it—may well be believed; for, though a young lady never objects to supplant another, even though the rival be her own sister, she seldom feels flattered by the knowledge that her lover's vows of unalterable fidelity are uttered to more than one at a time.

It was not, therefore, the mere fact of Mr. Headlong's availing himself—as others had done before him—of the ingenious zoological contrivance which had so admirably answered the end for which it was stuffed, but the false position he had placed himself in, when two out of his four ventures came off in his favor. A gentleman of the usual way of thinking would have fancied he had had enough of it, when, after two refusals by the engaged sisters—Isabella and Emily—he found Charlotte, the third, less obdurate; but it was not so with Augustus Headlong. He wished, perhaps, to balance the negatives more evenly; or, probably, to have two strings to his bow, in case either of the smiling girls should change her mind; or he might have acted on the principle that *un clou chasse l'autre*, and so have gone on proposing to the end of the chapter. Luckily, however, for the peace of mind of Mr. Beddington's family, there were no more daughters left, and Matilda Beddington remained, therefore, the last *fiancée*.

Had Augustus limited himself to his ordinary allowance of one young lady *per* evening, he would not have made use of the word "strong," in reviewing the manner in which he "came it" the night before. He would have prepared himself for the usual consequences by anticipating the customary paternal epistle, conveying, in terms of the politest regret, the intimation that "other views, long cherished, combined with the in-

compatibility of present circumstances, must prevent an honor which, under other and *far different circumstances*, might have led to a connection which," &c. &c., and ending, after an allusion to "a beloved daughter's peace of mind," by "a candid appeal to his honor as a gentleman to abstain from renewing his visits until time had healed wounds which a too ready susceptibility had occasioned."

But however much he might have suffered himself to be carried away by a vinous impulse on the night in question, memory, which always pertinaciously comes back "fresh and fresh" every morning, reminded him that, having departed from the usual rule, he might possibly receive a communication of a somewhat different description from that which generally followed his avowals. Few men could stand a rebuff better than Augustus, but in this instance the reply with which he was threatened was a double-barreled one. Philosopher as he generally was in these matters, he became rather anxious on this occasion, and though he scarcely thought he should find it, he rose from his chair before he had quite finished his last muffin to open his writing-case and search for a precedent.

Some men are in the habit of keeping love-letters, locks of hair, withered rose-leaves, and other mementoes of the tender passion in the sacred recesses of their desks, which, now and then, when they are *désœuvrés*, tired of smoking, or at a loss for excitement, they take out and wonder at. In like manner Augustus Headlong had *his* collection, but it was a collection of "rejected addressees." In his carefully tape-tied bundles there were no passionate outpourings, no mad superlatives of affection, no unheard-of immolations, no gloomy renunciations of all happiness here and hereafter; but in their stead strings of phrases coldly worded, abrupt, supercilious, or ultra-polite; none of them encouraging; such phrases as fathers alone can write.

The inspection of these missives resulted as he had anticipated. He gathered from them the fact, of which he had previously formed a tolerable notion, that he had at last got himself into a fix. How to get out of it began to puzzle him extremely, but as junior clerks of the Treasury cannot afford, in these days of retrenchment, when even ministers are hacking away at their own salaries, to pass their mornings in meditating on their private affairs, he put on his hat, and leaving word that if any letters arrived during

his absence they were to be sent down to his office, made the best of his way to White-hall.

II.

WHAT PASSED AT MR. BEDDINGTON'S BREAK-FAST-TABLE.

If the philosophic temperament of Augustus Headlong was disturbed by the recollection of the past, it is not to be wondered at that the more excitable feelings which dwell in female bosoms should be roused by the step he had taken.

A proposal, no matter from what quarter it comes, is never a subject of indifference to a lady. The proposer may—as in the present instance—be neither handsome nor rich, but he has, at all events, said that which woman always loves to hear; he has shown that she is the object of his preference, that in his eyes she has a value which no other possesses, and that, whether *he* be worthy of her or not, he has learnt to estimate *her* worth. The course he has adopted may be "presumptuous," "unheard of," "rash," "ridiculous," "in the highest degree absurd," or "excessively insolent," but nevertheless it is flattering, and whatever show of anger or surprise the lady may put on, it seldom happens that she is at heart indignant or indifferent. Augustus Headlong was not, perhaps, a first-rate *parti*; but, though bandy, he was a man; though his eye had a cast in it, he could turn it in the right direction. If he had not a large fortune, he might prove serviceable as a *pis-aller*. As long as he remained faithful—which of course would be forever—there was always something to fall back on, if "heartless indifference" or "cruel falsehood" characterized *others*. The Miss Beddingtons had gained too much experience on the tiger's back not to know when a youth had really committed himself. A young lady may be deceived once, and, generally speaking, is taken in the first time; but if she recovers from the blow—which most of them do—she learns how to play her cards safely afterward.

There could be no doubt they felt secure, after what Mr. Headlong had said what *his* intentions were; he was so fervent, so eloquent, so thoroughly, madly in love, it was such an overwhelming case with him, that only one view could be taken of the subject.

Mr. Headlong was, to be sure, almost a perfect stranger, having made his appearance in Mr. Beddington's house for the very first time on that eventful day. But then

their brother Charles, who was in the "Woods and Forests," had for some time been acquainted with him, had spoken of him to papa as "a rising man," and, on the strength of that recommendation, Mr. Beddington had invited him to dinner. What "a rising man" signified, none of the Miss Beddingtons exactly knew, nor could brother Charles, who was not distinguished for sagacity, accurately define. He had heard Headlong say upon one occasion that he hoped (as well he might) some day to rise in his office; and having seen the phrase applied, in a leader of the *Times*, to the hon. member for Bedford Level, he thought it was just the expression that suited his friend, and, therefore, freely bestowed it on him. Beyond this fact, the Miss Beddingtons knew nothing of Mr. Headlong's antecedents; and it was fortunate for the complexion of their dreams on the night in question that they did not. When they became aware that "some gentlemen" were expected to dine that day, one of whom was a *débutant* and a friend of their brother, they merely dressed themselves with more than their ordinary care—the "engaged" as well as the "forsaken"—and, waiting till all the guests were assembled, entered the drawing-room *en masse*, as was their wont, to produce what they called "a sensation." At dinner, Mr. Headlong found himself between Miss Beddington (Isabella) and her youngest sister Emily, Matilda and Charlotte being seated opposite. One pair of sisters thus gratified his ears, while he feasted with his eyes on the other. The effect wrought by this quartette of destructives we have already partially seen. Mr. Beddington's wine was good, and flowed freely. After dinner, "a few friends" increased the social circle; there was music and singing, and an impromptu polka. Mrs. Beddington liked young people to amuse themselves, and they always seemed to enjoy a thing of the kind most when there was no preparation, for which reason her daughters were always prepared. Mr. Prettyman had gone down to Cowes, "just to bend a new mainsail on the *Zephyr*," and make her all right for his nuptial cruise to the Mediterranean; and the Rev. Paschal Pyxe was engaged at Saint Zig-zag in constructing a rood-loft, with the full approbation of the Protestant bishop of his diocese. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent either Miss Beddington or the pious Emily from making themselves agreeable to the stranger, and it would have been a difficult point to determine which of

the four sisters exerted herself most with that hospitable purpose in view.

Augustus Headlong inherited from the common ancestor of mankind that facility of disposition which opposes no resistance to temptation. He could not refuse the apple, let who would offer it. Had he met with less kindness, he had been more discreet; but with every new partner he experienced a fresh sensation; and after every dance, the tent-room, the small conservatory, the second library, and, finally, the tiger's back, being severally brought into play, to use a popular and expressive phrase, "he took and went and did it," leaving two out of the fair daughters of his host in that state of excitement which we have spoken of as the natural consequence of a proposal when it happens unexpectedly, and is not addressed to a preoccupied heart.

Matilda and Charlotte Beddington were in this predicament, for the scars of their early wounds were no longer visible, or, at the least, were studiously concealed from the garish eye of the world; and those who, like Augustus, met them for the first time, felt assured that the plumage of the dove of innocence within their bosoms had never yet been ruffled by the slightest emotion. But Augustus found, eventually, that even doves have beaks and claws, like other birds.

The breakfast-table at the Beddingtons was a pretty object to look at, less for the good things that were on it—though they were numerous—than for the pretty things that surrounded it. The eye fell upon nothing but what was agreeable, for Mr. Beddington's red nose, the only slur on the beauty of the family, was entirely concealed from view behind the *Times* newspaper. He ate and drank behind it, he listened from behind it—imperfectly, however, for he was deaf of one ear—and he talked behind it, uttering now and then words of wisdom, which he gave out as if they were his own, though all the while he was indebted for them to "our own correspondent." As he always put the *Times* in his pocket when he rose from breakfast, the manœuvre was never detected. Not that there was much likelihood of it in any case, for Mrs. Beddington read nothing but the advertisements in the third column, and the births, deaths, and marriages, in the supplement; and the young ladies, if they looked at the paper at all, studiously avoided everything that savored of politics. Emily, perhaps, was an exception, for she admitted the interest she felt in the question whether "the Holy Father" in-

tended to return to Rome. There had been, too, at one time, a little general excitement about the "dear Hungarians," but that subsided after seeing a few of them in the Quadrant; so that, on the whole, Mr. Beddington had his *Times* pretty much to himself, and practically illustrated the meaning of the appropriation clause.

The breakfast-table, in a family of many daughters, is usually the arena on which the skirmishes of the previous evening are renewed—not by the actual combatants exactly, but by the resuscitating process. This pleasing custom prevailed with the Beddingtons, who made it an affair of conscience to pass in review, *en petit comité*, all that had most recently been said and done. There were, of course, nightly expansions, but matters were never thoroughly discussed till the morning *réunion*. Something of "a secret" that should be forthcoming had been hinted at both by Matilda and Charlotte, but what was its real nature was kept in reserve till each had slept upon it.

Like a glowing cactus, with its buds in various stages of development, sat Mrs. Beddington and her lovely daughters. The crimson hues of the flower were on their cheeks, and in their dangerous eyes multitudinous stings lay hidden.

"Well, girls," exclaimed mamma, as she seated herself, and began her ministry, "how did it all go off last night?"

"Oh, charmingly!" cried every one in a breath.

"Ah, I see; one of you made a *coup* then! I knew something had happened. Which is it? Is it you, Charlotte?—or you, Matilda? for both look equally pleased."

Charlotte blushed, and looked down; Matilda smiled, and looked up.

"The Gotha party," interrupted Mr. Beddington, affecting to deliver an opinion, though he was, in reality, quoting a passage he had just read in the "Berlin letter"—"The Gotha party are not neutral from calculation; but, having no very strong feeling, they refine away all political preferences. That, my dear," addressing Mrs. Beddington from the other side of the *Times*, "is precisely their position."

"Never mind *their* position," said the lady, in rather a shrewish tone. "What I want to know is the position *my* daughters are placed in."

But Mr. Beddington, having made his oracular remark, was already deep in the next paragraph, and his wife directed her

remarks to those who took more interest in them than her husband.

"Preferences!" she resumed. "There! I'm sure there's a preference somewhere. Has Captain Lintrap offered, or did anybody make anything of the new man, Mr. Headstrong? Come, out with it, Matty; you're dying to tell, I see."

"How can you, mamma!" cried the ingenuous girl thus directly appealed to. "His name isn't Headstrong; it's Headlong—Augustus Headlong, I think."

"You *think*, child," pursued Mrs. Beddington; "you mean to say you *know*. So it was Mr. Headlong?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Matilda and Charlotte together, each answering for herself, as she supposed.

"Um!" said Mrs. Beddington. Then speaking across the table to her husband, "Didn't you tell me, Mr. Beddington, that Mr. Headlong was a rising man?"

"A rising man?" returned her lord, catching at the last words. "Yes, Radowitz is the most rising man in all Germany. His speech at the opening of the Verwaltungsrath was the cleverest I ever read."

"A fig for his speech," exclaimed Mrs. Beddington: "I said nothing about Radowitz. I want to know what you told me about Mr. Headlong, Charles's friend."

It was no easy thing for Mr. Beddington to extricate himself suddenly from the *imbroglio* of German politics—indeed, the German politicians are unable to do that for themselves—but he was sufficiently recalled to the world about him by his helpmate's tone, and he answered, with more presence of mind than might have been expected,

"Mr. Headlong, my dear, *is*, I am given to understand, a rising man. Charles mentioned to me," he continued, in the pompous manner of one absorbed in a lofty subject, and not unwilling to show off, "that he was in the Schatz-kammer—that is to say, the Treasury."

"Go and get the red-book, Emily," said Mrs. Beddington to her youngest daughter. "In the mean time, Matty, tell me all about it."

"I'd rather tell you myself, mamma," said Charlotte, suddenly plucking up courage; "Matty doesn't know."

"Don't know *what*, Lotta?" exclaimed Matilda, bridling rather, as the term is.

"Why—about Aug—I mean Mr. Headlong."

"If I don't know," retorted Matilda, "pray who should?"

"Who should?" repeated her sister; "I'm sure I never said a syllable to you about it."

"Very likely," said Matilda; "I didn't suppose you was quite so mean as to listen."

"What is the meaning of all this?" interposed Mrs. Beddington. "Let me have a plain answer. Which of you *did* Mr. Headlong propose to?"

"Me, mamma!" "Me, mamma!" exclaimed Matilda and Charlotte with one voice.

"What!" cried Mrs. Beddington, in astonishment, while Miss Beddington raised her eyes from a letter she was reading which bore the "Coves" postmark, and for the first time showed symptoms of interest.

"It was in the tent-room," said Charlotte, breathlessly.

"It was on the tiger's back," gasped Matilda.

"The power of uniting on main points and sinking trifling differences," improvised Mr. Beddington from the passage before him, "exists but imperfectly; when it is supplied by a ministry threatening to resign, or by an official declaration that unless its proposals are carried it will give up the whole plan, then the minor party are abandoned, and a combination is produced; but it is the result of an external influence, not of a conviction from within."

"I wish to God, Mr. Beddington," screamed his helpmate, "you would pay some attention to the convictions at our own breakfast-table. Here has this Mr. Headlong, whom you must needs ask to dinner without anybody knowing why or wherefore, been proposing to two of our girls at the same time!"

"God bless me!" said Mr. Beddington, lowering the *Times* till his full-orbed spectacles were seen gleaming like two pale moons above it, "you don't say so!"

"Yes, I do say so—and Matty says so, and Lotta says so."

"I'm sure he couldn't!"—"I'm certain he didn't," sobbed both the young ladies in chorus. "He asked me to have him just before Flinders brought the tray in." "It was after I mixed him some whisky and water." "He proposed to me first." "He asked me last." Thus ran the duet between the enraged sisters, growing more and more spiteful toward each other as they proceeded, and thinking less of wrong than of rivalry. At this juncture, they both burst into tears and buried their faces in their pocket-handkerchiefs, while Mr. Beddington sat mute with surprise, and his wife grew purple

with rage. The elder sister, who had preserved her equanimity throughout, then spoke.

"I think he must be mad, mamma—he proposed to me, too. My refusal very likely excited him. It's always the way madmen go and do things."

The pensive Emily here made her appearance with the red-book, her slender finger shut in at the page she had been seeking.

"Give me the book, child," said her mamma, eagerly snatching it. "Why, what's this? Where have you been looking? This is the almanac!"

"It's Saint Polycarp's-day, mamma," replied the little Puseyite; "I thought I'd just see how long it is before Rogations, for Paschal's *fete*—"

"Stuff and nonsense," interrupted Mrs. Beddington. "You're all of you enough to drive me wild. Let me look,—he must be a Lord of the Treasury at least to account for his impudence."

"What's the matter?" whispered Emily to Miss Beddington. "What are Matty and Lotta crying for?"

"That Mr. Headlong proposed to us all three last night, Emmy—that's all," replied Isabella, calmly.

"Lor! well—I never! What a wicked man! Well, then, I'll tell you what he said to me when I went to show him the picture of St. Ignatius in the second library. He said he could turn Jesuit for my sake, only that the order were forbidden to marry. I didn't at all know what he meant at the time, because as I'm engaged to Paschal, I never fancied for a moment,—but now I'm sure of it, for I recollect he squeezed my hand as he spoke, and—and—the door began to creak, and Flinders put his head in, and we came away."

What might have happened if Flinders had not accidentally come to the rescue, Emily never said; and even if she had intended to say more, her explanation was cut short by Mrs. Beddington dashing the red-book on the table in a passion.

"Upon my word and honor, Mr. Beddington," she said, as if he were the offending person, "this is too bad! Why, he's nothing but a junior clerk—eighth from the top. 'John Boggles,' 'Peter Drowsy,'" and she hastily ran over some more names—"Augustus Headlong,—that's the person; how dare Charles ask a 'junior clerk' to dine in *this* house? How you could be so silly, Mr. Beddington, as to admit him, passes my comprehension!"

That gentleman was now fully awakened to the state of affairs in his family, and perceived that it was incumbent upon him to say or do something. His first idea was a protocol, his second a blockade, but as neither of these diplomatic expedients were applicable to the question, he folded up the *Times*, put it in his pocket, and, rising from the table, said he should go to his study and "turn the matter over in his own mind."

When he had disappeared, and the conclave became altogether feminine, a violent hubbub arose; but after the vituperative vocabulary had been quite exhausted, something like a purpose began to manifest itself in the sentiments of its members. Their first rush of indignant feelings calmed, the two principals, Matilda and Charlotte,—after magnanimously and not at all vindictively offering the prize to each other—joined with the rest in devising a plan of revenge. Many schemes were suggested, but it was a long time before they entirely agreed; at last it was settled, instead of sending "John Prettyman," or "Brother Charles," to call the delinquent out—as had been urged—though Isabella could not be brought to listen to the idea as regarded the first, nor mamma or any of the other sisters with respect to the last, that a course recommended by the unsophisticated Emily should be adopted.

What this was the facts themselves will presently declare.

III.

WHAT OCCURRED AT MR. BEDDINGTON'S AFTER DINNER.

AUGUSTUS HEADLONG had been engaged for about four hours in preparing a series of those "Miscellaneous Returns," the perusal of which affords such exquisite satisfaction to Mr. Joseph Hume, Colonel Sibthorp, and others; and, considering the state of his mind, had not made them much more unintelligible than when they were finally signed by the joint-secretaries and presented to the House of Commons, when one of the office-messengers entered the room in which he worked and laid two letters before him. The handwriting of each was unknown to him, but conscience whispered where they came from. The superscription of the larger envelope was of a manly and—as it were—statesmanlike character; that of the smaller had all the acute angles and sweeping finials which distinguish female caligraphy. The former was sealed with a cipher and crest—"C. B."—and a mailed hand grasping a dag-

ger; the latter with a French wafer, representing the dove returning to the ark.

"This is from the old governor," said Augustus, as he wistfully eyed the letters; "and the other,—ah—that's a puzzler. I wonder now—" He did not finish the sentence.

There is always a short way of settling the question which everybody asks when they turn the letter of an unknown correspondent over and over, and that is—what no one ever does—by opening it at once. Augustus, in like manner, hesitated for some minutes to satisfy his curiosity. At length he summoned up resolution, and broke the seal of No. 1. It ran thus:—

"Hyde Park Gardens, April 27th.

"DEAR SIR,

"A communication has this morning been made to me which, I am free to confess, has in some degree surprised me, accustomed as I am to the rapid phases by which the progress of events in modern times is marked. But while I admit my surprise, I am by no means reluctant to express the satisfaction I experienced at finding that you contemplate an alliance, 'offensive and defensive' (these last words had been scored out, but were still legible), with my family. To negotiate upon paper for the hand of my daughter, however consonant to diplomatic usage, is not the course my feelings prompt me to follow. I prefer that our communications should be *vis à voce*, and, if you are not otherwise engaged, shall be happy to see you at dinner this evening, at a quarter to seven, when we can unreservedly enter into the subject.

"I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"CHARLES BEDDINGTON."

"That's a stunner," said Augustus, when he had got safely through the wordy communication; "upon my life, I had no idea I'd hit any of 'em so hard. Quite out of my usual line! I should like to know which he means me to have. This I suppose—how it smells of Patchouli—will explain."

And he carefully disengaged the figurative wafer from No. 2. It was dated like the first, but opened with a little more feminine emphasis:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"A cherished daughter—need I say *who*?—has revealed to a mother's tender ear the secret of a predilection which she has strug-

gled in vain to *conceal* after a night of *sleepless anxiety*. I am no friend to *rash engagements*, but, *believing* you to be the *soul of honor*—for *as such* you were introduced to *our roof*—I *obey a maternal impulse*, and *anticipate a shrinking girl's feelings by sanctioning* the addresses which you have *paid*. *More* it is *unnecessary* for me to observe than that I am,

"With *perfect truth*,

"Yours *sincerely*,

"CAROLINE E. BEDDINGTON.

"P. S.—Mr. Beddington, I *hear*, has *expressed his wish* to see you at dinner *to-day*. You will find us *quite en famille*, so come as *early as you please*."

"Upon *my soul*!" observed the junior clerk, amazedly, "it never rains but it pours! What the *dev*—I musn't swear, though—what the *deuce* shall I do? Here are father and mother both in one story; both wanting to have me for a son-in-law. I wish to Heaven they had named the girl!—'Need I say *who*?'—Yes, that's precisely what you ought to have said. I asked 'em all, and be hanged if I know who said 'Yes.' I think it was the one on the tiger's back. That was Matilda, wasn't it?—But then there was the fair-haired one under the rick-cloth—I mean in that striped room—I am sure she didn't say 'No.' And then the old boy throws in, 'If you are not *otherwise engaged*.' I'm afraid I am, though I don't know who to. Upon my life I feel very like a man who has committed bigamy. 'How happy could I be with either!' Quite a Macheath sensation."

"If you please, sir," said the office-messenger, reappearing, "the young man, sir, the page, who brought down them two letters, is a-waitin' outside. He said he was to kerry beck an answer."

"Oh, waiting, is he? Just tell him to sit down for five minutes." And when the man was gone, "Awkward, this; I hardly know what to say. Fancy I'm in for it. Perhaps, after all, I only did pop to one. Never can remember anything when I top champagne with whisky! I shall soon find out by the girl's manner; so, here goes, a sentimental epistle—'heartfelt gratitude'—'your daughter's charms'—'sense of unworthiness'—'beyond my own expectations'—ring the changes on that sort of thing; do for 'em both."

Like a horseman who charges a brook in the hope of landing *somewhere*, Augustus Headlong dashed at the adventure—wrote

off two notes accepting the invitation properly; and further work being out of the question for that day, locked up his desk and left the "Miscellaneous Accounts" to prove themselves, while he took a turn out of doors to collect his thoughts and prepare for the momentous evening.

Though never deficient in self-estimation, he could not help having a better opinion of himself as he reconsidered the events of the last four-and-twenty hours, and when he passed Mr. Ponsonby's shop in Regent-street, he flattered himself he saw a very good-looking fellow reflected in one of the large pier-glasses that line the window. To do justice to such an Adonis, he expended a guinea in the Arcade on a new gossamer handkerchief with lace fringes, and laid out five more on a set of turquoise studs.

In spite of the affectionate pressure in Mrs. Beddington's postscript, it was not until a quarter to seven that he stepped into a Hansom cab and drove off to Hyde Park Gardens.

When the page threw open the *battants*, and Flinders, who was in waiting in the hall, caught up his name and marshaled Augustus in, he could not help experiencing something of a nervous sensation, which was certainly not diminished as he caught sight of the stuffed tiger in the little passage leading toward the conservatory. However, he put the screw on his feelings, gave his hat to Flinders, and entered with the easy assurance of a man who knew it was all right.

There were more persons assembled in the drawing-room than he expected, and it struck him that Mrs. Beddington was as little to be trusted as most people when they say they have a "family party," or that the members of it were more numerous than he had imagined. But he was reassured when Mr. Beddington stepped forward, and, shaking him by the hand, said, "relatives of ours—happy to make you known to them;" and after making his bow to Mrs. Beddington, he was formally presented to Mr. and Mrs. Skrimshire,—a very stately couple,—Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sharples, Mr. George and Mr. William Shanks, and Mr. Peter Buzzard, "not a relation, absolutely, but one of our oldest friends, in fact," pursued Mr. Beddington, lowering his tone, "my legal adviser—settles all our family matters."

"So," thought Augustus, "'quick march' is the order of the day here—a lawyer on the move already. Deuced nice house this—old B. *must* cut up well. I'm in luck."

The "relatives" seemed a pleasant set of

people; they were, in fact, all laughing heartily when Augustus entered—at some good thing that Mr. Buzzard was narrating; all except Mrs. Skrimshire, who had a fiery face, and wore a cap of light blue something, which either did not suit her complexion, or developed her temper unfavorably. Augustus looked round for "the young ladies," but he was too recent a guest to be aware of the "dodge" we have already mentioned, of appearing last and all together. He had not, however, got farther in conversation than "the late hailstorm," when they came sailing in, like swans, in white muslin and cherry-colored riband—a costume which they—not the swans—very much affected. A good deal of affectionate intercourse took place between them and "the relatives"—and then there were courtesies bestowed on him, accompanied by glances half timid, half tender, that put him quite in a flutter, particularly as he felt at a loss to know whose tenderness he was most called upon to return by the same species of electric telegraph. Fortunately for his embarrassment, Flinders entered and announced "Dinner." The pairing off began, and Mrs. Beddington, who had secured the arm of the family friend, motioned to Augustus, with a significant nod, that he was to offer his to one of her daughters. He put out his elbow at a venture, looking straight before him as he did so, and making a sort of inarticulate growl, such as the stuffed tiger might have uttered;—somebody hooked on to it, and when he got into the blaze of the wax lights in the dining-room, he found it was Matilda Beddington. She made her way to an upper seat on the right hand of Mr. Buzzard, so that he felt himself *mis en evidence* rather near than he desired, but it was the post of honor, and therefore not to be eschewed. As he turned round to sit down, he perceived that Miss Charlotte Beddington was placed next to him on the other side. He was thus not only between two fires, but two flames, for the sight of these young ladies brought vividly back to his remembrance every syllable he had said to each.

"Mock turtle, sir," said Flinders, in an emphatic tone, just as the thought of his duplicity was beginning to make him uncomfortable.

He took it, for anything was a relief at the moment, and with a burning face buried his head in the plate; half choking himself in his eagerness to avoid hearing a jocose remark from Mr. Buzzard—whom he suddenly began to detest—on the difficulty of choosing between "real" and "mock."

It was now that, for the first time, he perceived the full extent of the false position in which his ridiculous conduct had placed him. He would have given worlds if he had sent an apology, an explanation, a confession, anything rather than thus find himself gibbeted by his conscience between two pretty girls whom he knew he had ill-treated, and was afraid to look at or speak to. They also who, when he last saw them, had done the honors of the house so gracefully, were equally silent with himself. How to address either he knew not, for no intimation had reached him from any quarter as to which was the true *fiancée*, and he feared to make some blunder that would spoil all by speaking to the wrong one. To talk commonplace after the burning words by which he had committed himself would, he felt, be adding insult to injury; but something, at all events, must be done. Without turning his head, therefore, to the right or left, but as if he were making a confidential communication to his own waistcoat, he got out the words:

"A delicious evening, last night!"

A sigh from each was the only answer. They might mean a great deal, but they explained nothing. He was still in the dark. The coincidence might be accidental; he would try again.

Addressing his waistcoat as before—

"You remember last night?"

"How can I ever forget it!" murmured a voice on his left hand.

"Remember it!—yes!" echoed another on his right.

The tones in which these replies were uttered were soft and sweet, but they conveyed no sense of softness or sweetness to Augustus. It was quite plain, he thought, that there had been no *éclaircissement* between the sisters. There was favoritism in all families, he knew. Perhaps Matilda had told her mother only, and Charlotte her father, and hence the two letters, sent irrespectively of each other. It was the only way to account for the double delusion. He resolved to talk no more to his waistcoat, but get up his presence of mind by appealing to the Madeira. If wine had got him into this scrape, perhaps it would help him out of it. He accordingly laid himself out for a good dinner, ate everything that was offered, and never said "No" to Flinders when he came round with the champagne. The benevolent host—the mirthful Buzzard—the polite Sharples—even the stately Skrimshire, encouraged this disposition; he recovered his spirits, and though he did not venture to say anything that was particular to his fair

neighbors, his looks were quite as expressive as the most high-flown conversation.

"If there is any misunderstanding," he thought, "it must be explained by-and-by."

The explanation, however, was nearer than he expected.

The dinner was over—the dessert handed round—Flinders and his fellows had withdrawn, and Mr. Beddington desired that the wine should circulate in the old-fashioned family way.

"A bumper!" said Buzzard, filling Mr. Beddington's glass, and the example was universally followed.

Mr. Beddington rose.

"I shall have to return thanks, I suppose," said Augustus to himself; "I hope the old buffer won't be long."

"It is seldom," said Mr. Beddington, in a much more natural tone than when we heard him quoting from the *Times*, while his features wore a peculiar expression; "it is seldom that it falls to the lot of man to have to communicate to his relations and friends an event of greater importance than that of which I am about to inform you."—(Hear! hear! from Mr. Buzzard.) "The greatest happiness a parent can know is the happiness of his children. To see them established in that condition of life which his own experience tells him is alone conducive to—to happiness, is all he desires. Nothing, therefore, is more flattering to a parent's vanity, nothing more grateful to his feelings, than to be assured that the choice which they have made is unexceptionable. I speak," continued Mr. Beddington, with animation, "of moral worth, of social value, without reference to the world's lucre,"—"A devilish liberal old boy," said Augustus.) "But when that is superadded," Mr. Beddington went on, smiling, "their effect is, I need not say, materially enhanced."—(Cheers from Mr. Buzzard and the Messieurs Shanks.) ("What's he aiming at now? I hope he doesn't think I've got money," muttered our young man.) "There is, my friends, a gentleman in this company"—(Augustus looked hard at the sponge-cake before him)—"an individual who has honored us with his society on the present occasion—one who, though but recently a stranger to the circle which he has entered to adorn"—(the cast in Augustus's eye intensified here into a squint, and his whiskers, if possible, grew redder)—

"has made himself so advantageously known to that circle, that not to express satisfaction, not to give vent to feelings of delight, would betray a want of perception as obtuse as it would be ungrateful. My gratitude, in point of fact, has only one limit—a limit imposed, I have no doubt, by the diffidence which more than all his other superior qualities marks the character of our distinguished guest. But let him conquer that diffidence. He is now amongst friends, all of whom are minutely informed of every circumstance that has taken place in this house since first he set foot in it. Mr. Augustus Headlong will possibly have the goodness to explain to me, to them, and more particularly to my daughters, which of the Miss Beddingtons he intends to render happy by his choice, since he last night did them the honor to propose to ALL FOUR!"

There was no cheering at the close of this speech, as the words fell hard, and dry, and cold, on the tympanum of the junior Treasury clerk. He had been gradually awakening to the consciousness of Beddington's meaning, and the last sentence settled the point. His eyes swam, his knees knocked together; there was a noise in his ears as of fifty Strand omnibuses; but he managed to get on his legs—the legs that had once been his pride—and then he tried to speak. He might as well have tried to sing; his throat was filled with something drier than sawdust. There was nothing left for him but to bolt; and reeling, stumbling, driving, he staggered out of the room, amidst inextinguishable screams and roars of laughter.

It was long before the Beddingtons forgot this adventure, and we are not quite sure that, in spite of it, the young ladies left off flirting with each other's lovers. Matilda sometimes thought she might have done worse than have kept Augustus to herself, for, after all, she argued, it was more the fault of papa's champagne than his natural inclination. She was confirmed in this opinion when her brother Charles came home one day with the news that Mr. Headlong's aunt was dead, had disinherited her two elder nephews, and left all her money to Augustus. And when she afterward saw his marriage in the papers, she thought with a sigh on the old proverb,

"L'HOMME PROPOSE—ET DIEU DISPOSE!"

From the Eclectic Review.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1. *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* (Out of print.)
2. *Logic of Political Economy.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1844.

WHEN "Gilfillan's Gallery" first appeared, a copy of it was sent to an eminent lay-divine; the first sentence of whose reply was, "you have sent me a *list of shipwrecks*." It was but too true, for that "Gallery" contains the name of a Godwin, shipwrecked on a false system, and a Shelley, shipwrecked on an extravagant version of that false system—and a Hazlitt, shipwrecked on no system at all—and a Hall, driven upon the rugged reef of madness—and a Foster, cast high and dry upon the dark shore of misanthropy—and an Edward Irving, inflated into sublime idiocy by the breath of popular favor, and in the subsidence of that breath, left to roll at the mercy of the waves, a mere log—and lastly, a Coleridge and a De Quincey, stranded on the same poppy-covered coast, the land of the "Lotos-eaters," where it is never morning, nor midnight, nor full day, but always afternoon.

Wrecks all these are, but all splendid and instructive withal. And we propose now—repairing to the shore, where the last great argosy—Thomas De Quincey, lies half bedded in mud, to pick up whatever of noble and rare, of pure and permanent, we can find floating around. We would speak of De Quincey's history, of his faults, of his genius, of his works, and of his future place in the history of literature. And when we reflect on what a *mare magnum* we are about to show to many of our readers, we feel for the moment as if it were new to us also, as if we stood—

"Like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific,
—— and all his men
Gathered round him with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak of Darien."

We cannot construct a regular biography of this remarkable man; neither the time for this

has come, nor have the materials been, as yet, placed within reach of us, or of any one else. But we may sketch the outlines of what we know—which is, indeed, but little.

Thomas De Quincey is the son of a Liverpool merchant. He is one of several children, the premature loss of one of whom he has, in his "Suspiria de Profundis," (published in "Blackwood") most plaintively and eloquently deplored. His father seems to have died early. Guardians were appointed over him, with whom he contrived to quarrel, and from whose wing (while studying at Oxford), he fled to London. There he underwent a series of surprising adventures and severe sufferings, which he has recounted in the first part of his "Opium Confessions." On one occasion, while on the point of death by starvation, his life was saved by the intervention of a poor street-stroller, of whom he afterward lost sight, but whom, in the strong gratitude of his heart, he would pursue into the central darkness of a London brothel, or into the deeper darkness of the grave. Part of the same dark period of his life was spent in Wales, where he subsisted now on the hospitality of the country people, and now, poor fellow, on hips and haws. He was at last found out by some of his friends, and remanded to Oxford. There he formed a friendship with Christopher North, which has continued unimpaired to this hour. Both—besides the band of kindred genius—had that of profound admiration, then a rare feeling, for the poetry of Wordsworth. In the course of this part of his life he visited Ireland, and was introduced soon afterward to OPIUM,—fatal friend, treacherous ally—root of that tree called Wormwood, which has overshadowed all his after life. A blank here occurs in his history. We find him next in a small white cottage in Cumberland—married—studying Kant, drinking lauda-

num, and dreaming the most wild and wondrous dreams which ever crossed the brain of mortal. These dreams he recorded in the "London Magazine," then a powerful periodical, conducted by John Scott, and supported by such men as Hazlitt, Reynolds, and Allan Cunningham. The "Confessions," when published separately, ran like wild fire, although from their anonymous form they added nothing at the time to the author's fame. Not long after their publication, Mr. De Quincey came down to Scotland, where he has continued to reside, wandering from place to place, contributing to periodicals of all sorts and sizes—to "Blackwood," "Tait," "North British Review," "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," as well as writing for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and publishing one or two independent works, such as "Klosterheim," a tale, and the "Logic of Political Economy." His wife has been long dead. Three of his daughters, amiable and excellent persons, live in the sweet village of Lasswade, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh—and there he is, we believe, at present—himself.

From this very imperfect sketch of De Quincey's history, there rush into our minds some rather painful reflections. It is painful to see a

"Giant mind broken by sorrows unspoken,
And woes."

It is painful to see a glorious being transfigured into a rolling thing before the whirlwind. It is painful to be compelled to inscribe upon such a shield the word "Desdichado." It is painful to remember how much misery must have passed through that heart, and how many sweat drops of agony must have stood, in desolate state, upon that brow. And it is most painful of all to feel that guilt, as well as misery, has been here, and that the sowing of the wind preceded the reaping of the whirlwind.

Such reflections were mere sentimentalism unless attended by such corollaries as these: 1st. Self-control ought to be more than at present a part of education, sedulously and sternly taught, for is it not the geometry of life? 2ndly. Society should feel more that she is responsible for the wayward children of genius, and ought to seek more than she does to soothe their sorrows, to relieve their wants, to reclaim their wanderings, and to search, as with lighted candles, into the causes of their incommunicable misery. Had the public twenty years ago, feeling Mr. De

Quincey to be one of the master spirits of the age, and, therefore, potentially, one of its greatest benefactors, inquired deliberately into his case, sought him out, put him beyond the reach of want, encouraged thus his heart, and strengthened his hand, rescued him from the mean miseries into which he was plunged, smiled approvingly upon the struggles he was making to conquer an evil habit—in one word, *recognized* him, what a different man had he been now, and over what magnificent wholes had we been rejoicing, in the shape of his works, instead of deploring powers and acquirements thrown away, in rearing towers of Babel, tantalizing in proportion to the magnitude of their design, and the beauty of their execution. Neglected and left alone as a corpse in the shroud of his own genius, a fugitive, though not a vagabond, compelled day after day to fight absolute starvation at the point of his pen, the marvel is, that he has written so much which the world may not willingly let die. *But*, it is the world's fault that the writings it now recognizes, and may henceforth preserve on a high shelf, are rather the sublime ravings of De Quincey drunk, than the calm, profound cogitations of De Quincey sober. The theory of capital punishments is much more subtle and widely ramified than we might at first suppose. On what else are many of our summary critical and moral judgments founded? Men find a man guilty of a crime—they vote him for that one act a purely pernicious member of society, and they turn him off. So a Byron quarrels with his wife—a Coleridge loses his balance, and begins to reel and totter like Etna in an earthquake—a Burns, made an exciseman, gradually descends toward the low level of his trade—or a De Quincey takes to living on laudanum, and the public, instead of seeking to reform and re-edify each brilliant begun ruin, shouts out, "Raze, raze it to its foundation." Because the sun is eclipsed, they would howl him away! Because one blot has lighted on an imperishable page, they would burn it up! Let us hope, that as our age is fast becoming ashamed of those infernal sacrifices called executions, so it shall also soon forbear to make its most gifted sons pass through the fire to Moloch, till it has tested their *thorough* and *ineradicable* vileness.

Mr. De Quincey's faults we have spoken of in the plural—we ought, perhaps, rather to have used the singular number. In the one word excitement, assuming the special form of opium—the "insane root"—lies the

gravamen of his guilt, as, also, of Coleridge's. Now we are far from wishing to underrate the evil of this craving. But we ought to estimate Mr. De Quincey's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess—an excess seldom paralleled—we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply, or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of his arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and, when conquered, he lay like the overpowered Hatterack in the cave, sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were of a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties, any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures console themselves for their inferiority by saying, "Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium." "No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety—he owes it to opium." Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the "Suspiria," or the "Aids to Reflection."

Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects stimulus produces little inspiration at all. Can opium think? can beer imagine? It is De Quincey in opium—not opium in De Quincey—that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the *occasional cause* which brings the internal power into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf.

The evil influences of opium on De Quincey were of a different, but a very pernicious sort; they weakened his will; they made him a colossal slave to a tiny tyrant; they shut him up (like the Genii in the "Arabian Tales") in a vial filled with dusky fire; they spread a torpor over the energies of his body; they closed up, or poisoned the natural sources of enjoyment; the air, the light, the sunshine, the breeze, the influences of spring, lost all charm and power over him. Instead of these, snow was welcomed with an

unnatural joy, storm embraced as a brother, and the stern scenery of night arose like a desolate temple round his ruined spirit. If his heart was not utterly hardened, it was owing to its peculiar breadth and warmth. At last his studies were interrupted, his peace broken, his health impaired, and then came the noon of his night; a form of gigantic gloom, swaying an "ebon sceptre," stood over him in triumph, and it seemed as if nothing less than a miraculous intervention could rescue the victim from his power.

But the victim was not an ordinary one. Feeling that hell had come, and that death was at hand, he determined, by a mighty effort, to arise from his degradation. For a season his struggles were great and impotent, as those of the giants cast down by Jove under Etna. The mountain shook, the burden tottered, but the light did not at first appear. Nor has he ever, we suspect, completely emancipated himself from his bondage; but he has struggled manfully against it, and has cast off such a large portion of the burden that it were injustice not to say of him that he is now FREE.

It were ungracious to have dwelt, even so long, upon the errors of De Quincey, were it not that, first, his own frankness of disclosure frees us from all delicacy; and that, secondly, the errors of such a man, like the cloud of the pillar, have two sides—his darkness may become our light—his sin our salvation. It may somewhat counteract that craving cry for excitement, that everlasting Give, give, so much the mistake of the age, to point strongly to this conspicuous and transcendent victim, and say to his admirers, "Go ye and do *otherwise*."

We pass gladly to the subject of his genius. That is certainly one of the most singular in its power, variety, culture, and eccentricity our age has witnessed. His intellect is at once solid and subtle, reminding you of veined and figured marble, so beautiful and evasive in aspect, that you must touch ere you are certain of its firmness. The motion of his mind is like that of dancing, but it is the dance of an elephant, or of a Polyphemus, with his heavy steps, thundering down the music to which he moves. Hence his humor often seems forced in motion, while always fine in spirit. The contrast between the slow march of his sentences, the frequent gravity of his spirit, the recondite masses of his lore, the logical severity of his diction, and his determination, at times, to be desperately witty, produces a ludicrous effect, but somewhat different from

what he had intended. It is "Laughter" lame, and only able to hold one of his sides, so that you laugh at, as well as with him. But few, we think, would have been hypercritical in judging of Columbus' first attitudes as he stepped down upon his new world. And thus, let a great intellectual explorer be permitted to occupy his own region, in whatever way, and with whatever ceremonies, may seem best to himself. Should he even, like Cæsar, stumble upon the shore, no matter if he stumble *forward*, and by accepting, make the omen change its nature and meaning.

Genius and logical perception are De Quincey's principal powers. There are some writers whose power, like the locusts in the Revelation, is "in their tails"—they have stings, and there lies their scorpion power. De Quincey's vigor is evenly and equally diffused through his whole being. It is not a partial palpitation, but a deep, steady glow. His insight hangs over us, and the world like a nebulous star, seeing us, but, in part, remaining unseen. In fact, his deepest thoughts have never been disclosed. Like Burke, he has not "hung his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." He has profound *reticence* as well as power, and he has modesty as well as reticence. On subjects with which he is acquainted, such as logic, literature, or political economy, no man can speak with more positive and perfect assurance. But on all topics where the conscience—the innermost moral nature—must be the umpire, "the English Opium Eater" is silent. His "silence," indeed, "answers very loud," his dumbness has a tongue, but it requires a "fine ear" to hear its accents; and to interpret them what but his own exquisitely subtle and musical style, like written sculpture, could suffice?

Indeed, De Quincey's style is one of the most wondrous of his gifts. As Prof. Wilson once said to us about him, "the *best* word always comes up." It comes up easily, as a bubble on the wave; and is yet fixed, solid, and permanent as marble. It is at once warm as genius, and cool as logic. Frost and fire fulfill the paradox of "embracing each other." His faculties never disturb or distract each other's movements—they are inseparable, as substance and shadow. Each thought is twinborn with poetry. His sentences are generally very long, and as full of life and of joints as a serpent. It is told of Coleridge, that no shorthand-writer could do justice to his lectures; because, although he spoke deliberately, yet it was impossible, from the first part of his sentences, to have

the slightest notion how they were to end—each clause was a new surprise, and the close often as unexpected as a thunderbolt. In this, as in many other respects, De Quincey resembles the "noticeable man with large gray eyes." Each of his periods, begin where it may, accomplishes a cometary sweep ere it closes. To use an expression of his own, applied to Bishop Berkeley, "he passes with the utmost ease and speed, from tar-water to the Trinity, from a mole-heap to the thrones of the Godhead." His sentences are microcosms—real, though imperfect wholes. It is as if he dreaded that earth would end, and chaos come again, ere each prodigious period were done. This practice, so far from being ashamed of, he often and elaborately defends—contrasting it with the short-winded and asthmatic style of writing which abounds in modern times, and particularly among French authors. We humbly think that the truth on this question lies in the middle. If an author is anxious for fullness, let him use long sentences; if he aims at clearness, let them be short. If he is beating about for truth, his sentences will be long; if he deems he has found, and wishes to communicate it to others, they will be short. In long sentences you see processes; in short, results. Eloquence delights in long sentences, wit in short. Long sentences impress more at the time; short sentences, if nervous, cling more to the memory. From long sentences you must, in general, deduct a considerable quantum of verbiage; short have often a meagre and skeleton air. The reading of long sentences is more painful at first, less so afterward; a volume composed entirely of short sentences becomes soon as wearisome as a jest-book. The mind which employs long sentences has often a broad, but dim vision—that which delights in short, sees a great number of small points clearly, but seldom a rounded whole. De Quincey is a good specimen of the first class. The late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, was the most egregious instance of the second. With all his learning, and talent, and fancy, the writings of that distinguished divine are rendered exceedingly tedious by the broken and gasping character of their style—reading which has been compared to walking on stepping-stones, instead of a firm road. Everything is so clear, sharp, and short, that you get irritated and provoked, and cry out for an intricate or lengthy sentence, both as a trial to your wind, and as a relief to your weariness.

The best style of writing, in point of effect,

is that which combines both forms of sentence in proper proportions. Just as a well-armed warrior of old, while he held the broadsword in his right hand, had the dagger of mercy suspended by his side, the effective writer, who can at one time wave the flaming brand of eloquence, can at another use the pointed poignard of direct statement, of close logic, or of keen and caustic wit. Thus did Burke, Hall, Horsely, and Chalmers.

Akin to De Quincey's length of sentence, is his ungovernable habit of digression. You can as soon calculate on the motions of a stream of the aurora, as on those of his mind. From the title of any one of his papers, you can never infer whether he is to treat the subject announced, or a hundred others—whether the subjects he is to treat are to be cognate, or contradictory, to the projected theme—whether, should he begin the subject, he shall ever finish it—or into how many foot-notes he is to draw away, as if into subterranean pipes, its pith and substance. At every possible angle of his road he contrives to break off, and hence he has never yet reached the end of a day's journey. Unlike Christian in the "Pilgrim," he welcomes every temptation to go astray—and not content with shaking hands with old Worldly Wiseman, he must, before climbing Mount Difficulty, explore both the way of Danger and that of Destruction. It may be inquired, if this arise from the fertility or from the frailty of his genius—from his knowledge of, and dominion over, every province of thought, or from his natural or acquired inability to resist "right-hand or left-hand defections," provided they promise to interest himself and to amuse his readers. Judging from Coleridge's similar practice, we are forced to conclude that it is in De Quincey too—a weakness fostered, if not produced, by long habits of self-indulgence.

And yet, notwithstanding such defects (and we might have added to them his use of logical formulæ at times when they appear simply ridiculous, his unnecessary scholasticism and display of learning, the undue self-complacency with which he parades his peculiar views, and explodes his adversary's, however reputed and venerable, and a certain air of exaggeration which swathes all his written speech), what splendid powers this strange being at all times and on all subjects exerts! With what razor-like sharpness does he cut the most difficult distinctions! What learning is his—here compelling wonder,

from its variety and minute accuracy; and there, from the philosophical grasp with which he holds it in compressed masses! And, above all, what grand, sombre, Miltonic gleams his imagination casts around him on his way; and in what deep swells of organ-like music do his thoughts often, harmoniously and irrepressibly, move! The three prose-writers of this century, who, as it appears to us, approach most nearly to the giants of the era of Charles I., in spirit of genius and munificence of language, are, Edward Irving, in his preface to "Ben Ezra," Thomas Aird, in parts of his "Religious Characteristics," and Thomas De Quincey, in his "Confessions," and his "Suspiria de Profundis."

In coming down from an author to his works, we have often a feeling of humiliation and disappointment. It is like comparing the great Ben Nevis with the streamlets which flow from his base, and asking, "Is this all the mighty mountain can give the world?" So, "What has De Quincey done?" is a question we are now sure to hear, and feel rather afraid to answer.

In a late number of that very excellent periodical, "Hogg's Instructor," Mr. De Quincey, as if anticipating some such objection, argues (referring to Professor Wilson), that it is ridiculous to expect a writer ~~now~~ to write a large separate work, as some had demanded from the professor. He is, here, however, guilty of a fallacy, which we wonder he allowed to escape from his pen; there is a difference between a large and a great work. No one wishes either De Quincey, or John Wilson, to write a folio; what we wish from each of them is, an artistic whole, large or comparatively small, fully reflecting the image of his mind, and bearing the relation to his other works which the "Paradise Lost" does to Milton's "Lycidas," "Arcades," and "Hymn on the Nativity." And this, precisely, is what neither of those illustrious men has as yet effected.

De Quincey's works, if collected, would certainly possess sufficient bulk; they lie scattered, in prodigal profusion, through the thousand and one volumes of our periodical literature; and we are certain, that a selection of their better portions would fill ten admirable octavos. Mr. De Quincey himself was lately urged to collect them. His reply was, "Sir, the thing is absolutely, insuperably and for ever impossible. Not the archangel Gabriel, nor his multipotent adversary, durst attempt any such thing!" We

suspect, at least, that death must seal the lips of the "old man eloquent," ere such a selection shall be made. And yet, in those unsounded abysses, what treasures might be found—of criticism, of logic, of wit, of metaphysical acumen, of research, of burning eloquence, and essential poetry! We should meet there with admirable specimens of translation from Jean Paul Richter and Lessing; with a criticism on the former, quite equal to that more famous one of Carlyle's; with historical chapters, such as those in "Blackwood" on the Cæsars, worthy of Gibbon; with searching criticisms, such as one on the knocking in Macbeth, and two series on Landor and Schlosser; with the elephantine humor of his lectures on "Murder, considered as one of the fine arts;" and with the deep theological insight of his papers on Christianity, considered as a means of social progress, and on the Essenes. In fact, De Quincey's knowledge of theology is equal to that of two bishops—in metaphysics, he could puzzle any German professor—in astronomy, he has outshone Professor Nichol—in chemistry, he can outlive Samuel Brown—and in Greek, excite to jealousy the shades of Porson and Parr. There is another department in which he stands first, second, and third—we mean, the serious hoax. Do our readers remember the German romance of Walladmor, passed off at the Leipsic fair as one of Sir Walter Scott's, and afterward translated into English? The translation, which was, in fact, a new work, was executed by De Quincey, who, finding the original dull, thought proper to re-write it; and thus, to charge trick upon trick. Or have they ever read his chapter in "Blackwood" for July, 1837, on the "Retreat of a Tartar tribe?" a chapter certainly containing the most powerful historical painting we ever read, and recording a section of adventurous and romantic story not equaled, he says, "since the retreat of the fallen angels." This chapter, we have good reason for knowing, originated principally in his own inventive brain. Add to all this, the fiery eloquence of his "Confessions"—the labored speculation of his "Political Economy"—the curiously-perverted ingenuity of his "Klosterheim"—and the solemn, sustained, linked, and lyrical raptures of his "Suspiria;" and we have answered the question, What has he done? But another question is less easy to answer, What can he, or should he, or shall he yet, do? And here we venture to express a long-cherished opinion. Pure history, or that species of biography which

merges into history, is his forte, and ought to have been his selected province. He never could have written a first-rate fiction or poem, or elaborated a complete or original system of philosophy, although both his imagination and his intellect are of a very high order. But he has every quality of the great historian, except compression; he has learning, insight, the power of reproducing the past, fancy to color, and wit to enliven his writing, and a style which, while it is unwieldy upon small subjects, rises to meet all great occasions, like a senator to salute a king. The only danger is, that if he were writing the history of the Crusades or Cæsars, for instance, his work would expand to the dimensions of the "Universal History."

A great history we do not now expect from De Quincey; but he might produce some, as yet, unwritten life, such as the life of Dante, or of Milton. Such a work would at once concentrate his purpose, task his powers, and perpetuate his name.

As it is, his place in the future gallery of ages is somewhat uncertain. For all he has hitherto done, or for all the impression he has made upon the world, his course may be marked as that of a brilliant, but timid, meteor, shooting athwart the midnight, watched by but few eyes, but accompanied by the keenest interest and admiration of those who did watch it. Passages of his writings may be preserved in collections; and, among natural curiosities in the museum of man, his memory must assuredly be included as the greatest consumer of laudanum and learning—as possessing the most potent of brains, and the weakest of wills, of almost all men who ever lived.

We have other two remarks to offer ere we close. Our first is, that, with all his errors, De Quincey has never ceased to believe in Christianity. In an age when most men of letters have gone over to the skeptical side, and too often treat with insolent scorn, as sciolistic and shallow, those who still cling to the Gospel, it is refreshing to find one who stands confessedly at the head of them all, in point of talent and learning, so intimately acquainted with the tenets, so profoundly impressed by the evidences, and so ready to do battle for the cause, of the blessed faith of Jesus. From those awful depths of sorrow in which he was long plunged, he never ceased to look up to the countenance and the cross of the Saviour; and now, recovered from his evils, and sins, and degradations, we seem to see him sitting, "clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus."

Would to God that others of his class were to go, and to sit down beside him !

We may state, in fine, that efforts are at present being made to procure for Mr. De Quincey a pension. A memorial on the subject has been presented to Lord John Russell. We need hardly say, that we cordially wish this effort all success. A pension would be to him a delicate sunset ray—soon, possibly, to shine on his bed of death—but, at all events, sure to minister a joy and a feeling of security, which, during all his long life, he has never for an hour experienced. It were but a proper reward for his eminent abilities, hard toils, and the uniform support which he has given, by his talents, to a healthy literature, and a spiritual faith. We trust, too, that government may be induced to couple with his name, in the same generous bestowal, another—inferior indeed in brilliance, but which represents a more consistent and a more useful life. We allude to Dr. Dick, of Broughty Ferry ; a gentleman who has done more than any living author to popularize science—to accomplish the Socratic design

of bringing down philosophy to earth—who has never ceased, at the same time, to exhale moral and religious feeling, as a fine incense, from the researches and experiments of science to the Eternal Throne—and who, for his laborious exertions, of nearly thirty years' duration, has been rewarded by poverty and neglect, the "proud man's contumely," and, as yet, by the silence of a government which professes to be the patron of literature and the succorer of every species of merit in distress. To quote a newspaper-writer, who is well acquainted with the case, "I know that Dr. Dick has lived a long and laborious life writing books which have done much good to man. I know that he has often had occasion to sell these books to publishers, at prices to which his poverty, and not his will, consented. I know, too, that throughout his life he has lived with the moderation and the meekness of a saint, as he has written with the wisdom of a sage ; and, knowing these things, I would fain save him from the death of a martyr."

THE ITALIAN ORGAN BOY.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

ALL the long weary day,
'Neath the chill drear English sky,
Is heard in the busy crowded streets
My pleasant melody.

Weary, hungry, and cold,
Yet playing some cheerful lay,
That makes glad thoughts in the passers-by,
When mine are far away.

Away in mine own land,
With its sky of cloudless blue,
And broad roads arched by clust'ring vines,
With sunbeams glancing through.

I smile as from some hand
The welcome penny I take ;

I smile, but, oh ! how oft the while
My heart is fit to break.

Still playing gayly on,
In the midst of the drenching rain ;
But I only hear those voices dear,
Calling me back again.

Oh ! I shall ne'er return
To the loved land of my birth ;
The damp chill air to my heart has struck,
And short my time on earth.

Ah ! why for love of gold
Was I tempted thus to roam !
My mother will watch and pine for the boy,
She ne'er will welcome home.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

A WEDDING "ABOVE BLEECKER."

BY A NEW YORKER.

THE first thing, as a general rule, that a young Gothamite* does is to get a horse: the second, to get a wife. Having, therefore, seen Henry Benson on the road, it naturally follows in order that we should go to see him married.

A fashionable marriage is an event to honor which all nature and all art are expected to put on their best face, and present themselves in their brightest colors. You go to such a wedding prepared to see the nicest kind of people under the most favorable circumstances. Accordingly, whereas in my last we found it necessary to mention Bowery Boys and newspaper editors, and various other low characters, not to speak of our friend Tibbets Schuyler, who is decidedly "second set," I shall, on the present occasion, introduce you to none but the real respectable, fashionable, exquisite part of New York society, the very cream of the cream; and if you find them very slow, it isn't my fault. I have an idea that fashionable people are stupid all over the world, even when they are fastest.

It is mid-winter still, and there is snow on the ground; but the sleighing is not so good as it was, and the state of the streets admits "wheeling." Wheeling Benson is, not in the ancient olive chariot which he usually does his grandfather the honor to borrow when going out, for to-night the old gentleman is going out himself; but in the neat claret brougham of his first groomsman, Philip Van Horne, under whose auspices and

comfort he is about to go through an awful ceremony at eight P.M.; that is to say, in about twenty-five minutes from the present time.

It is the ceremony of matrimony.

Henry was an orphan. This condition is in most parts of the world supposed to render a young man an object of pity and compassion; but in America it is deemed peculiarly desirable, as it puts him into possession of his fortune immediately on attaining his majority, and relieves him from even the semblance of authoritative interference with his movements after that epoch. So far as he can be said to have any home (for he has been very much in a state of transit and travel for the last four years, ever since he graduated at Columbia College), he lives with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Backus, in New York, during the winter, and at his brother Carl's country-seat on the Hudson in summer. When a young man of independent means is thus afloat on the world, his friends think it desirable to get him married as soon as possible, for the same reason that a boy is often sent to school—to keep him out of mischief. So when Henry came back from the Rhine one spring, and in the natural course of things was expected at Ravenswood (which, by the way, had never had a raven within ten miles of it), Carl took care to have proper relays of young ladies provided on visits of a week or a fortnight each, ostensibly as company to Miss Benson, who had come out last winter: but it was known perfectly by all the dear creatures who came that Carl Benson had a brother to dispose of. Three damsels came successively, and walked and sailed, and rode and drove, and went through all the proper business with Henry, the accompanying papas or mammas and Mr. and Mrs. Carl always tak-

* The appellation of *Gotham* was first given to New York by Washington Irving in his earliest work, *Salmagundi*, evidently alluding to the singular wisdom of the inhabitants; and the city is now familiarly known throughout America by this name; just as Boston, for less evident reasons, is generally called *the American Athens*.

ing care to keep at a respectful distance. And the three damsels departed successively, but not successfully, so far as the impression on either side is concerned. But when the fourth came, Harry finding her an undeniable beauty, and clever to boot, and knowing that she was an heiress to some extent, and that there was no mother-in-law (an immense point), very speedily "concluded to invest," as Tibbets Schuyler would have phrased it, in case the young lady accorded. And, somehow or other, Clara Vanderlyn also came to the conclusion that Henry Benson was rich enough and handsome enough for her, and that he was a very proper and virtuous young man, and had a positive reputation for literary attainments. Not that she valued the last for its own sake, since she seldom read anything more profound than a novel, but she esteemed it as helping to give a man *éclat*; and, on the whole, decided that he was a very eligible match. Perhaps her decision was accelerated by the information conveyed in a letter from a friend at Oldport Springs, that her contemporary and rival *belle*, Miss De Lancey, had been cutting a great dash there, and was positively engaged to a rich Bostonian. Soon the young people began to look very understandingly at each other, and to make those mutual confidences of the eyes which express so much more than can be said in words; and the Vanderlyns were easily persuaded to stay another week; and it was hinted very early in the fall* that there was something between Mr. Benson and Miss Vanderlyn; and as soon as they returned to the city, attentive friends kept asking them and their relatives "if they were not engaged;" and when at last one fine day in the Indian summer (a delightful appendix to the warm weather which the northern states enjoy in November), the two were seen walking arm-in-arm down Broadway, nobody was the least surprised at it.

Harry is to be married, then, to-night, and he is going for that purpose—to church? No, to the house of his father-in-law.

Mr. Vanderlyn's house is distant from that of old Backus about half a mile north-westerly, and situated on the corner of one of the long, broad avenues, that intersect the upper part of the city longitudinally, and one of the widest of the numerous cross streets, which in this quarter are wide and narrow in the proportion of about one to eight. The

corner is a favorite situation. Why should it be thought desirable to have the dust and noise of two streets instead of one? A Frenchman or German disposed to theorize on local peculiarities would say it was owing to the business habits of the New Yorkers; that a "corner lot" being more valuable for a shop or a warehouse, thus came by force of association to be considered equally so for a private dwelling. But there is a more natural and very appreciable reason for the preference. As the houses are built close against each other, with the main rooms three-deep on a floor, the middle room of the three in each story is dark, having no means of illumination from without, except when the position of the house at a corner affords a side light. The street on which one side of Mr. Vanderlyn's dwelling stands is a fashionably-built and inhabited street, and the avenue on which it fronts is *the* fashionable avenue. Three streets to the east there is one fully as broad and convenient, and two streets to the west another; but that on the east is decidedly second-rate in point of fashion, and that on the west literally nowhere, there not being a house belonging to "any of us" in it. The general course of fashion has been necessarily northward; as the city, built on a narrow island, cannot expand laterally, with a slight inclination westward. But many accidents help to make a particular quarter fashionable. In the present instance, Vanderlyn and two or three of his friends happening to own land here, built on it, and were influential enough to draw other friends round them and give a name and reputation to the avenue. Similar attempts are continually made, and frequently without success. The upper part of the city is dotted over with little spots, which have tried to be fashionable places and couldn't be. This is particularly the case with the portion "above Bleecker Street," which street is familiarly taken, though not with strict correctness, as a boundary between the business and pleasure quarters of the town.

The house is built of brick; not, however, the flaring vermilion, with each individual brick picked out in white-lead, which disfigures a great part of New York (though it is not quite *all* red brick like Philadelphia), but a dark brown, nearly corresponding in color to the thin veneering, as it were, of stone, which covers the front on the avenue. This same stone front presents rather an imposing appearance when you are right before it, but seen together with the brick gable on

* An American rarely says *autumn* or *autumnal*, but uses the more poetic word, both as adjective and substantive.

the street it exhibits a contrast of material which, notwithstanding the similarity of color, is far from agreeable to the eye. Old Vanderlyn is a man of taste; considerations either of economy or of conformity to the popular want of taste must have led him to adopt this common incongruity.

Benson and Van Horne are ascending the steps. Let us go in with them, and you will see an average house of the first class, not such a one as a millionaire occasionally half ruins himself by building and furnishing to make a new lion for the town; but a fair type of a New York gentleman's house, equal to the majority of those at which you will visit or dance during a season. It has been hinted more than once that land in fashionable localities is expensive, and the Gothamites, when they build, are consequently economical of ground. A "lot" of the ordinary size is twenty-five feet front by a hundred deep. The desire to make one house *a little* superior to the ordinary standard has caused many of the lots in the newer and more fashionable streets to be arranged, wherever the size of the "blocks"* would admit it, with fronts of twenty-six or twenty-seven feet. It will be evident that such a width allows only one front room alongside of the not very wide hall; the house can only be extended perpendicularly and longitudinally.

Thus Mr. Vanderlyn's twenty-six feet are carried up into four pretty tall stories, and back over nearly seventy feet of the hundred which the lot contains, leaving the smallest possible quantity of yard, but allowing three rooms *en suite* on each floor. One inconvenience of this arrangement is, that either your hall shrinks into very small dimensions—becomes, in fact, merely two landing-places—or you must dispense with a private staircase altogether. Mr. Vanderlyn has chosen the latter alternative, and up and down a single steep and narrow flight of stairs, whenever the Vanderlyns give a party, every one has to tramp on entering and retiring, for all the cloaking and uncloaking must be done in the bedrooms, as there is no place for it elsewhere. Very inconvenient, you will say; but use is second nature, and the New Yorkers are so used to this climbing and swarming on the stairs, that even in a *double house*, or a *house and a half*, or a *basement house*, three different styles which would all admit of cloaking-rooms on the

lower floor, no one ever thinks of having them there.

Benson is now to become an inmate of the house where he has been so often of late a guest, for it is the invariable custom that the young couple shall reside with the bride's father for the first four or six months. Indeed, he may already be said to have taken up his quarters there. This morning his valet came round; for Harry has just set up a valet, a sort of an English-Irishman, who makes it his principal business to quarrel with all the other servants wherever he is; and this important personage brought over various preliminary instalments of Mr. Benson,—seven coats and twelve pair of trousers, and about thirty waistcoats, no end of linen, and carpet-bags full of boots, a gorgeous dressing-gown, and Turkish slippers, and smoking-cap, and cigars numerous, and all sorts of paraphernalia generally, until the little dressing-room adjoining the nuptial chamber is overflowing with foppery. And now as the happy man pauses on the second flight of stairs he cannot help casting a glance at the door of the front room on the second story, for he hears the flutter of female voices and dresses, and knows that his bride is there. Yes, in that room she is contemplating herself before a pier-glass with her six bridesmaids hovering around her, and making the last suggestions and arrangements about her dress.

Clara Vanderlyn, or Clara Benson we may call her now without much anticipation, is a New York *belle* and beauty. The terms are not by any means synonymous, though in her case both attractions happen to be united. But when I speak of her as a beauty, you must dismiss all ideas of voluptuousness, commanding figure, Juno mien, and the like, and summon up all such associations as you have been accustomed to connect with the words sylph and fairy. You could not call her a "fine" or a "striking" woman, for she stands about five feet one and probably weighs less than a hundred pounds; but you must own that she is a very lovely one. Her complexion is a pure blonde, the most exquisite combination of red and white; and her hair, that "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," which poets love to rave of, and painters are always trying to paint. Her features are delicate and regular; her nose very slightly aquiline, with the thin blood-horse nostril, which is supposed to be aristocratic; her throat and chin beautifully rounded; her mouth small and tempting, yet with an expression of firmness at the corners, which to

* A *block* is the front space of one street between two others, from corner to corner.

the close observer denotes no want of spirit ; her eyes are the clearest blue, neither large nor languishing—they might not attract much attention by themselves, but are marvelously suited to the rest of her face, and give the signal for the ineffable smiles which, whenever she is thoroughly pleased, sparkle out suddenly over her whole countenance, and light up those beautiful and expressive features, until

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

As to her dress, it is all white, of course, a delicate wreath of orange blossoms (white roses are trying to any woman, but especially to a small woman), a profusion of the finest lace—but no ornaments of any kind. What jewelry she has—and it is not a great deal—is displayed on a table in the little cedar-closeted passage that serves her for a dressing-room, along with all the handkerchiefs, and fans, and small articles of plate, and various knick-knacks that she has received from her friends and relations ; and they will all be inspected to-night by the curious ladies, who take advantage of such an opportunity to criticise everything in the house, from the new chandeliers to the bride's nightcap.

All this we see by our privilege. Harry sees nothing of it as yet. He passes on to the third story front-room, enters the open door with Van Horne close at his heels, and finds himself in the presence of a large bowl of punch and his second groomsman and first cousin, Gerard Ludlow. There are plenty of mirrors and candles about, and a great display of toilet apparatus, in case the young men need to complete their Adonis-ation.

You couldn't do *much* more to the bridegroom, for he is got up to kill. His mulberry-blue coat, resplendent with gilt buttons, and white satin skirt lining, fits him as if he had been moulded and cast into it. His white watered-satin waistcoat, which descends about three inches lower than if it were the work of an English tailor, is set off by a heavy gold chain, streaming down from a little watch-pocket under his left arm to the lowest button-hole, into which it hooks. Surely he has appropriated some of what should be his wife's jewelry, for in that *very* embroidered cambric shirt of his sparkle three splendid diamonds set in dark blue enamel. He has stolen a bit of her lace to

finish off that flourishing white tie. His pantaloons are a triumph of art, and his supernaturally fitting boots are—not patent leather, but (a wrinkle worth noting) thin French calf, carefully varnished afresh from day to day. He has pulled off one glove, and is playing with it to show his little white hand and a fine sapphire which he has had cut into a seal ring.

Grand as he is, Ludlow is a touch above him. He has a grander tie, more embroidery, larger diamond studs, and for watch-chain an enameled snake with a head of opals and rubies. But Gerard is a magnificent fellow, and can carry off any amount of dress. If there were only some ornamental service, like the Guards, in New York, he would become it grandly ; having no such resource, he drives stylish equipages (belonging to other people), gives and goes to *recherche* little dinners, and dances the polka and redowa in the intervals ; by which contrivances he manages to pass his time agreeably and ornamentally. He is two years younger than Henry ; though not precisely of like tastes, they are much attached to each other ; indeed, the only thing which ever alloys the good feeling between them is a slight family likeness, sometimes remarked by strangers, to the annoyance of *both*. For Gerard, who is nearly half-a-foot taller than Harry, thinks himself at least proportionally handsomer, which he is ; and Harry thinks that he knows three times as much as Gerard, and shows it in his face, which he does ; so neither of them is flattered by the resemblance. By the way, did you *ever* know two persons who were ? Gerard's father allows him twenty-five hundred a year (*dollars*, always remember), and he lives at the rate of eight thousand, partly by tick, partly on his brothers and acquaintances ; for he is so generous and affable, and altogether so gentlemanly a fellow, that it is a pleasure to oblige him ; and some day he will be a rich man and repay all hospitalities and kindnesses with interest. Moreover, it should be mentioned in justice to him, that with all his luxurious and spendthrift habits, he is free from any vicious propensity, drinks moderately, eschews gambling, and has no female acquaintance whom he would be ashamed to acknowledge before ladies.

And now it would not be respectful to postpone any longer our mention of Phil. Van Horne, the oldest and richest of the groomsmen. A genuine Knickerbocker from the start, in the enjoyment of hereditary wealth, and fortunately without any turn for

dissipation, he began by educating himself thoroughly, according to the American notion of the thing—that is to say, he learned a little of everything. He studied law for six months after leaving college, and attended medical lectures for a year, and once contributed to a mathematical journal. He is an amateur performer on two or three instruments, and sketches rather prettily, and has mastered the common-places of three or four modern languages. But all these accomplishments being grafted upon a certain native Dutch solidity, he is by no means forward to display them, and will always let the rest of the company do the talking, unless you take considerable trouble to stir him up and put him through his paces. Perhaps it is this same disposition which has caused him to remain a bachelor till the mature age of thirty, though greatly sought after for his wealth, and connections, and abilities, and good habits (the money first and the virtue last: I believe we have enumerated the desirable qualities in their proper order). He is now an inveterate groomsman, having assisted at half a dozen similar occasions within the last three years; indeed, it is considered quite the thing to call on Phil. for his services, for he is tall and good-looking, and decidedly ornamental, in addition to his other merits.

Here come the other groomsman, Sedley and Laurence, Jones and Robinson. Very young men they are,—boys they would be called elsewhere. Sedley is a sucking barrister, sharp, spiteful, and loquacious; Jones makes believe to be clerk to his father, a well-known Wall-street broker; Laurence and Robinson are not long out of college, and have not exactly made up their minds what they shall be; their present occupation is chiefly dancing the polka. One resemblance you will observe in all the six: they have blue coats with gilt buttons, and their waistcoats are of the same pattern with Benson's, as if he had put them into his livery for the occasion; and so he has in a sense, for he gave them coats and waistcoats. Methinks this custom is somewhat snobbish, and might with propriety be abolished.

Benson is fidgeting slightly, and looking at his watch about once every three seconds; Ludlow and Sedley are chaffing him mildly; the other three are practicing a polka step,—the natural resource of a young Gothamite when he has nothing else to do. A servant announces that "the ladies are ready;" Van Horne, with a very serious face, ladles out a full tumbler of punch and

hands it over to Harry, who disposes of it rapidly. Then they hasten down to the second story, where each man picks up his lady on his arm in passing; and so the party of twelve sail down into the middle parlor of the first floor,—the folding-doors on each side of which are closed. In the front parlor both families are attendant, to the number of sixty, of all ages; from old Backus, who never stirs out except to see one of his grand-children married, to the Master Vanderlyns, two promising collegians of fourteen and sixteen, who look up with intense respect to their new brother as a man who has been abroad and owns a fast trotter. As soon as the bridal party is arranged in a semicircle, filling up about half the room, the folding-doors are thrown open, and the company have a very pretty *tableau* fronting them. Van Horne stands on Benson's right—it would not do to have the stately Gerard too near his less lofty cousin—and then the little men taper off down to Robinson, who looks hardly older or larger than the elder Master Vanderlyn, notwithstanding his white tie. The bride, on her part, is admirably supported by her maidens. On her left is Miss Benson, a stylish brunette, with a half Egyptian head and swimming black eyes: she looks like a poetess, but is in reality remarkable for nothing so much as her common sense and management. Next her is Miss Alice Vanderlyn, a somewhat larger and coarser edition of the bride, very good-natured and lively, and, on the whole, excellent *belle* material, though not a remarkable beauty. And then come four more Misses, very pretty and proper, whom we will not dwell upon more particularly.

And now advances into the semicircular space between the two groups Dr. Mabury, the officiating minister. *Parson and port* is not the alliteration for New York, it is *Minister and madeira*. The doctor presides over the most respectable church in the city. Everything is respectable about it; the doctor himself and his congregation, and the architect and the organist, and the prim, pompous, ponderous (male) pew-opener, even to the "respectable, aged, indigent females," who are among the objects of its charity. Such clergymen are apt to love good dinners as well as theology. So say, at any rate, the Presbyterian and Methodist preachers, who shun wine like poison, and wear long faces, and don't wear black coats; at least not black over-coats; but, between you and me, I think it's all their spite. I know the doctor to be a very good and pious

man; to say that he cannot excite spiritual concern in a hardened and worldly congregation is only to say that he is not a Whitefield or a Wesley. And as to the edibles and potables, he might tell you that it was flat blasphemy to hold that all the good things of this life are sacred to the evil one.

The marriage service has been completed about five minutes, and people are crowding unmeaningly round the bride and bridegroom, making them formal congratulations, when a shrill whistle is heard without, and the door-bell rings, and straightway the six groomsmen rush out into the hall, for the company are coming. Company? *What company?* Why, my unsophisticated reader, only the two families were asked to the *wedding*; but all the fashionables of New York, some seven hundred strong, were asked to the *reception*. And the manner of the reception is this. As the successive arrivals descend from—not their carriages, but the rooms up stairs—the ladies are taken from their gentlemen by the groomsmen, and carried up to the bride to be presented to Mrs. Benson. A pretty amount of locomotion these

six young gentlemen have to do for the next two hours, and a hard task it is for the bride to stand up all that time to be looked at. But she seems to bear it very well, and at any rate it is her own fault. Harry wished for nothing less than to expose her to this fatigue; but it was all the fashion to have receptions, and she would have one.

At last, just before eleven, the folding-doors of the third parlor are opened and the young couple walk into supper. The groomsmen and bridesmaids follow in order, and then there is a general rush. Let us take a bumper of the Vanderlyn madeira and evaporate. The glare of these hard polished white walls makes one's eyes ache. We shall not lose sight of Henry and Clara for a *very* long time. Just one week from to-day one of the Backuses gives them a dinner-party, and the rest of their honeymoon will be a round of invitations. Rather soon to appear in public, isn't it? But repose is not a natural state to an American man, still less to an American woman. They like to be continually on the move.

TEARS.

Flow, tears! Ye have a spell—
A gentle spell, which weaves
Itself o'er my sad heart,
And its dull woe relieves.

Ye are all eloquent,
In your soft, silent flow,
When, lone and musingly,
I feel my heart sink low.

Ye soothe the aching sense
Of pain, which pressing weighs
Upon the troubled soul,
And all its youth decays.

Ye are not for the gaze
Of the cold, scornful eye;
No mocking look shall rest,
None know,—but purity.

And ye shall mingle
With the dews of even;
Soft pity may descend,
And bear ye up to heaven;

May tell how I have wept,
Have agonized alone,

While "rainbow-tinted hopes"
Have faded, one by one.

And, sadder far than all,
The burning anguish wrung
By *sin*, whose withering touch
Upon my spirit hung;

And left her taint accurst,—
Grieving the Holy Dove,
Which fondly hover'd there,
An earnest of God's love.

Flow, tears! flow on, and calm
This troubled, aching breast;
Your mournful tenderness
Lulls agony to rest.

Hope gushes with you,
Telling of that fair land
Where tears are wiped away
For aye, by God's own hand.

I will believe, and live.
The cross of Christ I take;
My God accepts my tears
For his dear Jesu's sake!

From Fraser's Magazine.

DIPLOMACY AND DIPLOMATISTS.

Two centuries, or two centuries and a half ago, the science of diplomacy, more especially in Germany, consisted in deciphering and translating charters, diplomas, and ancient treaties; in distinguishing between muniments and acts disputable, doubtful, fabricated, partially false, interpolated, or altogether forged. For the last seventy or eighty years, however, and more especially since the epoch of the first French Revolution, circumstances and events have nearly laid bare to the general public—pioneers and all; at all events, to the intelligent and instructed public—the minute particulars and details, if not the secret springs, of negotiations and events, which in the time of Charles V. and of Philip II.,—which, in the reign of our own Elizabeth and James; and in France, in the reign of Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and even so late as the reign of Louis XV.,—were studiously concealed from the eyes of the million by the exclusiveness, the rigidity, and the secrecy of statesmen and politicians of the elder school.

These days are now happily past, even in the case of civilized despotisms; or as the Spaniards say, speaking of the ministry of Zea Bermudez, of a *despotismo ilustrado*. Since 1783 or 1784 in France, and indeed antecedently, men have yearned for simplicity and straightforwardness in the conduct of public affairs, and have sought to find that frankness, that directness and plain common-sense view of things, which one is accustomed to meet in the ordinary relations between man and man. It was all very well in the days of Père Mabillon, and among the brethren of the Congrégation de St. Maur, for men of profound learning, like the authors of the great work *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, to make a scholastic mystery of the science of charters and treaties, and to write a learned work on the subject like the *Diplomatique* of the learned Champenois, published, if we remember rightly, somewhere about 1660: but now the man who in England or France would talk of the science of diplomacy as a mystery would be laughed at for his pains; and every *commis voyageur* of France, and every smart bag-

man of England traveling, either in the soft goods or the hardware line, would say, Talk not to us of diplomacy as understood by the Cecils and Walsinghams, by the Dudley Digges, the Carletons, the Winwoods, the Carews, the Edmundes, the Nauntons, the Anthony Bacons, the Sir Thomas Bodleys, and the Sir Henry Wootons; by the D'Osats, the Jeannis, the Sullys, the Villerois, the Du Plessis Mornays, the De la Boderies, and the Barillons of former days; but talk to us of the foreign policy of England and France; of their moral, material, and trading interests; of the number of their armies and of their fleets; of their means of aggression and of defence; of the spirit and volition of their people; of the bent and inclination of their representative and public assemblies; of their revenue, taxation, and public expenditure; of their commerce; inland navigation; system of banking, of currency, of trade; and of intercommunication, whether by roads, canals, or railways; and then we shall understand what you mean by the antiquated word diplomacy, foreign affairs, public laws of Europe, and that which French statesmen of the olden time called *la science des ambassadeurs*.

For the modern Englishman or Frenchman unbred to the craft would contend that diplomacy no longer is, or at least no longer ought to be, what it was formerly considered,—a knowledge of pacts and of treaties, and of the interpretation put upon these pacts and treaties by congresses, either of ministers or of crowned heads. No doubt it is necessary to the accomplished diplomatist, as indeed it is to the well-informed statesman, politician, gentleman, or scholar, to know the bearing of great treaties, the number, real force, and value of land and sea forces of a country, the disposition and genius of a people, and the inclinations of her sovereigns, statesmen, and leading minds. But since rail and steam have almost annihilated time and space, the interests of European nations have been considerably altered and modified; and since the Congress of Vienna, which may be called the last settlement of Europe, wonderful changes have been silently taking place in most European

states. We do not mean to say that in all times and in all circumstances the interests of a people have not varied with circumstances, or that these interests, or, if you will, passions, have not been limited and controlled by the text and spirit of public law, by written or verbal conventions regulating boundaries, modes of succession, &c. Yet since the first French Revolution—or, in other words, within the last sixty years, and more especially within the last twenty years—he must have been an inobservant man who has not remarked that the old canons of public law have been weakened, have been less appealed to by publicists and politicians; and that the settlement of Europe as fixed at the Congress of Vienna by no means stands now on the same foundation as it stood anteriorly to 1830, much less does it stand on the same foundation on which it stood anteriorly to February, 1848. Principles, opinions, and interests have changed; public opinion and public feeling have changed throughout the whole of Europe, as the events of the last twenty-seven months too abundantly and too loudly testify. How vain, then, the attempt to collect and to string together in one work the different pretensions which have so long exercised and fatigued the diplomacy of Europe. What could be more ridiculous than the publication of such a *tableau* in A. D. 1850? It would but reveal the ambition of princes and the misery of nations; it would be but a record of the dreams of ambition and of the spoils of conquest. Yet till the epoch of the first French Revolution, diplomatists loaded their memories with the provisions of treaties and conventions, and spoke a language which, in reference to the actual and work-a-day world in which we now live, and move, and have our being, would be deemed hallucinated or demented.

After the Thirty Years' War the Treaty of Westphalia became the base of the public law and of the peace of Europe. Its clauses, deemed unchangeable and eternal, were referred to in all subsequent treaties. But the coalition against Louis XIV. produced, at the end of the War of the Succession, another and a different order of things, of which the Treaty of Utrecht was the symbol and the exponent. This treaty in its turn was modified by the Treaty of Vienna of 1735; of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; and most of all by the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1773; and by those subsequent partitions which produced, first, the anarchy, and secondly, directly tended to the

annihilation of the nationality of that brave, chivalrous, but inconstant people.

In ancient times embassies were, for the most part, occasional or temporary. But since the end of the sixteenth century they have become permanent in all the states of the great European family. When one great power determined on fixing its envoy, or minister plenipotentiary, in a capital, others soon followed the example. A new system of diplomacy was the result. To the general stagnation, but occasional vehemence and vigor of the middle ages, succeeded more animated, more vivacious, more patient, more persevering, and more peaceful struggles. In this respect the world has been a gainer. Since the establishment of permanent embassies there has been infinitely more astuteness, subtlety, and keenness displayed by ambassadors and ministers; but there have been fewer wars, fewer deeds of violence and rapine, fewer unprovoked aggressions.

The qualifications required for the diplomatic career, we need hardly say, are many and various. To a perfect knowledge of history and the law of nations should be united a knowledge of the privileges and duties of diplomatic agents, an acquaintance with the conduct and management of negotiations, the physical and moral statistics, the political, military, and social history of the powers with which the ambassador's nation comes into most frequent intercommunication. To this varied knowledge, it is needless to state, the negotiator should join moderation, dexterity, temper, and tact. An ambassador should be a man of learning and a man of the world; a man of books and a man of men; a man of the drawing-room and a man of the counting-house; a *preux chevalier*, and a man of labor and of business. He should possess quick faculties, active powers of observation, and that which military men call the *coup d'œil*. He should be of urbane, pleasant, and affable manners; of cheerful temper, of good humor, and of good sense. He should know when and where to yield, to retreat, or to advance; when to press his suit strongly, or when merely gently to insinuate it indirectly, and, as it were, by *inuendo*. He should know how to unbend and how to uphold his dignity, or rather the dignity of his sovereign; for it is his business, in whatever quarter of the world he may be placed, to maintain the rights and dignities of his sovereign with vigor and effect. It is the union of these diverse, and yet not repugnant qualities, that gives to an ambassador *prestige*, *ascendency*, and power over the minds of

others,—that acquires for him that reputation of wisdom, straightforwardness, and sagacity, which is the rarest and most valuable gift of a statesman. One part of the science of diplomacy may be, by even a dull man, mastered without any wonderful difficulties. It is that positive, fundamental, and juridical portion of the study which may be found in books, in treatises—in the history of treaties and of wars—in treatises on international law—in memoirs, letters, and negotiations of ambassadors—in historical and statistical works concerning the states of Europe, the balance of power, and the science of politics generally.

But the abstract, hypothetical, and variable portions of the craft—or, if you will, of the science—depending on ten thousand varying and variable circumstances,—depending on persons, passions, fancies, whims,—caprices royal, national, parliamentary, and personal, is above theory, and beyond the reach of books; and can only be learned by experience, by practice, and by the most perfect and intuitive tact. The traditional political maxims, the character of the leading sovereigns, statesmen, and public men in any given court, as well as the conduct of negotiations, may be acquired by study, by observation, by a residence as secretary, as *attaché*; but who, unless a man of real genius for his art,—who, unless a man of real ability and talent, shall seize on, fix, and turn to his purpose, the ever-mobile, the ever-varying phases of courts, of camps, of councils, of senators, of parliaments, and of public bodies? No doubt there are certain great cardinal and leading principles with which the mind of every aspirant should be stored. But the mere knowledge of principles and of the history of the science can never alone make a great ambassador, any more than the reading of treatises on the art of war can make a great commander.

An ambassador at a first-rate court should, indeed, be the minister of foreign affairs for his country on a small scale; and we know well enough that the duties devolving on a minister for foreign affairs are grave, are delicate, are all-important.

The functions appertaining to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs have been in England during the last two years, and certainly also were from 1793 to 1815, the most important and the most difficult connected with the public administration. A man, to fill such a post properly, requires not merely elevation and uprightness of character, but experience, tried discretion, the highest capacity, the

most extensive and varied knowledge and accomplishments. Yet how few ambassadors (we can scarcely name one) have been in our day, or, indeed, for the last century, elevated into Principal Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs! Such promotions in France have been matters of every-day occurrence since and previous to 1792. Dumouriez, Talleyrand, Reinhard, Champagny, Maret, Bignon, Montmorency, Chateaubriand, Polignac, Sebastiani, De Broglie, Guizot, Soult, had all been ambassadors before they were elevated into the higher, the more responsible, and the more onerous office. In England, since the accession of George I, we can scarcely cite, speaking off-hand, above four instances.

In 1716 there was Paul Methuen, who had been ambassador to Portugal in the reign of Queen Anne, named Secretary of State for a short time, in the absence of Earl Stanhope; there was Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, in 1746; there was John, Duke of Bedford, who succeeded Lord Chesterfield in 1748, and who had previously been ambassador to Paris; and there was Sir Thomas Robinson in 1754, who had been an ambassador to Vienna. In our own day there is scarcely an instance. For though George Canning was ambassador for a short time to Lisbon, and the Marquis of Wellesley to Spain—though the Duke of Wellington was ambassador to Paris—was charged with a special mission to Russia—was plenipotentiary at Verona, yet none of these noblemen and gentlemen ever regularly belonged to the diplomatic corps. The most illustrious and striking instance of an ambassador raised into a Secretary of State is the case of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. The character of no man within a century and a half has been so misrepresented and misunderstood. Lord John Russell, in the *Bedford Correspondence*, which he edited, charges this nobleman with conducting the French nobility to the guillotine and to emigration. But Lord Chesterfield died on the 24th March, 1773, sixteen years before 1789, and nineteen years before 1792. To any man of reading and research—to any man of a decent acquaintance with literature, it is unnecessary now to vindicate the character of the Earl of Chesterfield. He was unequaled in his time for the solidity and variety of his attainments; for the brilliancy of his wit; for the graces of his conversation, and the polish of his style. His embassy to Holland marks his skill, his dexterity, and his address, as an able negotiator; and his

administration of Ireland indicates his integrity, his vigilance, and his sound policy, as a statesman and as a politician. He was at once the most accomplished, the most learned, and the most far-seeing of the men of his day; and in our own, there is not one public man to compare with him. He foresaw and foretold, in 1756, that French Revolution whose outbreak he did not live to witness. In 1744 he was admitted into the cabinet on his own terms, and was soon after entrusted with a second embassy to Holland, in which his skill and dexterity were universally admitted. He was not more remarkable for a quick insight into the temper of others, than for a command of his own. In history, in literature, in foreign languages, he was equally a proficient. With classical literature he had been from his boyhood familiar. He wrote Latin prose with correctness, ease, and purity; and spoke that tongue with a fluency and facility of the rarest among Englishmen, and not very common even among foreigners. In the House of Lords his speeches were more admired and extolled than any others of the day. Horace Walpole had heard his own father—had heard Pitt—had heard Pulteney—had heard Wyndham—had heard Carteret; yet he in 1743 declared, as is recorded by Lord Mahon, that the finest speech he had ever listened to was one from Chesterfield.

For the diplomatic career, Chesterfield prepared himself in a manner not often practiced in his own, and never practiced by Englishmen in our day. Not content, as an under-graduate at Cambridge, with assiduously attending a course of lectures on civil law at Trinity Hall, he applied—as the laws and customs of other countries, and the general law of Europe, were not comprehended in that course—to Vitriarius, a celebrated professor of the University of Leyden; and, at the recommendation of the professor, took into his house a gentleman qualified to instruct him. Instead of pirouetting it in the *coulisses* of the opera, or in the Redouten Saal of Vienna—instead of graduating at the Jardin Mabille, or the Salle Ventadour—instead of breakfasting at the Café Anglais—instead of dining at the Café de Paris, or swallowing his ices, after the Italiens or Académie Royale, at Tortoni's—instead of attending a *funcion* or bull-fight at Madrid, or spending his mornings and evenings at Jager's Unter den Linden at Berlin—instead of swallowing Beaune for a bet against Russian Boyars at Petersburg or Moscow, at Andrieux's French Restaurant,

or spending his nights at the San Carlos at Naples, or the Scala at Milan,—Chesterfield, eschewing *prima donnas*, and the delights of French cookery, and the charms of French vaudevilles, set himself down in the town, and in the university in which Joseph Scaliger was a professor, and from whence those famous Elzevir editions of classical works issued, to learn the public law of Europe. These are the arts by which to attain the eminence of a Walsingham and a Burghley, of a D'Ossat and a Jeannin, of a Temple and a De Witt.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.

All that has been said of a minister for foreign affairs applies, though in a lesser degree, to those in the more responsible employments under that minister. It is in the ability, skill, and conduct, of those appointed by him as ambassadors, envoys, ministers plenipotentiary, and *chargé des affaires*, that in a greater degree depends the success or the failure of the projects of the Government at home. The character, capacity, bearing, and conduct, of English agents abroad, have undoubtedly an important influence on negotiations. One man may, by his general credit and character, uphold the honor and dignity of his country; while another may by his indiscretion, by his silliness, by his ignorance or by his ill-temper, compromise the best devised schemes and the wisest plans. The faults and follies of agents at home work only a limited mischief, but the faults and follies of agents abroad may engage the country they represent, or rather misrepresent, in expensive wars, in hollow or unsound alliances, in impracticable schemes, or in unworthy compliances. The errors of ministers and officials at home may be corrected; they are not irreparable or irrevocable; the attention of the country is soon awakened to them; its indignation is aroused; they are removed from office, and the country speedily rights itself. But the course is widely different in reference to foreign relations. A hasty word, an inconsiderate speech, a silly jest, a prying officiousness or indiscretion, may wound a foreign sovereign or his favorite minister, and sow the seeds of distrust and dissatisfaction, of jealousy or discontent, nay, of open and undisguised hostility. Thus an inconsiderate or rash word—a single false or awkward step—a clumsy or jeering remark—an erroneous calculation, or an indiscreet or inopportune combination on the part of an

envoy, may compromise the dignity of the English crown, injure the interests of the English nation, and destroy the reputation of the minister for foreign affairs, who is really not to blame, directly or personally, but whose accountability is legally made out on the principle, *Qui fecit per alium fecit per se*.

It should be the chief business of an ambassador to adroitly gain the good-will and confidence of the sovereign, statesmen, and natives, of the country to which he is sent. To effect this he must be a man of considerable resources, of flexible and supple humor, accustomed to deal with and manage men. He must be above all conventionalities of birth, of rank, and of station—a philosopher and a man of the world—doing at Rome as Rome does, and living at Paris like a Frenchman “unto the manner born.” Cardinal d'Ossat, the son of a blacksmith, born in poverty, and the architect of his own fortune, achieved these objects for his court at Rome. But according to his own letters, and according to all the memoirs of his time, D'Ossat had succeeded so perfectly that he was looked upon as an Italian, not as a French cardinal. D'Avaux, one of the negotiators of the peace of Westphalia, who was ambassador at Venice, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, achieved the same objects for his court. But wherever D'Avaux went he was considered, not as a foreign minister, but as a native—a personal friend. The Abbé de la Ville, who had been originally preceptor to the children of the Marquis de Fénelon, and who was ultimately appointed to the embassy at the Hague, into which he had entered in the humble capacity of tutor, succeeded to nearly the same extent.

English diplomacy rarely succeeds to this almost unexampled extent, and this arises from the peculiar constitution, organization, and hierarchy of this service. In France, in Prussia, in Russia, in America, and in most of the other countries of the world, men rise in the diplomatic service by the mere force of great merit, of singular aptitude and ability. But in England, high birth, considerable fortune, parliamentary connection, or aristocratic influence, are the chief passports to the best employments in embassies and foreign missions. In the most commercial country in the world—in the country with the largest number of colonies, and the greatest interests at stake in every quarter of the globe—in a country in which ten years hence the chief business likely to be conducted will be principally, if not exclusively, commercial—we select for ambassadors, secretaries of le-

gation, attachés, and precis writers, men of title and parliamentary connection, scions or younger brothers of great houses just escaped from college. If a poor, unfriended youth, who has studied law and languages, either at a public school or at a university, with the zeal, diligence, and success of a Chesterfield, knocked at the door of the office for Foreign Affairs and asked for employment, he would soon learn, even from the lowest copying clerk, or, peradventure, from the under-porter, that influence, that family and parliamentary connection, not merit and talent, are necessary to insure even a consulate in our days.

At a period when so much has been said about the cost of our embassies, and when Lord John Russell has brought forward and carried his motion for a revision of salaries, administrative, judicial, and diplomatic—at a period when Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Henley have both, on behalf of the Protectionist party, given notices of motion on the same question, we conceive we cannot do a more acceptable service to the public than in pointing general attention to the cost of our embassies, and to the class of persons chosen to fill these employments.

There is no royal or aristocratic road to diplomatic learning, any more than there is a royal and aristocratic road to learning in law, to success in surgery or medicine, to high competency and command in the military or naval service. We appoint not men as judges, or employ not men as doctors or surgeons, or confide our fleets and armies to admirals and generals, because they are the sons of this duke, the cousins of that marquess, or the sons-in-law of that peer. Why then, it may be asked, in the selection and nomination of ambassadors, ministers, and envoys, do we pay such homage to the influence and recommendation of great houses?—to parliamentary influence?—to back-stairs patronage and support? The most despotical countries of the Continent select their instruments for their fitness, not for the patronage they can command. Thus Russia sends to us M. Philip Brunnow, a native of Saxony, a man of humble birth, born at Dresden and educated at Leipsic, the brother of M. Ernest George Brunnow, who is well known in Germany as a propagator of the doctrines of Hahnemann, and as a translator into French of the more remarkable of Hahnemann's works. Chance introduced M. Brunnow to M. Stourdza, a Greek in the diplomatic service of Russia, in 1818; and by the means of this happy accident the humble youth of

two-and-thirty years ago, who first entered into service at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, is now ambassador at London.

The instance of the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian minister, is not less remarkable. From a professor of the Royal College of Göttingen, Mr. Bunsen became the private secretary of Niebuhr (himself the son of a Frisian peasant, who rose to be ambassador at Rome), and thence rose to be *chargé d'affaires* at Rome, then Prussian minister at Munich, subsequently at Berne, and ultimately (in 1841) in this capital of London.

Such instances might be abundantly multiplied from ancient and modern records, if we had the space or the time to devote to the subject, or did it require to be labored and enforced at any great length. What we contend for at present is, that the diplomatic staff of England can never be thoroughly reformed and efficient, till not merely the structure and organization of the service, but the mode of paying and rewarding it, be absolutely changed.

Ambassadors and attachés should be chosen from no particular race or caste of men, but from persons who show an aptitude for the profession, and a desire to work their way to eminence. In most of the Continental States there is a faculty at the universities of national or diplomatic law; but neither at Oxford, at Cambridge, nor at Dublin, neither at King's College, nor at any of the Scotch universities, that we are aware of, is any such faculty to be found. This is a capital defect in English education—a defect that is not supplied by any one of the four inns of court—either Lincoln's or Gray's Inn, the Inner or the Middle Temple.

We do not say that the general inferiority of the English in negotiations, so fatal to the influence of our cabinet in foreign courts, is altogether owing to this circumstance, but it may be numbered as one among the causes conducing to such an admitted result. Leyden, we have already said, was famous for its professors of national and diplomatic law; and the University of Göttingen has also been for more than a century celebrated for lectures given on the *Ars Diplomatica*—prelections in which the law of nations and the diplomatic art were largely treated of: but no such lectures have ever been given in England, unless, indeed; it be at the East India College at Haileybury, where the system of education is very nearly perfect. At Göttingen, a university appertaining to the English crown till the reign of her present Majesty, George Frederic Martens, who has

written so much on the diplomatic art, gave lectures on diplomacy toward the close of the last century; and his first course was followed by his late royal highness the Duke of Sussex, then a student of the University: and it should also be stated, that some of the ablest of the diplomatists who figured in the first twenty years of the present century were among Martens' pupils.

When the lectures of Martens ceased, the learned and laborious Koch established, about 1796, a practical school of diplomacy at Strasburg, and at this school some of the ablest of the French, German, and Russian—but, singular to state, not one English—diplomatists were brought up. Here Metternich, Mongelas, Cobentzel, Pfeffel, Stackelberg, Stroganoff, Tolstoy, Razoumoffski, Narbonne, D'Oubril, many of the Galitzins, M. de la Tremouille, M. de Tracy, M. de la Salle, M. de Breze, and M. de Custine, studied; and it were needless here to lay stress on the advantages which young men just entering into public life must have derived from such teaching and such discipline. There is scarcely one of M. Koch's pupils, who followed the diplomatic line as a profession, who has not risen to some eminence.

Independently of these aids, educated foreigners have one remarkable advantage over the generality of Englishmen. As the codes of the principal states of Europe are founded on the Roman law, every educated Frenchman, Dutchman, German, Italian, Spaniard, is more or less of a civilian. He has acquired fixed and definite notions of rights and obligations. He has studied the Roman and Canon law as the foundation and basis of the law of his own country. Early in life he is grounded in the general elements of Roman jurisprudence—the best all foundations—for in the civil law moral truths are reduced to the certainty, and digested into the form, of a science. Now, unless among the *alumni* of the University of Edinburgh, or among the advocates of Doctors' Commons, this is not the case in England. Yet a discipline of this kind, either in private or in public—either in his own study or in some college, is necessary to make a man a great negotiator, or an able public minister.

Having thus indicated some of the defects in the structure, organization, education, and composition of our *corps diplomatique*, let us see of what manner of men that corps consists. The English diplomacy, as at present constituted, consists of four ambassadors, with secretaries of embassy and first *attachés*—of nine envoys extraordinary, secretaries of le-

gation, and *attachés*—of three envoys, with secretaries of legation—of seven or eight ministers plenipotentiary, with secretaries of legation and *attachés*—of four ministers, with secretaries. The individuals composing this motley group, or, as the French would say, the *personnel*, on the 1st of January, in the present year, were thus composed. We proceed alphabetically according to the States:—

BRITISH MINISTERS AT,—

America, United States of.—Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, K.C.B. Envoy Ext. ; J. F. Crampton, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Argentine Confederation.—H. Southern, Esq. Min. Plen. ; F. L. Ball, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Austria.—Viscount Ponsonby, G.C.B. Amb. Extr. and Plen. ; A. G. Magenis, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Bavaria.—J. R. Milbanke, Esq. Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; A. G. Bonar, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Belgium.—Lord Howard de Walden, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; T. W. Waller, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Brazil.—Lord Howden, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; James Hudson, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Chili.—S. H. Sullivan, Esq. Chargé d'Affaires and Consul General.
Denmark.—Rt. Hon. H. W. W. Wynn, Env. Extr. ; Peter Browne, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Egypt.—Hon. C. A. Murray, Agent and Consul General.
France.—Marquess of Normanby, Amb. Ext. and Plen. ; Lord Wm. Hervey, Sec. of Emb.
Germanic Confederation.—Lord Cowley, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Hon. F. G. Molyneux, Sec. of Leg.
Greece.—Rt. Hon. Thomas Wyse, Min. Plen. ; P. Griffith, Esq. Sec. of Leg.
Hanseatic Towns, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg.—George L. Hodges, Esq. Chargé d'Affaires.
Hanover.—Hon. J. D. Bligh, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Hon. G. Edgcumbe, Sec. of Leg.
Mexico.—Chas. Bankhead, Esq., Min. Plen. ; P. W. Doyle, Sec. of Leg.
Morocco.—J. H. Drummond Hay, Esq., Chargé d'Affaires.
Netherlands.—Sir E. C. Disbrowe, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Hon. H. Elliott, Sec. of Leg.
New Grenada.—D. F. O'Leary, Chargé d'Affaires.
Persia.—J. Shiel, Esq., Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Lieut.-Col. F. Farrant, Sec. of Leg.
Peru.—H. W. Pitt Adams, Esq. Chargé d'Affaires.
Portugal.—Sir George H. Seymour, G.C.B., Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Hon. H. G. Howard, Sec. of Leg.
Prussia.—Earl of Westmoreland, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; F. Howard, Esq., Sec. of Leg.
Rio de la Plata.—H. Southern, Esq., Min. Plen. ; F. L. Ball, Esq., Sec. of Leg.
Russia.—Lord Bloomfield, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Andrew Buchanan, Esq., Sec.
Sardinia.—Hon. Ralph Abercromby, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Hon. R. Bingham, Sec. of Leg.

Saxony.—Hon. F. R. Forbes, Min. Plen. ; C. T. Barnard, Esq., Sec. of Leg.

Sicilies (Two).—Hon. W. Temple, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Lord Napier, Sec. of Leg.

Spain.—(Vacant till the misunderstanding between the Governments of the two countries is adjusted.)

Sweden and Norway.—Sir Thomas Cartwright, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; G. J. R. Gordon, Esq., Sec. of Leg.

Switzerland.—Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., Min. Plen. ; Robt. Peel, Esq., Sec. of Leg.

Turkey.—Sir S. Canning, Amb. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; Hon. G. S. S. Jerningham, Sec. of Emb.

Tuscany.—Sir G. B. Hamilton, Min. Plen. ; Hon. P. C. Scarlett, Sec. of Leg.

Venezuela.—B. H. Wilson, Esq., Chargé d'Affaires.

Wurtemberg.—Sir A. Malet, Bart., Env. Ext. and Min. Plen. ; A. Craven, Esq., Sec. of Leg.

The reader cannot fail to have observed that in this list of ambassadors, envoys extraordinary, envoys and ministers plenipotentiary, there are seven peers, namely, Viscount Ponsonby, Baron Howard de Walden, Baron Howden, the Marquess of Normanby, Lord Cowley, Earl of Westmoreland, Baron Bloomfield ; and four sons of peers, namely, the Hon. J. D. Bligh, the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, the Hon. R. Forbes, and the Hon. W. Temple, son of an Irish viscount, and brother of her Majesty's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Among the secretaries of legation, there are brothers and sons of peers—as Lord William Hervey, the Hon. F. G. Molyneux, the Hon. G. Edgcumbe, the Hon. Henry Elliott, the Hon. G. Howard, the Hon. R. Bingham, Lord Napier, the Hon. G. S. S. Jerningham, the Hon. P. C. Scarlett, &c. Now, when among all this mob of peers and honorables there are not more than three or four men whose abilities or attainments are above the average, yet who have so many important and lucrative offices thrust on them, namely, Viscount Ponsonby, Lord Howden, the Hon. R. Abercromby, and Lord Napier, it must appear that there is something radically vicious in the mode and manner of selection.

If the committee of fifteen gentlemen, which Lord John Russell nominated on Monday, the 22d of April, and which consists of the Premier, Mr. Wilson Patten, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Sir J. Y. Buller, Mr. Beckett, Mr. Napier, Mr. Henry Drummond, Mr. William Evans, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Henley, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Deedes, are determined really to probe the system to the bottom, or if such a

scrutiny or examination should result from the motions of Messrs. Disraeli and Henley, we have no doubt that not merely modification, but important changes, must take place in the nomination, appointment, and salaries, of the English *corps diplomatique*.

Mr. Disraeli had no opportunity of bringing forward his motion on the day announced, but we understand it is his intention to do so at an early period.

The salaries and allowances for householding are, as nearly as we can obtain them, according to the sums set down in the following table:—

Residence.	Character.	Salary.	Allow. for Rent.
<i>France</i> —Ambassador . . .		£10,000	
	Sec. of Embassy . . .	1,000	
	First Attaché . . .	400	
<i>Russia</i> —Ambassador . . .		10,000	£1000
	Sec. of Embassy . . .	1,000	
	First Attaché . . .	400	
<i>Austria</i> —Ambassador . . .		9,000	900
	Sec. of Embassy . . .	900	
	First Attaché . . .	250	
<i>Turkey</i> —Ambassador . . .		6,500	
	Sec. of Embassy . . .	550	
	First Attaché . . .	250	
<i>Spain</i> —Envoy Ex. and Min. Plenipoten.		6,000	500
	Sec. of Legation . . .	550	
	First Attaché . . .	250	
<i>Prussia</i> —Envoy Extra. and Minis. Plen.		5,000	500
	Sec. of Legation . . .	550	
	First Attaché . . .	250	
<i>Washington</i> —En. Extra. and Min. Plen.		4,500	500
	Sec. of Legation . . .	550	
	First Attaché . . .	200	
<i>Naples</i> —Envoy Ex. and Min. Plenipoten.		4,000	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	First Attaché . . .		
<i>Portugal</i> —Envoy Extra. and Min. Plen.		4,000	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	First Attaché . . .		
<i>Brazil</i> —Envoy Extra. and Min. Plenipoten.		4,000	500
	Sec. of Legation . . .	550	
	First Attaché . . .	250	
<i>Holland</i> —Envoy Extra. and Min. Plenipoten.		3 600	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	First Attaché . . .		
<i>Belgium</i> —Envoy Extra. and Min. Plen.		3,600	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	First Attaché . . .		
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	First Attaché . . .		
	<i>Sueden</i> —Envoy Extra. . . .	3,000	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	<i>Denmark</i> —Envoy	3,000	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	<i>Bavaria</i> —Envoy	3,600	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	<i>Sardinia</i> —Envoy	3,600	500
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	<i>German Diet</i> —Min. Plen. . .	2,600	300
	Sec. of Legation . . .	400	
	Attaché and German Translator	200	
	<i>Wirttemberg</i> —Min. Plen. . .	2,000	300
	Sec. of Legation . . .	400	
	<i>Tuscany</i> —Min. Plen.	2,000	300
	Sec. of Legation . . .	400	
	<i>Switzerland</i> —Min. Plen. . .	2,000	250
	Sec. of Legation . . .	400	
	<i>Greece</i> —Min. Plen.	2,000	200
	Sec. of Legation . . .	400	
	<i>Mexico</i> —Min. Plen.	3,600	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	600	
	First Attaché	200	
	<i>Columbia</i> —Min. Plen.	3,000	400
	Sec. of Legation . . .	600	
	First Attaché	300	
	<i>Buenos Ayres</i> —Min. Plen. . .	3,000	300
	Sec. of Legation . . .	500	
	<i>Chili</i> —Agent	1,000	
	Minister		
	Secretary		
	<i>Peru</i> —Minister		
	Secretary	5,900	
	<i>Guatemala</i> —Minister . . .		
	Secretary		
	<i>Banda</i> —Minister		
	Secretary		
	Salaries	£131,050	
	House Rent	9,950	
	Total	£141,000	

There is scarcely one of these legations in which we would not propose some reduction in the salary and allowance of the ambassador, and occasionally an increase of salary to the secretary of embassy and paid *attachés*. But as the nature of these reductions would require considerable specification and detail, we reserve the details of our plan of Economical Diplomatic Reform for our June number, in which we propose to enter into the question fully, and with the advantages accruing from the discussions on the motions of the honorable member for Bucks and the honorable member for Oxfordshire.



tal. The manor of East Greenwich" was

* Deptford was *West* Greenwich,
VOL. XX. NO. IV.

¹ *Kerudlare*, from *creneauz*, (Fr.) to make battlements for defence.

² Hence it appears that there must have been some still older structure.





ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

. OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1850.

From the Edinburgh Review.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORIES.

Astronomical Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the Year 1847. Under the Direction of GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY, Esq., M.A., Astronomer Royal.

No one has ever sailed down or up the Thames, and surveyed the stately domes and colonnades of Greenwich Hospital, without admiring the background which the wooded heights of Greenwich Park give to the landscape, and the contrasting architecture of the brick towers and minarets of the Royal Observatory, placed on a commanding height in the prolongation of the middle area of the Hospital, and thus terminating the vista. But few of these voyagers, we suspect, take time to consider that the British Navy owes an important part of its efficiency not less to the Observatory than to the Hospital,—that Humanity is interested in the former as well as in the latter,—that the sovereign who foresaw the ultimate consequence to certain and safe Navigation of a good system of Astronomical observations, was in this instance as wise and patriotic as he who provided a magnificent asylum for the helpless old age of those who had already often owed the preservation of life to the patient vigils of the astronomer.

The fortunes of Greenwich Park have been as varied as those of most places the property of the crown in the vicinity of a capital. The manor of East Greenwich* was

an unenclosed waste until the reign of Henry VI., when a charter conveying 200 acres of it was given to Humphry, Duke of Gloster, the king's uncle, and to Eleanor his wife.

This curious charter (of which a copy is now before us) is dated 26th of March, 1437.* Perhaps the foundations of Duke Humphrey's tower still exist; at all events, it is certain that the Observatory is built on the same site, being a position of no inconsiderable strength. It is a kind of peninsula jutting out toward the Thames from the general level of Blackheath and the southern district of the Park, with which it is connected by a tolerably narrow isthmus, whilst the

* Rot. Patent, 15 Hen. 6., M. 7. As a specimen of the quaint latinity, we quote the following permission:—"Muris petra et calce includere et firmare, et muros illos kernellare,¹ battellare, et turrellare, ac quandam Turrin infra Parcum prædictum similiter petra et calce de novo² construere, edificare, et tam turrin illam sic de novo constructam et edificatam quam dictum manerium sive mansionem ut præmittitur inclusum, firmatum, kernellatum, imbattelatum, et turrellatum, tenere possint sibi et hæredibus suis prædictis in perpetuum," &c. Copied from the original in the Tower.

¹ Kernellare, from *crensanz*, (Fr.) to make battlements for defence.

² Hence it appears that there must have been some still older structure.

* Deptford was West Greenwich.

ground slopes rapidly in every other direction from the little table-land occupied by the Observatory. The natural strength of the situation has evidently been increased by lofty retaining walls on the north, south, and west sides—sustaining both the building and a part of the pleasure ground.* This gives to the place an air of great seclusion and privacy, as well as apparent strength, not less suitable to its present than to its original destination—freedom from interruption and indiscreet curiosity being an inestimable advantage in an institution dedicated to such purposes in the midst of one of the most public resorts in the neighborhood of the metropolis. Mr. Francis Baily states,† on the authority of some MS. notes in a copy of Maskelyne's "Observations," that the tower was repaired or rebuilt by Henry VIII. in 1526; "that it was sometimes the habitation of the younger branches of the royal family, sometimes the residence of a favorite mistress, sometimes a prison, and sometimes a place of defence. Mary, fifth daughter of Edward IV., (betrothed to the King of Denmark) died at the Tower in Greenwich Park, in 1482. Henry VIII. visited "a fayre lady whom he loved" here. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called *Mirefleur*. In 1642, being then called Greenwich Castle, it was thought of so much consequence as a place of strength, that immediate steps were ordered to be taken for securing it. After the Restoration, Charles II., in 1675, pulled down the old tower, and founded on its site the present "Royal Observatory." It should be noticed, that there was a distinct royal residence on the same manor, between Duke Humphrey's Tower and the river, called *The Pleasaunce*, which was frequented by Queen Elizabeth and other sovereigns.

Astronomy is a subject so palpable in its results, and conversant with facts so astounding, yet so plain, that there is scarcely any age or period of the world in which most men have not, at some time or other of their lives, been drawn to it with a strong feeling of interest and awe. Perhaps some readers may be able to sympathize with our juvenile recollections of a time when the towers and walls of Greenwich Observatory seemed to us to enclose a profound yet tempting mystery, which we hardly dared

hope ever to explore; or when we traversed the weary diameter of Paris to gaze on the Observatory built by Cassini, and directed by Arago, or trod with respect the very stones of the *Rue du Bac*, at that time inhabited by Laplace. Considering that the practical details of observatories are witnessed by comparatively few persons, and that of those so privileged still fewer can pick up anything like an intelligent idea of what is going on, and how the astronomical paraphernalia they behold are made to yield a knowledge of the facts which they read of in books at home, we have thought that an attempt might be made to make this branch of knowledge accessible to all who have any acquaintance with its elements, and to reveal some of the mysteries of the art and practice of an astronomical observer, to many who may never think of becoming either profound astronomers or practiced observers themselves.

We propose, therefore, in the present article, to consider, *first*, what it is which the practical astronomer professes to determine; *secondly*, to notice the instruments which he uses in order to make these determinations; and, *thirdly*, to attempt a sketch of the economy and management of an Observatory, its *personnel*, as well as its *matériel*,—which we shall illustrate by a more especial reference to the National Observatory of Greenwich. The two first heads we will make as brief as may serve to a due understanding of our third and principal topic.

I. Practical astronomy has two great branches. That to which the telescope may be said to have given birth; and that which is *comparatively* independent of it. Before the invention of the telescope, Copernicus had announced the true system of the world,—namely, that the sun is the centre of a planetary system, of which the earth is one member, with the moon circulating round it; and that the fixed stars are altogether independent, and placed at a vastly greater distance. The periods and comparative distances of all the principal planets were known; as well as the deviation of the orbits of some of them from a circle; and a certain approximation was made to the singularly irregular form of the lunar path; eclipses could be calculated with tolerable accuracy; latitudes and longitudes roughly ascertained; and even such delicate phenomena as the apparent displacement of the heavenly bodies by refraction, and the general excessively slow motion of the fixed stars relatively to a point altogether imagin-

* An accurate map of the grounds and buildings has been constructed and engraved by the present Astronomer Royal.

† Life of Flamsteed, p. 39, note.

ary, termed the *equinoctial point*, had been clearly discovered and imperfectly measured.

But when the telescope gave to man almost a new sense, and enabled him to examine objects at a distance, with the advantage of a vast magnifying power, a new department of practical astronomy arose. Astronomers had hitherto only seen the rude outline of our own system, and the still ruder landmarks of the starry firmament. The telescope not only revealed thousands, nay millions of bodies, hitherto unseen because invisible, but it displayed complications of arrangement and feature, which gave as it were a *coloring* to the broad natural outlines with which hitherto the astronomer had to content himself. The moons of Jupiter and Saturn, the rings of the latter, and the varying phases of Venus and Mercury were, of course, among the first points of telescopic vision—and a glorious insight they gave into the arrangements of our system. Then the actual physiognomy of the moon, the sun, and some of the nearer planets, after which the unaided eye could only vainly strain itself, and desire for more help, opened fresh fields of inquiry. More lately, the indefatigable study of the fixed stars and nebulae—with the aid of powerful instruments, and especially by the two Herschels—has enlarged so prodigiously the boundaries of our knowledge and of rational and interesting speculation, that it is impossible to overrate the charms of this branch of practical astronomy. It has, however, been so fully considered in a recent article* on Sir John Herschel's "Observations of the Cape of Good Hope," that we gladly abstain from further notice of it at present; desiring to concentrate the reader's attention on the department of practical astronomy cultivated alike by the ancients and moderns before and since the invention of the telescope, and which consists in the *measurement of space* with reference to the places of the heavenly bodies, and the comparison of those places with theory.

Whoever would record the positions of the heavenly bodies at any moment, and compare them (as regards their apparent movements relatively to one another) at some future time, must do so by referring them to certain lines or directions, which may be regarded as fixed and known.

The easiest reference is found by a comparison with that which is familiarly used to determine the position of places on the sur-

face of the earth, or latitude and longitude. Though the terrestrial and celestial globes are not only different in their delineations (as a certain lady of fashion is said to have discovered, when she returned her globes to the maker because they were not a *pair*), but also in their *idea* or principle, the apparent place of a star on the celestial sphere may be defined by two angles, called declination and right ascension, corresponding accurately to those of latitude and longitude, which determine the spot on the surface of the earth occupied (for example) by New York or Mont Blanc. Whirl a globe round its axis, and a pencil approached to the surface will touch all places having the same latitude—all stars having the same declination. Stretch a thread tightly from pole to pole, and it will meet the position of all places on the surface having a common longitude, and (on the celestial globe) of all stars having the same right ascension. The pencil mark will meet the thread but in one point; thus the place is fixed completely by two angles, measured each from the centre of the globe along those circles; the *zero point* of reference for right ascension being determined by a particular point called the Vernal Equinox, or the first point of Aries: Whilst on the terrestrial globe the longitudes are measured from the meridian of Greenwich.

If we imagine the eye placed in the centre of a celestial globe, and the fictitious stars to be each pierced with holes through its surface, that eye would, if the globe were properly turned, see each star in the heavens through its appropriate hole. Such, in fact, is all the information which a celestial globe is intended to convey—the idea of direction, or apparent place—not at all that of distance. The moving lights of heaven—sun and moon, planets and comets—change, from day to day and from hour to hour, their seeming place. To be able to define accurately their apparent place at a given instant, is the first aim of the practical astronomer. This is done by ascertaining their declinations and right ascensions—the former being the apparent angular distance of a star from the celestial equator; the latter, the angle formed by the meridian (or line traced by the thread stretched from pole to pole and touching its place) with some other meridian, drawn arbitrarily or otherwise among the stars; just as in geography we, in Britain, refer the longitude of places to that of Greenwich. The astronomer, having traced the motions of an erratic star or planet

* Ed. Rev. vol. lxxxviii.

on the apparent surface of the sphere, possesses the data for testing the truth of astronomical theories, whether of merely *formal* theories like those of epicycles and deferents (as they were called), or of *physical* theories like those of vortices and of gravitation. The apparent complication of these movements is in nature exceedingly great: consequently, the coincidence of *observed* with *predicted* places is the best test of theories; and thus the perfection of our observations becomes essential for the establishment of theories, especially of that greatest of physical laws hitherto detected by man—the law of gravitation.

But the power of tracing with accuracy the places of the heavenly bodies on the apparent vault of the sky, and therefore with reference to one another, carries us a step further, even to the measurement of the impassable and seemingly illimitable spaces which divide them from us. We cannot, indeed, apply a rod or chain to measure the moon's distance, but we may do as those surveyors did who measured the height of Mont Blanc ere it had been ascended. Our earth, to be sure, is very small, compared with the spaces which separate from us even the nearest of the heavenly bodies, and a mere mathematical point as compared to the distances of the fixed stars. It is, however, so large that the moon, for instance, is very visibly displaced as we regard her from one part of the earth or another. The direction of the earth's axis is a perfectly well-ascertained line. If we look in its direction from any part of the earth's surface, the whole firmament appears to revolve round it by the diurnal movement; in this direction, then, a telescope may be accurately pointed. Let this telescope next be turned on the moon: the angle which the telescope describes may be called the moon's north (or south) polar distance. If this experiment were performed *simultaneously* at Greenwich and at the Cape of Good Hope, the moon would appear further *north* from the latter than from the former station; for the same reason that if we go from the lower to the upper window of a house, the neighboring chimney, which in the former case seemed to touch the distant weathercock, now falls far beneath it. Thus also the moon, when she passes centrally over a fixed star, as viewed by a spectator near the equator, will leave it unclipped to an astronomer in the Arctic or Antarctic Seas, passing to the south of it in the one case, and to the north in the other. This seeming displacement is called *paral-*

lax. The greatest amount of parallax which the moon could possibly have, would be, if we imagine a spectator placed at either pole of the earth. The displacement to each, compared to the moon's position as seen from the earth's centre, would be about a degree, or the whole angle under which the earth's diameter (8000 miles) is seen at the moon, is two degrees.

In the same manner the parallax of the planet Mars and the planet Venus, when nearest the earth—and even the distance of the sun—may be ascertained by observations made, *under favorable circumstances*, at different parts of the earth's surface; and since we are personally confined, by a physical necessity, to the surface of our globe, we can only make the best of the limits of voluntary excursion which Nature and Providence have assigned to us.

But though our voluntary peregrinations be confined to narrow limits—although our globe is but a speck in space, and although a voyage from pole to pole would be, by the shortest route, but some paltry 12,000 miles,—fortunately for astronomy, we make an annual tour in the course of our orbital revolution round the sun, which carries us to two points of space nearly 200 millions of English miles apart. Seated on this comfortable railway carriage called the globe, we are actually tearing through space at the rate of nineteen miles *per second*, or 67,000 miles an hour; and the distance and position of the sun being known at any time by observation, the actual distance between the points of space occupied by us, the traveling spectators, on any two days, is accurately known. For instance, on the longest and on the shortest day, our positions are, as we have said, nearly 200,000,000 miles apart. Of course this annual trip makes a vast change in the celestial scenery of the bodies nearest to us. The other planets, if they did not move themselves, would appear to do so by our own relative motion;—as it is, they have apparent movements, resulting from *their own*, as well as from our earth's orbital motions. But the most extraordinary fact is this: that, notwithstanding the vast space which separates the position of our earth at opposite seasons of the year, the scenery of the fixed stars is noways sensibly distorted by our change of place. The vast distance from the earth to the sun is seen from the nearest fixed star under an angle probably not exceeding *one second*—which is about *one two-thousandth* of that which the sun's or moon's disc subtends! This is called the

annual parallax; and, admitting it to exist, the nearest fixed star must be 206,000 times more distant from the sun than our earth is; or 5,000,000,000 diameters of our globe, or about *twenty billions* of English miles!

Thus our knowledge of the distance of the fixed stars (the greatest to which the art of mensuration has yet extended) depends upon the diameter of the earth's orbit; which again is deduced from a triangle having the earth's diameter for one of its sides. But how is this last quantity to be determined?

The measurement of the earth was one of the most justly celebrated problems of antiquity. The science of *geometry* owes its name to this single application. We must refer to previous papers in this Journal* for its history and solution. But we may observe that the fertile principle of triangulation is here, again, the basis of operation. At first, extensive though rude measurements of considerable spaces of the earth's surface were attempted. Norwood, about 1635, *guessed* rather than ascertained, the distance from London to York, by measuring with a chain along the highway, allowing for its bends and obliquities, and sometimes merely by pacing. But the ingenious Snell made a better determination, by ascertaining a comparatively short distance by means of *exact* measurement,† and extending that measure, by a series of connected triangles, to a comparatively large portion of the meridian,—a process improved, in later times, by measuring a *second* base line near the close of the operation, and comparing it with the result of calculation carried forward through the whole intermediate network of triangles. A coincidence of the calculated and observed results gives the very highest probability to the accuracy of the whole operation. From such an extended arc of the meridian the dimension of the whole globe is inferred, by reasoning which we cannot stop here to explain, but which in the simple case of the earth, being supposed truly spherical, is exceedingly easy and direct.

Now on these processes we have two remarks to make. *First*, that the operations of practical astronomy, as far as they regard the fixation of the distances and positions of the heavenly bodies, depend upon one single fundamental measurement of space, just as

in surveying land with a Theodolite;—that measurement being the single measured side of the network of triangles which (rigorously speaking) is all that is required to measure an arc of the meridian, and consequently the axial diameter of our globe. Any error in that single fundamental linear measure is *proportionally transmitted* through all the succeeding calculations. The rod used in measuring a base line is commonly somewhere about ten feet long: And the astronomer may be said truly to apply *that very rod* to mete the distance of the stars! An error in placing a fine dot which fixes the length of the rod, amounting to *one five-thousandth* of an inch (the thickness of a single silken fibre), will amount to an error of 70 feet on the earth's diameter, of 816 miles on the sun's distance, and to 65,200,000 miles on that of the nearest fixed star! The *second* point to which we would advert is, that as the astronomer in his observatory has nothing further to do with ascertaining *lengths* as distances (except by calculation), his whole skill and artifice are exhausted in the measurement of *angles*; for it is by these alone that spaces inaccessible can be compared. *Happily, a ray of light is straight*; were it not so (in celestial spaces at least), there was an end of our astronomy. If we may be permitted a pleasantry on such a subject, it is our *beam* compass, and it is inflexible as adamant—which our instruments for ascertaining its position unfortunately are not. Now an angle of a *second* (3600 to a degree) is a subtle thing. It is an apparent breadth utterly invisible to the unassisted eye, unless accompanied with so intense a splendor (as in the case of the fixed stars) as actually to raise by its effect on the nerve of sight a spurious image having a sensible breadth. A silk-worm's fibre, such as we have mentioned above, subtends an angle of a second, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet distance; a cricket ball $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter must be removed, in order to subtend a second, to 43,000 feet, or about 8 miles,—where it would be utterly invisible to the sharpest sight, aided even by a telescope of some power. Yet it is on the measure of one single second that the ascertainment of a sensible parallax in any fixed star depends; and an error of $\frac{1}{100}$ of that amount (a quantity still unmeasurable by the most perfect of our instruments) would place the star too far or too near by 200,000,000 miles, a space which light requires 118 days to travel.

The practical astronomer is not, however,

* Ed. Rev. vol. v.; vol. ix.; vol. lxxxvii.

† *Eratosthenes Batavus*, 1617. The measured base on which Snell ultimately depended was only 87 perches (of 12 Rhineland feet each), or about 1050 English feet. (Delambre, "Hist. d'Astron Moderne," ii. 97.)

constantly or principally employed in directly measuring the distances of the heavenly bodies, or the dimensions of the earth. The earth's diameter is now known with very great exactness, and the distance of the sun cannot become much better known, at least until the recurrence of the rare phenomenon called the transit of Venus. But the astronomer is engaged in ascertaining from time to time, with the utmost accuracy, the positions of the so-called *fixed stars* (which have *all*, however, without exception, some small apparent motions), because these are the true landmarks of the heavens, to which the positions of all other bodies, sun, moon, and planets, are constantly referred;—and likewise in comparing the positions of those moving bodies, from time to time, with tables, constructed from the best existing theories of their motions, in order that such theories may be improved. The great usefulness of such improved theories will be seen in the course of the following pages.

II. We now proceed to give a general idea of the instruments used for ascertaining the position of a heavenly body in the sky, by means of the angles of Right Ascension and Declination, of which we have already spoken.

The ancients reckoned the right ascension of the heavenly bodies from that of a certain bright star in the constellation called *Aries*, which star nearly coincided with the position of the sun at the equinox of spring. There is at present no star in that place; yet astronomers know how to find the equinoctial points (as they are called) in the sky, and to reckon right ascensions from them, just as we count longitudes on the earth's surface from the meridian of Greenwich.

Imagine a straight and perfectly vertical wall built truly north and south, or in a plane coinciding with the earth's axis. A spectator looking carefully along one side of such a wall would observe at the same instant all celestial bodies, having the same right ascension, to pass out of sight behind the edge of the wall (in consequence of the apparent diurnal motion of the heavens), supposing that he looked along the eastern side; or to start simultaneously into view if he watched them at the western side. Their apparent passage across the plane of the wall may be called their *transit across the meridian*. Each successive hour, nay, almost every minute, will bring some new object to the same position of passing the meridian; and since the diurnal motion of

the stars is *absolutely* uniform, the intervals of their passages, measured by a good clock, will give a proportional measure of the angles between the meridians belonging to each object respectively. In fact, whether the clock go true or not, provided only that it go *regularly*, we have but to observe the interval of time between the passage of a star across the meridian and its return to it again; and considering that in that time the heavens must have made an entire revolution of 360° , we may by the rule of three find the angle corresponding to the intermediate place of any star whose time of transit by the clock has been noted. The entire period of revolution of the heavens from a star passing the meridian to its return, is called a *sidereal day*; one twenty-fourth of this is a sidereal hour, and so forth.

Now, if instead of merely *looking along* the side of a wall—an operation whose accuracy is comparable to that of observing the sun's shadow formed by the *style* of a common dial, and which is evidently the same in principle—we use a telescope with cross wires in its focus, and which is compelled to move always against this wall, we have a better kind of observation. If this telescope further carry with it an index which points to the angles of elevation, to which it is pointed at the instant that the star passes the meridian, the angles being drawn or engraved upon an arc of the quadrant, measuring degrees with the vertical, we ascertain the two determining angles or *co-ordinates* at the same moment; that measured by the time of the meridian passage or transit giving the *Right Ascension*, and the angle with the vertical (to which, when a certain angle is added, we have the angle with the direction of the earth's axis) giving the *North Polar Distance*. This method was due to Römer, or possibly to Römer and Picard jointly, and was practiced by Flamsteed for thirty years, from 689 till his death.

A method in some respects preferable consists in using two separate instruments for these determinations. At all events, a good Transit Instrument (as it is called) cannot be made without allowing the telescope, which is to move strictly in the plane of the meridian, to be secured to a horizontal axis firmly sustained at both ends; and when this is done, *the meridian wall which we have supposed may be entirely dispensed with*. The transit instrument, the simplest and most effective of all astronomical apparatus, was the invention of Römer, an eminent

Danish astronomer, about the year 1690.* It was introduced at Greenwich by Halley, the second astronomer royal, in 1721, but was evidently but little known in England some years later, being described by the visitors of the Royal Observatory, in 1726, as "a curious telescopic instrument."† Dr. Pound had, however, used one previously, which was probably the earliest in England. Halley's instrument is still preserved at Greenwich—5 feet long, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches aperture. The telescope is not attached at the middle point of the axis, an arrangement not easily to be accounted for. The transit instrument has three adjustments for placing it correctly in the meridian; but for an account of these we must refer to more special treatises. In modern instruments five or seven vertical and equidistant wires are placed in the field of view, so that the apparent passage of the star across all may be noted, and the average taken.

The Clock, one of the greatest of modern inventions, is the invariable and most essential companion of the transit instrument. The invention of the pendulum clock is somewhat obscure; but in the hands of Huygens and Hooke it first became practical, and this was only about the year 1657, or eighteen years before the foundation of Greenwich Observatory (August 10, 1675). The earliest English pendulum clocks (after those of Hooke) were probably by Tompion. Flamsteed had two—with pendulums thirteen feet long (beating two seconds), and they were wound up but once a year. He did not regard an error of ten seconds in the determination of time as excessive;‡ and when his clocks were out of order they would err as much as eleven minutes per day.§ In Halley's time they were not much better. They had no provision for going during the time of winding; and the bob often struck the sides of the case, and thus altered the rate! A *journeyman clock*, to take seconds from the principal clock, having a loud beat, and probably striking a bell at the full minute, appears to have been used

by Römer. But Graham, one of the most eminent of British artists, subsequently brought his timekeepers almost to a level, in point of performance, with those of the most recent times, as the clock rates in Bradley's time (1750) clearly show.*

For measuring altitudes (and hence polar distances) a divided brass arch of ninety degrees (or a quarter of a circle) has been in almost immemorial use. But though it may appear sufficient in theory for measuring all angles between the horizon and zenith, it is found to be practically much better to employ complete circles, divided from 0° to 360° ; whereby many errors arising from the imperfect division, the inaccurate centring, the flexure and the deterioration by use, of the instrument, are avoided. Circular instruments are most commonly confined to the meridian, the circle itself (like a wheel with spokes) turning along with the telescope, and its position being ascertained by six equidistant microscopes, used for noting the divisions engraved on the circle; they are fixed to the solid wall or pier, with which the circle is connected by a horizontal axis passing through the pier.

The *zenith sector*, as usually constructed, is merely a telescope of considerable length connected with an arc to which the movement of the telescope, carrying cross wires, may be referred for measuring the zenith distances of stars when that angle does not surpass a few degrees. Such a construction admits of the use of very long telescopes and proportionally large divisions on the *limb* or arch, which, being exceedingly short, is not thereby rendered unwieldy. It was by the use of such an instrument that Bradley made his celebrated discoveries of aberration and mutation. It is likewise an effective instrument for taking latitudes in trigonometrical surveys.

Altitude and azimuth circles are those which admit, by their construction, of taking elevations or zenith distances, not only in the meridian, but in any other vertical plane, whose inclination with the meridian or azimuth they likewise determine. They have advantages especially as portable instruments, and where a consecutive series of observations in one spot, and for a lengthened time, is intended: they have likewise the important advantage of *reversion*, or the capacity of being used on the meridian with the face alternately east and west. But, on

* Horrebowii Opera, iii. 48.

† "Rigaud's Life of Bradley," p. lxxii. A learned friend has remarked to us that "curious," in the scientific language of the day, meant "accurate and delicate," which is no doubt true. But we are entitled to infer that had the transit instrument been familiarly known at that time it would have been referred to by its own name. It was described as "curious," because it was really more accurate than the instruments then in common use.

‡ Baily's Flamsteed, p. 45.

§ Ib. p. 114.

* See "Bessel Fundam. Astron.," p. 91. Bradley's clock was made by Skelton, Graham's pupil.

the whole, such instruments have been little employed in fixed observatories; partly from the difficulties of construction when the dimensions are very great, and partly from the labor of calculation indispensable for deducing the true place of a heavenly body from such observations. There have, however, been three great exceptions, in which excellent work has been done with the altitude and azimuth circle;—the five-foot circle at Palermo, made by Ramsden, and used by Piazzi for his catalogue of the stars; the eight-foot circle at Dublin (planned by the same maker), employed by Brinkley in ascertaining the small apparent motions of the fixed stars; and the recently-constructed altitude and azimuth circle used by Mr. Airy, at Greenwich, for observing the moon, as we shall presently mention.

The various instruments we have now described all require peculiar *adjustments* before they can be applied to any useful purpose. The transit instrument, and the circle or zenith sector, must be capable, for instance, of being placed accurately in the meridian, and the telescope accurately adjusted to the zenith point, before right ascensions, can be obtained by means of the one, or polar distances by the other. The limits and popular nature of this article forbid any attempt to enter into these important *minutiae*; but the reader may find them very plainly and clearly expounded in Sir John Herschel's excellent elementary treatises on astronomy.* We will only remark here, that the verification of the transit instrument is the more easy and simple; the determination of zenith points less direct, especially in instruments like the mural circle, which are incapable of being turned round so that the face of the instrument may be either *east* or *west* whilst the telescope is directed to an object on the meridian. But circles fixed to walls cannot be so used;† and the zenith and horizontal

points are then very ingeniously determined, by observing a star alternately by direct vision through the telescope, and then as its image appears reflected from a basin of quicksilver. By a simple optical law the position of the telescope, exactly intermediate between the two observations, is the horizontal position.

But the north polar distance of a body may be inferred independently of a knowledge of the zenith point. The instrument called the Equatoreal telescope is arranged with this view. This telescope is attached to a firm axis or shaft parallel to the earth's axis,—so that, as it revolves, the telescope follows the natural diurnal course of the stars. The *polar axis*, as it is called, is now generally connected with a piece of clock-work (of a peculiar construction, somewhat resembling that of a common *jack*, and without a pendulum; so that the motion takes place without jerks or starts of any kind*), which causes the telescope to follow, spontaneously as it were, the motion of the object, and thus keep it always in the field. The right ascension is shewn by an index connected with the polar axis, and pointing to an hour circle; the north polar distance by an index connected with the telescope itself. Owing to the inevitable tendency to flexure of the oblique-lying polar axis, and the intricacy of the adjustments, the equatoreal construction is never used for determining with *extreme* accuracy the places of celestial objects; but it is still most useful,—*first*, for ascertaining the places of comets and other erratic bodies which cannot always be seen on the meridian (and by comparing their transits across the wires of the telescope, in *any* fixed position, with that of known stars, their places may be very accurately estimated); and, *secondly*, for mounting powerful but unwieldy telescopes, when the divided circles become the readiest means of pointing such telescopes to given objects. The largest refractor in the world—that at Pulkowa, near St. Petersburg, made by Merz and Mähler, 14·93 inches aperture—

* Some excellent practical information in a popular form may also be obtained from Captain Smyth's "Celestial Cycle."

† Bradley determined his zenith point by shifting his sector bodily from an east to a west wall; and this method was practiced at Greenwich down to the time of Maskelyne; and the result was used for finding the index error of the quadrants. Bradley's skill is shown by the accuracy of his determination of the latitude of Greenwich when compared with the most recent results:—

	Latitude Greenwich.
Bradley, from his annual observations	51° 28' 39½"
Bessel, from Bradley's obs.	51 28 39·6
Maskelyne ("Requisite Tables," 1802, p. 199.)	51 28 40·0

Pond	51 28 39·0
Airy, from 5862 obs.	51 28 38·2

Flamsteed, in 1676, made it 51° 25' 10" by his sextant; but in 1690, 51° 25' 34" by the mural arc. (Baily, p. 346.)

* The Equatoreal at Liverpool is moved by *water power*, the velocity being uniformly maintained by Sieman's ingenious regulator. In the more usual construction of equatoreal clocks, the friction of balls replaces the retarding action of the air's resistance in the common jack.

is thus mounted; so are the great refractor of the Washington National Observatory, U. S., and the Northumberland Telescope at Cambridge. Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, has been successful in mounting a ponderous reflecting telescope, of two feet aperture, in the same way.*

III. Such, very briefly, are the principal instrumental means of making astronomical observations. We shall now say something of observatories and their arrangement: taking the National Observatory of Greenwich as our chief example, because one of the most extensive and most systematic in the world, the most important in its *past* results to astronomical science, and because naturally the most interesting to our readers.

Observatories were originally little less than what their Latin name (*specula*) imports,—look-out towers raised above surrounding objects and low vapors. Galileo showed the satellites of Jupiter from the lofty campanile at Venice; and all the early observatories were built somewhat on the same plan. That of Copenhagen, for instance (founded in 1632), was 115 Danish feet in height, and 48 feet in diameter; a stair, or rather a spiral passage, led to the top, so that, as at Venice, it could be mounted on horseback, which the Czar Peter really did, and the empress Catherine in a six-horse coach! But far graver inconveniences than trees or fogs attended these lofty towers. The Danish astronomer, Römer, was so persecuted by the wind that he was glad to shelter his really useful instruments in his own house, where his principal observations were made. Finally, the Observatory having taken fire, the whole of the valuable manuscripts were destroyed in consequence of the inaccessibility of the building.

Römer was, perhaps, the most original and ingenious astronomer of his day. He was the discoverer of the progressive motion of light, and the undoubted inventor of the transit instrument. But, besides this, he designed and executed the first meridian circle with fixed microscopes, on a plan which appears almost unexceptionable, and which anticipated the ultimate progress of practical astronomy by more than a century. He also placed a transit instrument at right

angles to the meridian, for the purpose of determining declinations as well as right ascensions by the use of the clock—a method, the beauty and value of which are only now beginning to be appreciated. Römer's little "Tusculan," or rural observatory, as described by his pupil Horrebow,* is admirably contrived, with little show; and it was here that he made that three days' course of observations (*Triduum Roemerii*) 20–23d Oct. 1706, which, owing to the fire already mentioned, has descended to us as almost the only relic of his observatory work. It consists of determinations of the places of the sun, moon, planets, and eighty-five fixed stars, and is truly, as Delambre has described it,† "a work worthy to serve as a model." The right ascensions were observed with all three wires of the transit instrument—a precaution often neglected even by Bradley fifty years later. The piers of the instrument were blocks of fir wood, the axes were hollow cones of iron. We may here note, that observatories like that of Römer of small pretension, and in by no means favorable situations, have often produced greater results than national establishments, furnished at a lavish expense, but for ostentation rather than use; or, at least, abandoned to the care of indolent or mercenary guardians. Thus Catherine II. ordered for the observatory of St. Petersburg the finest and most expensive instruments which London artists (then the first in the world) could produce; but having done so, and filled the journals with announcements of her liberality and love of science, they were allowed to rust in their cases!‡ On the other hand, small private observatories, like Mr. Lassell's at Liverpool (in one of the worst climates in Britain), and Mr. Bishop's at the Regent's Park, directed by the zeal of Mr. Hind—not to mention Sir William and Sir John Herschel's—have produced some of the most interesting, and, at the same time, most optically difficult modern discoveries. Captain Smyth's Observatory, described in his "Cycle of Celestial Objects," deserves mention as an excellent model for a simple private establishment, and his work as a useful guide to the amateur. "A man may prove a good astronomer," says Captain Smyth, "without possessing a spacious observatory. Thus Kepler was wont to observe on the bridge at Prague: Schoeter studied the

* Flamsteed's sextant was mounted with a polar axis merely for the convenience of directing it to the heavens. (See engraving in "Historia Cælestis," vol. iii.) Römer constructed a well-devised equatorial instrument (under that name) in 1690. See Horrebow, *Opera*, iii. 39.

* *Opera*, tom. iii. cap. xvi.

† *Hist. Astron. Moderne*, ii. 656.

‡ *Delambre, Hist. Moderne*, p. 620.

moon, and Harding found a planet, from a *gloriette*; while Olbers discovered two new planets from an attic of his house."

The observatories of Paris, Milan, Bologna, and indeed of Greenwich itself, attest the formerly universal practice of giving to these edifices the form of a lofty tower with a flat roof.

The introduction of *fixed* instruments—that is, of instruments that rest upon piers (like a transit), or are attached to stone walls (like a mural quadrant or circle)—necessitated a very different construction; and the principally effective part of most modern observatories consists of a range of rather low buildings running east and west, so as to contain but one chamber in breadth from north to south. Thus each apartment having a ~~slit~~ the roof and two walls may command the zenith, and the north and south horizon. Revolving domes containing a slit, for the shelter of equatoreal telescopes, are often raised up to the second floor, the instrument resting upon a very solid pillar of masonry carried up from the ground.

A foundation of sand, clay, or gravel, has usually been preferred to solid rock, which is supposed to convey injurious tremors more readily to the instruments. The Edinburgh Observatory, however, which is built on a rock, through which there now passes at no great distance a railway tunnel, is stated by Professor Smyth to be in no way injured by this seemingly untoward circumstance.

The National Observatory of Russia, at Pulkowa, about twelve English miles from St. Petersburg, is probably the most elaborately complete modern observatory, having been erected, with the usual liberality of the Emperor, at a cost of no less than 2,100,000 paper roubles, or about £80,000 sterling,* and endowed with a revenue of £2,500 a year.

It consists of a great central building, nearly in the form of a cross, composing the observatory proper, with apartments for observation and computation. It is surmounted by a noble dome, which contains the Great Refractor—the triumph of the Munich workshops. The special aim of this Observatory is Sidereal Astronomy. A smaller dome surmounts the east and west arms of the cross. Two extensive wings, containing the habitations and offices of the entire personal establishment, extend the

imposing frontage, which is in the Grecian style, to more than 800 feet. It is the noblest edifice ever yet erected to the purposes of science. The personal establishment, under the able direction of M. Struve, includes fourteen, besides servants and ordinary workmen, and the families of all. The total number of inmates in 1844, was 103.* A most admirable scientific library, collected at a great expense, forms part of the outfit, of which an excellent and useful catalogue is to be found in the description of the observatory mentioned at the head of this article, and to which we must refer for further details, into which, unfortunately, our limits do not allow us to enter. Russia may indeed be justly proud of her Temple to Urania, and of the fame of Struve, her astronomer; yet, when we compare all this splendor with the humbler practical establishment at Greenwich, we feel that there is an amount of mere luxury in buildings, in instruments, in the unstinted supplies of an imperial treasury, which threatens, under a less energetic chief, to seduce men from the full performance of a most toilsome duty. Pulkowa is like the palace of an astronomical autocrat, who has but to *will*, and men and money appear at his call to take the heavens by storm. Greenwich resembles the counting-houses of some of our opulent city merchants, showing more brick than marble, but whose cellars are stored with the accumulated wealth of generations.

The general position of Greenwich Observatory has been already described. The building consists of two very distinct parts; the *Old* Observatory having the usual tower form (in this case octagonal from the first floor), surmounted by a flat roof from which rise two small turrets; and this central tower is flanked by two wings, also of brick, and now capped with two small, revolving domes. This edifice, which is conspicuous in every view of the Observatory, faces the river Thames, coming forward to the very brow of the hill which it occupies. With the exception of the two small domes, it is *nearly* in the state in which it was constructed from Sir Christopher Wren's plan. Contiguous to it, on the south, is the dwelling-house of the Astronomer Royal, which has received several successive additions. The *New* Observatory dates, in its greater part, about a century back, and lies

* This includes £12,000 for the cost of instruments, entirely furnished from Germany.

* "Description de l'Observatoire de Poulkova," p. 54. The fourteen persons mentioned above include secretary, mechanist, pupils, &c.

quite detached, and to the S.W. of the former building. It is comparatively low and unobtrusive. It is chiefly composed of a range of apartments running from west to east. There is a small revolving dome on the second floor near either end. The humble exterior of this, the really working observatory, will probably astonish any person who expects to view a great national edifice celebrated for the quantity and excellence of observations, of the most delicate kind, which have been made in it.

Charles II. founded Greenwich Observatory. It was the natural result of the tendency of the age to render speculative truth practical. Bacon, moved by the pervading spirit, had contributed more than any man to forward and extend the impulse he had himself received; and after the Restoration the physical sciences were in the very zenith of their popularity. Princes and bishops, statesmen and judges, courtiers, ladies, and poets, vied with each other, if not in extending the new philosophy, at least in celebrating its praises, and in attesting their sense of its importance. "Charles himself had a laboratory at Whitehall, and was far more active and attentive there than at the Council Board."* His patronage of the Royal Society (founded 1660, chartered 15th July, 1662) brought him into contact with men of science; and it was owing to an accidental discussion on a proposed method of finding the longitude at sea by lunar distances, that the king became aware of the defective state of astronomy, and the important use to navigation of improved tables of the moon, and (as a first step to them) of accurate plans of the stars. This was early in 1675.† The foundation of the Observatory was laid August 10th, 1675, the site having been suggested and plans given by Sir Christopher Wren: the roof was already covered in at Christmas. Sir Jonas Moore, Surveyor-general of the Ordnance, was particularly active about the matter: he had been connected with the Court as mathematical tutor to James, Duke of York, before the Commonwealth (1647), and had remained loyally attached to the Stuarts during their reverses. On his recommendation Flamsteed was appointed to the charge of the Observatory: his title in the warrant is "our astronomical observator;" and his duty is "to rectify the

tables of the motions of the heavens and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the so much desired longitude at sea, for perfecting the art of navigation." The same object is indicated in the inscription, which still stands near the old entrance of the Observatory, to the following effect:—

Carolus II., Rex Optimus,
Astronomiæ et Nauticæ Artis
Patronus Maximus,
Speculam hanc in utriusque commodum,
Fecit.

Anno Dni MDCLXXVI. Regni Sui XXVIII.
Curante Jona Moore milite,
R. T. S. G.*

Flamsteed held his office from 1675 to Dec. 31st, 1719, when he died at the age of 73. Few men have left so conscientious a record of a life of toil. Less skilled in the theory and construction of instruments than Römer, he yielded to no astronomer of his day in his ideas of the precision and diligence required in making, recording, and reducing observations; and his "*Historia Cælestis Britannica*" (posthumously published) will remain, to all time, an imperishable monument of the history of the heavens at the commencement of the last age.†

The liberality of the Government extended no further than to building the Observatory and giving the astronomer a salary of £100 a year; which Flamsteed used to say (and truly) he earned by labor "harder than thrashing." But the strangest neglect was, that no instruments were provided for him. He had not only to thrash, but *to find his own corn*. Sir Jonas Moore, his kind patron, did indeed give him some instruments, namely, a large sextant, two clocks, and a telescope: but Government was deaf to his demands for money to construct others which he imperatively required, and which he eventually furnished from his own resources; so that at his death, not one article contained within the bare walls of the Observatory was the property of the Crown,—a circumstance

* These letters (as appears from the "*Historia Cælestis*," vol. i. p. 26,) signify *Rei Tormentaræ Supervisor Generali*.

† Flamsteed's "*British Catalogue*" has been reprinted, with elaborate corrections and notes, by Mr. Baily. As a specimen only of its interest and importance to astronomy, we may mention that it contains six observations of Uranus—one in 1690, one in 1712, and four in 1715 (of course mistaken for a fixed star), which have been of great use in the Theory of Neptune. For further particulars of Flamsteed's career, see an article on his life in this journal, vol. lxii.

* Macaulay's "*History of England*," i. 409.

† See Flamsteed's Autobiography in Baily's *Life*, pp. 87-8; but particularly Flamsteed's letter to Sherbourne, in the same work, p. 125.

which gave a color to the right which he and even some of his successors assumed in the property of the observations which they made. Flamsteed at first had a common laborer assigned to him, at the public expense, to take care of the buildings and act as his servant; and somewhat later he appears to have been allowed a computer or assistant instead. In general, however, he had two regular assistants (who appear to have been engaged or apprenticed for a term of years), and one of whom was paid by himself, as well as spare computers in the country whom he almost constantly employed in the reduction of his observations and in the comparisons of the places of the heavenly bodies with the then existing tables. Most of the computations were made twice by independent persons and compared by himself.

In 1710, in consequence of the complaints of Newton and others as to the impracticability of extracting any information from the Astronomer Royal, the President of the Royal Society, and a selection of its members, were appointed by the Crown a commission of *visitors* to inspect the Observatory, and report its deficiencies to the Board of Ordnance, to purchase Flamsteed's instruments, to instruct the astronomer *as to the observations he should make*, and to cause him to return to them annually a copy of the observations when made.* These summary powers were pretty regularly exercised. But no attempt was made to acquire Flamsteed's instruments for the State. On the whole, the appointment of the board of visitors was authorized by the circumstances of the time; and as in later years their powers have not been tyrannically exercised, the existence of the board has really been of great service to the Observatory, as we shall explain in speaking of its present state.

Flamsteed's really valuable observations commenced in 1689, when he employed his friend Abraham Sharp, at an expense of £120, to construct for him the mural arc, which served to determine both the right ascensions and declinations of the stars of the "*Historia Celestis*," as well as of the sun, moon, and planets.† The divisions of the

limb were estimated or subdivided by counting the revolutions of a screw at first,* and afterward by diagonal divisions. It was $79\frac{1}{2}$ inches radius. An arc of 5" could be distinguished upon it. The Greenwich Observatory has always been known in the neighborhood under the familiar name of *Flamsteed House*, which indeed it still retains.

Flamsteed was succeeded in 1720 by Halley, long his keenest foe; who, being then sixty-four years of age, was certainly too old to execute properly the duties of so onerous a station; especially as he succeeded to the Observatory in a totally unfurnished state, and therefore had to wait, to have instruments made, before his observations could commence. In 1721, he procured a transit instrument, as already mentioned, and in 1725 Graham finished an eight feet mural quadrant, the best instrument of the time, with which Halley continued to observe the moon, until 1737, when he became paralytic, and died in 1742 (June 14th). His observations are preserved at Greenwich in the original MS., but have not hitherto contributed much to the progress of science, nor are likely now to do so.‡ Halley had no regular assistant;§ a serious disadvantage, since the observations of right ascension and declination were now for the first time made with different instruments, which besides were placed at some distance apart.

Bradley, the greatest British astronomer of the past century, and, like Halley, Savilian Professor at Oxford, succeeded him Feb. 3, 1742. He had already acquired deserved celebrity by his discovery of *aberration*, or the effect of the progressive motion of light combined with the motion of the earth in its orbit, in apparently displacing the fixed stars. This was followed in 1747 by his discovery (also by observation) of the inequality called *nutation*, an irregularity in precession, afterward proved to be occasioned by the attraction of the moon on the elliptical protuberance of the earth's equator producing a small

double observation of *Venus* on the meridian, is this note: "*Observante Serenissimo Petro Muscoviae Czaro.*"

* This method, which would seem to belong to a more advanced stage of practical science, was due to Gascoigne, who first applied telescopes to divided instruments, and who constructed the first Micrometer. He died 1644.

† See Baily on Halley's Observations in Astr. Soc. Mem. vol. viii. p. 169; and Rigaud on Halley's instruments in vol. ix. of the same work.

‡ Baily's Flamsteed, p. 362; Rigaud's Life of Bradley, p. li.

* "*Baily's Life*," pp. 90, 91. The warrant of Anne is dated Dec. 12, 1710. In the Secretary of State's letter to the Board of Ordnance they are required to "have regard to any complaints the said visitors may make of the *misbehavior* of her Majesty's astronomer."

† The Czar, Peter, visited the Observatory twice in 1698. On the 8th of March of that year, after a

conical motion in the position of its axis. In consequence of these two effects of gravity and the motion of light, combined with the long recognized phenomenon of the precession of the Equinoxes, all stars *appear* to describe (as seen from the earth) certain complicated little orbits, whose general period is a year, but which, not returning into one another, produce fantastical and not inelegant looped curves.* So considerable in some cases are these apparent motions that the stars (called *fixed*) require to have their apparent places computed beforehand just as the planets have, before any careful astronomical results can be deduced from observations compared with them. Thus in the "Nautical Almanack" we have the place of *Polaris* calculated for *every day*, and many other stars for every tenth day of the year. These discoveries of Bradley were principally made by means of a zenith sector† (an instrument already described.) It was 12½ feet radius, and he considered its results true to a *quarter of a second*. It was constructed for him by Hearn and Graham, in 1727, and used at Wanstead, in Essex, where he resided with his uncle Mr. Pound, known by his skillful use of the monstrous telescopes then in vogue for measuring the diameters of the planets and the elongations of their satellites.‡ Bradley's sector was removed to Greenwich on his appointment, where it was continually used by himself and his successors down to 1812. It is still doing good work at the Cape of Good Hope, and is illustrious from its long service as well as from the extraordinary value of the observations originally made with it. Considering a correct knowledge of the places of the fixed stars (the landmarks of the sky) as the very foundation of accurate astronomy, it is hardly possible to overrate the practical importance of a discovery of the laws which regulate their apparently capricious motions: not to mention the beautiful physical induction of the cause, which afforded a *direct* proof of the motion of the earth in space, as complete

as the annual parallax of the fixed stars which was then so anxiously sought for.

Bradley entered on his duties at Greenwich with the utmost vigor, although he still continued, annually, his lectures at Oxford. In 1743 he and his nephew, John Bradley (who acted as his assistant), made no less than 18,000 observations; *on one day* (8th August) they took 255 transits,—perhaps an unexampled effort.* The instruments were Halley's, and they required much repair. It was not until 1750 that Bradley was provided with new instruments, excellent of their kind, through the liberality of George II., who granted £1000 for this purpose, whereof £300 was given to Bird for a new quadrant, and £73 13s. 6d. for a transit instrument by the same maker.† Bird made his quadrant every thing which so imperfect an instrument admits of being made. Its accuracy of division could scarcely be improved. It had a double arc—one of 90°, and one with 96 divisions (this number was first selected by Graham for the convenience of continued bisection of the arc of 60°, which was set off by making the chord equal to radius). By the comparison of the two arcs, contained in Bradley's printed observations, the difference rarely exceeds a second; and Mr. Pond admits, that, by his examination of the quadrant in 1811, the errors of division do not appear to be above that minute quantity, and the earlier observations with the instrument were in all respects perfectly good. By long use, however, (sixty-one years), it had become gradually eccentric, and the error from this cause rose to 8" or 10" near the horizontal part of the limb.‡

With so admirable an instrument, and so admirable an observer, the results could not but correspond; and the commencement of true precision in astronomy really dates from 1750. The observations, however, were not printed until long after,§ and they were reduced as regards the places of the fixed stars in an admirable manner by Bessel. The reduction of the Lunar and Planetary Obser-

* Some of these are represented graphically in Captain Smyth's *Celestial Cycle*.

† The zenith sector, with a micrometer, appears to have been the invention of Hooke, and was used by him at Gresham College, in 1669, for ascertaining the parallax of the fixed stars. See Rigaud's "Life of Bradley," p. xii.

‡ Bradley himself, in 1722, measured the diameter of Venus with a telescope 212½ feet long! (Rigaud's Life, p. ix.) It should be noticed that the apparent orbit of γ Draconis was roughly made out, with Molyneux's sector at Kew, by Molyneux himself and Bradley, in 1725 and 1726.

* Rigaud, p. liii.

† One of the most admirable instruments in the Observatory was the clock by Shelton. It bore Graham's name, and appears to have cost £39. See Rigaud's "Life of Bradley," p. lxxiv.

‡ "Greenwich Observations for 1812," p. 234. This instrument is now in good preservation at Greenwich. He corrected the collimation by means of his zenith sector, which he removed from Wanstead.

§ By Dr. Hornsby, Savilian Professor at Oxford in 1795.

vations, which are equally excellent and valuable, has only been performed within a few years by Mr. Airy, as will be mentioned in its proper place. Part, at least, of the range of building which constitutes the present working Observatory was of Bradley's time, and dates from the year 1749.

Flamsteed, we have seen, had a salary of only £100 a year, which was farther reduced by official fees. Halley and Bradley had officially no more; but Halley received a personal addition of £100 a year, in consequence of having served as commander in the navy.* Bradley was offered the living of Greenwich, but conscientiously declined it, on account of the absorbing nature of his duties. In 1752, however, he received a pension of £250, which was added to the official salary of his successors by George III. The salary has, very properly, been of late years still further increased.

Bradley's latter efforts were successfully devoted to the improvement of the tables of the moon; and he died July 13, 1762, aged seventy. He was succeeded by his friend Dr. Bliss, the third in succession who united the posts of Astronomer Royal and Savilian Professor at Oxford; but he died in 1762, after holding the office of Astronomer Royal only three years, and without leaving any observations of such importance as to require especial mention.

Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, of Catherine Hall and Trinity College, Cambridge, succeeded Bliss, in 1765. He retained the office for the space of forty-seven years, and died Feb. 9, 1811, at the age of seventy-eight. At the time of his accession, more stringent rules were laid down by the Royal Society (the official visitors) for ensuring the habitual residence of the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and the complete devotion of his time to its increasing duties. Down to this period some doubt had even existed as to the right of property in the observations made at the National Observatory. Flamsteed's heirs, we have seen, claimed the papers in which were recorded his life-long labors as their property. Halley, who had always been clamorous for the public right in Flamsteed's observations, when pressed, in his turn, by the Board of Visitors, avowed his intention of keeping possession of his observations of the moon, that he might get the reward for the discovery of the longitude!† Bradley's

observations were likewise retained by his heirs, and a law-suit, raised by the Crown, in 1767, to recover them, was abandoned in 1776. During Maskelyne's long tenure of office, he was entirely devoted to its duties, making himself all the most delicate observations, particularly those of the moon, and rarely quitting the Observatory, except to attend the meetings of the Royal Society. The perfect method and continuity of his observations give to them a great value, especially for the correction of the Lunar Tables, in which respect they are indeed without a parallel. But the regularity of their publication was not their least merit. Four large folio volumes include with perfect method the patient labors of a life (for he had but one assistant). Delambre, in his character of Maskelyne, says, that if through some catastrophe the whole materials of science should be lost except these volumes, they would suffice to reconstruct entirely the edifice of modern astronomy.

Maskelyne was drawn to the study of practical astronomy by the great eclipse of 1748, —which had a similar influence on the mind of Lalande. He was recommended by Bradley for observing the transit of Venus, in 1761, at St. Helena; and, though the primary object of the expedition was lost through cloudy weather, he made other valuable observations, especially for the determination of the longitude, both by lunar distances and by chronometers. With the same view he went afterward (1763) on a voyage to Barbadoes with Harrison's time-keeper: and from 1767 to the time of his death he superintended the publication of the "Nautical Almanack," a work of infinite use to seamen, of which he edited no less than forty-nine volumes. In 1774 he made his memorable observations on the attraction of Mount Schiehallien, in Perthshire, for the determination of the earth's density; a work of great delicacy, which he executed under disadvantageous circumstances with consummate skill and address.* With regard to the instruments employed by him, they were those of Bradley, with improved object glasses; but he had prepared for superseding the quadrants before his death. Troughton's Meridian Circle was ordered by him, although it was first used by his successor in June, 1812. On the whole, Maskelyne left behind him an enviable reputation. From a perfect devotion to the duties of his office, and a most candid and amiable temper, he was with equal justice both respected and

* Caroline, Queen of George II., who visited the Observatory in 1727, obtained for him this advantage.

† His MSS. were ultimately purchased by the Board of Longitude for £100.

* Phil. Trans. for 1775.

liked by his contemporaries abroad as well as at home.

Mr. Pond, the next Astronomer Royal, resided at Greenwich from 1811 to 1835, when he resigned his office through the pressure of bad health, and died the following year. He had a peculiar skill in the theory of instruments, and the correct interpretation and application of the results afforded by them.* Himself the possessor in early life of a small but very perfect circle by Troughton, he published, as an amateur astronomer, determinations of the places of the fixed stars equal, if not superior, to those determined by public observatories; and demonstrated the increasing errors of the Greenwich Quadrant, due to the eccentricity occasioned by friction on its centre. This error is wholly avoided in circular instruments. At Greenwich he first used Troughton's Circle; and afterward added Jones's, and made observations by reflection. He gradually increased the number of assistants from one to six—a most important innovation, rendering Greenwich Observatory capable of far greater efforts than his own infirm health enabled him to undertake, but of which full advantage has been taken by his successor.

The present Astronomer Royal, Mr. Airy, formerly Plumian Professor, and Director of the Observatory at Cambridge, was appointed to Greenwich in 1835, on the resignation of Mr. Pond. Before we proceed to give some account of his labors, which include, of course, the present operations of the Observatory, we will endeavor to give the reader an idea of its present state, or rather, to speak more accurately, its state until a few months ago, before certain alterations of an important kind were commenced, which we will briefly advert to in the sequel.

We have already stated that the Astronomical Observatory consists of two distinct groups of buildings,—the older castellated part, of the time of Flamsteed, and the low range, of Bradley's and Maskelyne's time: we shall commence with the former. It consists of a great centre tower and two wings. The tower in its lower part is occupied by the dwelling apartments of the Astronomer Royal. Its upper portion consists of a noble octagonal hall, with lofty windows, and balconies, intended for the use of large

moveable telescopes and quadrants; but this room is not at all used now for such purposes. A narrow staircase leads from one of its corners to the leads on the top of the Observatory; commanding a very noble view over the whole of London, and a great part of the course of the Thames, and overlooking, of course entirely, Greenwich Hospital and its domes, as well as the town of Greenwich, and the cheerful slopes and deep woody recesses of the Park. Here are disposed several meteorological instruments, which require a free exposure,—particularly Whewell's and Ostler's self-registering anemometers, which record on paper the direction and quantity or force of wind during the twenty-four hours that elapse between each inspection of them.

Here, also, we find a singular mechanism surmounting the eastmost turret of the Old Building; it is a pole, with a weather vane at the top. Below the cross, on the vertical stem, supporting it, slides a black ball about six feet in diameter: it may be raised by a simple mechanism until its upper edge touches the arms of the cross, which prevent it from going higher; but in its ordinary state it remains down at the lower part of the staff. The object of this useful apparatus—called the *Time Ball*—is to give notice to the whole shipping of the Thames and port of London, of the exact time,—by dropping it daily from its highest position on the staff at the precise instant of One o'clock—Greenwich Time. The business of the assistant, who has charge of it, is, by means of a winch in the lower part of the observatory, to hoist up the ball to its highest position touching the cross *five minutes* before One o'clock every day, including Sunday. There is a time-piece compared with the Observatory clocks which stands near the winch, and also a species of trigger, by which the ball is suddenly detached and allowed to fall by its own weight, which is considerable. To prevent the shock of the fall from injuring the apparatus, the ball is connected with a piston eight inches in diameter, slipping in a cylinder containing air, which thus deadens the shock as by a cushion. The duration of the fall is immaterial to the observation. It has lately been proposed to observe the transit of the ball across several horizontal hoops; but the accuracy of the observation at present appears to be quite adequate to the end in view. At the instant of One o'clock the trigger is withdrawn, and the separation of the ball from the cross is visible to all the ships,

* Mr. Airy, in one of his Annual Reports, states that he regards Mr. Pond as the principal improver of modern practical astronomy.—*Report to Visitors*, 1846, p. 9.

which have chronometers on board; and they may thus have their errors ascertained, without the trouble and expense of sending them up to the Observatory, and the more serious drawback of the probable change of rate which the shaking of land carriage is almost sure to occasion. To check the possibility of error on the part of the time-ball assistant, another stationed in the Observatory notes the moment of the fall of the ball, and registers it daily in a book. The error in time does not usually exceed one tenth of a second; and does not amount to three tenths of a second, oftener than once in six weeks.

In the western wing of the Old Observatory there is a dome, under which was formerly an equatoreal telescope. The position being, however, unfavorable, the telescope has been dismounted and sent to the Cape.

Near this was (till lately) the Zenith Tube Room. This instrument is a modification of Bradley's zenith sector, for measuring small zenith distances (especially for the star γ Draconis, which passes within a few minutes (north) of the Zenith of Greenwich), and it was intended, of course, to be an improvement on that celebrated instrument. It consisted of a tube twenty-five feet long, varying in diameter from six to ten inches, and furnished with a five inch object-glass at the upper end. The tube had no motion except round a vertical axis: zenith distances, therefore, were measured not by the motion of the telescope upon an arc, but by the observation with a micrometer of stars passing through the field. It is needless to describe its action more particularly; for all the skill of Pond and Airy, and all the mechanical dexterity of Troughton and Simms, failed to obtain any satisfactory results with this gigantic instrument. The errors of observation constantly amounted to 2" or 3"; exceeding those of the ordinary mural circle, and utterly destructive of any hope of measuring by this instrument the parallax of the fixed stars. This failure is an instructive example of the serious difficulty attending the construction and working of gigantic instruments, and the fallacy of the plausible expectation that *unlimited* accuracy may be obtained by mere enlargement of scale in our apparatus. Among other sources of error (difficult to foresee or avoid), the pertinacity with which spiders infest zenith sectors has been notorious ever since Bradley's time. These little animals, finding the dark, cool, undisturbed tube a desirable lodging, spin their threads there so assiduously as to en-

tangle the motion of the plumb line, upon whose absolute verticality the accuracy of the instrument depends: and it is difficult either to perceive or remove them. The cunning spider, in thus perplexing astronomers, may be thought, perhaps, only to retaliate upon them for equal vexations which they have entailed upon the busy race of cobweb-spinners: since the very instrument in question, and almost every other in the Observatory, is provided with spider lines (technically called *wires*) in the eye-piece, for fixing the position of a star in the field of view of the telescope; and, to provide these, the optician is in the habit of training a certain kind of spider which furnishes the best thread for spinning long lines—to serve his own ends, not theirs, to catch stars, not flies:—*Sic vos non vobis!*

The zenith tube having been found ineffectual, is now dismounted, and the apartment otherwise appropriated. Mr. Airy has, however, devised an altogether new instrument for the same purpose, in which the principle of reflection at a quicksilver surface is to replace the clumsy and inaccurate plumb line; but the particular contrivance we can hardly hope, within our limits, to render intelligible.

In the eastern part of the old building, and near the trigger apparatus of the time ball, is an equatoreal telescope by Ramsden, known as Shuckburgh's Equatoreal. It is not, however, much used, since a larger instrument of the same kind has since been added to the establishment.

We now enter the Observatory Proper, at its west end (which also communicates, by means of a covered passage, with the astronomer's house), and we first find ourselves face to face with that fine old brazen quadrant by Bird, eight feet radius, mounted on a pier so that the telescope points to the southern meridian, and which furnished the admirable declination observations of Bradley and Maskelyne. It is in all respects preserved as when in use, although now of course never employed,—being superseded, since 1812, by the mural circle. On the *west* face of the same stone pier, the east side of which is occupied by Bird's quadrant, is Graham's old iron quadrant; it was made for Halley, but was redivided by Bird for Bradley, who used it for his earlier observations, and also for his later ones north of the zenith. As this instrument is little than a venerable curiosity, the present astronomer has ingeniously managed, without injuring or removing any part of it, to convert the

little room connected with it into a fire-proof room, for the preservation of the valuable MSS. connected with the Observatory: they include a complete set of all the astronomical observations made at Greenwich. Here we have Flamsteed's voluminous MSS., many of them first brought to light and carefully arranged and bound by the indefatigable care of Mr. Baily: and also Halley's rather confused memoranda (never printed) of his tenancy of the place. Of Bradley's observations there is only a MS. copy taken from the originals in the Bodleian, under Mr. Airy's inspection. It may be regretted that the trustees did not think themselves entitled to surrender the MSS. themselves, to which the public have evidently an equitable, if not an undeniable legal, right. Of course Maskelyne's and Pond's MSS. are found here, and there are now carefully preserved the *jotting books* with indelible metallic pencil writing, in which each individual observation is at the time noted by every observer in the establishment. The correspondence of the Astronomers Royal, as far as collected, is also here preserved.

The next room, to the eastward of Bird's Quadrant, is the COMPUTING ROOM,—the grand scene of labor of the whole Observatory. It is only by exception that the astronomer or his assistants are to be found using the instruments, even during the regular hours of observatory work; but they are nearly sure to be found assembled in the Computing Room, busied, at different tables, with their silent and laborious tasks,—the assistants on watch turning an eye now and then to a small time-piece which regulates their task of allowing no celestial object of consequence to pass the meridian unobserved. When we come to speak of the personal establishment of the Observatory, we shall try to explain how it is that the calculating work is so much more heavy than that of observation.

Next in order comes the TRANSIT ROOM. The instrument which gives the room its name has been already explained. The Greenwich transit is ten feet in length,—the object-glass by Dollond, the mounting by Troughton: it was set up in 1816. The eye-piece contains seven vertical "wires" (in reality spiders' threads); and the time of passage of each celestial object over every one of these is noted, and the mean taken. The mean or average direction of the whole seven wires determines the ideal line, called the "line of collimation," or optical axis of the telescope. If any of the

wires have been missed by accident, a table is provided, by which the mean result, with those actually observed, may be reduced to the ideal mean. Suspended from the roof, above the instrument, we observe strong braces and pulleys of formidable appearance, recalling the instruments of torture of which traces may still be found in some ancient prisons. An apparatus of question no doubt it is. The telescope, if suspected of wavering by a hair's breadth from the meridian line of truth, is forthwith seized and pinioned by the assistants; and its unwieldy mass having been lifted by main force from its piers, it hangs dangling in the air, until, having been swung horizontally round, it is allowed to seek repose again in its Y's, the ends of the axis having been reversed in position. If the line of sight (or collimation) be correct, the meridian wire will fall on the selfsame spot as before. Should it deviate from the expected place—deviate, though "but in the estimation of a hair"—but a single second, the very brass of the telescope would blush a copper red! We shall say no more here of the verifications of the transit instrument, save that there is a meridian mark at Chingford, on the Essex hills, placed, in 1824, by Mr. Pond. As there is no doubt that it was *absolutely* in the meridian at that time, it may be interesting hereafter to verify the perfect persistence of the direction, on the earth's surface, of the N. and S. line; that is, the constancy of the axis of rotation of our globe.*

Beside the transit stands, of course, a clock. This one is by Hardy, an eminent maker, who died now many years since; and it has been, in part, remodeled. Its performance is quite satisfactory: by which we mean, not that it never goes sensibly wrong, but that its rate (*gaining* or *losing*) is constant, or nearly so, for many days together, so that its error may be at any time allowed for. The most fundamental of all the observations is the knowledge of *time*. Now the mere error of observation with a good transit instrument, when seven wires are observed, is not perhaps $\frac{1}{16}$ of a second of time; hence only the very best de-

* Mr. Pond used this meridian mark with the aid of a collimating telescope on the south of the transit instrument, to ascertain the line of collimation in azimuth without the necessity of reversing the instrument. (See *Greenw. Obs.* 1532.) As we have spoken above of the *absolute* coincidence of the line of the collimation with the meridian, we should add that the astronomer does not aim at this, but allows, by calculation, for the small deviation which he ascertains.

terminated objects can be employed for determining the clock error. Such are called *clock stars*—the sun himself being never used for this purpose—since the errors of the solar tables (or of the theory of the earth's motion) are still sensible. A consequence from this is, that the astronomical clock does not indicate the time from noon, or the sun's passage. We are surprised to see an observatory clock pointing to eight or twelve o'clock when we know that it is four o'clock by St. Paul's; and still more—going, a few months after, at the same hour—to find that the clock is giving totally different information. We are apt to think that the astronomers are so taken up with dividing a *second*, that they lose count of the *hours*. But the fact is, that the astronomical clock is regulated by the stars, not by the sun, and shows what is called *sidereal time*. Its twelve o'clock, or noon, is when the equinoctial point (in Aries) is on the meridian; and, as a matter of course, the clock at any moment tells what part of the circle of right ascension is on the meridian; and, conversely, by noting the moment of transit of a celestial object, its right ascension becomes known without any calculation. Our civil reckoning is regulated, very reasonably, by the sun, because daylight determines the order of our occupations; but the astronomer knows no such distinction; and the sun is to him merely an object having such and such a right ascension on a particular day, and to be observed in course among the others.

The mode of making a transit observation is as follows:—The assistant in charge of the transit instrument is warned, by his sidereal time-piece approaching the hour which corresponds with the right ascension of the object he is to observe, that he is to prepare for the observation. The shutters of the slits in the roof are probably already open. If the object be the sun, the telescope is protected, by a screen near the object-glass, from the direct rays: for so sensitive is this instrument to unequal temperature of its parts producing a deviation of its axis, that the approach of a man's body to one side or other will twist the line of collimation: hence, transit instruments are often cased in flannel. Having adjusted the telescope to the anticipated altitude of the object in the meridian, by means of a small circle attached to it for this purpose, he seats himself in a very comfortable chair with a reclining back, similar to that in which most of our readers have reclined in a dentist's room. The observing-chair rolls back or

forward at a touch by means of a railway which follows the eye end of the telescope, whilst the observer keeps his head supported by means of the adjustable back aforesaid. When the object is *high*, the observer is *low*: if the object be a star in the zenith, the observer lies almost on his back; and, in this very agreeable posture, he might surely be excused for indulging in a nap! We have not ascertained whether the code of laws of the Observatory contains a punishment for so dreadful an offence. Be this as it may, taking an observation is no sleepy matter; the tremble of impatience for the entrance of the star or planet into the field of view, is like that of the sportsman whose dog has just made a full point, and who awaits the rising of the game. When the star appears, the observer, in technical language, *takes a second from the clock face*; that is, he reads the second with his eye, and counts on, by the ear, the succeeding beats of the clock, naming the seconds mentally. As the star passes each wire of the transit, he marks down in his jotting book, with a metallic pencil, the second, *and the second only*, of the observation, with such a fraction of a second as corresponds, in his judgment, to the interval of time between the passage of the star and the beat of the clock which preceded such passage. This interval may be estimated either by the judgment of the ear or of the eye. In the latter case, the observer registers in his memory the position of the star relatively to the wire at the preceding and following clock-beat, and subdivides the space mentally.* Before Maskelyne's time, the second was only rudely divided by certain signs of *less* or *more*: but, since 1772, the transits have been noted in decimal fractions of a second; and an experienced observer will never commit an error exceeding $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second on each of the seven wires. The observer then carefully takes the hour and minute from the clock, and adds it to the *last* observation. Stars not very near the sun may be seen and observed with the telescope in broad daylight—an effect of optical power not altogether easy to account for, and deserving of further investigation by experiment. At night, the field of the telescope must be enlightened by a lamp shedding a ray through the transverse axis, so that the spider threads may be distinguished against the brighter ground.

The observations with the transit instru-

* This was Bradley's invention. Rigaud's Life, p. 17.

ment have two distinct purposes: *first*, the determination of *time* from objects whose right ascension is known (clock stars); *secondly*, the determination or correction of right ascension of objects from the true time of passage across the meridian. The clock stars themselves have had their places ascertained in this manner, and cannot be regarded as ever *perfectly* known. When less than four such stars (taken from a list including about sixty principal stars, none of which are less than 50° from the pole, so that their passage across the meridian shall be nearly as rapid as possible) are observed on the same day, their mean result is taken, to give the clock error; but when more than four are observed, the clock error being similarly ascertained, the right ascension of the individual stars thus used is also calculated and entered in the Reduced Observations; because it is concluded that our knowledge of the differences of the right ascensions of these bodies will be perfected by such an observation, and in the long run (being carried from star to star round the heavens) will correct the very individual places whose *collective* accuracy was assumed in the determination of the clock rate—on the knowledge of which the accuracy of those intervals evidently depends. Thus astronomers do really in one sense reason in a circle; but yet have reason on their side—for it is evident, on consideration, that the accumulation of good observations of well-determined stars will tend to annihilate the effect of the error of place of any one or two stars upon the clock-rate, and at the same time bring out the discrepancy in the right ascension of those particular stars.

But we now pass to the CIRCLE ROOM. Here, in 1812, was mounted the masterpiece of Troughton—the six feet mural circle for ascertaining the altitudes of celestial bodies on the meridian, and thence their polar distance. A second similar one by Jones, for observations by reflection, was mounted in 1824; but Mr. Airy having, by a particular method, which he adopted at Cambridge, been enabled to obtain as satisfactory results with one circle as with two, Jones's circle was sent, in 1839, to the Cape, where it still remains. The circle is provided with six equidistant microscopes, fixed to the stone piers in such a manner that, when the circle is turned on its axis, the divisions on it pass rapidly through the field of view of these microscopes, which are also provided with fine spider lines, whose motions are ascertained by counting the revolutions of a screw;

and thus the subdivisions of the spaces on the divided circle are ascertained to great nicety, the mean of the readings of which not only effectually destroy any error of centring (which vitiated the old quadrant observations), but in almost every possible case correct casual errors of division.

It is in contemplation to supersede both the mural circle and transit instrument by a transit circle (now in preparation), with which is connected a telescope of very large dimensions.

Beyond the Circle Room are three apartments devoted to the assistants; and ascending a narrow stair, we find, first, a comfortable and well-appointed LIBRARY of Astronomical and Scientific works, carefully arranged, catalogued, and bound, which are used exclusively by the persons connected with the establishment. The present Astronomer Royal, who has added greatly to the efficiency and completeness of the library, states that it has been found to be most useful in diffusing a taste for science among his subordinates, and in enlarging the circle of their acquirements.* Several hundred pounds have been judiciously applied by the Admiralty to this desirable object.

Adjoining to the library is the CHRONOMETER ROOM. On entering, the visitor is startled by a universal buzz, which sounds almost like the hum of the beehive. It is occasioned by the beats or *ticking* of many rows of chronometers, the property of the Admiralty, or of individual makers who have sent their watches on trial, prizes being occasionally awarded to the most perfect, besides that those found to go most regularly are always purchased for the public service. Two broad shelves on three sides of this room are usually covered with these delicate and valuable machines, whose aggregate worth is never under several thousand pounds. In 1842 there were no less than one hundred and seventy chronometers on trial; at present there are not so many. They are *rated* for the most part daily, and by two persons, to avoid error. The whole process is curious enough. At one o'clock every day the two assistants in charge repair to the room, where is a time-piece set to true time. One person opens the lids of the chronometers (which are almost all in boxes), and winds up each with its own key. His

* Astronomer Royal's Report, 1837, p. 2. Again (1846, p. 3,) he says, "The library is accessible, under simple regulations, to all the assistants, and is producing a marked effect upon their education."

second follows a little after, verifies the fact of each being wound up, and closes the lids. The object of this is to still the din of ticking, which would prevent the clock-beats from being distinctly heard in the comparison. One assistant then takes each watch in succession in his hand, and, reckoning by the eye a second from the clock-face, counts the beats whilst he compares the chronometer by the eye, and in the course of a few moments he calls out the *second* shown by the chronometer when the clock is at 0 second. This number is registered in a book by the other assistant, and so on throughout. They then change places, the second comparing, and the first writing down; but this last precaution is sometimes omitted. The *minutes* are compared with the clock but once a week. From these books of daily comparison are deduced the daily rates by which the goodness of the watch is to be estimated. The errors are chiefly of two classes,—that of general bad workmanship, producing a *lawless* variation in the rate, and that of *over* or *under*-correction for temperature (or *compensation*, as it is called), which may occur even in a watch otherwise perfectly well made. The difference of the greatest and least rate in the course of a twelvemonth, when the watch has been exposed to all the annual changes of temperature, may be ascribed principally to the latter fault; but abrupt changes, shown by comparing one week's mean rate with the next, are considered to be due chiefly to indifferent workmanship. A chronometer is judged of on the whole by a combination of these two tests; yet it is easily seen that such combination is in a great measure arbitrary, and that the selection of a chronometer must depend a good deal on the particular service for which it is to be used. If, for instance, it is to be sent to extreme climates, the perfection of the temperature correction will be most regarded. We must add, that in the middle of the apartment is a stove, and over that stove a large iron tray or pan, which may justly be termed *purgatory*. Here the chronometers, doomed to the highest trials of virtue, do penance for a period in artificial heat, and, when their rates have been taken, are plunged in snow; thus made to

“——feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes—extremes by change more
fierce;
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.”

The great care and attention which all chronometers sent on trial to the Royal Observatory invariably receive, as well as the perfect impartiality and authenticity of the reports on their performance, afford great encouragement to this branch of national manufacture—one of vast importance to the safety, convenience, and perfection of navigation. But, notwithstanding the astonishing rapidity with which, by long practice, the comparisons are made, the detail of the chronometer department of the Observatory is a very heavy one, and, in fact, occupies no inconsiderable fraction of the strength of the establishment.* The service thus conferred on navigation is too direct, and is too closely connected with the primary objects of the Observatory, to be given grudgingly; it must be, however, recollected, that so much power is withdrawn from strictly scientific work, and that no part of the chronometer work appears in the “Greenwich Observations.”

Near the chronometer room is the SOUTH-EAST DOME, occupied by a fine equatorially mounted telescope. The object-glass was munificently presented to the Observatory by Mr. Sheepshanks; it is 6½ inches in diameter. This instrument is valuable for ascertaining approximately the places of comets, &c., out of the meridian; and, being fitted with a double-image micrometer, contrived by Mr. Airy (described in “Greenwich Observations,” 1846, p. lxxxvii.), can be used for ascertaining the distances of double stars, the diameter of planets, &c. But these observations are only occasional, not systematic, in this Observatory.

There is another dome connected with these buildings, which is entered by a small stair close to Bird's Quadrant (see p. 172), but which we have hitherto purposely abstained from mentioning, in consideration of its being occupied by an instrument expressly intended to be supplementary to those already described. This is the ALTITUDE AND AZIMUTH, or south-western DOME; it is on the second floor of the “advanced building,” formerly spoken of as the site of Flamsteed's Mural Arc. We have alluded to the inconveniences attending the use of

* In 1842, Mr. Airy stated that the chronometer work occupied the greater part of the time of three assistants. We must, in strict accuracy, add that it is not *usual* to expose the chronometers to the action of frigorific mixtures; but they are sometimes employed when the makers desire it. See *Parliamentary Return on Admiralty Chronometers*, 28th July, 1849.

altitude and azimuth instruments, such as those of Palermo and Dublin. But Mr. Airy considered the special advantage to be derived from observing the moon in parts of her orbit when, on account of the sun's proximity, she is invisible in meridional instruments, to be worth the trouble and expense of constructing a circle with extraordinary precautions for stability, and of undertaking calculations, of great length and intricacy, for deducing the moon's place at such times. The extraordinary pains with which for more than one hundred and seventy years the moon's motions have been followed at Greenwich, and the happy result, in the improvement of the Lunar Tables, as well for the use of navigators as for a test of the theories of physical astronomy, have given to the British National Observatory an undisputed pre-eminence in this department. As the greater part of the lunar irregularities depend in some way or other upon her position in regard to the sun; and as the moon scarcely ever can be observed on the meridian when her time of passage is within four hours on either side of the sun, it is easy to see that nearly one-third of her orbit (relatively to the sun) is unobserved and untested. It was to supply this defect that Mr. Airy recommended and effected the erection of this instrument, which is of singular solidity, with horizontal and vertical circles three feet in diameter. By a comparison of the moon's place with that of well-ascertained stars, *in any part of her diurnal course*, observations may be made in the early morning, or in the evening, when the moon is a slender crescent, and the sun below or only a little above the horizon. Besides this, observations of the moon's place may at all times be obtained when the weather permits, although it may have been cloudy at the instant of her passing the meridian. The observation is made by the method of comparative transit of the moon and a fixed star, both across six vertical wires for azimuth (the horizontal circle being fixed), and six horizontal wires for altitude. The results are satisfactory in quality, being little inferior to those with meridional instruments; and they have increased the number of lunar places ascertained during the year by 75 per cent., and include observations of the moon even within *one hour* of the sun. It may be thought to be a great sacrifice of time and labor (absorbing the strength of one assistant at least) for a single object, the cost being at first £700 or £800, and £150 per annum after-

ward. But on this subject Mr. Airy gives us the curious information that the lunar observations, as previously conducted, might be considered to cost the country £1000 a year, or *each single complete determination of the moon's place to be worth £10.**

This completes our survey of the Astronomical Observatory. We have only space to glance for a moment at a subordinate department, which some of our readers will perhaps consider the more interesting of the two,—the MAGNETICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY. We regret that it is impossible for us here to do more than meagre justice to this subject.

A knowledge of terrestrial magnetism has always been most intimately connected with that of navigation, and in some measure, also, with astronomy,—meteorology little less so. The diurnal variation of the needle—the most important discovery next to its polarity and variation—was ascertained by Graham, the clock and quadrant maker of the Greenwich Observatory in the time of Halley. Bradley made observations of the same kind; and so, occasionally, did Maskelyne and Pond. About fifteen years ago, however, a grand revolution was made in the science of terrestrial magnetism, chiefly by M. Gauss, a celebrated German mathematician and astronomer, who had the rare merit at once of inventing instruments capable of ascertaining variations in the force and direction of the earth's magnetical attraction, with a precision resembling the results of astronomy; and likewise of showing how, these results, obtained simultaneously over a large part of the earth's surface, might be combined and connected, by mathematical formulæ, in such a manner as to represent, in an accurate and continuous manner, all the phenomena of magnetism at any point of the globe which might be selected, and so to register their changes from age to age.

Although Britain had not the honor of starting first in the magnetic race, yet she very speedily and honorably vindicated the position which her national consequence and widely-spread colonial territories strongly pointed out for her. Of course a *home* observatory—as complete, at least, as those equipped for Canada, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, the East Indies, and Van Dieman's Land—was to be provided; and Mr. Airy at once volunteered to render Greenwich Observatory as effective in the

* Airy, Report, 1844, p. 5.

magnetical as it has always been in the astronomical department. In 1838 a magnetic house or observatory had already been erected within a considerable enlargement to the southward of the old enclosure. After the usual number of official difficulties and delays, this appropriation on behalf of science was sanctioned by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and the Ranger of the Park. It would be fortunate, if all encroachments on the pleasure-grounds of the public could be so well accounted for. The edifice is of wood, in the form of a cross with equal arms, the general directions being *magnetic* N. and S., and *magnetic* E. and W. It required only additional instruments (for occasional observations had been regularly made from 1838 until 1840, the period of which we now speak), and proper assistance, to make the Magnetic Observatory all that could be desired. Besides magnetic bars variously suspended, a complete system of barometers, thermometers, wind and rain measurers, hygrometers, actinometers, electrometers, and all other *ometers*, were gradually but efficiently provided; and last, not least, a sufficient staff of observing assistants was attached to the already considerable establishment of the Observatory. Their duty, indeed, was not light,—more irksome even than that of the practical astronomer; for here the observations must be made, be the weather what it may, every two hours, day and night, from year's end to year's end, with the sole exception of the twenty-four hours of Sundays. These observations were of a kind which was then new and nearly untried; the instruments had to be proved and adjusted in a thousand different ways before any thing like the same confidence could be had in their use which for generations had attended the operations of astronomy. The calculations and reductions to be gone through were so extensive, that, in consequence and for a series of years, Greenwich Observatory has given to the world two thick quarto volumes of results instead of one,—doubling, at least, the labors of the Astronomer Royal himself, although he generously neither required nor accepted any addition to his official income on the occasion.

The cross-like building, then, contains three principal instruments, or suspended magnets, disposed so as to influence as little as possible one another's motions. We have first a horizontal bar, suspended by a long bundle of silk fibres, which shows the change of direction of the magnetic north (declina-

tion or variation) at any moment. We have, in the second place, a magnetic bar, twisted—by means of the lines which suspend it—away from the magnetic meridian, so that it hangs nearly E. and W.; but, as the magnetic force of the earth increases or diminishes a little from time to time, the north end is a little more pulled to the north, or a little relaxed,—so that the *horizontal force* of the earth's magnetism is measured by the arc described by the needle thus balanced between the opposing forces of torsion and attraction. Thirdly, we have the instrument for measuring the vertical magnetic force, which resembles the beam of a pair of nicely-poised scales,—itself magnetized,—but without any scales attached. The northern end of the beam tends to dip more when the attractive action of the earth, by any cause, increases: on the contrary, when it diminishes, the counterpoise on the S. end of the bar tends to make it rise.

Each of these instruments is furnished with a small, flat mirror (or something equivalent) which turns as they turn. But every one knows that if we turn a looking-glass slowly round with the hand, fixed objects reflected in it appear to wheel about with a redoubled velocity. Gauss availed himself of this principle to watch the *seeming* displacement of a finely-divided scale of inches, viewed, by means of a telescope, as reflected from these moving mirrors; and thus, by an easy calculation, to infer the angular motion of the magnetic bars to which they were attached. The magnetic observers were then required to register, every two hours, the division of the respective scales which they saw reflected in the mirror of each instrument; and these *readings* were at leisure converted into measures of the changes which it was wished to record; namely, of the declination or variation, in minutes and seconds of a degree, and of the horizontal and vertical components of the earth's magnetism, in thousandths of the whole force.

These important and vastly numerous determinations having been corrected, as far as possible, for the index errors of the instruments, and for the effects of temperature on the magnetic force of the bars, have been regularly printed in the supplementary volume of the Greenwich Observations. But as it became evident that something like a perpetual registration of magnetic instruments must henceforth form part of the work of a National Observatory, the attention of scientific men has for some time been directed to the possibility of causing the instruments to re-

cord their indications in the absence of the observers, and thus save a vast amount of severe human labor and vigilance. Government was induced to offer a reward of £500 for such a perfected system; and Mr. Brooke, a medical gentleman of London, has been fortunate enough to adapt the principle of *photography* to it with such success as to be fairly entitled to the reward. His method has now superseded entirely the system of day and night watches so long pursued at Greenwich. We can only very briefly indicate the process.

It has been seen that the mirrors attached to the magnets reflect the divisions of a scale of inches to the right or left, as the magnets move one way or other. Instead of the scale of inches, imagine a lamp continually throwing a narrow ray of light on the mirror in a fixed direction. As the magnet moves, the ray reflected from the attached mirror will turn to one or the other side, and the spot of light which it throws on a screen placed so as to receive it will travel over a greater distance in proportion as the screen is placed farther from the reflecting mirror. Thus, without the smallest friction, we have a spot of light moving over a space which represents, upon any desired scale, the angular motion of the magnet. But now let the surface on which the spot of light shines be of photographic paper, placed in an apartment otherwise dark; let it envelop a cylinder turning round a horizontal axis once in twelve or twenty-four hours, and the path of the luminous spot, from instant to instant, will be recorded by a discoloration of the sensitive paper. This impression is then made permanent, by the usual process, and the papers being removed, are preserved as perpetual records of the continuous fluctuations of the several magnets. To give an idea of the scale on which the registrations are made, we may state that 1° of the declination magnet covers five inches of the photographic scale (corresponding to a circle of twenty-four feet radius); a variation of one thousandth part of the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic force causes a deviation of the spot of light through twenty-four hundredths of an inch on the paper; and a similar variation in vertical force produces a motion of fifty-two hundredths of an inch. The photographic indications are checked by means of four or five readings of the instruments, made daily at convenient hours, according to the old method; and the positions of the magnets at other hours are deduced from a comparison of these with the luminous

tracings. A few of the leading results are deduced numerically from the tracings, and set down in the observation books for printing. But as the precise value of the scale of the tracing is determined each day by a comparison with direct observation, the reading off of each day's tracing requires its own proportional scale to be applied. This is done in a way as simple as it is ingenious. A slip of vulcanized India rubber stretched in a frame, and admitting of extension by turning a screw, has a scale of divisions drawn upon it, which scale may be shortened or lengthened, by means of the screw, until it is adjusted to the scale of the tracing for any particular day, any part of which may thus be read off in correct limits, by merely applying the elastic scale to it.

The light hitherto used for photographing is that of the camphene lamp, but it is expected that a substitute less liable to the annoyance of smoke and occasional derangement will be discovered. The magnets, lamps, and registering cylinders are shut up from the daylight in zinc cases. When an examination of the apparatus is to take place, the window shutters being closed, the superintendent takes a common lamp or candle, protected with a yellow glass, which sheds plenty of light, but light containing so few chemical rays as not to affect the sensitive paper whilst his examination is proceeding. We may add that the thermometer and barometer are both photographically registered; the former very simply and effectually, the latter (as might be expected) with less success at present.

The duties of the magnetic and meteorological department, which lately required the undivided attention of four persons, will for the future be performed by two.*

We have thus hastily gone over the chief parts of the Observatory, omitting, however, many minor details; and we must now attempt, in conclusion of this long article, to explain the excellently methodical way in which the onerous duties of this great national establishment are performed by the persons attached to it.

The PERSONAL ESTABLISHMENT has for some years consisted of the Astronomer Royal, G. B. Airy, Esq.; the Chief Assistant, the Rev. R. Main; five Astronomical Assistants; the principal Assistant in the Magnetic Department, Mr. Glaisher, with three other

* The weekly meteorological averages are regularly communicated by the Astronomer Royal to the Registrar General of Births, Deaths, &c., and are published by him in his Reports.

Assistants under him; besides occasional Computers employed from time to time, in number from two or three to as many as fifteen.

And first we have the Astronomer Royal himself, the nature of whose office has been already generally explained. The precise outline of his duties (never very clearly prescribed) has undergone in practice considerable modifications. Whilst the whole business of the Observatory was left to be performed by the astronomer and one assistant only (as was generally the case previous to the appointment of Mr. Pond), the astronomer undertook equally the labors of observation and calculation; but now that the establishment includes eight or nine subordinates, besides occasional computers, it will be easily understood that the adequate direction of so considerable an amount of manual power (for the duties of the subordinates are almost strictly mechanical) affords full employment for the intelligent head who has to direct all, and who is responsible for the labors of all. And, indeed, when we consider the great number of instruments of different kinds in almost hourly use, the number of errors to which each instrument is especially liable, and the vigilance requisite to detect them; the fatigue of the immense calculations connected with the proceeds of almost every observation, and the pertinacity with which errors *will* intrude themselves into every kind of calculation, *especially the simplest*,—when we reflect, besides, that the progress of science is quite as rapid in practical astronomy as in almost any other department, and that the national astronomer is responsible for the character of his observatory, his instruments, and his results, and is ever on the watch for introducing improvements from abroad, or those which his own experience may suggest,—that he has, besides, many duties of a nearly mechanical and official, but of an important, kind, imposed upon him by his connection with the Admiralty,—and farther, that he is frequently called upon by Government for advice on scientific points, requiring much deliberate consideration, or even extensive experiments and the drawing up of elaborate reports; and that all astronomers in England or in the colonies look to Greenwich as a centre of astronomical information and experience, whence help may be looked for and advice obtained;—it must be apparent that an active and energetic Astronomer Royal, like the gentleman who at present, fortunately for science, fills the office, finds his time more

than occupied, without himself making any of the current observations.

The hours of *regular* observatory work are from nine to two o'clock daily, except on Sundays; and for the greater part of this time the Astronomer Royal is to be found amongst the assistants of the astronomical department, in the computing room; where he oversees generally the work of the Observatory, regulates what observations are to be made, receives reports of those made during the preceding twenty-four hours, and generally is open to reference on every subject connected with the instruments, the calculations, or the personal establishment. It is a rule enforced by Mr. Airy, that all communications not of the simplest kind between him and his assistants, are conducted in writing; and thus the daily details of the Observatory, to the minutest particular, are preserved for future reference. The whole of the Astronomer's extensive official correspondence is likewise methodized and preserved. The labor which this entails is rendered comparatively easy by methodical habits acquired through long practice; and a remarkable example of its utility has been shown in the recent publication of the entire correspondence relative to the discovery of Neptune and the perturbations of Uranus, published in the "Proceedings," and also in the "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society." The correspondence includes the smallest scraps of letters which passed on this interesting subject; their ultimate importance in the history of this, the greatest discovery of modern astronomy, could not at the moment have been even guessed at. Those who have read that truly interesting chapter of scientific history will admit, that whilst few persons of the most rigorous business habits could have produced from their archives a correspondence extending over so many years, and so elaborately complete, it would be still more difficult to instance a case displaying more perfect impartiality and frankness than were shown by Mr. Airy on this occasion, under circumstances of singular delicacy.

The Astronomer Royal is more especially responsible for the results of his observations as given to the world. The labor of keeping up the computations to the level of the observations, and of following up both by the irksome correction of the press, must perpetually occupy his most serious attention. From time to time elaborate reports of the state of the calculations are made to him in writing; and, generally speaking,

every printed sheet is revised by him before going to press. Having thus distinctly and day by day before him the whole operations of the Observatory, any irregularity is certain to strike his eye at once and be immediately corrected.

It may be proper to state that the Astronomer Royal receives his appointment by direct warrant from the Crown; and that on the demise of the Sovereign a new warrant is requisite for the re-appointment. He is termed "Our Astronomical Observer," as in the time of Flamsteed. Although responsible to the Board of Admiralty for the charge and delivery of chronometers for the navy, and although he receives from them instructions regarding purely official matters, the astronomer does not consider himself under the direct control of that department. There is, however, one body connected with the Observatory whose functions are too peculiar to be passed over without notice, namely, the BOARD OF VISITORS.

The original appointment (Dec. 14, 1710), by warrant of Queen Anne, of the President, Vice-presidents, and certain Fellows of the Royal Society, selected by the Council to act as Visitors of the Observatory, has already been referred to (page 167). Although the unseemly disputes between Flamsteed and the members of this commission were little creditable to the parties, and although the interference of the visitors was not altogether effectual for the purposes contemplated in the warrant, it must be owned that the appointment of a scientific board of control and inspection, intermediate between the executive government and the Astronomer Royal, was almost essential, and has been attended with the happiest effects; and, so far as we are aware, not a single serious misunderstanding has occurred between the parties since Flamsteed's death. Whilst, on the other hand, the evil consequences of the want of some such power of inspection have been witnessed in other observatories both at home and abroad, where astronomers, after having obtained a lucrative appointment, instead of devoting themselves to their observatories, have wasted or misapplied the time for the employment of which in the scientific service of the public they were in the avowed receipt of public money.

The visitors' warrant has been from time to time renewed without very material alteration,* except that in the more recent (a

copy of the latest is in our hands) the Admiralty is substituted for the Board of Ordnance, as the body to whom the visitors' report is to be made, and the Astronomical Society is united with the Royal Society in having representatives at the Board of Visitors. On the whole, there is rather a greater jealousy shown in these warrants than in preceding ones, of the authority which was originally solely confided to the scientific visitors; and there appears a tendency to throw more power into the hands of the Admiralty, which has not, however, we believe, been in general vexatiously exercised. The annual visitation is held at Greenwich on the first Saturday in June, when usually a considerable concourse of persons interested in science meet at the Observatory, and afterward dine together at the *Crown and Sceptre*. There is no question but that the recurrence of this annual reunion tends considerably to inspirit the astronomer in the performance of his retired and sedentary labors. Occasionally, but not often, visitations are held at other periods. It is agreeable to perceive that, owing to the general attention and zeal of successive astronomers, the Board of Visitors have most commonly had the pleasing duty of limiting their reports to recommendations to the Government on the mode by which the suggestions of the astronomer for the advancement of his science may be best carried into effect. Such recommendations have been unusually frequent since Mr. Airy has presided over the Observatory; for no previous Astronomer Royal has taken such unceasing pains to improve to the utmost the facilities afforded him by his position for perfecting both astronomical and other observations.

Were we to single out any speciality by which Mr. Airy's conduct of the Observatory is distinguished from his predecessors, it is in the complete *reduction* of his observations. By *reduction* is technically meant the correction of the bare results recorded by the observer, for all instrumental and other appreciable sources of error, and the comparison of these results with the best existing astronomical theories, so as to afford the basis for still further improving them. Thus every observation of the sun, moon, or planets, is made to represent the right ascension and declination of the body at a given instant; and the "tabular place," or right as-

* See copies of some of these warrants and regulations in Weld's "History of the Royal Society,"

vol. i., p. 400, vol. ii. p. 27, &c., 250, 298. See also "Baily's Flamsteed," pp. 91, 207, and "Rigaud's Bradley," p. lxxii.

cension and declination, computed from the best existing tables, being also calculated (usually by interpolation from the "Nautical Almanack"), the difference is set down as the error of the Tables at that instant. Thus, likewise, the results of every eclipse or occultation observed, are so represented as to give conditional equations for the correction of the elements of the solar or lunar orbits. In like manner, the observations of the stars are combined, and cleared of the effects of precession, aberration, &c.; and the improved star catalogues which are thence deducted, are from time to time inserted in the "Greenwich Observations." It will be seen that all this involves an immense and ever-growing labor, which never was contemplated on the compiling of the earlier volumes of that work.*

The admirable system of reductions commenced by Mr. Airy whilst Director of the Cambridge Observatory, was transferred by him to Greenwich. He appears to have been resolved to render the proceedings of our National Observatory not only the best and completest in the world, but the most accessible to men of science in their results. Accordingly, he voluntarily undertook the superintendence of the reduction of all the lunar and planetary observations of his predecessors since those of Bradley,—commencing with 1750, when, as we have observed in another part of this article, astronomy first became accurate, according to modern notions. This gigantic task, involving the minute discussion and reduction of at least fifteen thousand rough observations, made with a variety of different instruments of various degrees of perfection and adjustment, and extending over eighty years, is the greatest work of the kind that was ever attempted, and the most useful to astronomy. Every observation was compared with the corresponding tabular place, occasioning an equal number (15,000) of laborious computations,—those of the moon especially.† The mere results, printed

in the most abridged form, filled three ponderous quartos, extending to 2200 pages: the expense of this immense undertaking was defrayed by Government, upon an application made by the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1833. The calculations occupied in their gradual progress at least a dozen years; proceeding latterly with the utmost celerity, as many as sixteen computers being constantly employed in the great room at Greenwich, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Hugh Breen, who just lived to see the work completed. The summary of these computations, as regards the correction of the lunar elements, is contained in a short paper lately communicated by Mr. Airy to the Astronomical Society (vol. xvii.) It embodies in a few lines the chief results of the System of Greenwich Observatory for nearly a century!

"The process for the correction of the Elements," Mr. Airy wrote in 1846, "is now going on: and the extent of the work, even after so much has been prepared, almost exceeds belief. For the longitude, ten columns are added in groups, formed in thirteen different ways, each different way having on the average about 900 groups. For the ecliptic polar distance five columns are added in groups, formed in seven different ways, each different way having on the average about 900 groups. Thus it will appear that there are not fewer than 150,000 additions of columns of figures." (Report to Visitors, 1846, p. 9.)

This prodigious work can, however, have but few readers. Few, indeed, are even competent to apprehend the greatness of the service it has rendered to science. No laudatory notice of it has appeared, so far as we know, in even one of our literary journals; and if testimony has been borne to its utility in one foreign periodical exclusively devoted to astronomy, the author's main reward for so great and so gratuitous an expenditure of valuable time and anxious toil, must be, that it will be a consciousness of the vastness of the boon conferred by it upon all practical and theoretical astronomers in all time coming; whilst it is also the noblest monument which human hands could rear to the venerated memories of Bradley, Maskelyne, and Pond.

Mr. Airy's Annual Reports to the Board of Visitors (printed in the "Greenwich Observations") present a lively picture of the activity of the Observatory since 1836, and should be read by any person desiring to make himself acquainted with the details of its management. But we refer to them now as showing that the reduction of the old ob-

* It is not to be inferred, however, that such reductions were never made, although not systematically published. Mr. Airy has borne testimony to the industry and accuracy of his predecessors, Maskelyne and Pond, in conducting several important reductions, and especially comparisons of the moon's place with the tables, as proved from MSS. existing at the Royal Observatory. See "Report to Visitors," 1839, p. 3.

† The computation of a single tabular place of the moon, of which the steps are shown in the twelfth "Skeleton Form" of Airy's "Lunar Reductions," vol. i., is itself an undertaking formidable by its extent and repulsive by its intricacy. This had to be 8393 times repeated in duplicate.

servations has been only one of the many important labors in which the Astronomer Royal has engaged solely from scientific zeal, and in addition to his regular official duties. Among these we find a full investigation of the method of correcting ships' compasses in iron-built ships, the organization and reduction of a great series of observations on the tides, particularly in Ireland, besides an elaborate treatise on the theory of tides and waves in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." As a member of the commission for restoring the lost national standards of weight and measure, it fell to Mr. Airy's lot to draw up the report embodying the conclusions from a vast mass of evidence. He was likewise a member of the Railway Gauge Commission, and at one time much of his attention was drawn away to that purely mechanical inquiry. When astronomical instruments are to be contrived or adapted for any public service, he is naturally the person to be referred to, and his instructions are frequently required by the parties who are to use them. We must quote one instance of the nature of the services in which his energies have occasion to be directed. It is given in his Report to the Observatory Visitors for 1844.

"In my last report I stated that the officers of the corps of Royal Engineers, who were to trace the Canadian Boundary, had been placed here for instruction and practice in the use of instruments under my eye. The most difficult part of the Boundary was a straight line of nearly seventy miles in length, to join two defined points. The country through which this line was to pass is described as surpassing in its difficulties the conception of any European. It consists of impervious forests, steep ravines, and dismal swamps. A survey of the line was impossible; and a tentative process would have broken the spirit of the best men. I therefore arranged a plan of operations founded on a determination of the absolute latitudes and the difference of longitudes of the two extremities. The difference of longitudes was determined by the transfer of chronometers, by the very circuitous route from one extremity to the other; and it was necessary to divide the whole arc into four parts, and to add a small part by measure and bearing. When this was finished, the azimuths of the line for the two ends were computed, and marks were laid off for starting with the line from both ends. One party, after cutting more than *forty-two miles* through the woods, were agreeably surprised on the brow of a hill, to see directly before them a gap in the woods on the next line of hill: it opened gradually, and proved to be the line of the opposite party. On continuing the lines until they passed abreast of each other, their distance was found to be 341 feet. To form an estimate of the magnitude of this error, it is to be observed, that it implies an

error of only a quarter of a second of time in the difference of longitudes; and that it is only one third of the error which would have been committed if the spheroidal form of the earth had been neglected. . . . Transits were observed and chronometers were interchanged when the temperature was lower than 19° below zero; and when the native assistants, though paid highly, deserted on account of the severity of the weather, the British officers still continued the observations, upon whose delicacy everything depended."

But besides these contributions to the scientific department of the public service, Mr. Airy has during his residence at Greenwich continued to communicate to the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, the Astronomical Society, and the Cambridge Philosophical Society, a multitude of papers on mechanical, optical, and astronomical subjects (including both physical and practical astronomy), which might alone have appeared to give full employment for a man otherwise at leisure. But it is not our business to enter into these details, nor to discuss the philosophical merits of the Astronomer Royal, otherwise than in his strictly official capacity.

There is a good residence attached to the Observatory, and (as we have already remarked) it would be difficult to find a spot which seems to speak more of complete repose and abstraction from the busy world (whose hum, however, is only just beyond earshot) than this forest lodge of Flamsteed House. Shall we wonder, then, if its tenant is still invested, now and then, by popular credulity, with a character uniting the *astrologer* with the astronomer? And yet shall we venture on lowering his reputation in any quarter by admitting our misgivings that, among the manifold talents and acquirements of this excellent astronomer, he may not be able to cast a nativity, or foretell what conjunction of the planets would be favorable to the British Arms. The Boards of Admiralty and Ordnance might in another age have thought that "Our Astronomical Observer" would have been quite as well employed in thus seeking to read the heavens as in rating chronometers, or in drawing boundary lines. It is, at all events, a curious link between the present and the past, that Flamsteed on his accession to Greenwich amused himself by drawing the horoscope of the Observatory,—an accomplishment, perhaps, within the experience of few existing astronomers. Although the link is pretty well broken, there still are persons who believe that our Astronomer Royal is not always contemplating the starry sphere in vain: And, if we are not

misinformed, no long time has passed since a well-dressed female called at the Observatory Gate to request a hint as to the means of recovering a lost sum of money,—and since somebody at Brighton dispatched the liberal sum of *five shillings* in a Post-office order, with a request to have his nativity cast for him in return!*

But if the Magic of astronomy has all but vanished in the 19th century, we also fear that the greater part of its Poetry has evaporated. If a young man has any lingering romance about astronomy, such as we spoke of in the commencement of this article, let him try the post of an ordinary assistant at Greenwich for six months, and we believe that he will be “planet struck” no more. The regular astronomical assistants are five in number, besides Mr. Main, who is in a position of general superintendence, and immediately represents the Astronomer Royal on occasions of unavoidable absence. The work of looking through telescopes is a small part indeed of an assistant's ordinary routine: for five hours daily he is seated at his desk in the computing room, copying figures, taking out logarithms, adding and subtracting; in short, performing the most tedious repetition of the simpler rules of arithmetic, with an apparently endless iteration; and tied down all the while to the impossibility of a mistake as to what to do next, by the Procrustean bed of a “*skeleton form*.” Lest these words should appear ominous of any peculiar barbarity practiced in the Greenwich computing room, we will explain their meaning in a single sentence.

It is the very essence of a system of observation that the same thing is to be repeated over and over in the very same manner, perhaps every day or several times a day: thus the taking of every transit consists of the self-same steps; and the corrections requisite for placing of the wires, the error of level and collimation, and the error of the clock, though not always *numerically* the same, enter, however, in every case, into the same part of the correction of the results. Therefore a “*skeleton form*” for entering and correcting a transit observation may be *printed*, in which every step of the observa-

tion or calculation shall be pointed out, and a space left for inscribing the right figures belonging to each particular observation; while in the margin there may be directions to add or subtract, to take a logarithm, or to look in a certain table for a certain correction to be applied in a certain way: thus the operator, following the steps provided for him, can no more go astray than the visitor to the Monument can quit the narrow stair which conducts him from the base to the gallery on the top. However, no pleasant view nor grateful repose awaits the computer, who has toiled to the top, or rather to the bottom, of *his* column. His labor is Sisyphean; he begins just where he left off, without feeling himself either the wiser or better for what he has done. Still, like the mason of the material building within which he is engaged, he has added one brick to the edifice of human knowledge; and grow it will, though unperceived almost by himself. Nor should we omit to add, that the mechanical effort of computation, as it requires habit and dexterity to perform it speedily and correctly, so it strangely enough yet certainly does carry with it a species of quiet pleasure almost peculiar to itself, and which none but those who have voluntarily undertaken long and monotonous calculations are likely to understand. We confess to have passed many hours and days of no mean enjoyment in this mechanical kind of occupation; and few persons acquainted with the practice of accurate science but can bear testimony to the soothing calm which may be induced by the simple act of calculation.*

The Greenwich Observatory assistant is not, however, a calculator merely; nor do his duties actually end with the hours just specified. Several days a week, at least, he

* Of mechanical aids to calculation, the following are the most important:—1. *Logarithms*, by which multiplications and divisions are reduced to additions and subtractions. 2. *Subsidiary Tables*, giving the compendious results of certain calculations which have to be frequently repeated, and which, therefore, may be done commodiously once for all. 3. The *Sliding Rule*, by which the result of multiplications and divisions are found (approximately) by mere inspection. This is used at Greenwich for many simple calculations, such as the proportional parts of clock rates for different hours. 4. *Enlarged Multiplication Table*. Crelle's useful work (2 vols. 8vo.) gives the products of all numbers under 1000 by simple inspection. 5. *Wertheimer's instrument for adding* mechanically. The headwork of adding long columns is spared; the machine carries, and indicates the final result. This is very useful in taking meteorological means. But caution is required to see that the machine acts correctly. 6. *Skeleton Forms*, above explained. Above 100 of these have been printed for current use at Greenwich, and are numbered consecutively. This is independent of a large number used for the old planetary and lunar reductions.

* The following epistolary specimen of the “march of intellect,” of the year 1849, has been handed to us from the Royal Observatory.—“I have been informed that there are persons at this Observatory who will, by my enclosing a remittance and the time of my birth, give me to understand *who is to be my wife*. An early answer, stating all relative particulars, will greatly oblige,” &c.

is in charge of an instrument, and his duty is, whilst employed in the computing room, to keep his eye on a time-piece indicating *sidereal* time, and having regard also to a list furnished to him of objects which he is required to observe (supposing them sufficiently conspicuous to be visible by daylight through the telescope). Five minutes before the *sidereal* hour corresponding to the right ascension of the object, he withdraws silently to the transit or circle room, with his metallic pencil and pocket-book in hand, in which he enters the observations; next copies it, with ink, into the "transit book," or the "circle book," as the case may be, and then quietly resumes his interrupted calculation. Of course, however, more objects fall to be observed during the night than during the day; and to regulate the night work of the assistants so as not to render it too oppressive, is one of the Astronomer Royal's indispensable, but very troublesome concerns—to exact what is right and necessary, but not to harass his subordinates with exhausting work of inconsiderable value. Each assistant set down for observing duty on a given day has, as a general rule, to watch for the objects marked as essential to be observed from 3 A. M. (or 15h. in the astronomer's language) to 3 A. M. of the following day. But he is not to sit up the whole night that he may note the place of all the stars which may be on his observing list, unless for some special reason. But he is expected (suppose him to be at the transit) to observe a sufficient number of "clock stars" to ascertain the clock error for that day; and to take as many observations as he can whilst waiting for the moon or a planet, or *Polaris* (used for the verification of the adjustment of the transit instrument). The altitude and azimuth instrument, destined specially for lunar observations off the meridian, is to be used at whatever hour the moon can be seen (by reason of clouds, &c.) between sunset and moonset, or before sunrise and after moonrise. The object being to obtain the moon's place in the parts of her orbit nearest to the sun, a good many morning watches are required every month. Mr. Airy states that this laborious duty is performed by the assistants with great fidelity and zeal.

The assistants have two rooms appropriated to their use (besides Mr. Maine's room) during the intervals of night observations, but none of them reside on the premises. Fortunately for them, a track of bad weather sometimes gives a welcome holiday; whilst a course of uninterrupted sunshine

(which, thanks to our climate, seldom happens) menaces the establishment with fever and apoplexy. The dog-days are the astronomer's harvest time; for (notwithstanding the apparently splendid starlight nights of winter) winter is the real holiday at Greenwich, as an inspection of the printed observations will show. The prevalence of cloudy weather is greatest in the winter and least in the summer quarter. Such is the return given by the "Greenwich Observations" for 1846, although the proportion of covered sky is not so different at different seasons, as an inspection of the printed observations (which show a great preponderance of work done in summer) would lead us to expect. On an average of the whole year 1846, during day and night, *seven-tenths* of the sky are always cloudy! The night on the whole is clearer than the day. The forenoon hours are the most cloudy, the evening least so. It is wonderful on the whole, considering the proverbial badness of our sky, how few days occur altogether blank in the astronomer's year; for proof of which we again refer to the printed "Observations."

There is one remarkable peculiarity which has been found to be connected with the act of observation in astronomy when *time* is to be ascertained: it is what is called the *personal equation* of the observer. This phrase expresses the curious but well-established fact that some persons, equally careful and experienced with others, *invariably* perceive a phenomenon (such as the passage of a star across the wires of the transit instrument) somewhat later in point of time; so that, in the determination of clock rates (the most fundamental of all astronomical determinations), such an observer would make the clock appear to be *too fast* in every instance. In a mutual comparison of personal equations, among twelve persons employed at Greenwich in 1846 ("Greenwich Observations," p. xxvii., &c.), it was found that there was an extreme average difference of *three quarters of a second* between two of these,—a quantity by no means to be safely neglected; consequently, all observations are reduced to the standard of sight of one individual arbitrarily selected. In the recent reduction of the older Greenwich observations this correction was not overlooked; and for this reason (as well as others which are obvious) every observation is entered and printed with the initials of the person making it. From observations with the altitude and azimuth instrument it is believed that, in some peculiar instances, the transit of the *limb* of a

body, with a disc like the moon or a planet, is observed differently (as respects the personal equation) from that of a star.*

The same assistant is never put upon heavy observing work two nights running; nor is he expected to appear in the computing room early in the morning if he has been observing during the night. On the whole, however, the observations are lighter work than the calculations; and the former are always running ahead of the latter. It requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the director to see that the calculations are duly kept up; and for this purpose he has an occasional report made to him (which has been already referred to) of the exact state of every department of calculation or reduction. This document—which is itself a curiosity—gives a better idea of the extent of the labors of computation required to make observations useful to science than anything else could do. It extends to seven printed pages, in small folio, for astronomical calculations, and six pages for magnetism and meteorology; and these pages contain the mere heads or entries of the data and reductions. From these, and from the daily reports of what has been actually observed, the director of the Observatory knows exactly what is doing in each department. Whenever, owing to a course of fine weather, to the appearance of a batch of comets, or any other event which produces over-work in the establishment, the reductions fall considerably behind, the astronomer lays on more computing power, by employing certain occasional assistants, for whose pay he is very judiciously authorized by Government to expend a certain sum annually. This supplementary body has contributed very materially to the efficiency of the Observatory, and has enabled it to secure many most important objects at a very small additional expense. It is easy to see that when so expensive and elaborate an institution as a National Observatory is in full and active operation, an exceedingly small addition of manual power will immensely increase the useful work which it can accomplish.

As a general rule, Sunday is a holiday; only the moon's place is observed and the time-ball dropped,—operations requiring but one assistant, and for a short time. A great improvement this on the looser practice of former times, when observations of all kinds were made on Sundays.

Besides Sunday, the establishment has a

monthly holiday (as far as calculation is concerned). This is judiciously selected at or near new moon, when our troublesome satellite cannot be observed. Each assistant has also from four to five weeks of leave during the year, at such time or times as can be arranged most conveniently for himself. The Astronomer Royal takes a like holiday; and no person in the Queen's dominions deserves it better. Although an old rule of the Visitors provided that he should never be more than ten days absent without leave, at no time was this probably more than a form. The Astronomer Royal and the chief assistant, however, are never absent at once.

The arrangements of the Magnetical Observatory may be inferred, generally, from what has been now stated concerning the Astronomical department. The observations being perfectly regular and unintermitted day or night, independently of the state of the weather, would seem to be more harassing in that particular; and the observers were originally required to give proof of their actual attendance at the specified hours by pushing in the pin of a *tell-tale*, or *watchman's clock*,—an instrument so contrived as to register the time at which the thrust has been made, and thus insure the presence and wakefulness of the party on duty: but this irksome system of control is now happily superseded by Mr. Brook's invention of the photographic registration of the magnets. With regard to calculations and reductions, those of the magnetic and meteorological department are, on the whole, vastly inferior in point of labor and extent to the astronomical ones.* The calculations of averages are, however, very laborious.

The printing department is not the least oppressive to the Observatory corps. The observations being printed in a form different from that in which they are necessarily entered into the "skeleton forms" for the purpose of reduction, they must be copied for the press. But to avoid the effects of clerical errors, the first proof sheets are read along with the entries in the computing books. Even the unrivalled excellence of London printers cannot supersede the labors of the Observatory assistants. When so many mistakes may occur,—not only from putting one figure for another, but also from error of *sign*, + or —, (although this, the

* We must except, however, the determination of *absolute* horizontal intensities; but this most interesting experiment is not often made, and the results appear to be still affected by unestimated sources of error.

* See Mr. Airy's "Report to Visitors," 1849, p. 70.

most fertile, because the simplest, source of all blunders, has been reduced to a minimum through the exclusions of signs, by Mr. Airy, in every practicable case, corrections being, as a general rule, made positive), as well as from misplacing figures in columns imperfectly filled—the utmost vigilance is required, and is never at last *perfectly* successful. The *reading* of a sheet of eight quarto pages employs the time of two assistants for two mornings. It will be seen at once how much labor is consumed in the course of the year in this merely mechanical process. The number of copies printed of the ordinary observations is 350, and the expense is regulated and defrayed by the Stationery Office: it was formerly in the department of the Ordnance.

We have now attempted to give a tolerably complete idea of the manner of working our *one* national and purely scientific establishment,—what is the nature of its occupations, and what has been its measure of success. It is of peremptory necessity, in so populous a vicinity, that the admission to the Observatory itself of the general public should be absolutely interdicted. A suspension of all business and the injury of the instruments would be the inevitable consequence of a different rule; and it appears, from the records of the Observatory and of the Board of Visitors, that these evils have actually occurred. At present, therefore, no one not officially connected with the public service, and not himself a man of recognized scientific character, can be admitted into the Observatory, and these only by a suitable introduction to the Astronomer Royal. Curiosity is naturally enhanced when its gratification is difficult: and it is for this reason that we have tried to give some idea of Greenwich Observatory to those who may not have an opportunity of visiting it themselves; and to render a visit more instructive to those who may be so privileged.

We have said that the instrumental department is now, even at the time we write, undergoing a great, in some measure even a radical, change. Mr. Airy is trying the great experiment of using a more powerful telescope than has yet been applied to divided circular instruments of the highest accuracy; and he is likewise combining the transit and meridian circle into one instrument.* The result of the combination is a

telescope eight inches aperture and twelve feet long, which will be connected with a vertical circle six feet in diameter, the whole being framed in cast iron and mounted upon two independent piers furnished with Y's by means of a transverse axis of great strength. It is not intended, however, to be reversed like a transit instrument, but the line of collimation will be adjusted by means of two fixed telescopes. It will be the joint work of Messrs. Ransome and May of Ipswich, and of Mr. Simms of London. We have already stated that a new zenith tube on an original construction is in progress. It is not hoped that results will be obtained with the transit circle very much superior to those obtained from the excellent instruments hitherto in use; but the state of science generally, and particularly the multitude of small planets recently discovered, call for the application of a higher power, and of telescopes with a greater command of light than those which have heretofore been used. The employment of an enlarged telescope requires the remodeling of every part of the apparatus, so as to support the increased weight.

In drawing this lengthened article to a conclusion, we are bound to make explicit acknowledgments to the Astronomer Royal for the aid he has given us in obtaining the minutest information connected with every part of the Observatory and its management: without which information, it is needless to say, that our intended object could not have been fulfilled.* And while we express our admiration of the singular combination of qualities which he possesses for the management of a National Observatory, we cannot but add our sincere hope, both for his own sake and for the public benefit, that his life and vigor may be long preserved.

Postscript. Since this article was written and put in type, we have had the pleasure of seeing a volume of "Popular Lectures on Astronomy," by Mr. Airy, printed from short-hand notes taken at Ipswich, where the lectures were delivered, in 1848, to a numerous audience of a mixed character. They contain a very clear and popular exposition of the more practical parts of astronomy, couched in plain, precise, and highly graphic language. They are published in a neat form with clear illustrative plates, for

* The plan of a reversible transit circle is due to Römer, who set one up in 1690. After having been abandoned for more than a century, it is now adopted in the finest modern observatories.

* Our thanks are also due to Mr. Main, the assistant-in-chief; and to Mr. Glaisher, the principal assistant in the Magnetic Department, for valuable information politely communicated by them.

behoof of the Ipswich Museum. Had they been sooner in our hands, we should not have failed to refer frequently to them in the course of these pages. But we are happy

to be able to recommend to our readers a work which contains, in so elementary a shape, so large an amount of valuable and accurate information.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

DEATH.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IN the little story in verse, called the "Inevitable," which appeared in the January Number of this year, there was a description of the terrors of Death.

As the title of the story might lead some readers to draw erroneous conclusions respecting the writer's sentiments on the subject of death in general, which in those lines was only invested with its terrors in consequence of its coming suddenly upon a gay and prosperous courtier, they are here presented with his opinion of it.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends have gone ;
 Why, with such leaders, fear to say "Lead on ?"
 Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried ;
 But turns in balm on the immortal side.
 Mothers have pass'd it ; fathers ; children ; men,
 Whose like we look not to behold again ;
 Women, that smiled away their loving breath,—
 Soft is the traveling on the road of Death.

But guilt has pass'd it ? Men not fit to die ?
 Oh, hush—for He that made us all, is by.
 Human were all ; all men ; all born of mothers ;
 All our own selves, in the worn shape of others ;
 Our *used*, and oh ! be sure, not to be *ill-used* brothers. }

GERMAN POPULAR PROPHECIES.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GREGORY TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—The following notice of certain popular prophetic traditions, widely current in the country to which they refer, may perhaps prove interesting to your numerous readers.

All widely-spread opinions, however apparently absurd, have, or have had at some time, a foundation in nature or in historical fact; and it cannot be uninteresting, with a view to the history of popular traditions, to place on record those which I have here collected, even although we cannot at present trace them satisfactorily to their origin. The whole subject of trances, and the various phenomena connected with them, including the second-sight, is one hitherto very imperfectly studied, and for that reason I have not entered into detail on that part of the question; but I may possibly do so at a future period.

Believe me, very truly yours,

WILLIAM GREGORY.

EDINBURGH, April 16, 1850.

It is well known that in all ages, and in most countries, prophetic traditions have been said to exist; and although it may often have happened that such traditions may have arisen from spurious prophecies, written after the event, and falsely said to have existed before it, yet it would also appear that genuine prophecies have from time to time appeared, and become traditions before the events took place. Of course, we do not here allude to the Scriptural prophecies, but to such as have no pretensions to a divine origin. There can be little doubt that the Sybilline Books contained prophecies of the future fate of Rome; and although we cannot now ascertain, even if this were the case, whether they were accurate predictions, or merely sagacious guesses, nor whether the event confirmed them, yet the tradition of their existence is in itself curious. We cannot here enter into an enumeration of the various prophecies which are said to have existed, in ancient or modern times, before the events occurred, but on some future occasion we may return to that subject: in the mean time we may allude, as a modern example of popular prophecy in our own country, to the prediction of the extinction of the male line of the house of Seaforth, in the person of a deaf Caberfae—a prediction which Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, the friend of Scott, heard quoted in Ross-shire at a time when the last Lord Seaforth, who became quite deaf, had several sons in perfect health. We have no doubt our Highland readers are acquainted with many analogous cases.

Our present object is to direct attention to the fact, that in Germany, more especially on the Rhine and in Westphalia, there exist many remarkable popular prophecies concerning public events, of various dates, and

originating in various quarters, but exhibiting a remarkable coincidence in many of the chief points. Many of these have been printed at various times; others exist as traditions among the peasantry; others, again, are said upon good evidence to have been in modern times taken down from the lips of the prophets themselves, all or most of whom are now dead. Yet they generally predict, and often with strange minuteness of detail, events which were to occur about this time,—viz., in 1848, 1849, and 1850. Political and religious convulsions, wars, and finally peace and prosperity, form the burden of them; and we shall see that the events of 1848 and 1849 supply apparently strong confirmation of their truth, their previous existence being admitted.

Having spent some months in Rhenish Prussia during the summer of 1849, we made many inquiries on the subject, and found everywhere, and among all classes, a firm conviction of the *genuineness* of many of the popular prophecies; while it was admitted that they had long been known and believed by the people. As the matter, considered under any point of view, is a curious and interesting one, we procured the latest work on the subject, which in fact appeared while we were in Germany. It is entitled, "Prophetic Voices, with Explanations. A collection as perfect as possible, of all Prophecies, of Ancient and Modern date, concerning the Present and Future Times, with an explanation of the obscure parts," by Th. Beykirch, licentiate in Theology, and (R.C.) curate in Dortmund. The worthy Curate is often too brief in his accounts of the prophecies themselves, and very diffuse in his explanations, which, for the most part, tend to extract from the predictions the comfortable assurance of

the complete re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion and the utter discomfiture of Protestantism. He even treats his readers to a disquisition, altogether out of place, on Scriptural prophecies, and an interpretation, by Holzhäuser, of the Apocalypse, in which he applies to Protestantism the same passages which Protestants apply to the Papacy, and does so, apparently, very much to his own satisfaction. We shall not touch on these parts of his work, but use it as a storehouse, from which we may draw the predictions themselves, without regarding them through the theological medium of the reverend author.

The first we shall mention is of an ancient date. It is the vaticination of Brother Herrmann, a monk of the monastery of Lehnin, who flourished circa A. D. 1270, and died in the odor of sanctity. It is written in a hundred leonine hexameters, rhyming in the middle and end of each verse, and was printed in 1723 by Professor Lilienthal, from what was said to be an old MS. His prophecies chiefly concerned the future fate of his own monastery of Lehnin in Brandenburg, and of the monastery of Chorin in the Uckermark, a part of Brandenburg. But as that fate depended on public events, more especially on the history of the princes of that country, his vaticination assumes the form of a brief prophetic history of the house of Hohenzollern, that is, the now royal house of Prussia. Our readers will probably readily dispense with the whole of the original hexameters of the good monk, but we shall give a few specimens: he begins—

1. "Nunc tibi, cum cura, Lehnin! cano fata futura,

2. Quæ mihi monstravit Dominus, qui cuncta creavit," &c.

"Now, oh Lehnin! I sing with sorrow to thee thy future fates,

Which the Lord, the creator of all, has shown to me."

He proceeds to describe the prosperity of Lehnin under the race of Otto I., and its decay after the extinction of this family, which took place in the person of Henry III., 1320. These princes were from Anhalt, of the race called the Askanier in German history.

At verses 14 *et seq.*, he describes Brandenburg as becoming a den of lions, while the true heir is excluded. After Margrave Henry III., the Dukes of Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Brunswick, Anhalt, Electoral Saxony, and Bohemia attacked the Mark, (Brandenburg,) and committed horrible devastations.

The Emperor Louis of Bavaria seized it for himself, excluding the princes of Saxony, the nearest heirs to the former princes.

After various details concerning the fate of Brandenburg, plundered by robber knights and barons, who were to be put down by a strong emperor, as happened under Charles IV., who died in 1378—he comes to the accession of the Hohenzollerns, and describes the first prince of that family as rising to distinction by holding two castles or Burgen. The Emperor Sigismund sold Brandenburg to Frederick Burggraf of Nuremberg, of the house of Hohenzollern. He belonged to the lower nobility, but now became more important by the possession of two castles—those of Nuremberg and Brandenburg. These examples are sufficient to give an idea of that part of Brother Herrmann's prophecy, concerning events which preceded the printing of it in 1723, and in which he describes *seriatim*, without giving the names, and very briefly, but in striking language, the fate and character of the successive Margraves, Electors, and Kings, till he comes to Frederick William I., who died in 1740, seventeen years after the prophecy was printed, and whose character and death he describes. Then follows Frederick the Great, whose career, with its vicissitudes, is indicated with tolerable clearness. One line is curious.

84. "Flantibus hinc Austrie, vitam vult credere claustris."

"When the south wind blows, he trusts his life to the cloisters."

In fact, Frederick, when hard pressed by the Austrians, was once compelled to conceal himself in a monastery.

Auster signifies south wind, but is probably here used for Austria.

After his successor, Frederick William II., whom the good monk truly describes as vicious, sensual, and oppressive, but not warlike, comes this line,—

89. "Natus florebit; quod non sperasset habebit."

"The son shall flourish; he shall possess what he did not hope for."

The application of this to the late king, Frederick William III., is obvious. Under him, Prussia, after having been reduced to the lowest ebb by Napoleon, became, unexpectedly, far more powerful than it had ever been.

90. "Sed populus tristis flebit temporibus istis.

92. "Et princeps nescit quod nova potentia crescit."

"But the sad people shall mourn in these times ;
"And the King shows not that a new power is arising."

These lines also apply well to Frederick William III.

93. "Tandem sceptrum gerit, qui ultimus stemmatis erit"

"At length he bears the sceptre, who shall be the last of his race."

Now this is very remarkable. In line 49, he had said—

49. "Hoc ad undenum durabit stemma venenum."

"This poison* shall last to the eleventh generation."

The present king, Frederick William IV., is the eleventh from Joachim III., the first Protestant prince of Brandenburg, in reference to whom the above line is written. But why did the writer (even supposing the prophecy not to have existed earlier than 1723, when it was printed) stop at this point? We shall see that other prophecies coincide with this one in predicting that the present will be the last king of Prussia.

Then comes the remarkable line—

95. "Et pastor gregem recipit, Germania regem."

"And the shepherd receives his flock, Germany a king."

The worthy curate of Dortmund explains this as pointing out the submission of Europe to the Pope, and of Germany to one sovereign. Brother Herrmann goes on to predict peaceful times, and the restoration of Chorin and Lehnin to their pristine splendor.

We have omitted many curious lines, but the reader will probably feel satisfied that the brief and obscure vaticinations of Brother Herrmann are worthy of notice, especially that part of them relating to the last hundred and twenty years, bearing in mind that they were printed in 1723.

The next prophet mentioned by our author is Joseph von Görres, who died in January, 1848—that is, before the last revolution in France, which shook the thrones of Europe. On his death-bed he lamented the misfortunes about to come on Poland, described Hungary as appearing to him one huge field of carnage, and wept over the approaching downfall of the European monarchies. The events of February and March, 1848, the insurrec-

tion in Posen, the devastations committed by the Prussians in suppressing it, and the war in Hungary, would appear to be the events to which he referred. But he was a man deeply read in history, and there are some of those prophetic hints which may possibly have occurred to him as reflections on probable events, and have assumed a certain degree of vividness in his mind.

We now come to a peasant prophet, namely, Jaspers, a Westphalian shepherd, of Deininghausen, near the ancestral seat of the Lord of Bodelschwing. He was a simple-minded, pious man. In 1830, soon after which time he died, he publicly predicted as follows:—

"A great road (said he) will be carried through our country, from west to east, which will pass through the forests of Bodelschwing. On this road, carriages will run *without horses*, and cause a dreadful noise. At the commencement of this work, a great scarcity will here prevail; pigs will become very dear, and a new religion will arise, in which wickedness will be regarded as prudence and politeness. Before this road is quite completed, a frightful war will break out."

These words, to the astonishment of the natives, have nearly all been fulfilled. The railway from Cologne to Minden has, since his death, been carried through the very district he mentioned in 1830, before the first English railway had been opened, and when the primitive shepherds of Westphalia were little likely to know anything about railways. The scarcity took place at the time specified; and his remark as to a new religion is supposed to apply to a deterioration of manners among the simple natives, consequent on the opening up of their district. A personal friend of Jaspers collected the following sayings, which the author, after minute inquiry on the spot, considers as genuine.

1. "Before the great road is *quite finished*, a dreadful war will break out."

The railway has for a year or two been in operation; but, up to the end of 1849, as we saw by advertisements, the second line of rails was not laid down. It is probably still only in progress. Now in 1848 and 1849, we have seen war in Schleswig-Holstein, Hungary, Italy, Posen, and Baden.

2. "A small northern power will be conqueror."

Probably the Danish war, and the success of Denmark, is here meant.

3. "After this another war will break out—not

* Protestant heresy.

a religious war among Christians, but between those who believe in Christ, and those who do not believe."

Here we must remember that the simple and ignorant peasants of Westphalia have strong religious feelings and prejudices, and are apt, like some nearer home, to apply the term infidel somewhat rashly. Possibly Russia and the Greek church may be here alluded to.

4. "This war comes from the East. I dread the East.

5. "This war will break out very suddenly. In the evening they will cry 'Peace, peace!' and yet peace is not; and in the morning the enemy will be at the door. Yet it shall soon pass, and he who knows of a good hiding-place, for a few days only, is secure."

The probability of a war, in which Russia shall take an active share, cannot escape any observer of the signs of the times; and, with the aid of railways, which were not known at the date of Jaspers' death, the sudden outbreak is quite possible, even in Westphalia.

6. "The defeated enemy will have to fly in extreme haste. Let the people cast cart and wheels into the water, otherwise the flying foe will take all carriages with them.

7. "Before this war, a general faithlessness will prevail. Men will give out vice for virtue and honor, deceit for politeness.

8. "In the year in which the great war shall break out, there shall be so fine a spring, that in April the cows will be feeding in the meadows on luxuriant grass. In the same year, wheat may be harvested, (in his district,) but not oats." (This appears to be likely to apply to 1850.—W. G.)

He seems here to hint that the harvest of oats will be interrupted by the war; if so, the war occurs in autumn.

9. "The great battle will be fought at the birch-tree, between Unna, Hamm, and Werl. The people of half the world will there be opposed to each other. God will terrify the enemy by a dreadful storm. Of the Russians, but few shall return home to tell of their defeat. Jaspers described this battle as terrific."

We shall by and by hear more of this birch-tree.

10. "The war will be over in 1850, and in 1852 all will be again in order."

11. "The Poles are at first put down; but they will, along with other nations, fight against their oppressors, and at last obtain a king of their own.

12. "France will be divided internally into three parts."

It is curious to notice, that at present, although the state of matters in 1830 was very different, there are three parties in France, all of them powerful: namely, the Buonapartists, (with at least a part of the Orleanists,) and the moderate as well as the *pro tempore* Republicans, headed by Louis Napoleon; the party of the old Bourbons and the priests, led by Falloux and the old nobility, such as Larochejaquelein and Montalembert; and lastly, the Red Republicans, Socialists, and Communists. These three parties hold each other in check, and no one of them can at this moment do much.

13. "Spain will not join in the war. But the Spaniards shall come after it is over, and take possession of the churches.

14. "Austria will be fortunate, provided she do not wait too long.

15. "The papal chair will be vacant for a time.

16. "The nobility is much depressed, but in 1852 again rises to some extent.

17. "When asked as to the future of Prussia, he maintained an obstinate silence, saying only that King Frederick-William IV. would be the last."

This agrees with Brother Herrmann, as formerly stated. A man named Pottgiesser, in Dortmund, long since dead, drew up a genealogical tree of the royal house, in which he says of the present king—to whom he gives no successor—"He disappears."

18. "There will be one religion. On the Rhine stands a church which all people shall aid in building. From thence, after the war, shall proceed the rule of faith. All sects shall be united; only the Jews shall retain their old obstinacy."

The dome at Cologne is obviously alluded to. We shall see, hereafter, that Cologne is expected to become the seat of ecclesiastical rule by other prophets."

19. "In our district priests shall become so rare, that after the war, people will have to walk seven leagues in order to attend divine service.

20. "Our country will be so much depopulated, that women will have to cultivate the soil; and seven girls shall fight for a pair of inexpressibles.

21. "The house of Ikern shall be set on fire by shells.

22. "The soldiers shall march to battle (or to war) first, then return, decked with the cherry blossoms. And only after that shall the great war break out."

In spring 1848, troops marched to Baden, at the time of the first insurrection there, in which war General von Gagern was killed;

and they returned home decked with cherry blossoms.

23. "Germany shall have one king, and then shall come happy times.

24. "He spoke also of an approaching religious change, and warned his children, when that time should come, to go to Mengede."

When jeered on his prophetic powers Jaspers often said—

"When I have long been in the grave, you will then often remember what I have said."

There is a prophet in Dortmund, who, among other curious things, said, in 1840, "When the Prussian soldiers shall be dressed like those who crucified our Lord, then war shall break out with great violence." It is worthy of notice that, since that time, the whole Prussian army, with the exception of the Hussars, have been armed with helmets of Roman form. Their new Waffenrock, or military coat, is also a short plain surtout, buttoned to the throat, and probably not unlike a Roman tunic.

The predictions of Jaspers are curious—first, on account of their minuteness; secondly, because they specify dates yet future. We shall see that they coincide, in many of the chief points, with other popular prophecies. The next prophet is Spielbähn, a Rhenish peasant. "Spielbähn" signifies, in the dialect of his countrymen, "the fiddler;" and this name was given to him on account of his skill as a rustic performer on the violin. He was employed as messenger and servant in the convents of Siegburg and Heisterbach. His predictions have been published by Schrattenholz, and widely circulated; but, as we could not procure this work, we can only give such extracts as our author has selected.

Spielbähn died in 1783, in Cologne. He is said to have been rather addicted to the wine-flask, and to have occasionally indulged in predictions of doubtful authenticity, possibly from interested motives. But he is thought, in the main, to have uttered what he really believed to be true predictions, and he gave them out as visions. He predicted the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, which took place a few years ago, with many less interesting local occurrences, which our author passes over. Speaking of the present time (1848-50), and of what should follow, he said—

1. "In that time it will be hardly possible to distinguish the peasant from the noble."

In Rhenish Prussia, where the Code Napoleon prevails, there is hardly a trace of

the splendor of the old aristocracy to be found. The nobles of old family who remain have lost all exclusive privileges, and are poor.

2. "Courtly manners and worldly vanity will reach to a height hitherto unequalled. Yea, things will go so far, that men will no longer thank God for their daily bread.

3. "Human intellect will do wonders (or miracles), and on this account men will more and more forget God. They will mock at God, thinking themselves omnipotent, because of the carriages, which shall run through the whole world (or everywhere), without being drawn by animals.

4. "And because courtly vices, sensuality, and sumptuousness of apparel, are then so great, God will punish the world. A poison shall fall on the fields, and a great famine shall afflict the country."

In Nos. 3 and 4, railways and the potato blight seem meant.

5. "When a bridge shall be thrown across the Rhine at Mondorf, then it will be advisable to cross, as soon as possible, to the opposite shore. But it will only be necessary to remain there so long as a man will take to consume a 7 lb. loaf of bread; after which (that is, in less than a week) it will be time to return."

This coincides with Jaspers' prediction of the shortness of the last great struggle.

6. "Thousands shall conceal themselves in a meadow among the seven mountains (opposite Bonn).

7. "I see the destruction of the heretics, with dreadful punishments; of those who dared to think their puny minds could penetrate the councils of God. But the long-suffering of God is at an end, and a limit is put to their wickedness."

The worthy curate dwells with peculiar satisfaction on this prediction.

8. "Observe well, thou land of Berg! Thy reigning family, which proceeds from a Margrave, shall suddenly fall from its high station, and become less than the smallest Margrave."

The grand-duchy of Berg, on the Lower Rhine, of which Düsseldorf is the chief town, was given by Napoleon to Murat, and was afterward part of the kingdom of Westphalia, but since the peace, has formed part of Prussia, the royal family of which, as we have seen, descends from the Margraves of Brandenburg; but in 1783 all this was as yet in the womb of time. See also Jaspers No. 17, and Brother Herrmann, verse 98.

9. "The false prophets (heretic clergy?) shall be killed with wife and child.

10. "The holy city of Cologne shall then see a fearful battle. Many, of foreign nations, shall here be killed, and men and women shall fight for their faith. And it will be impossible to avert from Cologne, up to that time spared by war, all the cruel extremities of war. Men will then wade in blood to the ankles.

11. "But at last a foreign king shall arise, and gain the victory for the good cause. The survivors of the defeated enemy fly to the *birch-tree*; and here shall the last battle be fought for the good cause."

See Nos. 9 and 33 of Jaspers' sayings, as to the birch-tree and the German king; also verse 95 of Brother Herrmann.

12. "The foreign armies have brought the "black death" into the land. What the sword spares the pestilence shall devour. Berg shall be depopulated, and the fields without owners; so that one may plough from the river Sieg up to the hills without being (Scoticé) challenged. Those who have hid themselves among the hills shall again cultivate the land."

See No. 20 of Jaspers' predictions.

13. "About this time France will be divided internally."

See Jaspers, No. 12.

14. "The German Empire shall choose a peasant for Emperor. He shall govern Germany a year and a day."

The Archduke John, late regent of the empire, had long lived, banished from court, as a Styrian peasant, adopting the costume and manners of the peasantry. He also married a peasant girl. His regency lasted little more than a year, and, indeed, after the year had expired, he only returned to Frankfurt in order to resign his power to the present commission.

15. "But he who after him shall wear the imperial crown, he will be the man for whom the world has long looked with hope. He shall be called Roman Emperor, and shall give peace to the world. He shall restore Siegburg and Heisterbach (two convents, above mentioned).

16. "Then shall there be no more Jews in Germany, and the heretics shall beat their own breasts.

17. "And after that shall be a good happy time. The praise of God shall dwell on earth; and there shall be no war, except beyond the seas. Then shall the fugitive brethren return, and dwell in their homes in peace for ever and ever.

"Men should heed well what I have said, for much evil may be averted by prayer; and al-

though people jeer me, saying I am a simple fiddler, yet the time will come when they shall find my words true."

See Jaspers' predictions, Nos. 18 and 23. Brother Herrmann, also, in verses 96-100, prophesies happy times, and the restoration of the convents of Chorin and Lehnin.

The next seer is Anton (Anthony), called the Youth of Elsen, a village near Paderborn, in Westphalia. He had the gift of the "second sight"—that is, he saw visions—and has a great reputation in that country as a true seer. His predictions were first collected by Dr. Kutscheit, from whose work the author extracts as follows. The date is not given by our curate.

1. "When the convent of Abdinghof is occupied by soldiers, armed with long poles, to which little flags are attached, and when these troops leave the convent, then is the time near."

At this time (1849) Prussian lancers occupy the convent, which has been converted into a barrack. This was not the case when the prediction was made.

2. "From Neuhaus, houses may be seen on the Bock (Buck), and a village is founded between Paderborn and Elsen. Then is the time near."

The Bock is a wooded eminence near Paderborn, where an inn was built. To obtain a fine view from the inn, the wood was lately cut through, and thus the buildings have become visible from Neuhaus. The village or *dorf* is a newly-founded country house, or rather farm-house, with its appurtenances—*Scoticé*, a town.

3. "When people see, in the Roman field, houses with large windows; when a broad road is made through that field, which shall not be finished till the good times come, then shall come heavy times."

In the Roman field, on the high road to Erwitte, the Thuringian Railway was begun in 1847, and a terminus, the buildings of which have very large windows, has been laid down on the spot. The works have been, from the necessity of the times, suspended for the present. See Jaspers, No. 1, and Spielbähn, No. 3.

4. "When barley is sown on the Bock, then is the time close at hand. Then shall the enemy be in the land, and kill and devastate everything. Men will have to go seven leagues to find an acquaintance. The town of Paderborn shall have eight heavy days, during which the enemy lies there. On the last day, the enemy shall give up

the town to plunder. But let every man carry his most valuable property from the ground floor to the garret; for the enemy will not have time, even to untie his shoestrings, so near will succor be."

In the summer of 1848, the first attempt was made to grow barley on the Bock, a cold, high-lying district.

5. "The enemy will try to bombard the town from the Liboriberg (a hill close to Paderborn); but only one ball (or shell) shall hit, and set on fire a house in the Kampe. The fire, however, shall soon be extinguished.

6. "The French shall come as friends. French cavalry with shining breastplates (cuirassiers) shall ride in at the Westergate, and tie their horses to the trees in the Cathedral close. At the Giersthor (another gate), soldiers with gray uniforms, faced with light blue, shall come in. But they will only look into the town, and then immediately withdraw. On the Bock stands a great army, with double insignia (or marks—possibly the two cockades, Imperial German and Prussian, now worn by the Prussians), whose muskets are piled in heaps.

7. "The enemy shall fly toward Salzkotten, and toward the heath. In both places a great battle shall be fought, so that people shall wade in blood to the ankles. The pursuers from the town must take care not to cross the Alme bridge; for not one of those who cross it shall return alive.

8. "The victorious prince shall enter, in solemn procession, the castle of Neuhaus, which shall be repaired (for the occasion?) accompanied by many people with green boughs in their hats. On the Johannes Bridge, before Neuhaus, there shall be such a crowd that a child shall be crushed to death. While this goes on a great assembly shall be held in and before the Rathhaus (Town House). They shall hurry (or drag) a man down from the Rathhaus, and hang him on a lamp-post before it.

9. "When all these things shall have come to pass, then shall there be a good time in the land. The convent (of Abdinghof) shall be restored; and it will be better to be a swineherd here, in our land, than a nobleman yonder in Prussia (proper)."

Next comes an old traditionary prophecy concerning Münster.

"Woe to thee, Münster! Woe to you, priests, doctors, and lawyers! How shall it be with you in the days of sorrow?

"For three days they shall go up and down thy streets. Three times shall the city be taken and lost.

"Let every man keep in the garret; thus shall he be safe. A dreadful fire shall break out in and destroy Ueberwasser, so that it may be seen from the cathedral place to the castle.

"The enemy shall be beaten, and shall fly

through Kinderhaus so fast that they leave their cannon on the street. All this shall happen in the same year in which an illustrious person dies in the castle.

"The conquering prince shall make his entry through the Servatii-Thor, (a gate.)"

Part of this prophecy has been spread over the district of Münster for sixty years; part of it comes from the tailor at Kinderhaus, who also prophesied much to Blucher. He was one of the seers, or, as they are called in that country, "Spoikenkikers." "Spuck," in high German, signifies ghost or spirit; "Kiker" is our Scotch word "Kee-ker,"—in high German, "Gucker."

The next is an old prophecy concerning Osnabrück.

"Osnabrück shall suffer much for fourteen days, and see a bloody contest in her streets.

"Even the service of the Greek Church shall be performed in the churches of Osnabrück."

This is quite possible, should Russians enter Westphalia. See Jaspers, No. 9.

"A violent contest shall arise between Catholics and Protestants. All the churches shall be again taken possession of by the Catholics.

* A priest, in the act of carrying the most Holy (the Host) into the Lutheran Church, shall be killed by a ball at the church door."

The three preceding prophecies are very remarkable, from the minute details which they contain, and which seem to indicate that the seers described *what they saw* in visions or in dreams. Of course, most of these visions, referring to events yet future, cannot be at present verified. But the signs given by Anton, to know when the time approaches, have come to pass.

The following traditionary prophecy about Cologne, was found by Magister Heinrich von Judden, pastor of the small church of St. Martin, in the convent of the brethren of the Holy Virgin of Carmel, (in Cologne?)

"O happy Cologne! when thou art well paved, thou shalt perish in thine own blood. O, Cologne! thou shalt perish like Sodom and Gomorrah; thy streets shall flow with blood, and thy relics shall be taken away. Woe to thee, Cologne! because strangers suck thy breasts and the breasts of thy poor,—of thy poor, who therefore languish in poverty and misery."

Old tradition concerning Coblenz:—

"Woe! woe! Where Rhine and Moselle meet, a battle shall be fought against Turks and

Baschkirs, (Russians?) so bloody, that the Rhine shall be dyed red for twenty-five leagues."

Traditions of battles in Westphalia :—

"A prodigious number of people shall come from the east toward the west.

"The whole west and south shall rise against them.

"The armies shall meet in the middle of Westphalia.

"A dreadful battle shall take place on the Strönheide (a heath), near Ahaus.

"At Reisenbeck, a bloody combat shall be fought.

"At Lüdinghausen," said a seer, "I saw whole hosts of white-clad soldiers, (Austrians?)

"Ottamarsbocholt will have much to suffer.

"On the Lipperheide (a heath) a bloody battle is fought.

"Also in Rittberg, and the whole country round, a battle shall be fought.

"But the chief engagement shall be at the *Birch-Tree*."

Every one, says the author, who takes the trouble, can hear all this from the mouths of the peasantry. In many places the seers have even described the positions of the troops, and the direction in which the cannon are pointed.

Prophecy of a Capuchin monk in Düsseldorf, of date 1672 :—

"After a dreadful war (Napoleon's wars?) shall there be peace; yet there shall be no peace, because the contest of the poor against the rich, and of the rich against the poor, shall break out.

"After this peace shall come a heavy time. The people shall have no longer truth nor faith.

"When women know not, from pride and luxuriousness, what clothes they shall wear—sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide; when men also change their dress, and wear everywhere the beards of the Capuchins,* then will God chastise the world. A dreadful war shall break out in the south (Hungary?) and spread eastward and northward. The kings shall be killed. Savage hordes shall overflow Germany, and come to the Rhine. They shall take delight in murdering and burning, so that mothers, in despair, seeing death everywhere before their eyes, shall cast themselves and their sucklings into the water. When the need is greatest, a preserver shall come from the south. He shall defeat the hordes of the enemy, and make Germany prosperous. But, in those days, many parts shall be so depopulated, that it will be necessary to climb a tree to look for people afar off."

An old prophecy concerning the battle of the *Birch-Tree* :—

*This is now the case in Germany.

"A time shall come when the world shall be godless. The people will strive to be independent of king or magistrate, subjects will be unfaithful to their princes. Neither truth nor faith prevails more. It will then come to a general insurrection, in which father shall fight against son, and son against father. In that time men shall try to pervert the articles of faith, and shall introduce new books. The Catholic religion shall be hard pressed, and men will try with cunning to abolish it. Men shall love play and jest, and pleasure of all kinds, at that time. But then it shall not be long before a change occurs. A frightful war shall break out. On one side shall stand Russia, Sweden, and the whole north; on the other, France, Spain, Italy, and the whole south, under a powerful prince. This prince shall come from the south. He wears a white coat, with buttons all the way down. He has a cross on his breast, rides a gray horse, which he mounts from his left side, because he is lame of one foot. He will bring peace. Great is his severity, for he will put down all dance-music and rich attire. He will hear morning mass in the church at Bremen. (According to some traditions, he will read mass.) From Bremen he rides to the Haar, (a height near Werl;) from thence he looks with his spyglass toward the country of the Birch-Tree, and observes the enemy. Next he rides past Holtum, (a village near Werl.) At Holtum stands a crucifix between two lime-trees; before this, he kneels and prays with outstretched arms, for some time. Then he leads his soldiers, clad in white, into the battle, and, after a bloody contest, he remains victorious.

"The chief slaughter will take place at a brook which runs from west to east. Woe! woe! to Budberg and Söndern in those days! The victorious leader shall assemble the people after the battle, and address to them a speech in the church."

So runs the above prophecy, according to the concurring testimony of many peasants in that country. It was long ago printed in a small pamphlet, in the convent at Werl. But, at the removal of the convent, all its books were lost or destroyed. The tradition, however, remained among the peasantry, and has even penetrated into France; for when French (troops?) came to Werl, they inquired for the Birch-Tree. In Pomerania also, natives of Westphalia, when quartered there, have been questioned about its position. It stood long between Holtum and Kirch-Hemmerde, villages lying between Unna and Werl. When it withered, a new one was, by royal order, planted on the spot. This proves that the Government knew of the prophecy or tradition, and felt an interest in it. The people believe so firmly in the prophecy, that the peasantry near Werl even opposed the introduction of new hymn-books, under the impression that they were the pre-

dicted *new books*. Bremen, Holtum, Budberg, and Söndern are villages near Werl. A crucifix stands at Holtum between two young lime-trees; and a brook there flows from west to east.

Another old prophecy of the battle of the Birch-Tree. This prophecy was printed at Cologne in 1601, in Latin. The title, translated, is as follows:—

"A prophecy concerning the frightful contest between South and North, and a terrific battle on the borders of the duchy of Westphalia, near Bodberg (Budberg). From a book, entitled, *A treatise on the heavenly regeneration (or restoration)*, by an anonymous author, illuminated (or enlightened) by visions. With permission of the Officialate at Werl. Cologne, 1701."

It was translated and printed in German by the monks of Werl, but, as already stated, their library was destroyed or dispersed.

"After these days shall dawn the sad unhappy time, predicted by our Lord. Men, in terror on the earth, shall faint for expectation of the coming events. The father shall be against the son, and the brother against the brother. Truth and faith shall no longer be found. After the nations, singly, have long warred against each other, after thrones have crumbled, and kingdoms been overthrown, shall the entire South take arms against the North. (*Auster contra Aquilonem.*) Then country, language, and faith shall not be contended for, but they shall fight for the rule of the world."

"They shall meet in the middle of Germany, destroy towns and villages, after the inhabitants have been compelled to fly to the hills and the woods. This dreadful contest shall be decided in Lower Germany. There the armies shall pitch camps, such as the world has not yet seen. This fearful engagement shall begin at the *Birch-Tree* near Bodberg. Woe! woe! poor Fatherland! They shall fight three whole days. Even when covered with wounds, they shall mangle each other, and wade in blood to the ankles. The bearded people of the seven stars (?) shall finally conquer, and their enemies shall fly; they shall turn at the bank of the river, and again fight with the extremity of despair. But there shall that power be annihilated, and its strength broken, so that hardly a few will be left, to tell of this unheard-of defeat. The inhabitants of the allied places shall mourn, but the Lord shall comfort them, and they shall say, It is the Lord's doing."

The two preceding prophecies, both old, and printed long since, have probably a common origin, whatever that may be. The tradition has probably come to the people from the monks of Werl.

Some predictions or visions, connected with the prophecy of Werl:—

A seer, named Rölinsk, of Steinen, who has been dead some time, prophesied of three processions in Kirch-Hemmerde.

"The first shall be a funeral procession. The names of several men shall be hung up on the church."

This happened when, in the war of 1813-15, some brave men of this district fell in battle.

"The second procession shall go from the old church to the new one."

This took place when the Catholics of Kirch-Hemmerde built a new church; and the Host was carried from the Simultankirche into the new edifice.

"The third shall be after a dreadful war. Then shall Catholics and Protestants again go together in procession into the old church, and have one religion."

He said further,—

"When two towers are built between Söndern and Werl, then shall a frightful war soon break out."

The towers are now there, having been lately built. One is a chimney for the Salt-Works; the other a Bohrthurm (a tower over the pit whence the salt spring is pumped up).

Another seer, named Ludolf, saw the whole order of battle of both armies, and pointed out in a corn-field near Kirch-Hemmerde the spot, near the *Birch-Tree*, where he saw in his vision a colonel fall from his horse, struck by a ball. The horse, he said, would run to a sheaf of oats (therefore late in autumn), snap at it, and in the same moment fall, also pierced by a shot.

A third seer, Hermann Kappelmann, of Scheidengen, near Werl, prophesied as follows, thirty years ago (1819), before a whole company.

"The times are yet good, but they shall change much. After many years a frightful war shall break out. The signs shall be: When in spring the cowslips appear early in the hedges, and disturbances prevail everywhere; in that year the explosion does not take place. But when, after a short winter, the cowslips bloom very early, and all appears quiet, let no man believe in peace."

"When great wisps of straw stand on the Bärenwiese (Bear's meadow), then shall the war break out."

The Bärenwiese is a large common mead-

ow at Scheidongen. Soon after the French and Polish revolutions of 1830 it was divided, and on that account wisps of straw were set up. The people believed the great war was then at hand. Now there are once more wisps of straw set up to mark the line of the railway to Cassel, which is in progress.

"When you then hear cannon from the side of Münster, then hasten to cross the Ruhr, and take bread (a loaf) with you sufficient for three days. He who only puts his foot in the water shall be safe from harm. Then you may return, but whether you shall find your posts (or poles) again, I cannot say. (Probably marks of agricultural subdivisions.) After a short contest shall follow peace and quiet. The peace shall be announced at Christmas from all the pulpits."

Numberless traditions speak of the burning of the town of Unna, round which, and not through it, the armies will march, on account of the conflagration. Others speak of the burning of Dortmund, on the east side. Others, again, describe how the remains of the enemy fly to Erwitte and Salzkotten, and are there totally cut to pieces. All the towns and villages from Paderborn to the Rhine have similar traditions. There is a very old one concerning the Marienheide (a heath),—namely, that there the Whites shall drive the Blues before them, and through the Lippe, in which many shall be drowned.

Traditions concerning the years 1846–1850 :—

"1846, I would not be a vine."

"1847, I would not be an apple-tree."

"1848, I would not be a king."

"1849, I would not be a hare, a soldier, or a grave-digger."

"1850, I would not be a priest."

In 1846, the crop of grapes was too heavy for the vines.

In 1847, the apple-trees broke under the weight of their fruit.

In 1848, as we know, kings were at a discount.

In 1849, the hares suffered from the suspension or abolition of the game laws in Germany; the soldiers had much to suffer; and the grave-diggers, in consequence of war and cholera, were overwhelmed with work in many places.

As to the priests in 1850, we heard from several quarters, of an old prophecy that there should be a fearful massacre of priests, against whom the people shall be much embittered. One seer declares, that such will

be the hatred of the peasantry toward the priests, that a peasant, sitting down to dinner with his family, and having just stuck a fork into the fowl, shall, on seeing a priest pass by the house, lay down his fork, rush out, beat out the priest's brains with his club, and then return to his meal with satisfaction.

Another tradition, of which we heard from several well-informed persons, states that a pope shall come as a fugitive to reside at Cologne, with four cardinals, and there exercise his ecclesiastical functions.

A prophecy, of date 1622, concerning certain months of a year not named :—

"The month of May shall earnestly prepare for war. But it is not yet time. June shall also invite to war, but still it is not time. July will prove so cruel that many must part from wife and child. In August, men shall everywhere hear of war. September and October shall bring great bloodshed. Wonders shall be seen in November. At this time the child is twenty-eight years old (the powerful monarch), whose wet nurse shall be from the east. He shall do great things."

Prophecies of the "Powerful Monarch" :—

"One prophet says,—'He shall be of an ancient noble house, and descend from the top of the rocks. His mother shall be a twin. He will be Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (the German Empire). Holzhauser says, 'He shall be born in the bosom of the Catholic Church; his name shall be, 'The Help of God.'"

See the preceding prophecies, *passim*.

We have now given a sufficient sketch of some of the more curious and definite popular German prophecies. The curate of Dortmund adds a considerable number of others, more vague, mystical, and in some cases theological, which we omit, as not adapted to our present purpose; and others not bearing on Germany, of some interest—especially a long one concerning Italy by the Franciscan monk, Bartolomeo da Saluzzi—which want of space prevents us from discussing at this time.

Let us now consider the foregoing prophecies in general. We must admit, as it seems to us, that there exist in Germany unfulfilled popular prophecies, the authenticity of which is respectably attested and generally admitted.

We further observe, that taking the whole of them, as far as known to us, we can trace the following points pervading the entire series, more or less :—

1. A great war after a peace, about this time.

2. It is preceded by political convulsions, and lesser wars.

3. The East and North fight against the South and West.

4. The latter finally prevail, under a powerful prince, who unexpectedly rises up.

5. The great struggle is short, and occurs late in the year.

6. It is decided by the battle of the Birch-Tree, near Werl.

7. After horrible devastations, and murders, and burnings, caused by this war, peace and prosperity return.

8. Priests are massacred and become very rare; but

9. One religion unites all men.

10. All this takes place soon after the introduction of railways into Germany.

11. The present King of Prussia is the last.

12. The "powerful prince" from the South becomes Emperor of Germany.

13. France is, about this time, inwardly divided.

14. The Russians come as enemies to the Rhine, the French enter Germany as friends—without entering into further details.

We see moreover, that, admitting the genuineness of the prophecies, partial fulfillment has in several cases taken place. Here it must be noted, that our curate has chiefly confined himself to the unfulfilled parts, and has avowedly omitted many fulfilled predictions. While we attach considerable importance to the general impression among the people of the truth of these prophecies, which in part depends on their partial fulfillment in past times, our chief object has been to put on record the more remarkable of the unfulfilled predictions, in order that they may be compared with future events.

If we seek to form any idea of the origin of these prophecies, we find that there are three sources, from which the people may have derived the traditions.

1. They may possibly be, in some cases at least, derived from the reflections of sagacious men. Even Napoleon predicted dreadful wars, and that Europe must become either Cossack or Republican. But although some things may thus be explained, we do not see how the minute details in other cases can be thus accounted for.

2. Scriptural prophecies may have been applied to modern events, which, indeed, are no doubt foretold in them, in a general way.

We cannot avoid observing the tolerably frequent occurrence of Scripture language in the predictions; but this also does not account for all the details.

3. The seers or prophets may have had genuine visions, or dreams, in which they saw what they describe: it has been seen that various prophets use language implying this. And, while the general resemblance of the different visions naturally leads us to suspect that the popular traditions have a common origin; we can at most conclude from this, that the original seer or seers lived long ago, which only increases the difficulty. They were probably, like Brother Herrmann, monks and ascetics, their imaginations exalted by religious fervor: in other words, they were nervous and excitable, and predisposed to visions. Supposing their visions known to the people, the feeling of the marvelous, if excited along with religious sentiments, may have led to visions or second sight among the peasantry, and thus visions may have been multiplied and expanded in details.

If we reflect on the many known instances of prophetic dreams, and on the alleged and respectably attested cases of somnambulistie prevision, we shall see reason to hesitate before we deny the possibility of the occurrence, in certain individuals, of prophetic visions. We are far from imagining that, if such have been the case with our German seers, they have enjoyed direct communications from Heaven; on the contrary, were we satisfied of the fact, we should regard it as a phenomenon depending on some obscure physical cause, which may in time be discovered and traced; and which, at all events, exists by Divine permission.

Here we may allude to the remarkable prophecy of Monsieur de Cazotte, who, some years previous to 1787, predicted to a large company of persons of rank, science, and literature, with much detail, the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. He likewise told many of those present, both male and female, that they should perish on the guillotine. To Condorcet, he said that he should die in prison, of the effects of a poison which he should long, with the view of escaping a public execution, have carried about his person—which happened. He also predicted the fate of Louis XVI. and his Queen. This prophecy caused much amazement, and soon became known. Persons are yet alive, both in France and England, who heard it detailed before 1789. We have seen one of them. Now, it might be said, that Cazotte merely

exercised a rare sagacity, in judging of the course of events, at a time when all France was enthusiastically looking forward to the blessings of liberty, and while yet no one dreamed of violence or bloodshed. But this would hardly account for the details he gave. On the other hand, he often uttered predictions; and it is very remarkable, although it has been too much overlooked, that those who report his prophecies, including the above one, always state that, when about to predict, he fell into a peculiar state, *as if asleep*—yet not ordinary sleep. It can hardly be doubted that this was a trance, in which he saw visions. That they were fulfilled to the letter is surely, if only a coincidence, a most wonderful one. If, again, it was merely the result of sagacious reflection, how came it that Cazotte alone of all the able thinkers then in Paris, made these reflections, and was laughed at for his pains?

The laborious, minute, and conscientious researches of the Baron von Reichenbach have proved, beyond a doubt, that we are far from being acquainted with all the physical influences which surround us; and he has even referred to a physical cause—one source of the belief in ghosts—by proving that luminous appearances are visible, to sensitive persons, over recent graves. No one can fail to see the resemblance between the Sensitives of Baron von Reichenbach, who are far from rare, and the Spoikeniker, or ghost seers, of the curate of Dortmund.

We consider it probable, therefore, that at different periods seers have had visions, more or less distinct and detailed, of what appeared to their minds likely to happen; that these visions have occurred in a state

of trance; that among ascetic monks, who may be regarded as liable to such trances, it may often have happened that extensive knowledge of history and of mankind has enabled them to foresee the probable course of events; that their predictions, becoming known to the peasantry, have given a tone to *their* visions, in which the events are generally localized in the immediate vicinity of the seer; and that thus, by degrees, more detailed predictions have arisen. Considering the general ignorance and superstition of the peasantry in all countries, it is not wonderful that such predictions generally bearing on violent political convulsions, war and religion, the subjects most interesting to their minds, should acquire a hold over them such as is found to exist in many parts of Germany, in reference to the prophecies above described. It is even probable that the existence of the predictions may have had a considerable influence in preparing the people for such sudden outbreaks as those of 1848, and may thus, in some measure, have contributed to their own fulfillment.

We must admit that these remarks do not much assist in explaining the occurrence of minute details in these predictions, many of which are said, on good authority, to have been fulfilled. But we do not feel ourselves in possession of sufficient evidence to justify us in arguing on the alleged fulfillment as certain; and we have therefore satisfied ourselves with laying before the reader a brief sketch of these predictions, the existence of which, as an article of belief with many thousands of people at this day, is, under whatever point of view it may be considered, very interesting. W. G.

From the North British Review.

HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Fourth Estate: Contributions toward a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By F. KNIGHT HUNT. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1850.

THE FOURTH ESTATE! It is a taking title, and worth a bookseller's two hundred pounds any day, provided always that the writer who undertakes to elucidate and apply that mystic phrase shall studiously abstain from exciting the disgust of the popular reader by teaching him aught that he does not already know, or fancy he knows. New knowledge, if it be really new knowledge, and other than the statement of new facts, which are little more than the means of new knowledge, requires thought and the exercise of discernment, than which there is nothing more abhorrent to the popular reader, unless it be the call which is occasionally made upon him by some obscure writer or other for a revival of his supposed knowledge; against such a proposition the popular reader utterly revolts, and pronounces the proposer of it to be a quack and a transcendentalist,—terms which he holds to be well yoked, if indeed they are not synonymous. Now Mr. Hunt, as we infer from the introductory chapter of his book, is a journalist, and, as such, must be fully aware of these curious truths in natural history; nor has he neglected to use his cognizance of them in the volumes before us. He has collected all the facts of English newspaper history which are required to constitute a good general acquaintance with the subject; he has shown tact in giving the greatest prominence to those which, whether justly or unjustly, have attained the greatest notoriety; he has not forgotten that the readers to whom he chiefly addresses himself will consider a fact or a remark witty or noteworthy in proportion to the number of times they have met with it before. But when he has ventured beyond the transcription of facts and into the region of principles, it has been with cautious exclusion of novelty and of hinted doubt of the infallibility of the commonplaces concerning the might and worth of the newspaper.

We shall deviate somewhat from this method, and before presenting our readers with a summary of the useful and entertaining contents of "*The Fourth Estate*," we beg to enter a few queries as to the validity of certain widely diffused notions concerning the press generally, and the newspaper press in particular.

If, in the course of these remarks, the true worth and moral power of the press shall seem to be less insisted upon than those qualities which appear to us to render it in some respects the most deleterious ingredient of modern civilization, our readers must remember that the praises of this engine have been repeatedly proclaimed to all men by the press itself, which seldom misses an opportunity of sounding its own trumpet. But before we proceed to take, for the nonce, the unpopular side of the question, let us hear what sort of affirmations are commonly made by the defendant's counsel, who are chargeable, as we believe, not so much with direct misstatement of facts, as with egregious special pleading. "*The newspaper*," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters," (an unpleasant idea is here suggested, but let it pass,) "and at which every man may come and drink. It is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unwearying activity; the newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, which reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislature; thus keeping up that constant sympathy and good understanding between people and legislators which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution. The

newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor." Another famous English novelist declares that "Newspapers are a link in the great chain of miracles which prove the greatness of England." The English opium-eater, with more depth and definiteness of meaning, writes,—“Much already has been accomplished (by newspapers,) more than people are aware, so gradual and silent has been the advance. How voiceless is the growth of corn! Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after ~~two~~ months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.” Very eloquent, though we hope a little hyperbolic, are the anticipations of M. Lamartine:—“Before this century shall have run out, journalism will be the whole press, the whole human thought. Since that prodigious multiplication art has given to speech, to be multiplied a thousand fold yet, mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thoughts will spread in the world with the rapidity of light—instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth, it will speed from pole to pole. Sudden, instant, burning with the fervors of soul which made it burst forth, it will be the reign of the human word in all its plenitude, it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate into a book—the book will arrive too late; the only book possible from day to day is a newspaper.” May we be kept from a consummation so devoutly to be dreaded! Finally, and with as much eloquence as, and certainly with more reason than, most of the eulogists of the newspapers, Mr. Hunt writes:—

“The journal gives us day by day the experience of the world as it exists round about us, ready to avouch the truth of the journalist—gives us day by day and week by week the experience of the whole world’s doing for the guidance of each individual living man. It is a great mental camera, which throws a picture of the whole world upon a single sheet of paper. But though a great teacher and an all-powerful instrument of modern civilization, there is no affectation of greatness about it. The newspaper is the familiar of all men, of all degrees, of all occupations. If it teaches, it teaches imperceptibly. It has no pompous gown or scholastic rod to abash or to control, but prepares itself, and is admitted freely and at once, to a world-wide intimacy with all kinds and conditions of people. For the idle it is a friendly gossip; to the busy it shows what business is on hand; for the poli-

tician, it reflects the feelings of the party; for the holiday-maker, it talks about new plays, new music, and the last exhibition. Its ample page is full of the romance of real life equally with the facts of real life. The types that to-day tell how a king abdicated or a good man died, tell to-morrow the price of logwood or of tallow. As they stand side by side, those tall columns of words show us the hopes of the sanguine and the sufferings of the unfortunate; they hang out the lure of the trader who would sell his wares, and of the manager who would fill his theatre; shoulder by shoulder are the reports of regal and noble festivities and lists of bankrupts and insolvents; and in as many paragraphs we find linked the three great steps of a generation—the births, marriages, and deaths. No wonder, then, that whilst the world grows tired of orators and weary of the mimic stage, it should be more and more faithful in its reference to the intellectual familiar that drops, as De Tocqueville says, the same thought into ten thousand minds at the same minute; or more attached to the friendly broadsheet, that reflects truly and promptly the changing, but ever-exciting scenes of the great drama of real life.”

Mr. Hunt, we see, wisely rests the chief value of the journal upon its capacity as a chronicler of outward facts; it is in this capacity that we are at least inclined to quarrel with it. And yet the injury which has been done, and is now being done, to the immediate interests of society, by the avidity wherewith this chronicle, considered merely as a chronicle, is received; and the consequent distaste for sources of sound and permanently worthy information, is scarcely calculable. The newspaper is become “something to all men, and to some men all;” and the fact of the prodigious majority of those to whom it is all, is one which we may rather lament than question. Who can doubt that the present ominous oblivion, among the people, of truths which are the very alphabet whereby we read the mystesy of life, is chargeable, in connection with deficient means of public education, upon that “haste to be rich,” which shall not be without its guilt, whether the wealth be that of lucre or of idle knowledge? What are the characteristics of the newspaper reader, he to whom the newspaper is not only something, but all? Let the ungracious portraiture be executed with as little expense of our spleen as possible. “You must have observed,” says the Spectator, “that men who frequent coffee-houses and delight in news, are pleased with everything that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, a defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal’s mouth pleases them at one post, the opening of it at another.

er. They are glad to hear that the French Court is removed to Marli, and are afterward delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a piebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been slain in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for everything that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste." Had the writer lived in our day, when the characteristics of the class in question have been developed by an additional century of vigorous life, the sketch would have borne a more bitter air. Indeed, we find a far more serious estimate of the particular evil in point in a number of the *Freeholder*, at a time when the sources of the infection were as yet almost limited to the English metropolis. "There is scarce any man in England, of what denomination soever, that is not a free-thinker in politics, and hath not some particular notions of his own by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of the community. *Our island, which was formerly called a nation of saints, may now be called a nation of statesmen.* Almost every age, profession, and sex among us has its favorite set of ministers and scheme of government. Our children are initiated into factions before they know their right hand from their left. They no sooner begin to speak but Whig and Tory are the first words they learn. They are taught in their infancy to hate one-half of the nation; and contract all the virulence and passion of party before they come to the use of their reason. * * * Of all the ways and means by which this political humor hath been propagated among the people of Great Britain, I cannot single out any so prevalent or universal as the late constant application of the press to the publishing of state matters." Nor do we lack witnesses of a yet remoter date to prove that we are raising no new alarm. When Dr. John North, whose life we quote from, "was at Jesus College, coffee was not of such common use as afterward, and coffee-houses were but young. At that time, and long after, there was but one, kept by one Kirk. The trade of news also was scarcely set up; for they had only the public *Gazette*, till Kirk got a *written New-Letter*, circulated by one Muddiman. But now the case is much altered; for it is become a custom, after chapel, to repair to one or other of the coffee-houses, (for there are divers,)

where hours are spent in talking, and less profitable reading of newspapers, of which swarms are continually supplied from London. And the scholars are so greedy after news (which is none of their business), that they neglect all for it; and it is become very rare for any of them to go directly to his chamber after prayers, without doing his suit at the coffee-house, which is a vast loss of time." The strong and sober muse of Crabbe dedicated an entire poem to this most unpoetical of subjects, the Sunday paper occupying a conspicuous figure in his general censure—

"No changing season makes their number less,
Nor Sunday shines a Sabbath for the press!

Then lo! the sainted monitor is born,
Whose pious face some sacred texts adorn:
As artful sinners cloak the secret sin,
To veil with seeming grace the guile within;

So moral essays on his front appear,
But all his carnal business in the rear;
'The fresh-coin'd lie, the secret whisper'd last,
And all the gleanings of the six days past.

With these retired, through half the Sabbath-day,
The London lounge yawns his hours away.

* * * * *
To you all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper who abhor a book;
Those who ne'er deigned their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their news;
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek."

We should not have to search far in order to discover other censures as strong and as much to the purpose as these are; but these suffice to show that we are broaching no heresy in the foregoing and the following remarks.

Newspaper-reading in excess is so common a form of mental debauchery that sober people have almost forgotten to regard it as an evil. Let us beg the attention of such persons to an enumeration of a few of the most startling moral symptoms of the present day, and leave it for them to judge whether we are far wrong in attributing those symptoms mainly to the inevitably tremendous national influence (whether for immediate good or ill) of the newspaper press.

Into a man of an impatient stomach, we are divinely assured, that wisdom shall not enter. Is there any more widely apparent evil on the face of the existing generation than this of an impatient stomach?—a mental digestion that rejects all wholesome nutriment, and perpetually craves excitements

which do but hasten its utter destruction. Compared with the feverish glow which attends the continual indulgence of an impertinent curiosity, the gentler warmth accompanying the reception of noble knowledge seems frigidity itself. In Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" there is a curious and by no means uninteresting disquisition concerning the nature of the heat which is commonly conceived to pervade the latter. Here are a few words in which a sharp-sighted man may discover matter bearing significantly upon the present topic:—"It is to be observed that the above fire, or infernal heat, is turned into intense cold when heat from heaven flows in, and in this case the infernal inhabitants shiver like those who are seized with a cold fever, and they are likewise inwardly tormented; and the reason of this is, because they are altogether in opposition to the Divine principle; and the heat of heaven, which is Divine love, extinguishes the heat of hell, which is the love of self, and with it the fire of their life, whence comes such cold and consequent shivering, and likewise torment."

This popular lust for news, may it not safely be affirmed to constitute one of the mightiest elements of our national decay? What should so naturally accompany and succeed a national fever (for with us the newspaper is no less) than a proportioned national debility? Our greatest political danger lies where it is, by most of us, the least suspected—namely, in our self-induced weakness and apathy that, ere long, may be apt to seek the evil which now we profess chiefly to abhor. The powerlessness of governments, consequent upon the enervated state of those who ought to constitute the most worthy portion of the governed, confers upon ultra-democracy that false semblance of vigor which induces the most of us to worship material strength wherever we find it. Earnestness is not, as is commonly supposed, the thing that is now popularly admired. It is power, or the pretence and semblance of power, before which we at present bow down, utterly careless as to whether it be of the Devil or of God. We are, therefore, in a fair way to lose our freedom, not so much by a series of exhausting blazings-forth of Democracy, as, *miserable dictu*, by a deliberate recurrence to despotism as a good thing.

Thanks, however, to the force of newspaper teaching mainly, the loss here contemplated would not be by any means so great as it might have been under happier

preceding circumstances. Our "liberties" are at present very vaguely defined affairs in the minds of the most of us; and in the minds of many who entertain ideas of some positiveness upon the subject it has become a question whether the particular liberties that are most talked about are any longer worth maintaining. Religious liberty with the majority, means liberty to be irreligious; and the common notion of civil liberty seems to be, that people shall be allowed to be as vile as they like, provided they do not interfere with the same privilege in others.

The prodigious spread of a very superficial knowledge, through the means chiefly of the newspaper press, has called into existence another class of phenomena, which, if they are less ominous than the foregoing, are considerably more absurd. We mean the spasmodic efforts which this generation has made, and is still actively engaged in making, to stand upon its own legs, and to be "original"—efforts which have led those who are or fancy themselves to be the "spirits of the age," into the queer notion that all "conventionalities," as such, are baseless, and to be abandoned as soon as possible;—whereas, on the contrary, there is a very strong probability in favor of any particular custom of manners, or habit of thought, that, upon examination of its forgotten grounds, it will be found to be just and necessary. What will the "spirits of the age" do, should "originality" itself become "conventional," as is likely enough if our young men "go ahead" much longer at their present rate?

Another evil, more deep than obvious, of the extent to which newspapers are read by the people, is the result upon them of the publication of religious controversies. We will not dwell upon the manifest injury inflicted upon national religion by the mere knowledge of the divisions by which it is afflicted—a scandal which of all others, perhaps, is the most fatal to the weak brethren: we will only direct attention to the habits of religious study which arise among seriously disposed, but not religiously educated persons. When they desire to make themselves acquainted with the elements of chemistry, mathematics, and the like, they do not begin with controversies on the nature of the ammoniacal combinations, or discussions of the relative merits of the fluxional methods of Newton and Leibnitz; they study accredited elementary text-books; but, chiefly, as we expect, by reason of the conceited infatuation of their minds by newspaper appeals to their judgment upon religious points that are

totally beyond their powers of judgment, they begin their theological course, not with the Bible and the simplest and most authoritative elucidations thereof, but with a plunge, quite at random, into *controversies* on baptismal regeneration, the doctrines of election and reprobation, the procession of the Holy Spirit, &c., making themselves thoroughly conversant with the denials of all Christian truths, before they have once read or considered any simple and fair statement of them.

It would be vain, however, here to attempt even an enumeration of the immediate evils, which are the price to be paid for the future and ultimate results of the newspaper press upon civilization. If we assert that almost all the peculiar evils of our latest civilization are, in part, chargeable upon that source, the reader will not hold us guilty of a paradoxical or exaggerated statement, when he calls to mind the fact, that the newspaper press has constituted by very much the most mighty of the powers engaged in giving form to that quite peculiar phase of civilization which has arisen entirely since the Revolution of 1649,—exactly the date of the first appearance of newspapers in such numbers as to constitute a recognizable element of our national life.

Far be it from us to question the excellence of the ultimate results intended by heaven in all great movements or events, but equally removed from our hearts be the folly of a large class of our modern optimists, who refuse to regard evil as evil, provided that future good shall come of it. It would not have much consoled a wise Roman, in the Empire's latter days, to consider that his once noble but then fast rotting State, might operate, in times to come, as manure, admirable for the nourishment of a world-wide crop of alien civilizations. Nor is the sorrow with which we contemplate the present and imminent evils, resulting, and about to result, from the prodigious and ungovernable power of a teacher, necessarily ignoring all knowledge besides that which will render its teaching popular, much diminished by the reflection, that the destruction thus operating at the core of our national life, may, nay must, further the advent of that last consummation, when it will be seen by all that the good which God extracts from evil does in no way relieve the guilt of evil-doers.

In justification of the foregoing remarks, we observed at the outset, that the laudations commonly bestowed by the newspaper press upon itself are less frequently false

VOL. XX: NO. IV.

than they are egregiously one-sided. There are, however, two or three widely circulated affirmations upon the subject which we beg to contradict flatly. Mr. Hunt repeats a common thought when he says, that the newspaper "is a mental camera, which throws a picture of the whole world upon a single sheet of paper." The newspaper is no such thing; the picture given by it may, in general terms, be affirmed to be a very partial and distorted, and, in most respects, false representation of that in the world which is least worth the representing. The wicked, the noisy, and the shallow, make the chief figures in it. The truest, the most energetic activities find no record. A good man might die of sheer despair if he were ignorant enough to believe that the newspaper fairly represented the world around him.

Another preposterous error is the supposition that the newspaper is by its nature an instructor. The newspaper may, by many accidents, become such to certain of its readers; but, by its nature, it is not their instructor, it is their representative. Each of these two offices we take to be wholly incompatible with the existence, in any primary sense, of the other.

The kind of discredit which applies to newspapers generally, from the fact of their being, for the most part, almost avowedly the organs of party, needs not to be urged by us. The style in which they are often managed, however, is a thing less commonly known and considered, though not less worthy of remark. A couple of amusing anecdotes of the prosperous days of the "Courier" may serve to relieve the gravity of these introductory considerations, and also to conclude them. The following is from a letter of Daniel Stuart, the proprietor:—

"At this time a struggle was going on, whether the Regent should be a Whig or a Tory, and important letters were passing between his Royal Highness and Mr. Percival. At midnight, George Spurrett, the porter, who slept in the Courier Office, was knocked up; a splendid carriage and splendid liveries at the door; a portly, elegant man, elegantly dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, presented himself, and inquired for Mr. Stuart; for, as I was abused in the newspapers as the conductor of the Courier, the merit of which belonged wholly to Mr. Street, I was the person inquired for by strangers. George said Mr. Stuart lived out of town; but Mr. Street, the editor, lived on the Adelphi Terrace. A packet was delivered to George, and he was enjoined to give it speedily to Mr. Street, as it was of great importance. This was a copy of the correspondence

between the Prince of Wales and Mr. Percival. To be sure of its being genuine, Mr. Street went immediately to Mr. Percival to inquire. On seeing it Mr. Percival started back, and exclaimed, 'This is done to ruin me with the Prince! If it appears in the Courier nothing will persuade him that I did not publish it as an appeal to the public against him! It must not be published!' 'No!' said Mr. Street, 'it is a very good article for the paper, and what will partner Stuart say if he hears of my suppressing it?' 'Well,' said Mr. Percival, who held it fast, 'some news shall be sent you as an equivalent.' Accordingly, an official dispatch of the taking of the island of Bandy, in the East Indies, was sent the same day, and was published in the Courier before it appeared in the London Gazette. I knew nothing of this till the evening, when I dined with Street at Kilburn, where we had a hearty laugh at these occurrences."

The "dodge" described in the following words of Mr. Hunt is a very amusing individual of a very common species:—

"A great feature of the Courier was its second editions. These, during those days of excitement, the public were never allowed to forget. Men with horns ran down the streets, making a 'most hideous music,' and shouting between each blast, 'News, news, great news, Courier—Courier, great news, great news—second edition.' Two or three strong-lunged fellows would at times be within hearing at once, and no one could avoid noticing the fact. The stock of papers each carried with him usually found a ready sale, and then the office was resorted to for more. A story has been told to show how these second editions were sometimes made. The editor must have a second edition, and news must be found to make it. The account of Bellingham's murderous act was, of course, a great card for the papers. Thousands upon thousands had been issued with all that could be got together, but the public appetite being satisfied the demand fell; when suddenly the town was disturbed by the horns, and voices, and the hurrying feet of the newsmen, who bellowed out, 'Third edition, third edition—Courier, Courier—Bellingham, Bellingham—late news, late news.' The papers were sold rapidly, and on went the successful hawkers to find new customers. As the third edition was greedily searched for the additional intelligence, each reader was gratified with the important paragraph—'We stop the press to announce, that the sanguinary villain, Bellingham, has refused to be shaved!'"

Let us now take a rapid glance at the principal events detailed in Mr. Hunt's "Contributions toward a History of Newspapers and of the Liberty of the Press."

When the reign of James the First was drawing to a close; when Ben Jonson was poet laureate, and the personal friends of Shakspeare were lamenting his then recent death; when Cromwell was trading as a

brewer at Huntingdon; when Milton was a youth of sixteen, trying his pen at Latin verse; and Hampden a quiet country gentleman in Buckinghamshire, the first English newspaper was published in London. Prior to this time many pamphlets and sheets headed by the word "Newes" had appeared, but they consisted generally of isolated accounts of some notable incidents, a great battle, the burning of a mansion, or the spread of an epidemic, and were irregularly issued; whereas "The Weekly Newes," as its name indicates, appeared at regular and stated intervals. Its projectors were Nathaniel Butter, Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheffard, Bartholomew Downes, and Edward Allde. Nathaniel Butter, however, seems to have been the principal author, the rest having been subordinate writers, or merely publishers. Butter claims the merit neither of striking originality of plan nor literary genius. All that he did was to produce a certain limited amount of connected and regular news, and to persevere boldly in his purpose. Commencing in 1622, his name is found in connection with newspapers as late as 1640.

Some years before the appearance of the "Weekly Newes," Butter had been a news-writer, or writer of news to private country gentlemen; for it was customary with such as could afford this luxury to have people in their employ to furnish them with intelligence from London. It at length occurred to Butter that he might extend his business, and make it more lucrative, by printing his sheets; and with this view he started his first paper on the 23d of May, 1622. Like most projectors, he gained little more than the honor of his invention, leaving the harvest of his profit to his successors. His paper was laughed at by wits, and ill supported by the public. From Ben Jonson's comedy of "The Staple of News," wherein the novel speculation is bitterly ridiculed, we probably discover the temper in which Butter's productions were generally regarded; and it would seem, from this and other sources of cotemporary information, that the father of journalists must have been endowed with no common resolution to continue his purpose in the face of the storm of rail-lery, and in spite of the yet more distressing indifference by which his efforts continued to be acknowledged. The four places to which the Editor, in Ben Jonson's comedy, is supposed to send emissaries for the purpose of gathering news, are the Court, Old St. Paul's Cathedral,—where citizens are spoken of as

walking the aisles and discussing their own and other people's affairs,—the Exchange, and lastly, Westminster Hall; spots which would afford little profit to the news-seeker of the present day. We find, however, that at the period in question, the middle aisle of St. Paul's supplied, not only news, but a news-writer, who came forth from a band of "broken ancients, lieutenants," &c., who had served in the wars in the low countries, and now habitually met in the Cathedral to talk over their past exploits.

The first French newspaper appeared ten years after Butter's "Weekly Newes." It was published under the immediate patronage of Louis the Fourteenth, and under the direction of Theophrastus Renaudot, a medical man. Its title was "La Gazette de France." Some writers have tried to prove that other nations had established newspapers before either France or England, but it seems now to be a clearly established fact, that Nathaniel Butter was the true inventor of them. The names of papers referred to, as anterior to the "Weekly Newes," all prove to be those of irregular pamphlets, such as we have already described as existing in England previous to the year 1622. The Greeks and Romans may have had issues of this kind, and certainly had written public proclamations of recent events; but no regularly numbered and continuous paper can be produced to take from Butter the honor of his invention. Innumerable writers have been misled by Mr. Chalmers, who, in the Life of Ruddiman, enters upon the subject of journalism and the origin of newspapers. He states the first newspaper to have been "The English Mercurie," which was published in 1588, and thus ascribes "to the sagacity of Elizabeth and wisdom of Burleigh" the honor that is due to Butter. This error was first corrected by the learned bibliographer Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, who pointed out the comparative modernness of the paper and type of the "English Mercurie," and in other ways fully proved the supposed antiquity to be a glaring forgery.

The following extract from his "Letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq., &c., of the British Museum," will interest our readers, not many of whom are likely to have seen that curious piece of bibliographical research.

"Mr. Nichols, who, in 1794, had transferred the substance of Mr. Chalmers' statement to the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine, afterward incorporated it, with an encomium on the sagacity of the discoverer, in the elaborate account of early

newspapers drawn up by himself, with the assistance of the Rev. Samuel Ayscough, and forming part of the fourth volume of his literary anecdotes. Mr. D'Israeli, who, in the early editions of his *Curiosities of Literature*, had given an article on the origin of newspapers, in which no allusion was made to the *English Mercury*, inserted an account of the alleged discovery, in subsequent editions, almost in the words of Chalmers. An independent account, not taken from the Life of Ruddiman, but evidently from a fresh examination of the *Mercury* itself, appeared in the 'Concise History of Ancient Institutions, &c.,' abridged and translated from Professor Beckmann, with various important additions, published at London, in two volumes, in 1823. From these authorities, it is no wonder the information found its way into the *Encyclopædias* and other compilations of a similar nature. It is given in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, the *Metropolitana*, the new edition of the *Britannica*, and the *British Cyclopædia*, under the head of *Newspapers*. The '*Conversations Lexikon*' of Brockhaus, and the '*Neuestes Conversations Lexikon*' of Wigand, mention it in the article *Zeitung*; the '*Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*,' under the head *Gazetier*; the great Russian '*Entsiklopedicheskii Leksikon*,' under that of *Gazeta*. It appears in the '*Encyclopædia Americana*,' published at New York, and in the new edition of that work with alterations and improvements now publishing at Glasgow. In miscellaneous works on origins and inventions it has generally found a place. Even the circulation given to the statement by these channels is, however, inferior, in all probability, to that it has obtained by means of newspapers and miscellaneous periodicals, such as Hone's *Year-Book*, the *Saturday Magazine*, *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, &c., &c. For the last thirty or forty years it has formed a regular standard article of curious information, and by constant repetition, in and out of season, has been familiar to almost every desultory reader throughout the kingdom.

"There could hardly, in fact, be any circumstance in literary history apparently established on a firmer foundation than this. A statement originally made by a respectable authority, and repeated by so many others, was supported by reference to a document preserved, not in a private library or one difficult of access, but in the most public, the most easily accessible, the most universally frequented collection in the capital. Any doubt or suspicion that might arise could be confirmed or dispelled at once by applying for the volume, which was daily within call of hundreds of literary men, both English and Foreign.

"This document, on which for nearly half a century so important a statement has rested undisturbed and unchallenged, is, however, in reality, of so very questionable a character, that to see it was to suspect it, to examine it was to detect. On the 4th instant I was induced to refer to the '*English Mercurie*' by a consideration respecting it suggested in the article '*Armada*' in the *Penny Cyclopædia*. It is there pointed out, 'that as the Numbers of the *Mercury* in the Museum are marked as Nos. 50, 51, and 54, &c.

the corner of the margin, we are to conclude that such publications had occasionally been resorted to at critical times much anterior to the event of the Spanish Armada.' It struck me that the marginal numbers referred to might be merely added in manuscript in order to facilitate reference. On the book being brought, I had not examined it two minutes, before, to my surprise, I was forced to conclude that the whole was a forgery. I handed it to Mr. Jones, my colleague in the library at the Museum, and he immediately arrived at a similar conclusion. At that instant you, my dear Sir, came up, and I put the volume into your hands, with an inquiry whether you thought that the printing was executed in 1588. After a moment's examination, you unhesitatingly declared it impossible. I pointed out the other marks of authenticity that I had detected, your hasty inspection supplied still others, and the unaccountably successful imposition of fifty years was shattered to fragments in five minutes. Not a single individual of many who have since examined the 'English Mercurie' has imagined that the date of 1588 could be at all supported."

In 1740 an attempt was made to prove that the Romans (to whom printing was unknown) were the originators of newspapers, and in support of this proposition, extracts are given from the "Acta diurna," containing notices of public ceremonies, trials, births, deaths, &c.; but such records are to be found in the histories of every civilized people, and the "Acta diurna" were manifestly rather public proclamations of important occurrences, than newspapers. Venetian papers, written during the Turkish wars, and preserved in the library of Florence, have been also pointed out as newspapers of earlier date than the "Weekly News;" but these, like the "Acta diurna," were public proclamations, and were not circulated, but read to an audience, who paid a small coin, called "gazetta," for admission;—hence the word "gazette" as applied to newspapers.

The writers of the "Weekly News," who, in common with other authors, were under severe censorship, seem not to have dared to meddle with home affairs. They merely gave such foreign intelligence as reached them through travellers, or chance correspondence with other countries.

From the time of Gutenberg to that of the Reformation, the press was under the strict censorship of the Popes, who, from the beginning, laid claim to the same authority over printed books as they had formerly possessed over manuscripts. The Reformation was the cause of the first appearance of a more unshackled literature; for now each side put forth its arguments in spite of the

other, and men, being awakened to a hitherto unheard-of interest on the subject of Religion, read eagerly the controversial books and pamphlets that appeared; and these of course increased in proportion to the popular demand for them. For more than a century after the invention of printing, the books published were almost exclusively theological; but comparative liberty having been once gained, and a new want having been called into existence among the people, other books gradually appeared, and as the love of reading spread from the higher classes to the poor, and hitherto unlettered, many rose up from the latter to become in their turn teachers, and to extend the influence of the engine by which they had risen.

Attempts were, however, soon made to curb the liberty which the press had gained so rapidly during the progress of the Reformation.

In Elizabeth's reign, we find men in various walks of life, running great risks, and enduring heavy penalties, for the sake of the liberty of the press. The Star Chamber was called into play to stop this popular thirst for freedom of printed thought, and fines and imprisonment, with the pillory, the branding iron, and the hangman's fire in Smithfield, were employed at various times by Star Chamber authority, to torture writers, to terrify readers, and to cast odium upon unlicensed publications.

Attorney-General Popham, on the trial of Sir R. Knightley and others before the Star Chamber in 1588, referred to the fact, that "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, in her great wisdom, had issued proclamations that no pamphlets or treatises should be put in print but such as should be first seen and allowed; and further, lest that were not sufficient, she ordained that no printing should be used anywhere but in London, Oxford, or Cambridge. Notwithstanding, all this served not," continues this legal authority, "but they would print in corners, and spread abroad things unprinted; wherefore, Her Majesty set forth a proclamation in anno 25 (of her reign) that all Brownist books, and such other seditious books, should be suppressed and burned." Still the obnoxious publications appeared, and another proclamation was fulminated against "the new seditious and infamous libels spread abroad." That not sufficing, Sir Richard Knightley was selected for prosecution, as an example.

In spite of the efforts made by the Star Chamber to crush the liberty of the press,

its strength grew rapidly, and the relish of the people for free publications constantly increased with opposition. The Star Chamber continued to exercise a most tyrannical and barbarous power over the writers of all books, pamphlets, and newspapers, till the year 1641, when King Charles was importuned by his parliament, on occasion of an application for pecuniary aid, to abolish it altogether. The principal instigator of this request was Mr. Prynne, formerly a persecuted author, but now member for Newport. He had lost both his ears, and had undergone many other indignities, on account of his work against actors and acting, which, though it was proved to have been in the press before the Queen Henrietta had taken part in a masque at court, was considered to have been intended to throw discredit on Her Majesty for joining in such amusements. As soon as Prynne obtained political importance, he remembered his persecution, and gladly helped to put down a grievance under which he had suffered so severely. No sooner was the Star Chamber abolished, than the newspapers quitted their old reserve, and dealt freely in English news. The parliament itself published daily reports of its proceedings, under the name of "Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament." These were continued from 1641 till the Restoration, when Charles the Second immediately put a stop to a custom so incompatible with any form of despotism.

From 1640 till the Restoration, nearly 30,000 journals, pamphlets, and papers were published. The press seemed so to delight in its new freedom, that it could not produce fast enough to satisfy itself and its patrons. Mr. Thomasson, who lived during the Parliamentary Wars, collected all these publications. It is well known how Charles the First was to have purchased this collection, but was prevented by his death; that Charles the Second refused to carry out his father's intention; and that after passing through various hands, they were at last bought by George the Third, and presented to the British Museum, where they now are.

During the Civil Wars, each army is said to have carried printing apparatus in its baggage; and newspapers, under various names, generally *Mercuries*, were sent forth at every new event. The following are the titles belonging to some of the party papers of these times:—"Mercurius Fumigosus," "Mercurius Veridicus," "Mercurius Pragmaticus," "Mercurius Rusticus," "Mercurius Politicus," and "Mercurius Aulicus."

The Long Parliament had made strenuous but ineffectual efforts to check the rising power of the press, soon after its own published reports had shown the way to freedom. A committee of the House of Commons was appointed in February, 1640, to consider and examine all abuses of printing, licensing, importing, and suppressing books of all sorts; and in May of the following year, a committee was formed to consider the printing of speeches. The members of the Long Parliament had been somewhat freely spoken of; and though they were willing to publish their doings, they were ready to take alarm at the first sign of these reports being roughly handled. Sir Edward Dering was expelled from the House of Commons by a vote of that Assembly, for printing his own speeches. His publications were sentenced to be burned in Westminster, Smithfield, and Cheapside, by the common hangman; and Sir Edward was cited to appear at the bar of the Commons, where, kneeling, he received sentence of imprisonment in the tower. Several such instances occur; yet, from time to time, opinions were boldly uttered; and, upon the whole, the press was preparing itself gradually for the great emancipation which was awaiting it. In vain did the House of Commons thunder forth its orders "for preventing the printing and publishing of any scandalous or libelous pamphlets that might reflect upon the King or the kingdom, the Parliament, or Scotland; and for suppressing such as had already been printed;" or ordain, "that the book enjoining and tolerating sports on the Lord's day, should be forthwith burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Cheapside, and other usual places;" the controversial books still appeared, and increased in number; for each one that was crushed, many succeeded. And in the course of a month, another longer and more formal decree was published, in which the authorities complain of private printing-presses sending forth "false, forged, scandalous, libelous, seditious papers, pamphlets, and books," in such number that "no industry could be sufficient to discover and bring to punishment all the several abounding delinquents." The decree proceeds to give sundry rules for the licensing of speeches, books, pamphlets, &c. But the lawgivers alone were fettered by their law, and their adversaries continued their unlicensed war of words as before. John Milton now took up the defence of the liberty of the press; and it was by its last enactment that the Parliament brought upon

themselves this formidable adversary. In the *Areopagitica*, Milton exerted all his powers in advocating the side of liberty.

"Books," said he, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to bring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, destroys reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth: but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecutions we raise against the living labors of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends, not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality, rather than a life."

He afterward speaks of the impracticability of suppressing thought.

"If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no motion or deportment be taught our youth, but what, by their allowance, shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; but they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also and the balconies must be thought on; these are shrewd books and dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them—shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the bal-lady and the gainut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman's *Arcadias* and his *Monte Mayors*."

Milton then proceeds to point out the inefficacy of the attempts which have already

been made to check the publishing of unlicensed works; and a few pages afterward tells to the Parliament what he saw and thought in Italy.

"And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments, and learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honor I had) and been counted happy to be born in a place of such philosophic freedom as England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits—that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian.

"There it was that I found Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England was then groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty."

Almost immediately after this address of Milton to the Parliament, the whole nation was in arms, and the press was left in perfect liberty, while both parties were struggling for the mastery. General Fairfax, on his arrival with his army in London, made an attempt to bring the press into its ancient trammels. He applied to the parliament for assistance in this undertaking. Mr. Mabbot at his request was appointed licenser, and a committee was ordered to sit every day, with a large sum of money at its disposal, for the reward of those who should bring about convictions.

All these measures were of small avail; and the press continued to enjoy practical, if not nominal freedom, during the Protectorate.

Upon the accession of Charles the Second, the liberty of the press was again thrown back. The king resented the first free discussion of public affairs, by putting down the "*Mercurius Politicus*," and appointing two persons, named Muddiman and Gibbs, to publish news every Monday and Thursday. It was soon afterward forbidden to publish the proceedings of the parliament; and a law was passed placing all publications under the censorship of a licenser. Another law arranged all subjects for discussion under various heads, and appointed a licenser to superintend each. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London superintended all works of theology; the Lord Chancellor, all

legal books; the Secretary of State, histories and political writings, &c. Printing-presses were allowed to be established only at London, York, and the seats of the two universities: other presses were ordered to be seized; and unlawful writers were made amenable to a court over which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London presided.

Political writings thus shackled, gave place, in great measure, to licentious poetry; and all purity seemed to be, for a time, forgotten. It was, however, still found necessary to supply the people with newspapers, and Roger L'Estrange, a fine scholar, who had long been devoted to the Royal cause, was appointed licenser and journalist. L'Estrange had suffered much during the Protectorate, having languished for four years in prison in constant dread of death, and was in a state of great poverty when Charles rewarded his services by appointing him to the conduct of the newspaper. L'Estrange showed himself quite equal to his post, and conducted his Paper, which he called "The Intelligencer," in a manner that raised the whole style and character of these publications. The first number of "The Intelligencer" appeared on the 1st of August, 1663. It was continued till January the 9th, 1665, when L'Estrange laid it down to commence the "London Gazette," which still exists as the vehicle of the bankrupt lists and official reports. The first number was printed in the following September. In 1679, L'Estrange set up another paper, called the "Observer," which he continued for eight years. His biographer does not give us the names of all the other papers in which he wrote, though he seems to have been a busy author for several years after the discontinuance of the Observer. He was knighted in James the Second's reign, and died, at the age of 87, in 1704.

During the censorship of L'Estrange, occurred the famous trial of Twyn. Mr. Hunt gives us the following account of it:—

"On an October night in 1663, the licenser L'Estrange, having received secret information, set out on a search for illegal publications. He had with him a party of assistants, which included four persons, named Dickinson, Mabb, Wickham, and Storey. These men were called up after midnight, and made their way, by L'Estrange's directions, to Cloth Fair. This had been Milton's hiding-place when he had 'fallen on evil days,' and here now lived another heterodox thinker—a printer, named John Twyn, whose press had been betrayed to the authorities

as one whence illegal thoughts were spread. When called on afterward to give evidence as to what had happened, Wickham described how he had met Mr. L'Estrange near Twyn's house, and how 'they knocked at least half an hour before they got in,' and how they listened and 'heard some papers tumbling down, and heard a rattling above before they went up.' The door being opened by its unfortunate owner, Wickham was posted at the back door, whilst another stood in the front, and the rest of the searchers went over the premises. Efforts had been made to destroy the offending sheets; the type had been broken up, and a portion of the publications had been thrown into the next house. Enough, however, was found to support a charge. Twyn's apprentice was put into the witness-box to give evidence against his master, and the judges were ready to coincide with Mr. Sergeant Morton, who appeared for the Crown, and declared Twyn's offence to be treason. The obnoxious book repeated the arguments often urged during the Commonwealth, 'that the execution of judgment and justice is as well the people's as the magistrate's duty; and if the magistrates pervert judgment, the people are bound by the law of God to execute judgment without them, and upon them.' In his defence Twyn said, that he had certainly printed the sheets; he 'thought it was mettlesome stuff, but knew no hurt in it;' that the copy had been brought to him by one Calvert's maid-servant, and that he had got forty shillings by printing it. He pleaded, moreover, in excuse, that he was poor, and had a family dependent on his labor for their bread. Such replies were vain, and the jury found him guilty.

"I humbly beg mercy," cried Twyn, when this terrible word was pronounced, 'I humbly beg mercy; I am a poor man, and have three small children; I never read a word of it.'

"I'll tell you what you shall do," replied the Chief-Justice Hyde, to whom this plea for clemency was addressed, 'ask mercy of them that can give it, that is, of God and the king.'

"I humbly beseech you to intercede with his majesty for mercy," piteously exclaimed the condemned printer.

"Tie him up, executioner," was the only reply: and Hyde proceeded to pronounce sentence. To read this sentence in the record of the trial makes the blood run cold. 'I speak it from my soul,' said the sycophant Chief-Justice, 'I think we have the greatest happiness in the world in enjoying what we do, under a good and gracious king. Yet you, Twyn, in the rancour of your heart, thus to abuse him, deserve no mercy!' After some further expressions of loyalty, and a declaration that it was high time an example should be made to deter those who would avow killing of kings, he ordered that Twyn should be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; that he be hanged by the neck, and, being alive, that he should be cut down, and that his body should be mutilated in a way which decency now forbids the very mention of; that his entrails should afterward be taken out—and you still living, the same to be burnt before your eyes; your head to be cut off, and your head

and quarters to be disposed of at the pleasure of the king's majesty.'

" 'I humbly beseech your Lordship,' again cried Twyn, in his agony, 'to remember my condition, and to intercede for me.'

" 'I would not intercede,' replied the judge, 'for my own father, in this case, were he alive;' and the unhappy printer was led back to Newgate, only to leave it for Tyburn, where the sentence was soon afterward carried into effect. His head and the quarters of his body being set up to fester and rot on Ludgate, Aldersgate, and the other gates of the city."

Other printers were tried, but escaped with lighter punishments than the unfortunate Twyn. Among these were Simon Dover, Thomas Brewster, and Nathan Brooks, who were indicted at the Old Bailey, for printing the speeches and prayers of some of those who had promoted the late King's death. These publications had appeared in separate pamphlets. No newspaper now dared to admit such matters.

James the Second, like his brother, was strongly opposed to the existence of a free press. During his short reign, he enacted a law to entammel it; but what he effected among his own subjects, was overturned by the Dutch, who sent (chiefly from the Hague) innumerable pamphlets, in which English politics were freely discussed.

The Revolution again removed the censorship from the press, when it was a second time called upon by contending parties, to support their opposite opinions. The Government set up the "Orange Intelligencer," and the opposition was not long behind in establishing its rival journals; both sides wrote with unrestrained freedom. Some attempts were made to renew the Licensing Act, which was even put in force for six or seven years, but it was little regarded, and soon quite forgotten.

From 1661 to 1668; seventy different journals had appeared, some of long, and some of short duration. Before 1672, twenty-seven newspapers were added to the list. The Post Office, which had been established by Charles the First, and improved by William the Third, afforded increased facilities for the circulation of newspapers. The following advertisement in the "Flying Post" (1695), shows us that the old news-letters were not yet out of use:—"If any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friends or correspondents with this account of public affairs, he can have it for twopence, of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper, half of which being left blank, he may thereon write his own affairs,

or the material news of the day." We find another indication of the continued use of news-letters, in the case of a journal published by Ichabod Dawks, in 1696; it is printed on letter paper, and in imitation of an ordinary hand-writing—a portion of the paper being left blank, to be filled up by the purchaser.

Queen Anne's reign is remarkable in the history of the press, for having produced the first daily paper, the law of copyright, the imposition of stamps on newspapers, and duties on advertisements; all indications of a great change in the condition and importance of the newspaper press, since the time of Nathaniel Butter.

In 1704, we meet with another case of prosecution of a newspaper editor. The "Observer," from the 8th to the 11th of December, 1703, was declared to contain "matters scandalous and malicious, reflecting on the proceedings of the House, tending to the promotion of sedition in the kingdom." Bragg the printer, Tutchin the author, and How the publisher, were ordered to be taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Tutchin, however, absconded, and continued to publish remarks upon the Parliamentary speeches. The Commons, therefore, applied to the Queen, praying her to issue a proclamation for his apprehension. He was apprehended, and tried; but, contriving to get off, he was soon after waylaid, and beaten so cruelly that he died of his wounds.

In 1709, the Daily Courant, the first morning paper, appeared. At this time there were eighteen other papers published in London; and as the Evening Post of September 1709 remonstrates, that "at least £400 per annum are being paid for written news, while the Evening Post may be had for much less," it is evident that news-letters were still much in use.

It was at this period that the journals, for the first time, combined news with discussion. The earlier papers contained news only.

In the eleventh year of Queen Anne's reign, the Sergeant-at-Arms was directed to take into custody Mr. Samuel Buckley, writer and printer of the "Daily Courant." He had published a memorial of the States-General, which was considered by the Parliament to contain "scandalous reflections upon the resolutions of the House." This seems to have been the result of a recommendation of the Queen to the Parliament, to chastise those who published "false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any Government:"—a recommendation which led the way to a proposal for laying duties

on all newspapers and pamphlets. A duty was shortly after imposed, to the amount of a half-penny on every printed half-sheet, or less; a penny on a whole sheet; and twelve pence on each advertisement. The consequence of this tax was the immediate stopping of many minor papers, and the amalgamation of some of the survivors. The *Spectator* raised its price, and shortly afterward stopped. "All Grubb Street," writes Swift to Stella, "is ruined by the Stamp Act."

About this time, Steele lost his seat in Parliament, for the sake of which he had resigned a lucrative post, on account of certain anti-ministerial papers in the "*Englishman*" and the "*Crisis*;" and John Matthews, a boy of nineteen, was tried at the Old Bailey for publishing a Whig paper on hereditary right. He was condemned, and hanged at Tyburn.

During the age of Swift and Steele, newspapers made a rapid stride toward the prominent position they now occupy. Writers of acknowledged genius wrote in them. Swift and Dr. Sheridan started the "*Intelligencer*" in 1728; and the newspapers exercised so great an influence upon the minds of the people, that the legal authorities interposed more frequently than ever, though commonly without effect.

In the twelfth year of George the First's reign, a law was passed for the better regulation of the Stamp Act. The publishers of newspapers had evaded the old law, by printing on sheets between the penny and halfpenny sizes, and by this means had entered them as pamphlets, for which it was necessary only to pay three shillings on each edition. The new law prevented this evasion without increasing the duty.

In the reign of George the Second, unstamped papers were again sold, and to such an amount, that a reward of twenty shillings was offered to any one who would seize and bring to justice a vender of them. The clause tells us, that they were "daily sold, hawked, and carried about, uttered, and exposed to sale, by divers obscure persons, who had no known or settled habitation."

We have reports of the proceedings of the Parliament, in Boyer's Register, for several years after the accession of George the First. Notwithstanding the resolution of the House of Commons in 1729, "that it is an indignity to, and a breach of the privilege of the House, for any person to presume to give in written or printed newspapers, any account or minutes of the debates, or other proceedings of the House,

or of any Committee thereof;" and that upon the discovery of the author of such offence, the House will proceed against him with the utmost severity. Notices similar to those of Boyer were given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1740, Dr. Johnson became the writer of these notices, and continued to hold the post till 1743, when Dr. Haworth succeeded him. Dr. Guthrie had been Johnson's predecessor.

In 1745, Fielding, who had already published his first novel, started "*The True Patriot*." This paper continued only a few months; but its merit was such as to gain for its author the post of Bow Street Magistrate. Fielding afterward started some other papers. The "*Covent Garden Journal*" and the "*Jacobites*" contained articles by him.

From Bubb Dodington's Diary we find that at about this time, Lord Bute, then Minister, called on Dodington, and "had much talk about setting up a Paper." This project was carried into effect. Smollett was made editor of the new Paper, which was called the "*Briton*." An opponent soon started up, called the "*North Briton*," which had for its editor Wilkes, and for its chief supporters Lord Temple and the poet Churchill. The two editors, who, till now, had been personal friends, attacked each other with the greatest rancor. Wilkes at last gained the victory, and Smollett gave up the contest in 1763. The victorious Paper soon after put an end to its own existence by its boldness, in declaring that "falsehood had been uttered in a royal speech;" an assertion which caused its immediate downfall, and the prosecution of all engaged in it. The offending number was burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside.

In 1764, Mr. Meeres was fined £100, for mentioning the name of Lord Hereford in the "*London Evening Post*;" and for several years after this, we find that the same fine was occasionally imposed for a similar offence.

The letters of Junius (the first of which appeared in the "*Public Advertiser*," April 28th, 1767) caused several trials. In 1770, Almon, a bookseller, was fined for selling a copy of Junius' letter to the King, in a work called "*The London Museum*." Three other booksellers were tried for the same offence, and were acquitted, one of them, H. S. Woodfall, being found guilty of "printing and publishing" only.

In 1771, a long dispute commenced between the parliament and the people, concerning the printing of parliamentary debates. Since the time of Cromwell, there had been

no authorized reports of the proceedings of the House, though the people had had frequent intelligence of them through the journals and papers. The contest began by its being moved in the House that Thomson and Whebbe, two printers of these unlawful reports, should be called to the bar for infringing a standing order of the House. The offenders paid no attention to the summons left at their houses; orders for their arrest were then forwarded to the Sergeant-at-arms. This functionary reported that not only was his search for the two printers unavailing, but he was ridiculed and insulted by the servants of the offenders. An address for a royal proclamation was then voted against the delinquents, and a reward offered for their apprehension. These steps produced many debates in the House between the advocates for secrecy of speech and the supporters of the liberty of the press. The latter urged the impossibility of effectually suppressing free publication; and the appearance of six new offenders gave weight to their arguments. They urged, that as the members whose speeches had been published had not made any formal complaint to the Parliament in general, the House was not called upon to take the matter up; and that the ever-increasing number of offenders would keep them so constantly employed, that all matters of real import must be cast aside, if they proposed to carry out this "ridiculous contest with printers." The party who were for continuing the prosecutions prevailed: Whebbe and Thomson, the two original offenders, were apprehended and tried; but were discharged upon giving bail for their appearance at the ensuing session. The struggle, on its renewal, involved the House of Commons in the most perplexing difficulties, which were only to be solved by allowing the matter to drop as silently as possible. The Lord Mayor, who had been imprisoned in the tower for refusing to deliver up the offenders, was released by the dissolution of the Parliament which kept him there. Here the matter was permitted to end; and the debates have been printed from that day to this.

The excitement caused by this important contest greatly extended the sale of the papers concerned; and, as had been predicted by the opposition party, helped to raise the Press in the estimation of the people, who now began to regard it as the bulwark of national liberty.

In January, 1788, (just one hundred years after the appearance of the "Orange Intel-

ligencer,") the first number of the "Times" was published.

Prosecutions for libel, which constitute the main feature of the history of the progress of the freedom of the Press in England, were numerous and interesting after this date; but the most conspicuous of them—as those of Peltier, Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, &c.—have scarcely ceased to be among the topics of the time. Mr. Hunt describes them all at a somewhat unnecessary length. We hasten over this portion of his work, in order to present our readers with his very interesting and quite novel information concerning the working and expenses of a London Morning Paper in the present day. We give a rather full abstract of this part of Mr. Hunt's book.

It may be well to premise that the following account of the staff and weekly expenditure of a daily newspaper probably applies less accurately to the "Times" than to any other of the London morning journals, the expenses of that Paper being, we fancy, far greater than those exhibited by Mr. Hunt, who, unless we are mistaken, holds a high position in the editorial department of one of the other morning issues.

Staff and Weekly Expenses of a London Morning Paper in 1850.

Editorial.—Chief editor, 18 guineas; sub-editor, 12 guineas; second sub-editor, 10 guineas; foreign sub-editor, 8 guineas; writers (about 4 guineas a day,) £25; sixteen parliamentary reporters (one at 7 guineas and the others at 5 guineas per week,) £87, 7s.

Foreign.—Paris correspondent, 10 guineas; Paris reporter for chamber, &c., 3 guineas; expenses of office, subscription to papers, &c., 5 guineas. The Paris postage is also a considerable expense. Boulogne (agent), 1 guinea; Madrid, 4 guineas; Rome, 4 guineas; Naples or Turin, 3 guineas; Vienna, 3 guineas; Berlin, 5 guineas; Lisbon, 3 guineas. There are also correspondents at Malta, Alexandria, Athens, Constantinople, Hamburg, Bombay, China, Singapore, New York, Boston, Halifax, Montreal, Jamaica, and at other places, when there happens to be pressing news. All these are remunerated in proportion to the importance of their posts.

The next list is of the ports at which correspondents are engaged to facilitate the transmission of late news to London and the provinces, requiring regular reporters:—Dover, Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Dublin, Plymouth, Pembroke, Falmouth, Portsmouth, York, Wakefield, Chatham, Sheerness, Woolwich, Gravesend, Glasgow, Cambridge, Oxford.

Legal Reports.—Judicial Committee of Privy Council; House of Lords (judicial,) the cost of these two varies; Lord Chancellor's Court, three

Vice-Chancellors' Courts, Rolls Court, Court of Queen's Bench, Court of Common Pleas, Court of the Exchequer, Exchequer Chambers,—each 3 guineas. (Extra reporters are often required for these Courts.) Bail Court, Court of Bankruptcy, each 2 guineas; Insolvent Debtors' Court, 1 guinea; Central Criminal Court (the old and three new Courts,) 3 guineas; Surrey Sessions, Middlesex Sessions, and Sheriffs' Court, 1 guinea.

Circuits.—Home, Western, Midland, Oxford, Northern, Norfolk, Welsh; these cost from £20 to £30 a circuit, we may calculate them at £6 a week. The salaries of the law reporters are usually stopped during the long vacation.

Separate reporters attend the following Police Courts:—

Police.—Bow Street, Clerkenwell, Marylebone, Worship Street, Thames, Marlborough Street, Guildhall, Mansion House, Wandsworth, Lambeth, Southwark, Greenwich, Woolwich, Ilford Petty Sessions. Some of these reporters have stated salaries, others are paid according to the amount of their "copy" used by the paper. The whole amount is about £10 a week; upon general "penny-a-liners" copy about £10 more is expended.

Next come the arrangements for the city contributions, with their costs:—

City.—Money article, 7 guineas; Mark-Lane and Mincing-Lane markets, each 1 guinea. Smaller salaries are also paid to reporters of

Markets.—Smithfield, hay; Smithfield, cattle; Leadenhall, hides; Newgate and Leadenhall, meat; Billingsgate, fish; Southwark, hops; Thames Street, coals.

For city use, it is necessary to subscribe to the Stock Exchange lists, to Lloyds, and to the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

News of the Court, the Fine Arts, and the Turf, are supplied by the Court Circular, the sporting reporter, theatrical and musical reporter, and the fine arts' reporter.

It is usual to have in the establishment a man with a thorough knowledge of medicine and the collateral sciences, that the paper may not contain mistakes in reports of medical evidence, and legal investigations, where physiological, chemical or botanical science is concerned.

Some Public Meetings, Parliamentary Committees, Masters in Chancery, Railways, and other similar sources of news, are often attended by members of the parliamentary staff, others have their own reporters, and any extra work is given to the "penny-a-liners."

It is desirable, in addition to these paid sources of information, to have friends who will communicate intelligence from the public offices in Downing-street (where deputations have to be reported;) at the Horse Guards, for military news and rumors; at the Admiralty, the Treasury, and Board of Trade.

News must also be gathered from the Clubs, especially the Reform and Carlton Clubs.

It is requisite, also, to subscribe for Hansard's Debates, Acts of Parliament, Votes of the House, and other parliamentary papers, the London Gazette, the Coal-market List, and Packet List.

A large number of foreign, colonial, and provincial papers are taken in: the average number of these may be put down at 160 daily. Sometimes these are paid for, but more frequently an exchange is entered upon. The examination of these newspapers is one of the most laborious duties of the sub-editors.

A great expense is entailed by the transportation of the different correspondents to the scenes of action, whence news is to be gathered. The transmission of their communications is also a very heavy item. Parcels are frequently sent by railway, when the post is not sufficiently expeditious. Occasionally, a heavy expense is incurred for a special railway engine. The electric telegraph is also a serious expense. The cost of ordinary railway parcels and portage, averages from £5 to £7 a week. When a special engine is employed, any person may travel in it who chooses to share the cost; hence different papers frequently join in paying for the engine where it is necessary for the several correspondents to take news to London from the same spot. The expense of bringing up a report from Manchester to London is £50. The office in town is another expensive item. Here are to be accommodated in addition the editors and reporters.

A printer; assistant printer; maker-up of advertisements; three readers; three-assistant readers, or "reading-boys;" about forty-five or fifty compositors; also from eight to ten "grass" men, not regularly employed, but waiting for occasional work from the deficiency or absence of regular hands. These men, or "grass," are not recognized by the printer in his official capacity; a regular hand always being supposed to be at his *frame*, either in person or by his representative "grass."

The wages of the printer vary from £5 to £7 a week; the assistant printer and advertisement man, each from £3 10s. to £4; reader, £3; assistant reader, £1 to £1 10s.; the compositors, from £2 10s. to £3. Five or six men are generally employed by the printer after composition is closed, to assist in putting the paper to press; their wages being from £3 10s. to £4.

In the machine-room are engaged the machinist and assistant-machinist; chief and assistant engineer; sixteen men and boys feed the machine and take out the papers; one "wetter-down" prepares the paper.

The publisher has five guineas a week; there are also an assistant publisher, and four or five errand boys. Besides these there are the secretary, cashier, and accountant; three advertisement clerks, night porter, day porter, and errand boy.

There are also rent, gas, wear and tear of materials, and interest on outlay; these, with the other general weekly expenses, may be computed at

Editing, writing, and reporting a double daily paper during the session of Parliament,	£220
Foreign and local correspondence,	100
Printing, machining, publishing, and general expenses of double paper, with occasional second and third editions, and an evening edition three days a week,	200

Weekly total, ... £520

The yearly charges of an established daily paper cannot, therefore, be estimated at less than £25,000.

The enormous cost of the paper and stamps have not been considered in this account, as it depends entirely on the number of copies printed.

The overland mail is a costly impediment to a newspaper, unless it be allowed to share the expense with others. It amounts to about £4,000 a year, that is, £20 a week each, when divided between four papers.

The Times had an action brought against it by one of its couriers, who complained of having been unjustly dismissed; and in one of the preliminary stages of the cause, it was made known that the Times had agreed to pay this man £100 a year as a fixed salary; £60 for every journey he should make in sixty hours from Marseilles to Paris; £14 for going from Paris to Boulogne in fourteen hours and a half; and £16 for going from Calais to Paris in sixteen hours and three quarters; with an additional allowance of £2 for every hour which he should be able to save in the specified time. All these disbursements being only a small portion of the total cost, to obtain a summary of the Indian news a few hours in advance of the regular mail.

The following account of the arrival of a mail-packet at Southampton, and of the transference of its news to the columns of

the London Paper, is an appropriate pendant to the foregoing notice of newspaper expenses:—

"We have now nearly 150 steamers, most of them of the greatest power and speed, engaged specially in bringing political and commercial intelligence from all parts of the world. They are never delayed at any port at which they may touch, but for the purpose of coaling, and landing and embarking mails; and their rapid and punctual arrival in this country, after, in some instances, running a distance of 3,000 miles without stopping, is one of the wonders of this remarkable age."

When a mail-packet is due at Southampton, watchmen are employed day and night to look out for her. In the day-time, when the weather is clear, and there is not much wind stirring, the smoke of a large mail-packet in the Solent may be seen from the quay by looking over Cadlands; but homeward-bound steamers are generally made out by means of powerful telescopes, after they have passed Eaglehurst Castle, by looking over the flat tongue of land which terminates where Calshot Castle stands. When she rounds Calshot Castle, a rocket is thrown up from her, which is a mail-packet signal. As soon as the rocket is observed, the watchmen are in motion running in different directions up the town. In a few minutes may be seen stealthily gliding toward the quay a few persons who, if it be a winter night, would scarcely be recognizable, disguised as they appear to be in great-coats, comforters, and every kind of water-proof covering for the head, feet, and body. These persons are the outpost newspaper agents. They make for the head of the quay, and each jumps into a small yacht, which instantly darts from the shore.

Cold, dark, and cheerless as it may be, the excitement on board the yachts is very great in calculating which will reach the steamer first, and at no regatta is there more nautical science displayed, or the contention more keen or earnest.

Let us suppose the time to be about six o'clock in the morning of a dark winter day. The yachts reaching the steamer just as "Ease her" has been hoarsely bawled by the pilot off Netley Abbey. As soon as pratique has been granted, the newspaper agents climb up the sides of the steamer oftentimes by a single rope, and at the risk of their lives, and jump on board. A bundle of foreign journals is handed to each of them, and they immediately return to their yachts and make for the shore.

They arrive at the Telegraph Office, and to write down their message is the work of a few minutes only.

The rule in writing down telegraphic messages is truly Benthamic, viz., to convey the greatest quantity of news in the fewest possible words. Perhaps the message is as follows:—"Great Western, — Jamaica 2d. Cruz 26. — Million dollars. Dividends 50 thousand. Mosquito war ended. Antilles healthy. Havannah hurricane. Hundred ships lost. Crops good. Jamaica rains. Sea covered. Wreck plantations." While the agents are writing these messages, the telegraph is at work, and by the time the messages are written at Southampton, they have been almost communicated to Louthbury. A cab conveys written copies of them with the utmost dispatch to the newspaper offices. They are immediately in the hands of the foreign editors, or sub-editors, who comprehend the purport of them immediately. In a few minutes they have been elaborated and made intelligible, and they shortly appear in a conspicuous part of the morning papers in the following shape:—

"Arrival of the West India and Mexican Mail. Important news from the West Indies. Dreadful Hurricane at Havannah. Awful Destruction of Property in Jamaica.

"The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamer, Great Western, has arrived at Southampton. She brings news from Jamaica up to the 2d instant, and from Santa Cruz up to the 26th ult. She has on board freight to the amount of 1,000,000 of dollars on merchants' account, and 50,000 dollars on account of Mexican dividends. The miserable 'little war' unfortunately entered into by this country on behalf of the black King of Mosquito, has terminated. We regret to learn

that a most destructive hurricane has happened at Havannah, and that 100 ships have been wrecked in consequence. The weather, we are happy to say, has been fine in the West Indies, and the Islands are healthy. The crops of West India produce are progressing favorably. The May rains at Jamaica have been very heavy, and have done considerable damage. The rivers have swollen enormously, overflowed their banks, and done great damage to the plantations. The sea, at the mouths of the rivers, was covered with the wrecks of the plantations."

While, in conclusion, we thank Mr. Hunt for much useful information concerning the working of a modern newspaper, which none but a newspaper editor could supply, we must express our regret that he has not been able to devote more time and research than he has done, to the exhaustion and elaboration of his momentous theme. The excuse, however, which is implied in the following words, is a valid one; and the general fact which they assert, bears with unmistakable force upon the subjects of the remarks which preface this notice:—

"The man who once becomes a journalist must almost bid farewell to mental rest or mental leisure. If he fulfills his duties truthfully, his attention must be ever awake to what is passing in the world, and his whole mind must be devoted to the instant examination, and discussion, and record, of current events. He has little time for literary idleness, with such literary labor on his shoulders. He has no days to spend on catalogues, or in dreamy, discursive, researches in public libraries. He has no months to devote to the exhaustion of any one theme. What he has to deal with must be taken up at a moment's notice, be examined, tested, and dismissed at once; and thus his mind is ever kept occupied with the mental necessity of the world's passing hour."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE REVOLUTIONISM OF MIRABEAU.

THE moral is evolved out of the physical, and the extraordinary in animal structure has a kinship to the portentous in human action.

MIRABEAU, the infamous, born in an age, of a family, in a rank the most vicious in the annals of vice, of parents whose depravity had contaminated even their blood, was ushered with infinite difficulty into the breathing scene he was so much to trouble, and offered, at the outset of his disorderly career, misfortune and singularity in a twisted foot, a tied tongue, and two molar teeth.

Maltreated by fortune, which, at the age of three, turned him by disease into the ugliest of children—"a tiger marked by the small-pox,"—caressed and neglected by his dissolute mother, disowned and persecuted as a spurious graft in his house and home by the celebrated "Economist," his father—his very childhood presaged the disorders of his youth and manhood; and his father, mysteriously reverting to early crimes and calamities as the blight of his life, made it matter of complaint that Honoré Gabriel, as a boy, had more cleverness "than all the devils in hell," and seemed destined from his childhood "to disturb the monarchy, as a second Cardinal de Retz."

He was indeed *born* a Revolutionist; and if he had not found the elements of a *bouleversement*, was competent to have created them. But as nature gave the instinct, fortune supplied the breeding and the occasion. The heir, pupil, and victim of a second family of Atreas and Thyestes, the child was *trained* into demoralization, vicissitude, and daring. Believed himself to have been the favored lover of the most lovely of his sisters, he describes her as the "Atrocious memoir-writer," a "Messalina, boasting of the purity of her morals, and an absconding wife, bragging of her love for her husband." The Vicomte, his brother, "would have been a *roué* and a wit," he tells us, "in any family but his own," and *was*, of a dissolute noblesse, its most dissolute member. His mother, driven with contumely from her home and the bosom of her family, under accusations the most revolting a wife may hear from one who is

her husband and a father, addressed the world in public recriminations for her persecutor, not less disgusting or condemnatory. The son himself, the most infamous man of his time, completes the picture in the boast he made to the National Assembly, that among the tragic woes of his family he had been the witness of fifty-four *lettres-de-cachet*, seventeen of them on his own account!

As in Eastern climates the abundance of degenerate man will, at some spot and moment, reach a point where it breeds the plague which diminishes by depopulation the evil it cannot remove by more merciful agencies, so would it seem that in France the demoralization which necessitated a revolution, concentrating itself in one family, produced the man who was to begin the catastrophe.

At seventeen, leaving a military academy, he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant, knowing, as he tells us, a little Latin and no Greek, but possessing, with very tolerable acquirements in the mathematics, a fair share of the scattered erudition won by readings more desultory than diligent.

Presented at court, admitted to the rare aristocratic privilege of riding in the king's carriages at Versailles, laughed at as the Princess Elizabeth's living specimen of inoculation, the incipient courtier and embryo revolutionist was awakened from his delightful vision to find himself suddenly transferred from his regal residence and gayeties, to the sombre solitude of a country jail. He had been guilty of a passionate attachment to a young lady of disproportionate expectations.

The young victim of parental wrong, thus severely taught that the splendors of a court were but a veneer under which lay the terrible springs of a wayward tyranny, killed time in brooding over the ideas and studies which subsequently formed his "*Essai*," no less than his character—" *Sur le despotisme*." But before completing the work, the father's monomania had been temporarily mitigated by the vengeance of a year's imprisonment; and the son, instead of being sent to Surinam, the Dutch Sierra Leone of that day, was graciously permitted, under the *bourgeois* name

of "Buffiere," to enter as a gentleman volunteer the French army that was about to crush the Corsicans in their noble struggle against Genoese oppression.

In this liberticidal war, the liberty-loving Mirabeau performed his first manly act, won his first public distinction, and initiated that series of paradox, and moral revolutionism, that was hence to follow him as lover, *litterateur*, and politician, to the grave. As his sword was against Corsica and freedom, his pen was for them. He wrote over the ruins of both a boyish philippic, admired by his victims, and burnt by his father!

And while the brain that was to rule France as a tribune-king, was thus evolving its idle progeny, the womb of a Corsican woman near him was travelling with him who was to be Napoleon! At the instant France, by the sword of her future liberator, was mowing down the new-born liberties of Corsica—Corsica was breathing the breath of life into a child, whose sword was to cleave down the fresh-won freedom of France! As a Caesar and a Marius sprung from the blood of the Gracchi, there would have been no Corsican exterminator for France, had there been no French exterminators for Corsica!* There are surely times when fate plays with mortals, making of the murder of a generation or the revolution of an empire a nursery game of coincidences!

Of the twenty years that followed, bringing Mirabeau to the footsteps of the revolution, and within two years of his death, it was the odd fate of this gay and gifted noble, guilty of no offence against the State, nor in a legal sense against society, to pass more than the moiety of his time in the sad rôle of a State prisoner; and the main incidents in the unhappy sequence of wrong and suffering, the inevitable but unrecognized logic of Providence, were briefly, and in succession, a profitless marriage with the most distinguished heiress of his province, carried off from twenty more eligible rivals by the superior strategy of seduction and defamation, pecuniary extravagance, dissipation, debts, sequestration of property, martial separation, successive imprisonments by paternal intervention, deadly hate with the father, permanent alienation from his adulterous wife and only child, licentious connection with a friend's wife, with whom he abandoned his country, exile in Switzerland, Holland, and England, successive litigations self-conducted, a min-

isterial spyship in Prussia, and a career more or less stormy, as a *litterateur*, in France.

Entombed in one of the horrid dungeons of Vincennes, solitary, hopeless, almost without a sympathy, though in the very spring-tide of his rich youth and activity, the angel of consolation, never far from us in our darkest hour, came down, and in the genial guise of literature, visited in his dungeon this man of infamies and suffering. It must, however, be confessed against him that, maddened by the severity of a despotism without appeal, in the wrong—and from that hand, too, whence he might fairly have hoped a kinder gift—even the wholesomeness of books became poisoned under his diseased digestion, and it became his wretched pleasure through months to avenge himself on the virtue in whose injured name he suffered, by licentious compilations, in which the man degenerates into the satyr, and the distinctions of right and decency are lost in the beastly excesses of a maniac imagination.

But so morbid a vice in a mind like his can be protected by no madness of the passions or vindictiveness of misanthropy from the healing influence of time; and if the leisure of his tedious incarcerations gave us four or five books in the worst of services, they gave us also those extensive studies of history and its philosophy to which we owe, among much else that is great in Literature or in Event, the three works on "Despotism," "State Prisons," and "Lettres-de-Cachet."

To our present purpose it would be of little use to indulge in any lengthened analysis or literary estimate of these performances. Gratifying his need of money, his love of fame, and, above all, a vengeance warmly nursed, which even virtue cannot censure, their publication formed, probably, the happiest incidents of his life. The first, published in his twenty-fifth year, bears all the characteristics of the young man of genius, roughened, no less than strengthened by the asperities of the experience out of whose ireful plenitude he writes. Rough and disorderly in arrangement; it is lofty, striking, eloquent in style—cogent, daring, powerful in matter.

The last, the result of his long, final imprisonment, and published in his thirty-first year, possesses similar attributes, aggrandized or improved. A great work, involving an inquiry into the first principles of government, and, therefore, of infinite practical utility in the career reserved for him, it wants too obviously the elevation of a Montesquieu, the philosophy of a Bolingbroke, or the com-

* It was this invasion that made Corsica a island, and consequently, Napoleon Buonaparte a French citizen.

prehensive profundity of a Burke. It is a work of genius, but by a partisan, an advocate, a man of powerful emotion and vivid conception, having a strong will, a high purpose, and an enduring conviction. With a great, sometimes an inapt parade of erudition, and an occasional loss of time in inflated and declamatory commonplaces, there is yet, as a general rule, work, rather than literature, in his sentences, and the just, the practical, the statesman-like are the dominating qualities. We must not look for the artist in Mirabeau as a writer; he is above that: nor—whatever the range of thought we may justly concede him—may we, therefore, expect the sublime; he is below that. With the eloquence of an impassioned imagination, united to the unornamented vigor of a ready, versatile and comprehensive reason, he reminds one of some colossal engine in forceful, though not always in graceful action.

In Holland, occupied in literature and the society of literary men, and subsequently in England, in commerce with Franklin, Dr. Price, Samuel Romilly, and Wilkes—among whom he it said, *en passant*, he acquired the reputation of an habitual liar—a thousand circumstances must have presented themselves, not more in his own studies than in the freedom, seriousness, and activity he saw around him, to prepare and stimulate his ambition for the lofty career of political action that awaited him at home. In truth, if we may judge from the letters written during his English residence, or the biographical fragments that occur in his other correspondence, he seems, beyond his personal indigence, to have had no other enduring interest but that of public affairs. His mind broods over the tragic epochs of English history with a fascinated and curious sympathy: there is an evident faith in a coming drama of popular action for France, in which he is to play a leading part—a faith so early ripened that, in 1782, meeting at Neufchatel certain State Deputies of Geneva, he based on the inevitable meeting of the States-General the prediction, or rather the promise, that he would become a Deputy, and in that character restore their country to freedom.

Returning to Paris at a moment when the increasing and unmanageable deficit brought national bankruptcy and confusion to the very door of the State, a course of angry and mercenary pamphleteering on Finance, while connecting him with discontented men of wealth and influence willing—jointly with the police—to hire or use his ready pen, forced on him education in another—important, if un-

attractive—department of the great question of the times.

His ministerial spyship in Prussia, which, subsequently divulged by his own audacious publication of his secret correspondence, won from M. de Montesquieu the remark, that "the infamy of the person might be estimated by the infamy of the thing," was not without its compensations in the political experience he extracted from it. It brought before him the main interests of European diplomacy; won him access to the principal intrigues and intriguers of a Court in transition, by the death of Frederick, from eccentric greatness to orderly mediocrity; habituated him to ministerial correspondence and reports, which, if disgustingly mean, were, at all events, systematic and prescient, and secured him—I could wish to say honestly—those historic and statistical *data* which, published in his elaborate work on the Prussian monarchy, countenanced some serious claims to statesmanship.

Misfortune, passion, solitude, suffering, travel, extraordinary adventures, extensive readings, varied studies, innumerable writings thus admirably endowing his mind—so disposed, too, by nature—for the daring and stormy struggles of the revolution, the only resource that could surely be wanting to so enormous a compound of intellectual strength—I mean the power of oratory—he was fated to acquire in his lengthened trials for the recovery of his wife and legal rights.

Opposed by Alps of difficulties, the moral greater than the legal, for the suits ploughed deeply into all the crimes of errors that had dishonored his career, and would necessarily turn up masses of documentary evidence which, on no less authority than that of his father, must carry the tale of his infamy to every eye; yet his audacity dared, as his genius surmounted, every disadvantage, and after fixing the admiration of a province—to him a sufficient compensation—by the ingenuity, the power, and the extraordinary resources of his eloquence in a path so new to him, he succeeded in re-establishing his civil rights, and but failed in the second, and, perhaps, less important suit, by the accident of a technicality.

Passing by his double election as a Deputy, at Aix and Marseilles, marked by excitement, insurrection, and all the stirring incidents that, in a moment of great public agitation, might be expected to accompany the *début* of a daring and accomplished demagogue, we are now brought to the greatest epoch of France, and, therefore, of Mirabeau

—the meeting of the States-General; and the observation is naturally suggested that, if this extraordinary succession of circumstances, marvelous as *incidents*, but still more marvelous as *coincidents*, had not specially moulded the man for his work, it might well be doubted that the French revolution could have happened, or at all events, in such gigantic proportions. Mirabeau's life was, as we have seen, a pupilage, as it is now to become a mastership, in revolution. His Saturn of a father had trained him, from his youth upward, into the executionership of his order; and Heaven itself, as if seconding some such inscrutable design, seems to have stooped to lead by the hand this servant of Nemesis, through paths the most devious and unfrequented, but, of all others, the most fitted to form and conduct him to the emergency.

A change, it is true, of some kind in French Government, accompanied by more or less confusion of blood-shed, had been long inevitable. Genius, good sense, suffering, luxury, oppression, contumely, unprincipledness and folly, each boon of nature, each wrong of man, had concurred, after more than a century of struggle, in necessitating a consummation.

In my opinion, the popular horrors that darkened the end of the eighteenth century, though pointed in their way by the finger of Mirabeau, legitimately trace their pedigree to the Royal grandeurs that closed the preceding one. The French Revolution was born of Louis the Fourteenth. His policy—his achievements—his failures, and, still more, his personal character and court deportment, killed monarchy in the hearts of the French people. The prominent ruling characteristics of himself and reign was an all-absorbing egotism. A maelström of selfishness, and unconscious of any law of reciprocity to arise from his relations to a common humanity, this Chief and Example of a numerous aristocracy was the grand centre to which was to be directed every affection and service, from which was to be circulated every volition and ordinance. And need I say that no eminence of intellectual power—no prudence of personal deportment—no brilliancy of external achievement, can or ought to have any effect on spectators so keen-witted and impressionable as the French, save to make additionally insupportable a character which, even on the smallest scale, is, of all others, the most odious and repulsive? The stern unity and perfection of order in which he was enabled to present politi-

cal power—that necessary evil of human existence—but added intensity to the hate, as it added grandeur to the idea of his despotism. In the eyes of his suffering subjects it brought him face to face with the catastrophes no less than with the glories of his reign, and without the merit of the avowal—*adsum qui feci*!—gave him all its dread responsibilities. An old despot, surviving his greatness while retaining the stinging irony of its title—a saint amid the standing reminiscences of his adulteries, expiating his pleasures by annihilating those of others, and tormenting consciences to save his own—his suffering and downcast people became at length disabused but too utterly of the base apotheosis of his person and character, so long maintained by him in the name of a false glory and debased religion. They even publicly rejoiced at a death-bed made pitiable by the absence of his mistress, confessor, and family; and meeting in mobs that, encountering his corpse on its way through by-lanes to hugger-mugger interment at St. Denis, they might tear it into shreds, gave early and portentous evidence that the germ of an envenomed and bloody democracy had been elicited in the very perfection of his stern and heartless tyranny. The unblushing excesses of the Regent and of Louis the Fifteenth, who gratuitously withdrew the last veil that concealed the utter rottenness of all that claimed popular obedience, under the names of religion and authority, sufficed, though scarcely needed, to *complete* the discredit of the French monarchy; and, ascending his throne, surrounded by a dissolute clergy, an overbearing aristocracy, and a discontented and impoverished people, the robbed Louis the Sixteenth seemed but the calf of atonement of the Scriptures decked for sacrifice, and doomed to expiate a century of court gayeties and crimes in which he had had no part!

Mirabeau began the revolution with a thousand vague hopes and expectations, and the conviction, communicated to his friend Mauvillon, that "it was not given to human sagacity to devise where *all this* would end." A living conflict of passions and principles, of low needs and high ambitions, of lofty genius and infamous repute—a demagogue by policy, an aristocrat by vanity, a constitutionalist by conviction—his public conduct anxiously and perpetually brought in evidence one or other of these conflicting agencies; but beyond the personal aim of recovering his rank, and winning some sort of greatness at any price, he was without one pervading

or dominant public purpose, save that of extinguishing the despotism that had injured him. Above all policies, *abstractedly* considered, this was the one dear to his heart. "I come here to grant, not to ask pardon," was his reply, in a voice of angry defiance, to some oratorical assurance that a life of usefulness might secure the pardon of his earlier delinquencies. A horrid, but too natural, vindictiveness had interwoven the hate of arbitrary power into every fibre of his brain. It was a passion or sentiment that he never abandoned: it may be even doubted if he could have been purchased out of it. Despite all the evils and mischances of life, there stood erect in his soul this one small altar to virtue, or something that resembled it, which he would have thrown down but under the direst necessity.

But of all the circumstances glanced at as furnishing the key to many of the paradoxes of his public conduct, one of the most important, though perhaps the least appreciated, is the dishonor of his repute. It is difficult, with his present position in history, especially when taken in relation to the now well-certified worthlessness of his contemporaries, to realize to the imagination the full extent of his infamy. "You dare," said his former friend Rulhiere, in a pamphlet that had a wide circulation—"You dare to speak of a country, Count Mirabeau! If your brow were not trebly bronzed, how must you have blushed at its very name! Have you one quality of father, friend, brother, husband, or relative? An honorable vocation? Any one attribute that constitutes the citizen? Not one! You are without a refuge—without a relative. I seek your most ordinary domiciles, and I find them but in the prison of Vincennes, the Chateau d'If, the Fortress of Ioux, the jail of Pontarlier!"*

Dumont, coming over to Paris, was so moved by the discredit attached, in respectable circles, to his acquaintance, that he visited him with repugnance and as a duty, but records the characteristic incident, that on his first call he was so won by the magic of his host's conversation, as to depart resolved on retaining, at all hazards, so agreeable a friendship. The mention of his name, with the sight of his person, at the opening of the States-General, elicited groans and hisses on all sides. The *Tiers-Etat*—whom he had honored by his aristocratic adoption—were unanimous in refusing him a hearing the two

or three occasions on which he first sought to address them. The Queen, whose life, family, and regal heritage were at stake, received the assurance, that such a person was willing to assist the views of the Court, with "the contempt due to vice!"* and "assassin!" "robber!" "slanderer!" were the epithets almost daily applied to him in the Senate of the nation! Society, expiring under the weight of its own vices, saw in him that well-defined excess that entitled it to the merits of purgation in his extrusism, of atonement in his martyrdom, and to place the hand of menace and malediction on his head, as the scape-goat of its redemption!

Thus detested by all parties, his low character keeping him low, Mirabeau, with all his marvelous power, found himself placed, by public contempt, more even than by private need, at the mercy of circumstances. Befoulment had so far eaten into his name, that, with occasionally the best of desires, and always the greatest of energies, there stood a blight over both. He felt that a moral leprosy encrusted him, which repelled the good, and kept aloof the prudent. The condemned inferior, in moral standing, of those that surrounded him, it was difficult to be honest, and impossible to be independent. By a sort of law of nature, too, his tarred repute attracted to it every floating feather of suspicion, no less than of guilt, as to its natural seat; and thus it happened that the lofty genius of Mirabeau, under the "grand hests" of a hateful necessity, like the "too delicate spirit," Ariel, tasked to the "strong biddings" of the "foul witch Sycorax," was condemned for a while to pander rather than teach—to follow rather than lead—to please rather than patronize—and to halloo others' opinions rather than vindicate his own!

No man could appreciate the misfortune more fully or sensitively than himself. Dumont tells us, that, taught by events that a good character would have placed France at his feet, "he would have passed seven times through the fiery furnace to purify his name;" and that, "weeping and sobbing, he was accustomed to exclaim, 'Cruelly do I expiate the errors of my youth!'" And, indeed, the more sensible his heart, the more rich and elevated his soul, the more must his torments have been bitter and redoubled; for the very preciousness of the gifts of nature, the charms of society—even the friendship of those that surrounded him—must have

* He had also been confined in two prisons, in the *Ile de Re*, and the Castle of Dijon.

* Madame Campan's Memoirs.

turned but to the increase of his wretchedness!

It is easy to understand, then, that the tactics of Mirabeau, in the first days of the Revolution, were those of a man outside "a swelling scene"—

"A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold,"

which he could only occupy by rudely breaking through a thousand circumvallations of usage, propriety, and public opinion. As it was the boast of Luther, that he, an obscure monk, stood alone for some time against respectable Europe, so Mirabeau, on the eve of his public greatness, was the most isolated politician of his age. "Mean men, in their rising," says Lord Bacon, "most adhere; but great men, that have strength in themselves, were better to maintain themselves indifferent and neutral." Instinctively feeling that this was the policy of his position, when repelled by both sides, he haughtily repelled them in return, and the more he was despised, the more inevitable did he make the establishment of his importance. As, without a party, he became one himself, so without a plan he took that of events, and without a policy was content with that of display. In these early days, indeed, his whole plan, system, and policy, was to make his individualism tell—to demonstrate, to all parties, what he was worth in journalism as a writer, in the Assembly as an orator, in everything as a statesman. As he had nothing but himself, it became his business to make the most of the commodity, which, so valueless in the beginning, ended in outwearing all that was opposed to it.

But if this policy of display, no less than his education, sympathies, and hates, bore him to the opposition, there were in his pecuniary wants, and his ambitious dreams of a statesmanship, *à la Richelieu*, circumstances that at times resistlessly brought him within the influence of court power. Uncertain how far he could overpower the disadvantages of his personal position, wounded that the movement party were little inclined to value his co-operation, and still less to accept his leadership, he early felt, or feigned alarm at the fermentation in the public mind, and its possible evolution in great national calamities; and before one act of legislation was accomplished, or he had had a month's experience of the fanatical impracticability of one side, I use his own words, and the intolerant spirit of resistance on the other, he personally pro-

posed to his enemy, Necker, and through him to the Queen, "the only man," he said, "connected with the court," to concur, at the price of an ambassadorship to Constantinople, in supporting the court system of policy.

He appears to have fancied for some days that his proposals were accepted; but before he could enter on any of the Eastern arrangements his active mind had already suggested, he learnt that the overture was rejected "with a contempt, which," as Madame Campan sagaciously admits, "the court would doubtless have concealed, if they could have foreseen the future." Contenting himself with the angry menace, "They shall soon hear some of my news," within a month he became the author of successive defeats, the most insulting a monarch could receive from his parliament, and which were fated to exercise an active influence in the overturn of that royalty he was afterward to defend.

The king, anxious to arrange the differences which kept the three orders aloof from each other, and from legislation, had sent to the *Tiers-Etat* a message, wise in its suggestions, and conciliatory in its tone. Under the eloquence of Mirabeau, the house passed to the order of the day.

Irritated by insult, and complaining that the antagonism of the three orders prevented any progress in the public business for which they were convened, the King summoned a general meeting of all the deputies, and after an address, in which he expressed his royal pleasure that the three orders should form separate chambers, he commanded the Assembly to disperse, that they might meet under the ordinances his prerogative had prescribed. The clergy, the nobles obey; the commons remain uncertain, hesitating, and almost in consternation. The royal command is again communicated to them, with the intimation, that having heard the king's intentions, they had now only to obey. The crisis of the royal prerogative, obedience, hung but on the turn of a feather; the repulsed Mirabeau arose and turned it against the King. "We have," said he, in a voice of thunder, "we have heard the intentions attributed to the King; and you, sir, who have no place, nor voice, nor right of speech here, are not competent to remind us of them. Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we are not to be expelled but by the power of bayonets!"

Cheered and supported by the now reassured *Tiers-Etat*, he next, in imitation of the

English parliament, carried, that the persons of the deputies were inviolate, that any one infringing that right should be pursued as an enemy of the country, and that the payment of taxes, till further legislation, should be obligatory only during the existence of the legislative corps.

Added to the bold title of "National Assembly," newly-adopted, these votes were the assumption of a kingship by the *Tiers-Etat*; and as public opinion enthusiastically backed the innovation, the divided peers and ecclesiastics were compelled at length to join, and be submerged in, the mass of popular deputies.

A civil war could alone stand between royal power and its destruction. For some weeks the court prepared for even such an eventuality. "Ministers play high stakes," writes Mirabeau, on the 5th of July; "they are compromising the King, for in menacing Paris and the Assembly they are menacing France. All reaction is equal to action: the more the pressure now, the more terrible do I foresee will be the reaction. Paris will not suffer itself to be muzzled by a bevy of nobles thrown into despair by their own stupidity; but they shall pay the penalty of the attempt. . . . The storm must soon break out. It is arranged that I ask the withdrawal of the troops; but be you ready (at Paris) to help the step!"

The demand was evaded by the King; the soldiery was largely increased and concentrated; the arrests of the more revolutionary deputies, including, of course, Mirabeau, were decided on; Necker was summarily dismissed: but on the other side, able and active emissaries roused Paris by statements the most exciting, and taking all characters, with the costumes of either sex, caressed, fêted, and partially won over the soldiery, and before the court could take one step toward its purposes, Paris was in full insurrection; the troops corrupted or overpowered, the Bastille taken, and, under the plea of anarchical excuse, the whole *bourgeoisie* of Paris placed in a few hours under arms as National Guards.

The King, taught that it was not revolt, but revolution, preferred, as everybody foresaw, submission to civil war, recalled Necker, and visited triumphant Paris, at once the hostage and conquest of a popular triumph.

Mirabeau, more or less connected with the Orleanists, had speculated with them on the chances of confusion; for to him it was a small thing, provided he had bread, that it was baked in an oven warmed with the con-

flagration of an empire. Looking forward with complacency to every contingency of revolutionary crises, assured that a common danger, flinging aside, as unimportant, questions of personal character, would make power the prey of genius and audacity, he was correspondingly annoyed by a re-arrangement that promised for a time a well-grounded tranquillity.

The destruction of the Bastille securing that of "The Syllas of Thought," he now transformed into a full political newspaper, his weekly "Letter to his Constituents," under which title he had evaded, from the first assembly of the States-General, the censorship on the press. Aware, from his knowledge of Wilkes, and his history, of the power of journalism to a politician, and, above all, to a demagogue in a free country, he was, in the full sense of the term, the first newspaper editor of France, and owed to the vigorous use of this novel agency, not only useful additions to his pecuniary resources, but a great portion of that popular idolatry that followed him to the grave.

The Court, which, in calling together the States, had no higher aim than to regenerate the finances of the country, and as one step, to obtain the help of the people in stripping a numerous aristocracy of their baneful exemption from state-burdens, had already found out its own share in the peril of the experiment, and now sought, by a close alliance with the *noblesse*, to avert the ruin that too evidently menaced both. But the torrent had but accumulated at each irresistible concession, and every day's work added to the democratic elements of a constitution that had already made royalty a cipher, and annihilated as political institutions the church and aristocracy.

Of course new schemes of regal antagonism again raised their head, and again a popular manifestation, bringing Paris into the very boudoir of the Queen at Versailles, demonstrated the impuissance of all that took the name of French royalism. The October insurrection was fomented by Mirabeau and his Orleanist friends, for the same purpose as that of July, to secure personal safety and obtain a new scene of action, by terrifying the court into exile, or the acceptance of Orleans' protection. Had the duke been raised to the "lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom," Mirabeau counted on a premiership, in which he proposed to become the Chatham or Pitt of France. Had Louis the Sixteenth fled the kingdom after the example of the Comte D'Artois, he pur-

posed to proclaim a republic, and become its "first consul;" and should the doom be that France should be divided by civil war, and cut up into its old kingdoms, he speculated on a sovereignty in his ancestral country, Provence, which had already greeted him with so encouraging an enthusiasm.

Strangeness of event! While the monarchy so short-lived still survived the insatiate Mirabeau, two of the extraordinary contingencies he speculated on have already happened, to the profit of other actors, and the existing republic, in its mutinous armies, intolerant factions, and insane dynasties, offers no very improbable portent that, even after half a century of a centralized and well-fixed nationality, the old repartition of kingdoms may again present itself!

The great consummation of confusion, however, failed for the overmuch of means. "A bottle of brandy was given," said the orator, "instead of a glass!" and the mob's capricious *impromptu* of carrying the king back with them to Paris, still more than the cowardice of the Duke of Orleans, defeated this deep-laid Machiavelian combination.

Whatever the character, however, of the people's success, it could not but be an additional success for their leader. The revolution, of which he stood recognized the unquestioned head, was now beyond all danger of royal aggression, except by his own treacherous agency. In a campaign of unimaginable brevity, he had not only vindicated the first place as an orator in a senate now omnipotent, and become out of it the most potent demagogue of his time, but as *un homme d'état*, surrounded by a brilliant staff of the most active spirits and practical thinkers of the day, Camille, Desmoulins, Danton, Volney, Champfort, Lamourette, Cabanis, Reybaz, Dumont, Duroverai, Claviere, Servan, De Caseaux, Panchaud, Pellenc, Brissot, and others, was understood by every party to hold the future destinies of France in his hand. Emerging from two insurrections—possessing, by his power, all their profits, and by his adroitness none of their responsibility, he found it now worth his while to break terms with the Duke of Orleans, by a public expression of his contempt for him as a scoundrel not worth the trouble that might be taken for him; and excluded from the ministry, that lay open to him, by a self-denying ordinance of the Assembly directly leveled at his pretensions, he accepted a large subsidy from the King's brother—the Comte de Provence—and formed with him, for the restoration or upholding a monarch-

ical authority, a mysterious and ineffective conspiracy, the character and extent of which may be conjectured from its involving the assassination of the Marquess de Lafayette.

The hate of Mirabeau for this worthy but feeble nobleman—his diligent colleague in the struggle for liberty—was as intense as, at first sight, it seems incredible. He was his Mordecai at the king's gate, for whom he could neither sleep nor eat. Remembering that Mirabeau's passion for complicated intrigue and daring adventure, even in politics, was extravagant to disease, it seems possible that, as he advanced in his rapid greatness, he secretly nursed projects or hopes as incompatible with a constitutional monarchy, and an organized public force, in respectable hands, as with the despotism with which he originally battled; and that, in his successive conspiracies, now with the Republicans and Orleanists, now with the Count de Provence, and the Queen, he had no fixed intention of ultimately benefiting those he professed to serve; but proposed to use them as ladders to that exalted position of a Sylla or a Cæsar, which, as Buonaparte subsequently proved, was no more, perhaps, beyond his grasp than his ambition; influenced by the insidious suggestions and doubts he carefully spread abroad, the Queen, as he saw with pleasure, looked on the new commander of the National Guards as a "Grandison-Cromwell," (Mirabeau's damaging epithet,) whose concealed ambition aimed at the Constablership of France, as a step to that dread of French sovereigns, the "Mayorship of the Palace;" and hence the Court systematically declined the aids it might so often have derived from the honesty, the popularity, and sometimes the good sense, of the American volunteer. At all events, we know that the assassination of Lafayette—twice, it seems, plotted—would have left the National Guards in the hands of some less popular and more pliant chief; and that, when the general specifically accused his rival of the horrid project, naming time, place, and means, he won no better defence than the reply, "You were sure of it, and I am alive! How good of you!—And you aspire to play a leading part in a revolution!" The compact with the Comte de Provence was of short duration: the Queen began to distrust the personal views of her brother-in-law, who threatened to become the Duke D'Orleans of a Philosophical party; and Mirabeau, to whom popularity was the only capital, probably found that he could not afford the sacrifices his employers demanded.

To preserve the *status quo*, and wait events, became now, for some weeks or months, as much his policy as his accessibility to passion and sudden influences would permit. He seemed to feel that he should give time to the molten lava of his volcanic greatness to settle, harden, and assume its individualism among things received. Holding aloof, therefore, from identification with either party—leaning now on one side, now on the other—his speeches more with the Movement, his policy more with the Court—forcing both parties into explanation, while keeping himself, however, disengaged—he constituted himself their arbitrator and moderator, overawing both extremes; and while maintaining his pre-eminence of political influence, held himself ready to take advantage, at the least cost of consistency, of any fundamental change in the position of affairs.

In the month of May or June, however, a private interview with the Queen, in the Royal Garden of St. Cloud, followed by others, to the renewed scandal of her fame, laid the foundation of a new compact with the Court, and a more decided policy. The chivalry of Mirabeau revived under the enthusiasm won by "Earth's loveliest vision"—a queen in distress and a suppliant—and he pledged himself, as the Hungarians to her royal mother, to die in the service of saving her throne. But the highest endeavors of Mirabeau have always at their base, like the monuments of his country, the filthy and the repulsive; and the chivalry of this new saviour of the monarchy received sustentation in a bribe—higgled for through months—of twenty thousand pounds, and a pension of more than that per annum.

About the end of the year, three or four months before his death, he opened systematically his great campaign for what professedly was the restoration of regal authority. He was to outhrow in patriotism the herods of the Jacobin club; the Court was to dare everything short of civil war—perhaps, even that; and the existing confusion, whatever it might be, was to be cured by another of greater extent, artificially induced by the charlatanism of art political. His scheme, in some points, it must be allowed, successfully imitated in our own days in Prussia, was:—

First—To reorganize the party of Order in the Assembly; and while, as far as possible, winning for it the sympathy of the country, to excite, by all available agencies, distrust and discontent with the opposing majority.

Secondly—To inundate the provinces with publications against the Assembly; and by commissioners, sent nominally for other purposes, to obtain remonstrances from the departments against its further continuance.

Thirdly—At a proper opportunity, to dissolve the Assembly, and order fresh elections; at the same time canceling the Constitution as illegal, and granting another by royal charter, formed on a popular basis, and on the written instructions which (on a system unknown to England) had originally been drawn up for each deputy by his electors.

I shall not descend to discuss the oft-mooted point, how far the wholesale venality that based the project is justified or palliated by the object it is supposed to have had in view, because I know that with Mirabeau money was not a *means* to his defence of constitutional monarchy, but his defence of constitutional monarchy a means to money. If we except his relentless hate to French despotism in any hands not his own, the principles, moral or political, of this leader of a nation had no other tenure but the interest of his personal aggrandizement.

On another debate, whether with a longer life he could have carried his counter-revolution to success, I will only remark, that, conceding that in robust health he would have had it at heart as sincerely as in the recorded hours of his sickness and despondency, it may be admitted, that a struggle which, under every imprudence, seemed long to hang in doubt, with the aid of his energetic and masterly polity might, perhaps, have poised for royalty. But it is not to be concealed that the difficulty of arresting and unmaking were even greater than those of creating and consolidating the Revolution. The King's aversion to decisive measures, and well-known horror of civil war, made him the worst of colleagues for the only policy his tool could wield with effect; and the great demagogue himself, when obliged to discard the mask of democratic hypocrisy that still partly hid the subtle and venal traitor of his party, would have lost, like Strafford, many of the elements of his potency; and despoiled, especially, of the miraculous resources of his eloquence, must have contented himself with that lucid, common-sense, consecutive daring, and power of strategic combination, which his new friends were so ill-fitted to support.

Fortunately, perhaps, for his future fame, he died ere the structure his arts had undermined tested his powers of reparation, and before that wonderful magic of popular-

ity which had so long survived, as it had, indeed, so long anticipated, his deserts, had time to vanish under the cock-crow of truth. His death was as well-timed as his political advent, and has been praised by French wit as the best evidence of his tact; for the expectations which the unparalleled rapidity, no less than the innate marvelousness of his achievements had raised, no future activity and fortune, scarcely those of a Napoleon, could have realized.

But if the retrospect of his career must convince us that one man in so short a period never accomplished so much before, against such disadvantages, so also must we admit that probably never before did any one rest so wholly for his amazing achievements on the sole power of intrinsic genius. It was intellect that did all with Mirabeau; and made his head, according to his own boast, a power among European states. It united almost every possible capacity and attainment. His rare and penetrating powers of observation were sustained by the equal depth and justness of his discrimination, and the rapidity and accuracy of his judgment. Uniting, to his admirable natural capacity, an activity and habitual power of application, more marvelous almost in their extent than even in their rare combination, he possessed an understanding full, beyond precedent, both of the recorded knowledge of books, and of that priceless experience of men and things without which all else is naught; and as the complement of these amazing and unparalleled advantages, he had the still rarer advantage of a felicity and power of diction every way worthy of so incomparable a genius.

Looking with contempt at the stiff, ornamental, and childish antithetical style of his day and nation, he welded the flimsy elements of the French language into instruments of strength akin to his own conceptions, and wrought out of them a style for himself in which a Demosthenic simplicity and severity of language is sustained by an earnest and straightforward power which vivifies and amplifies all that it touches. Startled by an innovation far beyond the conceptions of the French Academy, the writer was smiled at and neglected by the critics; and it was not till they heard him launching from the tribune the thunders of justice, disposing at pleasure of the inclinations of the multitude, and subjugating even the captious by the imperious power of his eloquence, that they began to discover that

there was a "power of life"* in his rude and singular language; that "things, common-place, in his hand became of electric power;"† and that, standing "like a giant among pigmies,"‡ his style, albeit "savage,"§ dominated the assembly, stupefying, and thundering down all opposition.

It is the affliction of history, that, while raising her monuments to gigantic genius, she is compelled so often to record an immorality of parallel proportions. It is right that the infamy of Mirabeau should be as eternal as his greatness. He was a man who, in his political, as in his private life, had no sense of right for its own sake, and from whom conscience never won a sacrifice. With great and glorious aims at times, he never had a disinterested one. His ambition, vanity, or passions, were his only standard of conduct—a standard, be it added, which, despite the wonderful justness of his judgments, the depravity of a sunken nature kept always below even his needs. Policy with him was often but a campaign of vengeance or market of venality, and the glorious exercises of literature but a relaxation of indecency or business of wrong. In the study, in the tribune, or in the council-chamber, glory was the only element that remained to counterpoise, often with a feather's weight, the smallest influence of gold or spleen; and in the most critical epoch of an empire, the poisoning of his tremendous influence—the influence of so much earnestness and magical power—was the accident of an accident. We admit for him, in palliation, the demoralizing influence of terrific example, and of maddening oppression; but where is the worth of a morality that, in a man of heroic mould, will not stand assay?—and what is virtue but a name, if she may be betrayed whenever she demands an effort?

But however much a moral wreck was the heart of Mirabeau, nature, true to the harmony, no less than the magnificence, of her great creations, had essentially formed it of noble and gentle elements. Touched to the core by the contaminating influence of "time and tide," its instincts were yet to the kindly, the generous, and elevated; and those about him who knew him best—attached to him more by his affections than his glory—eagerly attested that in the bosom of this depraved citizen resided most of the qualities which, under happier agencies, would have made

* Madame de Stael. † Bertrand de Moleville.

‡ De Levis.

§ De Ferrieres.

him a dutiful son, a devoted husband, an attached friend, and truly noble character!

In fine, with an eye to see at a glance, a mind to devise, a tongue to persuade, a hand to execute, this great man was circumspect in recklessness, poised and vigorous in violence, cool and calculating to a minutia in audacity and passion. As a friend, affectionate and volatile—as an enemy, fierce and placable—as a politician, patriotic and venal. Proud of his patricianship, whose *status* and manners he had lost, he is humble about a statesmanship that makes the first of his glories. The best of writers, his works are written for him; the greatest of orators, his speeches are made for him! Has he the most unerring of judgments? He prefers

another's! Is he a popular tribune? He is also a royalist parasite! Is he earnest? He is then insincere! Does he evidence great principles? He seeks bribes! Does he enforce moderation? He awaits vengeance! Does he cause confusion? He is seeking order! Would he save the nation? He is selling its liberties! Wonderful man! great with enormous weaknesses, bad with many excellencies, immortal by the expedients of an hour, his genius is a combination of almost impossible perfections, as his political life the colossal result of a thousand contradictions. United, they yield a deathless character, whose Titanic proportions shall, age after age, be huger, as the mighty shadows that cover it shall grow darker!

LINES.

Oh bring me pearls and jewels rare,
With these I'll braid my sunny hair:
I would be beautiful to-night—
The gayest 'mid the gay and bright.
Look! I have chased my tears away,
And smile as in life's early day;
And see how well this wreath doth shade
The lines that grief and care have made.
Oh none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess this heart is breaking!

The first amid the joyous throng
My voice shall join the laugh, the song;
They say its tones were once so clear,
That when they fell upon the ear,
The dark heart would forget its guile,
And saddest eye look up—and smile.
Oh I will laugh and sing once more
As gayly as in days of yore;
And none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

I never cared for beauty's power;
And never, till this darksome hour,
Did pearl, or flower, or diamond rare
Deck the long tresses of my hair.
But oh, to-night their aid I'll seek:
They'll lend a radiance to my cheek,

And give the light of bygone years
To eyes that have grown dim with tears;
And none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

Perchance in that triumphant hour
When mine is wealth, and pride, and power,
Our eyes may meet; and on his ear
May fall the voice he loved to hear,
Recalling days that long have fled—
Forgotten vows, and sweet hopes dead.
Oh bring me pearls and gems most bright—
I must be beautiful to-night.
He must not know my brow is aching;
He must not guess my heart is breaking!

* * * * *

Away—away! these gems, and tear
These gaudy flowers from my hair:
Oh I have borne their weight too long!
What care I though the brilliant throng
Should kneel and worship at my shrine!—
The only smile I sought was thine,
And that, alas, was turned aside!
What cared I then for beauty's pride!—
Oh how my burning brow is aching;
Alas—alas, my heart is breaking!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY ONE OF HIS PERSONAL FRIENDS.

"OFF let me range these gloomy aisles *alone*;
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd dust below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven!"

WE have just returned from a visit to POETS' CORNER. How solemn and impressive was the scene! The morning service had not yet commenced. The solemnity was increased by the profound stillness; but every tomb, bust, and cenotaph, seemed to address us in words that, without striking the ear, passed at once to the heart. Beneath us were the ashes of heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers—of men whose names stand forth as landmarks in our national history—each, with his deeds emblazoned on its page, showing to future aspirants by what labors in her cause he had earned the gratitude of his country, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens, the honor of "civic crowns," and the meed of immortality.

"Peace, love!—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine
Where ye are not.
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot!"

After a brief survey of the sculptured trophies that encrust the walls, or rise in breathing effigies from their pedestals, we turned to a small, black, lozenge-shaped marble, in the pavement, inscribed with the name of THOMAS CAMPBELL,* in brass letters, and placed over the Poet's remains by his executors. At the sight of this—the brief

memorial of a poet whom we had long known, loved, and admired—we felt as if riveted to the spot; we lost sight of the finished sculptures, the labored inscriptions, the classic elegance, the pathetic eulogies, which had thus far engrossed our attention, and felt all our thoughts concentrated on that little spot in the hallowed pavement. How many of his pure and lofty strains now rushed upon the memory! and, in accordance with the time and place, what could be more appropriate than these lines?—

"Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown—the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul,—
The strife is o'er, the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er his woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly wings, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody:
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight
still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion Hill."

* * * * *

Campbell, as it now appears from a passage in his "Life and Letters,"* had in early life a strong presentiment that his dust would one day find a resting-place with that of the

* "THOMAS CAMPBELL, died June xv. 1844, *Ætatis* 67." Surmounted by a brass wreath.

* *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, by Dr. Beattie, his literary executor.

glorious dead in POETS' CORNER. Writing to an accomplished friend, whose correspondence occupied a large portion of his time and heart, he expresses a hope that something much better than his previous poems would yet pass from his hands before being "carried to his place in Westminster Abbey." To this, however, he never alluded but in a playful way; and in another case, when it was gravely proposed to him to bequeath his mortal remains for interment in the Glasgow "Necropolis," he facetiously declined the honor, on the ground of a prior engagement; and hoped the party who solicited this favor would be in no hurry to disturb the virgin soil for his accommodation. Latterly, however, the subject of dissolution, as we can well remember, was never treated with levity: during the last two years he spent in London, he adverted to it as the *Rubicon*, over which he had to pass to the shores of immortality. But—

"What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile at death, if heaven-ward hope remain!"

* * * * *

Campbell, as we have reason to believe, paid a solitary visit to this "Corner" of the Abbey, on the very eve of his departure to Boulogne. By what train of feelings he was led to the sacred spot, may be easily imagined. He was at the time, as we learn from his own letters, neither well in health nor easy in mind. He had, in fact, a heavy load upon his spirits, a "forecast of death," which nothing could remove; and as the physical malady increased, so did the mental suffering. But with this we have at present nothing to do. It is sufficient to say, that to part with friends—few, but strongly attached, and whose society had become more and more necessary, as the lengthened shadows, and the darkening path, foreboded the close of his pilgrimage—occasioned a severe mental struggle, which, although he made a manly effort to conceal it, shook his attenuated frame, and saddened all his prospects. Could he have been rescued at that moment from the ill-advised and fatal project of expatriating himself, the black, funereal tablet, on which we now read his name, might for some years, at least, have waited for its fatal record. But the die was thrown; he had ventured his life upon the cast; and, anticipating the too probable result, he repaired to the Abbey to take a last twilight view of the sepulchral trophies and tablets, under which so many of those whom he had known

in their lives, or revered in their writings, had mingled their honored dust. The hour chosen for this act of homage, was in the stillness of a summer evening, when the vesper chimes had died away; when silence, such as we now found it, pervaded the scene; and when the slanting rays that shone through the western window threw a gleam of evanescent warmth and life into the cold marble, which so profusely adorns the nave and aisles. How long he lingered among these trophies, or on what particular bust or statue he dwelt with melancholy interest, we need not inquire. A considerable number of those to whom monuments have been decreed within the last twenty years, were personal friends of the Poet; and of these, no doubt, each had a parting glance, as he threaded the long-drawn aisles, crossed the chancel, and then returned to the south transept. Here, as usual, he paused before the bust of Goldsmith, whose sweet and polished numbers it had been his earliest ambition to emulate!—

"In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?"

A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?"

The next day the Poet took hasty leave of one or two friends, and started for Boulogne; which was destined to prove as ungenial to his mind and taste, as the scene of the *Tristia* was to the Roman poet in his exile. But as this portion of his life's history is already before the public, we turn to the brighter side of the page; and, looking back through the long vista of scenes still familiar to the mind's eye, endeavor to collect a few detached features of that intellectual portrait, which it has been found so difficult to paint.

In his social moments, and in the society of kindred spirits, Campbell was the delight of his circle. His happiness was never so great as when it arose from the consciousness of having promoted the interests, and added to the happiness, of others. He was a stranger to that selfishness which narrows the circle of benevolence, and withers the kindly sympathies that should unite men as members of the same brotherhood—heirs of the same hope. He never deserted the unfortunate: on the contrary, he sought them in their obscurest retreats, and never left them without some expression of practical

benevolence. The consciousness of having inflicted pain by any word or sentence unadvisedly written or spoken, caused him more pain than it did to the person against whom it was directed. Strongly impulsive in feelings, he spoke often hastily, but always reflected at leisure; and, like most men who do so, frequently regretted in our hearing that the force of reason was borne down by the stronger current of his feelings. If the topic to be discussed were of sufficient weight and importance, his opinion was delivered with force and perspicuity, but rarely with that coolness which marks the practiced and deliberate orator. In stating a question, such as that of "Classical Education"—a favorite subject—he always appeared to advantage, always fixed the attention of his hearers; but, in replying to objections, he was apt to become excited; and instead of refuting his antagonist, was hurried into expressions of contempt for the argument, which, although from their pointed wit they gained him momentary applause, did not raise him in the estimation of those who think profoundly, and speak soberly and advisedly. Whenever he was sure of a patient hearing, and where he was pleased with his hearers, he seldom failed to make a most favorable impression. In presence of the "Senate of his native University," which comprised in its members an epitome of all that is eminent in the walks of acquired science or mental cultivation, he pronounced an inaugural discourse that will long be remembered, and quoted, as a specimen of ornate and manly eloquence which has been rarely equaled, never surpassed, by any of the master-spirits who have spoken from the Rector's chair.

Of his few surviving friends some may, no doubt, remember the passionate eloquence with which he so frequently urged his appeals in favor of the Polish refugees; and none, we will venture to say, can ever forget the consummate skill, indefatigable zeal, and lucid arrangement with which he suggested, planned, supported, and almost perfected the scheme of a London University. The honor of having originated this great national seminary was all his own; but, like other illustrious benefactors of mankind, feeble and contemptible efforts have been made to strip him of this well-merited honor, and to crown the "lieutenant," if we may so express it, "with those very laurels which were won, and should have been worn, by his general." But we leave this question in abler hands, and in the earnest hope that

whenever a monument is raised to the founder of the London University, it will be inscribed with the name of Thomas Campbell. *Palnam qui meruit ferat.*

Thinking of this and other wrongs, not less flagrant though less familiar, which private pique or the virulence of party feeling have sought to inflict upon the poet's memory, it was some consolation to observe the site chosen for erecting to his memory the splendid statue lately exhibited at the Royal Academy. This classic production is from the chisel of Mr. Marshall, who, in executing a monument to the genius of Campbell, has added new testimony to his own. The site is on the east side, exactly opposite that of Addison, whose classic statue, long a principal ornament of the "Corner," is soon to be confronted by that of a truly kindred, and no less moral poet. The pedestal is to be formed of a solid block of Carinthian marble, a votive offering from the "Polish exiles to the poet of Freedom," the most intrepid defender of their cause. It is much to be regretted, however, that, owing to the suspicious vigilance of a northern government, the accomplishment of this design is indefinitely postponed; but a substitute for the prohibited offering is already found, and on that basis the statue of Campbell will very shortly be erected. So far, the country will have done its duty.

Here we were joined by a Scottish friend, who took a deep interest in the subject.

"And have his old friends," we inquired, "come promptly forward? Have the subscriptions poured liberally in?"

"Neither promptly nor liberally," was the reply.

"But surely his native city—with its professors, merchants, citizens—has set a noble example."

"Yes," he added, "three small subscriptions from two family relations and an old pupil."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more;" and he handed us the list.

"But Edinburgh, the modern Athens, where the poet was feted, flattered, and almost idolized,—surely Edinburgh has made herself prominent in the subscription?"

"Yes. Lord Jeffrey has promised five pounds, and we are encouraged to hope that the subscriptions* collected between John

* It is gratifying to add, that since this was written, several new subscriptions have been sent in.—Ed.

o' Groat's and the guid town of Berwick on Tweed, for the 'Campbell Monument,' may amount at least to the braw sum o' fifty pounds."

This was rather a humiliating fact, but as love to the man does not necessarily extend to his monument, we must look to England for the nine hundred and fifty pounds to make good the thousand, and thus far we have not looked in vain.

"And what has Ireland done—I mean his admirers in that country, for he certainly had many, and deservedly?"

"Why, in point of subscriptions," said our friend, "it must, I fear, be 'Erin go Bragh,' that is, let 'Erin be scot-free;' and thus far, indeed, she has maintained her freedom from subscription."

To you, then, "Ye mariners of England," shall we look for a long pull and a strong pull in our endeavor to raise a monument to the poet, whose genius raises a monument to you.*

Alas! half-pay leads to half-measures; hands that would gladly have held out their contributions, must be content, in these piping times of peace, to lift the wine-cup in silence to his memory, as he himself raised it to "the gallant, good Riou," singing in his trumpet-toned lyric—

"Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true;
On the deck of fame who died
With the gallant, good Riou:†
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing—Glory to the souls
Of the Brave!"

* * * * *

But we turn from this rather dispiriting topic. In his intercourse with society, Campbell was a shrewd observer of those often contradictory elements of which it is composed. Adverting to the absurd and ludicrous, he had the heart or talent of heightening their effect by touches peculiarly his own; while the quiet gravity with which he related his personal anecdotes or adventures, added greatly to the charm, and often threw his unsuspecting hearers into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Nor was the *pathos* with

* It will be the amusing, perhaps humiliating task of some future biographer of the poet, to compare the living professions with the posthumous acts of his warmest admirers.

† The "gallant, good Riou," Nelson's words in the dispatch.

which he dilated on some tale of human misery less captivating; it runs through all his poetry, and in hearing or relating a story of human wrongs or suffering, we have often seen him affected to tears, which he vainly strove to conceal by an abrupt transition to some ludicrous incident in his own personal history. As an example, which has not yet found its way to the public, we may relate the following, which he told one evening in our little domestic circle where he was a frequent visitor, and where the conversation had taken, as he thought, a somewhat too serious turn:—

"In my early life, when I resided in the island of Mull, most of those old feudal customs which civilization had almost banished from the Lowlands, were still religiously observed in the Hebrides—more especially those of a social and festive character, which it was thought had the effect of keeping up old acquaintance, and of tightening the bonds of good fellowship. Rural weddings and 'roaring wakes' were then occasions for social rendezvous, which were not to be overlooked. Both these ceremonies were accompanied by feasting, music, dancing, and that liberal enjoyment of the native *broust* which was too often carried to excess. I was in general a willing and a welcome guest at these doings; for, smitten as I often was with melancholy in this dreary solitude, I was glad to avail myself of any occasion that promised even temporary exhilaration. Well, the first of these meetings at which I was present one evening, happened to be a *dredgee*, a term which I need only explain by saying that it was got up for the sake of a young widow, who had just put on her weeds, and stood much in need of friendly sympathy and consolation. At first it was rather a dull affair, for the widow looked very disconsolate, and every look of her fair face was contagious. But as the *quaigh* was active, and the whiskey went its frequent round, the circle became more lively; until at last, to my utter astonishment, the bagpipes were introduced; and after a *coronach* or so—just to quiet the spirit of their departed host—up started a couple of dancers, and began jiggging it over the floor with all the grace and agility peculiar to my Hebridean friends. This movement was infectious: another and another couple started up—reel followed upon reel, until the only parties who had resisted the infection," continued the poet, "were the widow and myself,—she, oppressed with her own private sorrow, and I, restrained by courtesy from quitting her

side. I observed, however, that she 'kept time' with her hand—all unconsciously, no doubt—against the bench where we sat, while her thoughts were wandering about the moorland *Oairn*, which had that very morning received her husband's remains. I pitied her from my very heart. But, behold, just as I was addressing to her one of my most sympathizing looks, up came a brisk Highlander, whose step and figure in the dance had excited both admiration and envy; and, making a low bow to the widow, followed by a few words of condolence, he craved the honor of her hand for the next reel. The widow, as you may well suppose, was shocked beyond measure! while I, starting to my feet, made a show as if I meant to resent the insult. But she, pulling me gently back, rebuked the kilted stranger with a look, at which he instantly withdrew. In a few minutes, however, the young chieftain returned to the charge. The widow frowned and wept, and declared that nothing on earth should ever tempt her to such a breach of decorum. But the more she frowned, the more he smiled and pressed his suit: 'Just one reel,' he repeated; 'only one! Allan of Mull, the best piper in the Isles, was only waiting her bidding to strike up.' The plea was irresistible. 'Weel, weel,' sighed the widow, rising and giving him her hand, 'what maun be, maun be! But, heh, sirs, let it be a lightsome spring, for I hae a heavy, heavy heart!' The next minute the widow was capering away to a most 'lightsome' air—hands across—cast off—down the middle, and up again. And a merrier dredgee," concluded the poet, "was never seen in Mull."

On another occasion, when he presented a copy of some verses, which he had just finished, to a lady of our family, he described their origin as follows:—"Many years ago, while I was sealed up in the Hebrides, I became intimate with a family who had a beautiful parrot, which a young mariner had brought from South America as a present to his sweetheart. This happened long before my arrival in Mull; and Poll for many years had been a much-prized and petted favorite in the household. He was a captive, to be sure, but allowed at times to be outside his cage on *parole*; and always observing good faith and gratitude for such indulgence, they were repeated as often as appeared consistent with safe custody. The few words of Gaelic which he had picked up in his voyage to the north, were just sufficient, on his arrival, to bespeak the good-will of the family, and recommend himself to their hospitality;

but his vocabulary was soon increased,—he became a great mimic,—he could imitate the cries of every domestic animal,—the voices of the servants:—he could laugh, whistle, and scold, like any other biped around him. He was, in short, a match even for Kelly's renowned parrot: for although he could not, or would not, sing 'God save the King,' he was proficient in 'Charlie is my Darling,' and other Jacobite airs, with which he never failed to regale the company, when properly introduced.

"Poll was indeed a remarkable specimen of his tribe, and the daily wonder of the whole neighborhood. Years flew by: and although kind treatment had quite reconciled him to his cage, it could not ward off the usual effects of old age, particularly in a climate where the sun rarely penetrated within the bars of his prison. When I first saw him, his memory had greatly failed him; while his bright green plumage was fast verging into a silvery gray. He had but little left of that triumphant chuckle which used to provoke such laughter among the youngers; and day after day he would sit mute and moping on his perch, seldom answering the numerous questions that were put to him regarding the cause of his malady. Had any child of the family been sick, it could hardly have been treated with greater tenderness than Poll.

"At last, one fine morning, just as the vernal equinox had blown a few ships into harbor, a stranger was announced, and immediately recognized by the master of the house as a 'Don' something—a Spanish merchant, whose kindness to a young member of the family had been often mentioned in his letters from Mexico. One of his own ships, a brig, in which he had made the voyage, was then in the bay, driven in by stress of weather, for Mull was no market for Spanish goods. But that was not my business; he would most likely pay a visit to Greenock, where, in the present day at least, Spanish cargoes are rife enough.

"No sooner had their visitor exchanged salutations with the master of the house and his family, than the parrot caught his eye; and, going up to the cage, he addressed the aged bird in familiar Spanish. The effect was electric: the poor blind captive seemed as if suddenly awakened to a new existence; he fluttered his wings in ecstasy—opened his eyes, fixed them, dim and sightless as they were, intently on the stranger; then answered him in the same speech—not an accent of which he had ever heard for twenty years.

His joy was excessive—but it was very short; for in the midst of his screams and antics, poor Poll dropped dead from his perch."

Such was the incident upon which Campbell composed the little ballad entitled "The Parrot." It had taken strong hold of his memory, and after the lapse of forty years,* found its way into the pages of the "New Monthly," and is now incorporated with his acknowledged Poems. The following is an extract:—

"The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.

* See "Life and Letters of Campbell" Vol. I. Residence in Mull.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chatter'd many a day :
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.

* * * * *

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech ;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapp'd round his cage, with joyous screech—
Dropt down, and died !"

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

BY MRS. TRAILL,

AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

My children, would you knew the land,
The pleasant land—the free,
Where once a careless child I roved
O'er woodland hill and lea !

There daisies lift their starry eyes
To greet you as you pass,
And there the sweet low violet blows
Unseen amid the grass.

And merry 'tis at matin prime
The joyous lark to hear,
The blackbird with his bugle note
That singeth loud and clear ;

The linnet and the mellow thrush,
"The lovelorn nightingale,"
That to the lonely ear of night
Telleth her mournful tale.

And sweet it is on Sabbath morn
The pealing bells to hear,
Oh, sweeter far than song of birds,
They tell us God is near.

And many a pleasant sight there is,
And pleasant sound to hear ;
My children, 'tis my native land,
Oh ! would that we were there.

But oh ! that loved, that blessed land
Thy mother ne'er will see,
Where the dark woods wave must be her grave,
'Neath the lonely hemlock tree.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GIFTS OF SCIENCE TO ART.—PART I.

STEAM—DAGUERRETYPE—LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS—THE SAFETY LAMP—ELECTROPLATING AND GILDING—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

EACH succeeding age and generation leaves behind it a peculiar character, which stands out in relief upon its annals, and is associated with it for ever in the memory of posterity. One is signalized for the invention of gunpowder, another for that of printing; one is rendered memorable by the revival of letters, another by the reformation of religion; one epoch is rendered illustrious by the discoveries of Newton, another by the conquests of Napoleon. If we are asked by what characteristic the present age will be marked in the records of our successors, we answer, by the miracles which have been wrought in the subjugation of the powers of the material world to the uses of the human race. In this respect no former epoch can approach to competition with the present.

Although the credit of the invention of the steam-engine must be conceded to the generation which preceded us, its improvement and its most important applications are unquestionably due to our contemporaries. So little was the immortal Watt himself aware of the extent of the latent powers of that machine, that he declared, upon the occasion of his last visit to Cornwall, on ascertaining that a weight of twenty-seven millions of pounds had been raised one foot high by the combustion of a bushel of coals under one of his boilers, that the *ne plus ultra* was attained, and that the power of steam could no further go. Nevertheless, the Patriarch of the steam-engine lived to see forty millions of pounds raised the same height by the same quantity of fuel. Had he survived only a few years longer, he would have seen even this performance doubled, and still more recently it has, under favorable circumstances, been increased in a threefold ratio.

But it is not in the mere elevation of min-

eral substances from the crust of the globe, nor in the drainage of the vast subterranean regions which have become the theatre of such extensive operations of industry and art, that steam has wrought its greatest miracles. By its agency coal is made to minister in an infinite variety of ways to the uses of society. Coals are by it taught to spin, weave, dye, print, and dress silks, cottons, woolens, and other cloths; to make paper, and print books on it when made; to convert corn into flour; to press oil from the olive, and wine from the grape; to draw up metal from the bowels of the earth; to pound and smelt it, to melt and mould it; to forge it; to roll it, and to fashion it into every form that the most wayward caprice can desire. Do we traverse the deep?—they lend wings to the ship, and bid defiance to the natural opponents, the winds and the tides. Does the wind-bound ship desire to get out of port to start on her voyage?—steam throws its arms round her, and places her on the open sea. Do we traverse the land?—steam is harnessed to our chariot, and we outstrip the flight of the swiftest bird, and equal the fury of the tempest.

It results, from the official returns of the Cornish authorities, that as much power is there obtained from a bushel of coals, as is equivalent to the average day's work of a hundred stage-coach horses.

The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and is five hundred feet high. According to Herodotus, its construction employed a hundred thousand laborers for twenty years. Now we know that the materials of this structure might be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of four hundred and eighty tons of coals.

The Menai Bridge consists of about two thousand tons of iron, and its height above the level of the water is one hundred and twenty feet. Its entire mass might be lifted from the level of the water to its present

position by the combustion of four bushels of coal!

Marvelous as the uses are to which heat has been rendered subservient, those which have been obtained from light are not less so. Ready-made flame is fabricated in vast establishments, erected in the suburbs of cities and towns, and transmitted in subterranean pipes through the streets and buildings which it is desired to illuminate. It is supplied, according to individual wants, in measured quantity; and at every door an automaton is stationed, by whom a faithful register is kept of the quantity of flame supplied from hour to hour!

It resulted from scientific researches on the properties of solar light, that certain metallic preparations were affected in a peculiar manner by being exposed to various degrees of light and shade. This hint was not lost. An individual, whose name has since become memorable, M. Daguerre, thought that as engraving consisted of nothing but the representation of objects by means of incisions on a metallic plate, corresponding to the lights and shades of the object represented—and as these same lights and shades were shown by the discoveries of science to produce on the metals specific effects, in the exact proportion of their intensities—there could be no reason why the objects to be represented should not be made to *engrave themselves* on plates properly prepared!! Hence arose the beautiful art now become so universally useful, and called after its inventor—DAGUERREOTYPE.

The object of which it is desired to produce a representation, is placed before an optical instrument, with which every one is familiar as the camera-obscura. An exact representation of it, on a scale reduced in any required proportion, is thus formed upon a plate of ground glass, so that it may be viewed by the operator, who can thus adjust the instrument in such a manner as to obtain an exact picture of it. If it be desired to make a portrait, the effect of the posture of the sitter can thus be seen, and the most favorable position ascertained before the process is commenced.

When these arrangements have been made, the plate of ground glass, on which the picture was previously formed, is withdrawn, and the metallic plate, on which the picture is to be engraved, is substituted for it. This latter being placed in the groove from which the plate of ground glass has been withdrawn, the picture will be formed upon it with the same degree of precision, and in

exactly the same position in which it was previously seen on the plate of ground glass.

When the light is favorable, four or five seconds are sufficient to complete the process. According as it is less intense, the necessary time may be greater, but never should exceed a minute. In general, the shorter the time in which a picture is made, the more perfect the picture will be, especially if it be a portrait, because the defects of the representation most commonly arise from the object represented, or some part of it, having shifted its position during the process. In that case, the picture presents the object as though it were seen through a mist. The best portraits we have ever seen produced by this art have been completed in four seconds!

It might be supposed, from what we have here said, that it would be almost impossible, in any case, to obtain a perfect representation of the eyes in a portrait, because of the difficulty of abstaining from winking. It happens, however, that winking being a change of position which is only continued for an inappreciable instant of time, the eye resuming its position immediately, is almost the only movement incidental to a sitter which does not affect the precision of the portrait; unless, indeed, the action of winking were to be continued in rapid succession, which, in practice, almost never occurs.

One of the defects of Daguerreotype, as applied to portraiture, arises from the impossibility of bringing the entire person of the sitter at once into focus. To render this possible, it would be necessary that every part of the person of the sitter should be at precisely the same distance from the lens of the camera obscura, a condition which obviously cannot be fulfilled. It happens, consequently, that those parts of the person of the sitter which are nearest to the lens, will be represented on a scale a little greater than those parts which are most distant; and if the instrument be adjusted so as to bring the nearer parts into very exact focus, the more distant parts will be proportionally out of focus.

These defects cannot be removed, but may be so much mitigated as to be imperceptible. By using larger lenses, the camera can be placed at a considerable distance from the sitter, and without inconveniently diminishing the size of the picture. By this expedient, the difference between the distances of different points of the sitter from the lens, will bear so small a proportion to the whole

distance, that the amount of distortion arising from the cause just mentioned may be rendered quite imperceptible. Large lenses, however, when good in quality, are expensive; and it is only the more extensively-employed practitioners in this business that can afford to use them.

The magnitude of these pictures will, in a great degree, depend on the magnitude of the lens. We have seen, lately, groups executed by a Parisian artist, on plates from fifteen to sixteen inches square.*

The agency of light and shade has been successfully used, in the same manner, to produce pictures on paper, glass, wood, and other substances, chemically prepared, so as to be more or less impressed with some dark color. The representations obtained in this manner have not, however, the precision and distinctness which are so universally characteristic of the Daguerreotype process.

Attempts have been recently made, with more or less success, to remove the metallic or *lead* hue which has been found disagreeable in Daguerreotype portraits. This is effected by coloring them by means of dry colors rubbed into the incisions made by the action of the light. These colored Daguerreotypes, though more open to objection on artistical grounds, are, nevertheless, decidedly popular, when judiciously executed.

Artists, and especially miniature-painters, are naturally opposed to Daguerreotype. No miniature, however, will, so far as relates to mere resemblance, bear comparison to a Daguerreotype. *The artist* can soften down defects, and present the sitter under the most favorable aspect. *The sun*, however, is no flatterer, and gives the lineaments as they exist, with the most inexorable fidelity, and the most cruel precision.

Nevertheless, it is known that some of the most eminent portrait-painters—those whose productions have raised them above petty feelings—do avail themselves of the aid of Daguerreotypes, where well-executed representations of that kind are obtainable; and they see in this no more degradation of their art, than a sculptor finds in using a *cast* of the subject which his chisel is about to reproduce.

But of all the gifts which Science has presented to Art in these latter days, the most striking and magnificent are those in which the agency of electricity has been evoked.

* The most successful practitioner in Daguerreotype now in Paris is Mr. W. Thompson, an American.

From the moment electric phenomena attracted the attention of the scientific world, the means of applying them to the useful purposes of life were eagerly sought for. Although such applications had not yet entered into the spirit of the age as fully as they have since done, it so happened that, in this department of physics, a volunteer had enlisted in the army of science, the characteristic of whose genius was eminently practical, and soon achieved, by his discoveries, an eminence to which the world has since offered universal homage. Benjamin Franklin, a member of a literary society in Philadelphia, had his attention called to the then recent discovery, the phenomena of the Leyden Jar, which at that time astonished all Europe. From that moment the views of Franklin were bent on the discovery of some useful purpose to which these discoveries could be applied. *Cui bono?* was a question never absent from his thoughts. After having made some of those great discoveries which have since formed the basis of electrical science, and have surrounded his name with unfading lustre, he expressed, in a letter to the secretary of the Royal Society of London, in his usual playful manner, his disappointment at not being yet able to find any application of the science beneficial to mankind:—

“Chagrined a little,” he wrote, “that we have hitherto been able to produce nothing in the way of use to mankind; and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for the season, somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure, on the banks of the Schuylkill.* Spirits, at the same time, are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side, through the river, without any other conductor than the water; an experiment which we some time since performed to the amazement of many.† A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock, and roasted by the electrical jack,‡ before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle” (since known as the Leyden vial), “when the healths of all the

* A picturesque river which washes the Western suburbs of Philadelphia, and to the valley of which it is the custom of the citizens to make picnic parties. In the summer months, the temperature at Philadelphia is so high as to banish to the watering-places all who are not absolutely tied to the town by the exigencies of their business.

† This experiment has been recently reproduced in the investigations connected with the electric telegraph, but without giving credit to Franklin as its original author.

‡ It will be seen by this hint that the idea of applying electricity, as a moving power, had already occurred to Franklin.

famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electrical battery.”*

Although the application of the great principles of science to the practical uses of life cannot be too highly appreciated, it would be a great error to carry this enthusiasm for the useful to such an excess as to exclude a just admiration for those high abstract laws, the discovery of which had conferred lustre on the names of our greatest philosophers, and on none more justly than that of Franklin himself. It must be admitted, however, that this craving after utility was the great characteristic of his mind, and may even be regarded as having been carried almost to a fault. It has been justly observed by a contemporary writer—

“That although the application of the properties of matter and the phenomena of nature to the uses of civilized life is undoubtedly one of the great incentives to the investigation of the laws of the material world, yet it is assuredly a great error to regard that either as the only or the principal motive to such inquiries. There is in the perception of truth itself—in the contemplation of connected propositions, leading by the mere operation of the intellectual faculties, exercised on individual physical facts, to the development of those great general laws by which the universe is maintained—an exalted pleasure, compared with which the mere attainment of convenience and utility in the economy of life is poor and mean. There is a nobleness in the power which the natural philosopher derives from the discovery of these laws, of raising the curtain of futurity and displaying the decrees of nature, so far as they affect the physical universe for countless ages to come, which is independent of, and above all, utility. While, however, we thus claim for truth and knowledge all the consideration to which, on their own account, they are entitled, let us not be misunderstood as disparaging the great benefactors of the human race, who have drawn from them those benefits which so much tend to the well-being of man. When we express the enjoyment which arises from the beauty and fragrance of the flower, we do not the less prize the honey which is extracted from it, or the medicinal virtues which it yields. That Franklin was accessible to such feelings, the enthusiasm with which he expresses himself throughout his writings, in regard to natural phenomena, abundantly proves. Nevertheless, *useful application* was undoubtedly ever uppermost in his thoughts; and he probably never witnessed a physical fact, or considered for a moment any law of nature, without inwardly proposing to himself the question, ‘In what way

can this be made beneficial in the economy of life?’”*

After studying the properties of metals, in virtue of which electricity runs along them in preference to other substances, and discovering the property of points to attract the electric fluid, Franklin proceeded at once to the discovery of conductors, or “lightning-rods,” for the protection of buildings. “If these things be so,” wrote he—

“May not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind in preserving houses, churches, ships, &c., from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix on the highest points of those edifices, upright rods of iron made sharp as a needle, and gilt (at the points) to prevent rusting; and from the foot of those rods a wire down the outside of the building into the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electric fire out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?”†

It is known to every one, that after this Franklin established his theory by the celebrated experiment of the kite, by which he literally drained a cloud of its lightning; but what is not so well known is, that when the paper written by Franklin, explaining his project of constructing lightning-conductors for the protection of buildings, was soon afterward read before the Royal Society of London, it was received with peals of laughter, and was voted so absurd as to be deemed unworthy of being printed in the “Philosophical Transactions.” It was, however, printed by an independent publisher, and has attained, as is well known, a world-wide celebrity.

Not long afterward, the same members of the Royal Society, who laughed at Franklin’s project, were called upon to superintend the erection of conductors upon the royal palace, when, to gratify the royal spleen against the rebellious philosopher of the revolted colonies, they rejected the *pointed conductors* recommended by Franklin, and actually caused *blunt conductors* to be placed on the palace. Franklin, who held the office of American Minister in London (the independence of the United States being then recently acknowledged), on hearing this, wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia:—

* “Lardner on Electricity and Magnetism,” vol. i. p. 41.

† “Franklin’s Works,” vol. v. p. 235. Boston: 1837.

* Franklin’s Works, vol. v. p. 210. Boston: 1837.

"The king's changing his *pointed* conductors for *blunt* ones is a matter of small importance to me. If I had a wish about them it would be, that he would reject them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and his family safe from the thunder of heaven that he has dared to use his own thunder in destroying his innocent subjects."*

Art often presses into its service the discoveries of Science, but it sometimes provokes them. Art surveys the fruit of the toil of the philosopher, and selects such as suits her purposes; but sometimes, not finding what is suitable to her wants, she makes an appeal to Science, whose votaries direct their researches accordingly toward the desired object, and rarely fail to attain them.

One of the most signal examples of the successful issue of such an appeal presents itself in the *safety-lamp*.

The same gas which is used for the purposes of illumination of our cities and towns (and which, as is well known, is obtained from coals by the process of baking in close retorts) is often spontaneously developed in the seams of coal which form the mines, and collects in large quantities in the galleries and workings where the coal-miners are employed. When this gas is mingled with common air, in a certain definite proportion, the moisture becomes highly explosive, and frequently catastrophes, attended with frightful loss of life, occurred in consequence of this in the mines. The prevalence of this evil at length became so great, that government called the attention of scientific men to the subject, and the late Sir Humphrey Davy engaged in a series of experimental researches with a view to the discovery of some efficient protection for the miner, the result of which was, the now celebrated safety-lamp.

Davy first directed his inquiries to the nature and properties of flame. What is flame? was a question which seems until then never to have been answered or even asked.

All known bodies, when heated to a certain intensity, become luminous. Thus iron, when its temperature is elevated first, gives a dull red light, which becomes more and more white as the temperature is increased, until at length it becomes as white as the sun. Davy showed that gaseous substances are not exempt from this law, and that flame is nothing more than *gas* rendered *white hot*.

He further showed that if the gas thus rendered white hot be cooled, it will cease to

be luminous in the same manner, and from the same cause as would be the case with a red hot poker plunged in water.

He showed that the gas which forms flame may be cooled by putting it in contact with any substance, such as metal, which, being a good conductor, would deprive it of so much of its caloric that it must cease to be luminous.

Thus, if a piece of wire net-work, with meshes sufficiently close, be held over the flame of a lamp or candle, it will be found that the flame will not pass through the meshes. The wire will become red hot, but no flame will appear above it.

It is not, in this case, that the gas which forms the flame does not pass through the meshes of the wire; but in doing so, it gives up so much of its heat to the metal, that when it escapes from the meshes above the wire, it is no longer hot enough to be luminous.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in the researches which he was called to make, discovered this important fact, which enabled him to explain the nature and properties of flame; and having so discovered it, he did not fail promptly to apply it to the solution of the practical problem with which he had to grapple.

This problem was to enable the miner to walk, lamp in hand, through an atmosphere of high explosive gas, without the possibility of producing explosion. It was, as though he were required to thrust a blazing torch through a mass of gunpowder without either extinguishing the flambeau or igniting the powder; with this difference, however, that the gaseous atmosphere to which the miner was often exposed was infinitely more explosive than gunpowder.

The instrument by which he accomplished this was as remarkable for its simplicity as for its perfect efficiency. A common lantern, containing a lamp or candle, instead of being as usual enclosed by glass or horn, was enclosed by wire gauze of that degree of fineness in its meshes which experiment had proved to be impervious to flame. When such a lantern was carried into an atmosphere of explosive gas, the external atmosphere would enter freely through the wire gauze, and would burn quietly within the lantern; but the meshes which thus permitted the cold gas to enter, forbid the white-hot gas within to escape without parting with so much of its heat in the transit as to deprive it of the character and properties of flame; so that, although it passed into the external explosive atmosphere, it was no longer in a condition to inflame it.

* "Franklin's Works," vol. v. p. 227.

The lamp thus serves a double purpose: it is at once a *protection* and a *warning*. It protects, because the flame within cannot ignite the gas outside the lantern. It warns, because the miner, seeing the gas burning within the lantern, is informed that he is enveloped by an explosive atmosphere, and takes measures accordingly to ventilate the gallery, and meanwhile to prevent unguarded lights from entering it.

Nothing can be imagined more triumphantly successful than this investigation of Sir Humphrey Davy. Some philosophers have the good fortune to arrive at great scientific discoveries in the prosecution of those researches to which the course of their labors leads them. Some are so happy as to make inventions of high importance in the arts, when such applications are suggested by the laws which govern the phenomena that have arisen in their experimental researches. But we cannot remember any other instance in which an object of research being proposed to an experimental philosopher, foreign to his habitual inquiries, having no associations with those trains of thought in which his mind has been previously involved, he has prosecuted the inquiry so as to arrive not only at the development of a natural law of the highest order, the fruitful parent of innumerable consequences of great general importance in physics, but has at the same time realized an invention of such immense utility as to form an epoch in the history of art, and to become the means of saving countless numbers of human lives.

As wire-gauze drains flame of its danger in the safety-lamp, it drains air of its poison by another felicitous application of a physical principle in the case of the needle-grinder's mask. In that department of industry, the health of the artisan was impaired, and the duration of his life abridged, by respiring continually, while at work, an atmosphere impregnated with steel-dust. A mask was invented composed of a gauze formed of magnetized wire, through which the artisan was to breathe. The air, in passing from the external atmosphere to the mouth and nostrils, left all the steel-dust which it held in suspension on the wire of the mask, from which, from time to time, it was wiped off as its accumulated.

Electricity has proved a fertile source of benefits conferred on Art by Science. When a galvanic current is passed through a fluid which holds in solution any substance which has the property of being attracted by one of the poles of the battery, such substance

will desert the fluid, and collect upon any object, being a conductor, which may be used to form the attracting-pole.

This fact has been already variously applied in the arts, and in no case with greater felicity and success than in the process of gilding and silvering the baser metals.

The process of electro-gilding or plating, which now forms so important a department of industrial art, is easily described.

Let us suppose that it be required to gild an object formed of silver, copper, or any inferior metal. The object, being first fabricated in the form it is destined to have, is submerged in a fluid which holds gold in solution. It is then put in connection with the attracting pole of the galvanic battery, while the solution of gold is put in connection with the other pole. The galvanic current thus passing through the solution, will decompose it, and the gold will attach itself to the metallic object, which, in a few seconds, will be sensibly gilt.

Any quantity of gold which may be desired, can thus be deposited on the surface of the object. This is accomplished merely by allowing it to remain for a longer period of time in the solution. Thus the gilding may be regulated with the utmost precision, and the quantity of gold which has been deposited over the object to be gilt may always be known with perfect exactitude.

An object may be silvered in some parts, and gilt in others, by a very simple expedient. Let the parts intended to be gilt be coated with some non-conducting substance, not affected by the solution of silver, and let the object be then immersed in the solution, and put in connection with the galvanic battery, as already described. The parts not coated will then be plated. Let the parts thus plated be now coated with a non-conducting substance not affected by the solution of gold, the coating previously applied being removed, and let the object be immersed in the solution of gold, and being connected with the battery, the parts not coated will be gilt.

The result of the two operations will be, that the object will be plated on some parts, and gilt on others.

In this manner, beautiful effects are produced on vessels used for domestic purposes, which are adorned with various designs expressed by such combinations of plating and gilding.

But of all the applications of electric agency to the uses of life, that which is transcendently the most admirable in its effects, and

the most important in its consequences, is the electric telegraph. No force of habit, however long continued, no degree of familiarity can efface the sense of wonder which the effects of this most marvelous application of science excites. If any sanguine and far-seeing votary of science had ventured thirty years ago to prognosticate the events which are now daily and hourly witnessed in the Central Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris, or in the Telegraphic Bureau at New York, he would have been pronounced insane by every sober-minded and calmly-judging person.

It is not many weeks since we, being in Paris, entered the Telegraphic Office, at the Ministry of the Interior, in the Rue Grenelle St. Germain. There we found ourselves in a room about twenty feet square, in the presence of some half dozen persons seated at desks, employed in transmitting to, and receiving from various distant points of France, dispatches. Being invited, we dictated a message, consisting of about forty words, addressed to one of the clerks at the railway-station at Valenciennes—a distance of a hundred and sixty-eight miles from Paris. This message was transmitted in two minutes and a half. An interval of about five minutes elapsed, during which, as it afterward appeared, the clerk to whom the message was addressed was sent for. At the expiration of this interval, the telegraph began to express the answer, which, consisting of about thirty-five words, was delivered and written out by the agent at the desk, in my presence, in two minutes. Thus, forty words were sent a hundred and sixty-eight miles, and thirty-five words returned from the same distance, in the short space of four minutes and thirty seconds.

But surprising as this was, we soon afterward witnessed, in the same room, a still more marvelous performance. A memoir on an improvement on the Electric Telegraph, by Mr. Alexander Bain, having been read before the Institute, and submitted to the Committee of the Legislative Assembly appointed to report on the project of law for opening the telegraphs to the use of the public, a series of experiments were ordered to be made, with the purpose of testing this alleged improvement. The Committee, among whom were M. Leverrier (celebrated for having discovered a planet before it was visible), M. Pouillet, professor of physics, and other distinguished persons, desiring to submit the invention to a more severe test as to

distance, than the existing telegraphs supplied the means of accomplishing, adopted the following expedient:—Two telegraphic wires, extending from the Ministry of the Interior to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire, extending from the Ministry to Lille, and back from Lille to the Ministry, making a total distance of three hundred and thirty-six miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several spiral coils of wire, wrapped in silk, were obtained, measuring in their total length seven hundred and forty-six miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one continued wire measuring one thousand and eighty-two miles. A message consisting of two hundred and eighty-two words was now transmitted from one end of the wire. A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper, moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the Committee, each word being spelled completely, and without abridgment, in *fifty-two seconds*, being at the average rate of *two words and four-tenths per second*!

By this instrument, therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upward of a thousand miles, at the rate of nineteen thousand five hundred words per hour!

The instrument would, therefore, transmit to a distance of a thousand miles, in the space of an hour, the contents of twenty-six pages of the book now in the hands of the reader!!

But it must not be imagined, because we have here produced an example of the transmission of a dispatch to a distance of a thousand miles, that any augmentation of that distance could cause any delay of practical importance. Assuming the common estimate of the velocity of electricity, the time which actually elapsed in the transition of the dispatch in this case was the two-hundredth part of a second. If, therefore, instead of sending the dispatch along a thousand miles of wire, we had sent it along a wire completely surrounding the globe, the time of its transmission would still be only the *eighth part of a second*.*

Such a dispatch would fly eight times

* We have here taken the usual estimate of the speed of an electric fluid; recent experiments render it probable that it is somewhat less, and depends on the conductivity of the wire. Thus copper and iron give different rates of transmission.

"round the earth between the two beats of a common clock, and would be written in full at the place of its destination more rapidly than it could be repeated by word of mouth. When such statements are made, do we not feel disposed to exclaim—

"Are such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That makes the reason prisoner?"

The wildest flights of the most exalted imagination would not have dared, even in fiction, to give utterance to these stubborn realities. Shakspeare only ventured to make his fairy

"Put a girdle round the earth
In forty minutes!"

To have encircled it eight times in a second, would have seemed too monstrous, even for Robin Goodfellow.

The curious and intelligent reader of these pages will scarcely be content, after the statement of facts so extraordinary, to remain lost in vacant astonishment at the power of science, without seeking to be informed of the manner in which the phenomena of nature have been thus wonderfully subdued to the uses of man. A very brief exposition will be enough to render intelligible the manner in which these miracles of science are wrought.

The electric telegraph, whatever form it may assume, derives its efficiency from the three following conditions:—

1. A power to develop the electric fluid, continuously, and in the necessary quantity.
2. A power to convey to it any required distance without being injuriously dissipated.
3. A power to cause it, after arriving at such distant point, to make written or printed characters, or some sensible signs, serving the purpose of such characters.

The apparatus used for producing the electric fluid consists of a series of plates of zinc and copper, united in pairs, and placed in a porcelain, or wooden trough. The zinc plates are previously rubbed with mercury, which, combining with the superficial part of the zinc, forms a coating of amalgam, which renders the development of the electricity more regular and uniform. The cells between the successive pairs of plates are filled with dry and perfectly clean sand, which is moistened with a solution consisting of eleven parts of water to one of strong sulphuric acid.*

A series of troughs, thus arranged, are

* Other combinations are occasionally used, but the principle is the same.

called a galvanic battery: and if they be united by metallic connections—the series of plates following the same order, and their extremities being connected by a metallic bar or wire—a continuous current of electricity will be propagated along such bar or wire, from one end of the battery to the other. Batteries of this kind are simple, cheap, steady, and continuous in their effects; their action being maintained during a period of four or five months, no other attention being required than to renew the acid solution from time to time, with which the sand is moistened.

Such an apparatus as that which we have here described, is to the electric telegraph what a boiler is to a steam-engine. It is the generator of the fluid by which the action of the machine is produced and maintained.

We have next to explain how the electric fluid, generated in the apparatus just explained, can be transmitted to a distance without being wasted or dissipated in any injurious degree *en route*.

If tubes or pipes could be constructed with sufficient facility and cheapness, through which the subtle fluid could flow, and which would be capable of confining it during its transit, this object would be attained. As the galvanic battery is analogous to the boiler, such tubes would be analogous in their form and functions to the steam-pipe of a steam-engine.

The construction of such means of transmission has been accomplished by means of two well-known properties of the electric fluid, in virtue of which it is capable of passing freely over a certain class of bodies called *conductors*, while its movement is arrested by another class called *non-conductors*, or *insulators*.

The most conspicuous examples of the former class are the metals; the most remarkable of the latter being resins, wax, glass, porcelain, silk, cotton, &c., &c.

Now, if a rod or wire of metal be coated with wax, resin, silk, cotton, or other *insulator*, the electric fluid will pass freely along the metal, in virtue of its character of a conductor; and its escape from the metal to any lateral object will be prevented by the coating, in virtue of its character of an insulator.

The insulator in such cases is, so far as relates to the electricity, a real tube, inasmuch as the electric fluid passes through the metal included by the coating, in exactly the same manner as water or gas passes through the pipes which conduct it; with this difference, however, that the electric fluid moves along

the wire more freely, in an almost infinite proportion, than does either water or gas in the tubes which conduct them.

If, then, a wire, coated with a non-conducting substance, capable of resisting the vicissitudes of weather, were extended between any two distant points, one end of it being attached to one of the extremities of a galvanic battery, a stream of electricity would pass along the wire—*provided the other end of the wire were connected by a conductor with the other extremity of the battery.*

To fulfill this last condition, it was usual, when the electric telegraphs were first erected, to have a second wire extended from the distant point back to the battery in which the electricity was generated. But it was afterward discovered that the EARTH ITSELF was the best and by far the cheapest and most convenient conductor which could be used for this returning stream of electricity. Instead, therefore, of a second wire, the extremity of the first, at the distant point to which the current is sent, is attached to a large metallic plate, measuring five or six square feet, which is buried in the earth. A similar plate, connected with the other extremity of the battery, at the station from which the current is transmitted, is likewise buried in the earth, and it is found that the returning current finds its way back through the earth from the one buried plate to the other buried plate.

Of all the miracles of science, surely this is the most marvelous. A stream of electric fluid has its source in the cellars of the Central Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, London. It flows under the streets of the great metropolis, and, passing along a zig-zag series of railways, reaches Edinburgh, where it dips into the earth, and diffuses itself upon the buried plate. From that it takes flight through the crust of the earth, and *finds its own way* back to the cellars at Lothbury!!

Instead of burying plates of metal, it would be sufficient to connect the wires at each end with the gas or water-pipes which, being conductors, would equally convey the fluid to the earth; and in this case, every telegraphic dispatch which flies to Edinburgh along the wires which border the railways, would fly back, rushing to the gas-pipes which illuminate Edinburgh—from them through the crust of the earth to the gas-pipes which illuminate London, and from them home to the batteries in the cellars at Lothbury.

The atmosphere, when dry, is a good non-conductor; but this quality is impaired when

it is moist. In ordinary weather, however, the air being a sufficiently good non-conductor, a metallic wire will, without any other insulating envelope except the air itself, conduct the stream of electricity to the necessary distances. It is true that a coated wire, such as we have already described, would be subject to less waste of the electric fluid *en route*; but it is more economical to provide batteries sufficiently powerful to bear this waste, than to cover such extensive lengths of wire with cotton, or any other envelope.

The manner in which the conducting wires are carried from station to station is well known. Every railway traveler is familiar with the lines of wire extended along the side of the railways, which, when numerous, have been not unaptly compared to the series of lines on which the notes of music are written, and which are the metallic wires on which invisible messages are flying continually with a speed that surpasses imagination. These wires, in the case of the English telegraphs, are galvanized so as to resist oxidation, and are of sufficient thickness to bear the tension to which they are submitted. They are suspended on posts, erected at intervals of sixty yards, being at the rate of thirty to a mile. These posts, therefore, supply incidentally a convenient means by which a passenger can ascertain the speed of the train in which he travels. If he count the number of telegraph posts which pass his eye in two minutes, that number will express in miles per hour the speed of the train.

To each of these poles are attached as many tubes or rollers of porcelain or glass as there are wires to be supported. Each wire passes through a tube, or is supported on a roller; and the material of the tubes or rollers being among the most perfect of the class of non-conducting substances, the escape of the electricity at the points of contact is impeded.

Notwithstanding these precautions, a considerable escape of electricity still takes place in wet weather. The coat of moisture which collects on the wire, the tube or roller, and the post being a conductor, carries away more or less of the fluid. Consequently, more powerful batteries are necessary to give effect to the telegraph in wet than in dry weather.

In England, and on the Continent, the material used for the supports of the wires is porcelain. In the United States it is glass, which is a more perfect insulator. In England the supports are tubes—on the Continent and in America they are rollers.

In some cases, as for example in the streets of London, it is found inconvenient to carry the wires elevated on posts, as here described. In such cases other methods are adopted.

The wires proceeding from the central telegraph station in London are wrapped with cotton thread, and coated with a mixture of tar, resin, and grease. This coating forms a perfect insulator. Nine of these wires are then packed in a half-inch leaden in-pipe, and four or five such pipes are packed in an iron pipe about three inches in diameter. These iron pipes are then laid under the foot pavements, along the sides of the streets, and are thus conducted to the terminal stations of the various railways, where they are united to the lines of wire supported on posts along the sides of the railways, already described.

Provisions, called *testing-posts*, are made at intervals of a quarter of a mile along the streets, by which any failure or accidental irregularity in the buried wires can be ascertained, and the place of such defect always known within a quarter of a mile.

In Prussia, and one or two other continental states, the system of subterranean conducting-wires is exclusively adopted, not only in cities, but generally along the entire telegraphic lines.

In France, on the other hand, and in the United States, the wires, even in the cities and towns, are conducted on rollers at an elevation, as on other parts of the lines. In Paris, for example, the telegraphic wires proceeding from the several railway stations are carried round the external boulevards and along the quays, the rollers being attached either to posts, or to the walls of houses or buildings, and are thus carried to the central station at the Ministry of the Interior.

In Europe, the telegraphic wires invariably follow the course of railways, and this circumstance has led some to conclude that, but for the railways, the electric telegraph would be an unprofitable project.

This, however, is a mistake. In the United States, where a much greater extent of electric telegraph has been erected and brought into operation than in Europe, the wires do not follow the course of the railways. They are conducted, generally, along the sides of the common coach-roads, and sometimes even through tracts of country where no roads have been made.

It is contended in Europe that the wires would not be safe, unless placed within the *railway fences*. The reply to this is, that

they are found to be safe in the United States, where there is a much less efficient police, even in the neighborhood of towns, and in most places no police at all. It may be observed, that the same apprehensions of the destructive propensities of the people have been advanced upon first proposing most of the great improvements which have signalized the present age. Thus, when railways were projected, it was objected that mischievous individuals would be continually tearing up the rails, and throwing obstructions on the road, which would render traveling so dangerous, that the system would become impracticable.

When gas-lighting was proposed, it was objected that evil-disposed persons would be constantly cutting or breaking the pipes, and thus throwing whole towns into darkness.

Experience, nevertheless, has proved these apprehensions groundless; and certainly the result of the operations on the electric telegraph in the United States goes to establish the total inutility of confining the course of the wires to railways. Those who have been practically conversant with the system, both in Europe and in America, go further, and even maintain that the telegraph is subject to less inconvenience, and that accidental defects are more easily made good, and that an efficient superintendence is more easily insured on common roads, according to the American system, than on railways according to the European system. Our limits, however, preclude us from entering into all the details of this question.

Nothing in the history of the influence of the arts on social progress presents a more curious subject of reflection than do these systems of metallic wire passing under our feet as we walk the streets, and beside us as we traverse the railways.

"In our metropolis," observes a lively cotemporary, "there is scarcely a street which does not appear to take pride in exposing, as often as possible, to the public view, a series of pipes of all sizes, in which fire of various companies, pure water of various companies, and unmentionable mixtures, common to all, pass cheek by jowl with infinitely less trouble than the motley human currents flow above them. But among all the subterranean pipes laid bare before us, there is certainly no one which has more curious contents than the three-inch iron pipe of the electric telegraph company; and yet, of all the multitudes who walk the streets, how few of them ever care to reflect what a singular contrast exists between the slow pace at which they themselves are proceeding, and the rate at which, beneath their feet, forty-five electric wires are transmitting in all directions, and to a variety of distances, intelligence of every possible description!

"How singular it is to reflect, that within the narrow space of the three-inch iron pipe which encases them, notice of a murder is flying to the London papers, passing news from India going into the country; along another wire an officer is applying for his regimentals, while others are conducting to and fro the 'price of stocks,' 'news of the Pope,' a speech from Paris of the collapsed poet," &c. &c. &c.

In case, from the abrasion of the cotton that surrounds the numerous copper wires within the pipe, any of them come into contact with each other, the intelligence which each is conveying is suddenly confounded; in which case other wires must instantly be substituted. Indeed, even as regards the strong galvanized iron wires which in the open air run parallel to our arterial railways, if in wet weather, in spite of the many ingenious precautions taken, the rain should form a continuous stream between the several wires and the ground, the electric fluid, escaping from the wires, is conducted by the water till it finds earth, the best of all conductors; and, therefore, instead of the intelligence going on, say to Edinburgh, it follows the axiom of electricity by selecting the shortest road, and thus completing its circuit through the earth, it returns to London. Sometimes, instead of going to earth, it flies back to the office in London, along another wire, to which, by means of a continuous line of water, or of entanglement of the two wires, it has managed to escape; in which case, the messages on the two wires wrangling with each other, the communication is stopped.

"It is commonly asserted and believed, that many birds are killed by merely perching upon the iron wires of the electric telegraph; but at any time they can do so with perfect impunity. If, indeed, a bird could put one of his feet on the wire, and with the other manage to reach the earth, he would then, no doubt, be severely galvanized. That the railway company's men often pick up under the wires of the electric telegraph, partridges, and other birds, which have evidently been just killed—indeed, some are found with their heads cut off—is quite true; but these deaths and decapitations have proceeded, not from the electricity, but from the birds, probably during twilight or a fog, having at full speed flown against the wires, which, of course, cut their heads off, just as an iron bar would cut off the head of any man, or alderman on horseback, who at a full gallop was to run foul of it.

"In windy weather, the electric wires form an Æolian harp, which occasionally emits most unearthly music. '*I say, Jack!*' said an engine-driver to his stoker, who like himself was listening for the first time to this querulous sort of noise,

proceeding from the newly-erected wires along his line, '*I say, Jack! ain't they a-giving it to them at Threapstone?*'

"When the posts and wires of the electric telegraph between Northampton and Peterborough were being erected, an honest farmer, who for many minutes had been very attentively watching the operation, inquired of the chief superintendent to what use it was to be applied? On being told that by its means he would in a few minutes receive at *Willingborough* a list of the *Mark-lane* prices in *London*, he evidently incredulously asked how that was to be done?—and on its being explained to him that the intelligence would be sent down to him *letter by letter*, he exclaimed, '*But you don't mean to say that besides letters it will bring down parcels too?*'"

But to return to the admirable means whereby those extraordinary effects are produced, and to answer the worthy farmer's inquiry somewhat more intelligibly, let us now see how the electric current which flows along the conducting-wires is made to speak, to make dumb signs, or to write the dispatch when it arrives at its destination.

There are a great variety of properties of the electric current which supply means of accomplishing this.

If the electric current can be made to affect any object in such a manner as to cause such object to produce any effect sensible to the eye, the ear, or the touch, such effect may be used as a *sign*; and if this effect be capable of being *varied*, each distinct *variety* of which it is susceptible may be adopted as a *distinct sign*. Such signs may then be taken as signifying the letters of the alphabet, the digits composing numbers, or such single words as are of most frequent occurrence.

The rapidity and precision of the communication will depend on the rate at which such signs can be produced in succession, and on the certainty and accuracy with which their appearance at the place of destination will follow the action of the producing cause at the station from which the dispatch is transmitted.

These preliminaries being understood, it remains to show what effects of the electric current are available for this purpose.

These effects are:—

I. The power of the electric current to deflect a magnetic needle from its position of rest.

II. The power of the current to impart temporary magnetism to soft iron.

* "*Stokers and Pokers.*" By the Author of "*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.*" pp. 125-7.

III. The power of the current to decompose certain chemical solutions.

We shall now briefly show the manner in which these properties supply signals sufficiently varied for telegraphic purposes.

1. To explain the deflection of a magnetic needle, let us suppose a copper wire extended over the magnetic needle of a common compass, so that the direction of the wire shall be parallel to the needle, without touching it. In this state of things, the needle will remain undisturbed; but if we send an electric current along the wire, which may be done by connecting the ends of the wire with those of a galvanic battery, the needle will instantly throw itself at right angles to the wire, and will remain in that position so long as the galvanic current is maintained; but if that current be discontinued, by withdrawing either end of the wire from the trough, the needle will instantly resume its position of rest.

It is found, also, that the north pole of the needle will turn, in this case, in one direction or in the other, according to the direction given to the galvanic current. If this current flow in one direction, the north pole will throw itself to the east, and the south to the west; if it flow in the contrary direction, the north pole will be thrown to the west, and the south pole to the east.

2. To explain the sudden conversion of iron into a magnet, and the sudden destruction of the magnetic virtue thus imparted, let us suppose a copper wire to be coiled round a piece of soft iron spirally, so that the successive coils shall not touch each other nor touch the iron, which may be done by coating the wire with silk, or any resinous or non-conducting substance. This being done, let us suppose that an electric current is transmitted through the wire, so that it shall flow spirally round the rod of soft iron, which may be effected by placing, as before, the ends of the wire in a galvanic trough. If steel filings, a needle, or any light piece of iron, be brought near the rod or iron thus circumstanced, they will instantly be attracted by it, showing that it has acquired the magnetic virtue; and this effect will continue to be produced so long as the galvanic current shall be maintained along the spiral wire; but the instant that the end of the wire is withdrawn from the galvanic trough, the magnetic virtue deserts the iron, and it will no longer attract.

3. If a sheet of paper, moistened with a chemical solution which is capable of decomposition by the galvanic current, be laid upon

a metallic plate, which is in connection with one end of the battery, and the point of a wire in connection with the other end of the battery, be brought into contact with the paper, a decomposition will take place, and a change of color will be produced upon the paper under the point of the wire, just as if a dot were made upon it by a pen charged with colored ink. If the wire be moved upon the paper, a colored line will be traced; and if the point of the wire be moved as a pen or pencil might be, any characters may be thus written on the paper as they would be with a pen charged with colored ink, similarly moved. If in this case the current be discontinued during any intervals, the wire, though still in contact with the paper, will leave no trace or dot.

To render intelligible the means whereby these three properties have been made instrumental to the transmission of intelligence to a distance—

We have explained how a magnetic needle over which an electric current passes will be deflected to the right or to the left, according to the direction given to the current. Now, it is always easy to give the current the one direction or the other, or to suspend it altogether, by merely changing the ends of the galvanic trough with which the wires are connected, or by breaking the contact altogether.

A person, therefore, in London, having command over the end of a wire which extends to Edinburgh, and is there connected with a magnetic needle, in the manner already described, can deflect that needle to the right or to the left at will.

Thus a single wire and a magnetic needle are capable of making at least two signals.

But signals, whatever be the form of the telegraph used, may be multiplied by repetition and combination. Thus the operator at London may make the needle at Edinburgh move twice successively to the left, and this may be conventionally settled as a sign, independently of that which is produced by a single movement to the left. In like manner, two successive movements to the right will supply another signal; and thus we have four independent signals.

But from these four signals we may immediately produce four more, as we may combine one movement to the right with two to the left, and *vice versa*; and one to the left with two to the right, and *vice versa*; and thus we would have eight independent signals.

We may carry this method further, and so arrange the system that three successive

movements to the right and three successive movements to the left shall have independent significations; and these again may be combined with each of the eight signals already explained; and, in short, we may carry this system to an extent which shall be limited only by the inconvenience of the delay which would take place in making the repetitions necessary for such signal.

Subject to this delay, however, it is clear that with a single machine we may easily obtain expressions for all the letters of the alphabet and the ten numerals.

But to obviate the inconvenience which would attend multiplied repetitions in the movements of a single needle, we may provide two independent wires, which shall act upon two independent needles.

Each of these needles primarily will afford two independent signals by their movements right and left. These four signals may be combined in pairs, so as to afford four other signals producible by a single movement. Thus, simultaneously with the right-hand movement of one needle we may produce the right-hand movement of the other. In the same way we may simultaneously produce the left-hand movement of both, or the right-hand of either combined with the left-hand movement of the other, which would give eight independent signals, the production of each of which would occupy no more time than that of a single movement. We may then adapt the signals by double movement of each needle, which, combined with each other, and with the single movements, will afford another set of combinations; and by combining these systems, we may obviously obtain all the signals requisite to express the letters and numerals.

Such is, in general, the nature of the signals adopted in the electric telegraphs in ordinary use in England, and in some other parts of Europe.

It may aid the conception of the mode of operation and communication if we assimilate the apparatus to the dial of a clock with its two hands. Let us suppose that a dial, instead of carrying hands, carried two needles, and that their north poles, when quiescent, both pointed to 12 o'clock.

When the galvanic current is conducted under either of them, the north pole will turn either to 3 o'clock or to nine o'clock, according to the direction given to the current.

Now, it is easy to imagine a person in London governing the hands of such a clock erected in Edinburgh, where their indications

might be interpreted according to a way previously agreed upon. Thus, we may suppose that when the needle No. 1. turns to 9, the letter A is expressed; if it turns to 3, the letter B is expressed. If the needle No. 2. turn to 9 o'clock, the letter C is expressed; if it turn to 3, the letter D. If both needles are turned to 9, the letter E is expressed; if both to 3, the letter F. If No. 1. be turned to 9, and No. 2. to 3, the letter G is expressed; if No. 2. be turned to 9, and No. 1. to 3, the letter H, and so forth.

It may be presumed that there can be but little difficulty in conceiving how, by practice, two persons may communicate with each other by such means, almost, if not altogether, as rapidly as they could write and read.

But a difficulty will doubtless suggest itself to the intelligent and inquisitive reader. It will be asked, whether a sentinel must be kept ever on the watch to observe when a message is coming? for as the hands of our clock do not speak, notice could only be received of a coming message by the incessant vigilance of an observer.

Would it not, however, be admirable if we could attach to this clock a striking apparatus, which should address the ear the moment a message is about to be sent, and which should, as it were, awaken the attention of the person on duty?

Such an expedient has, in fact, been contrived. The person in London who desires to communicate a message to the telegraphic agent at Edinburgh can actually make the clock strike at his will, and thus command attention.

The manner in which this is accomplished is as admirable by its simplicity and efficiency as that which we have just described.

The quality resorted to in this case is the last of those we have mentioned above, namely, the power to impart the magnetic virtue at will to soft iron.

One of the wires conducted from London passes into the chamber of the telegraphic apparatus at Edinburgh, where it is connected with a coil of wire which envelopes a rod of soft iron. The ends of this rod, which has the form of a horse-shoe, are placed in contiguity, but not in contact, with the detent of a striking apparatus like an alarm-bell. When a message is about to be sent from London, this bell-wire is put in communication with the galvanic trough in London. Immediately the subtle fluid flows along the wire and converts the horse-shoe rod at Edinburgh into a powerful magnet.

The attractive power which it thus suddenly receives irresistibly draws toward it the detent of the alarm, and lets go the bell, which continues to ring until the agent of the telegraph at Edinburgh answers the demand of the messenger from London, and tells him he is attentive. Then the London communicator withdraws the galvanic current from the bell-wire, the horse-shoe at Edinburgh is instantly deprived of its magnetic virtue, the detent flies back to its place by the action of a spring, and silences the bell.*

In the practical arrangement of electric telegraphs, constructed on this principle, the magnetic needles are placed vertically and not horizontally, as in the mariner's compass, and they are kept, when not affected by the current, in the vertical position, by laying two needles having their poles at opposite ends, one upon the other, by which means the polarity of the system is neutralized, and then a small excess of weight given to one end of the combined needles is sufficient to keep them in the vertical position, when fixed upon a horizontal axis.

In this manner they are fixed upon the dials already described, being free to turn on their axis when affected by a deflecting force sufficiently strong to overcome the small excess of weight just mentioned.

This is the principle of the telegraph now used generally in England. The entire system, except the lines which follow the course of the South-Eastern Railway, is in the hands of a company incorporated by act of parliament, and who, therefore, hold a virtual monopoly of the chief part of the telegraphic business of the kingdom.† A central station is established in London, in Lothbury, near the Bank of England. The lower part of the building is appropriated to the reception of orders and messages. A person desiring to forward a message to any part of England, connected with London, by the wires, writes his message on a sheet of letter-paper, provided for the purpose, and prepared according to a printed form, having the names and address of the writer, and of the party to whom the message is communicated, in blank spaces assigned to them, together with the date and hour at which the message is dispatched. The answer is received, accompanied by the date and hour at which the message arrived, and at which the answer was dispatched.

* Railway Economy, by Dr. Lardner, pp. 352-5.

† A Bill is now before Parliament to incorporate a competing company.

The tariff of charges for transmission of telegraphic messages differs very much, according to the destination of the message, and is not strictly regulated by distance.

It is found that by practice the operators of the telegraphic instruments, constructed on this system, are able to communicate about twenty words per minute, when they work with two needles and two conducting-wires, and at the rate of about eight words per minute when working with a single needle.

Besides the transmission of private dispatches, stations have been established by the company in the chief towns of the kingdom, whence and whither intelligence is transmitted from time to time during the day, so that there is thus kept up a never-ceasing interchange of news over the entire extent of that net-work of wires which has overspread the country. At each of these stations public subscription-rooms have been established, in which are posted from hour to hour as they arrive, during the day, the public news, which are known to be of most interest to the local population, such as the money market, shipping intelligence, sporting intelligence, quotations of the commercial markets at all chief places, and parliamentary and general news.

We take the following description of the routine of business in this department of the Central Telegraphic Office at Lothbury, from a popular author already quoted :

"At seven in the morning the superintendent of the former department obtains all the London morning newspapers, from which he condenses and dispatches to the several electric stations the intelligence he considers most useful to each. The local press of course awaits the arrival, and thus by eight o'clock A. M. a merchant at Manchester receives intelligence which the rails can only bring at a quarter before two, and which cannot by rail reach Edinburgh till half past nine, P. M.

"To Glasgow is transmitted every evening detailed intelligence for immediate insertion in the 'North British Daily Mail,' giving everything of importance that has occurred since the first edition of the London papers. Similar intelligence is dispatched to papers at Hull and Leeds.

"By this rapid transmission of intelligence, the alternations in the prices of the markets at Manchester, &c., &c., being almost simultaneous with those of London, the merchants of the former are saved from being victimized by the latter. It is true that by great exertions prior intelligence may electrically be sent by private message; but as the wary ones cautiously wait for the dispatch of the Telegraph Office, it has but little effect.

"At one o'clock information is sent to all the electric reading-rooms of the London quotations

of funds and shares up to that hour, thus showing the actual prices at which business has been done. The closing prices of the French funds for the day preceding are usually annexed, and the state of the London wind and weather at that hour.

"Early in the morning the instrument boys are to be seen greedily devouring (for, with the curiosity, eagerness, and enthusiasm of youth, they appear to take great interest in their duties) the various matters which from all quarters at once are imparted to them.

"One has just received intelligence by telegraph from Ely, announcing the result of the Lynn election. Another a copy of a 'Moniteur' extraordinary, containing the first message of the President of the French Republic to the President of the National Assembly.

"Another, that 'Stewart's and Hetton's were nineteen and sixpence. Gosforth eighteen shill. Holywell fifteen and sixpence. Hasting Hartley fourteen and ninepence. S Q—market one hun. fifty one, sold one hun. and three—S Q.

"Market very good—P Q."

"Another, the following characteristic description of the winds and weather of Old England at nine A. M. :—

Places.	Wind.	Weather.
Southampton	W.S.W.	Cloudy.
Gosport	S.E.	"
Portsmouth	S.E.	"
London	E.	Rain.
St. Ives	W.	Very fine.
Cambridge	S.W.	Cloudy.
Newmarket	E.	Cloudy.
Yarmouth	E.	Fine.
Lewestoffe	E.	Stormy.
Norwich	E.	Fine.
Chelmsford	N.E.	Cloudy.
Colchester	S.E.	Fine.
Ipswich	S.E.	Fine.

"The above description of our changeable climate, it occurred to us, would not very incorrectly represent the present political state of Europe.

"During the day telegraphic information flashes upon these boys from the Stock Exchange, informing them of 'prices and closing prices of the funds and principal railway shares. With remarks.'

"From the London cattle market, stating 'the number and quality of beasts, sheep, calves, pigs. Holland beasts, sheep, calves. Danish beasts. With remarks.'

"From the meat market, stating 'the prices of every description of meat, with remarks.'

"Also similar returns from all the other markets we have enumerated.

"As fast as this incongruous mass of intelligence arrives, it is, in the mode already described, transcribed in writing to separate sheets of paper, which are without delay, one after another, lowered down to the superintendent of 'the Intelligence Department,' by whom they are rapidly digested for distribution, either to the whole of the Company's reading-room stations, or for those lines only which any particular species of information may partially interest—such as corn-

markets requiring corn intelligence; seaports, shipping news, &c., &c.

"As quickly as these various dispatches are concocted, the information they respectively contain re-ascends through 'the lift,' or wooden chimney, to the instrument department, from whence it is projected, or rather radiates, to its respective destination; and thus in every one of the Company's reading-rooms throughout the kingdom, there consecutively appears, in what would, until very lately, have been considered magic writing on the walls, the varied information which had only reached London from all points of the compass a few minutes ago!"

It will, however, be asked how dispatches can be transmitted to various stations along the extensive lines of telegraphic communication which have been established, unless a separate and independent wire be appropriated to each station, which would be manifestly impracticable.

The answer is easy: At each station the conducting wire is carried from the main wire through the instrument-room of the station, and *passing through the instrument*, is carried out again, and continued along the line by the posts as usual. It is, therefore, apparent that every message dispatched from any station must affect the instruments at *all the other stations*; and, if desired, can be interpreted and written out at them all. It is, therefore, necessary to provide means by which this needless labor shall not be imposed upon the telegraphic agents, and so that it may be at once known for what station or stations each message is intended.

This is accomplished by the following expedient:—The agent at the station from which the message is dispatched first sends the current along the *bell-wire*. By the means already described, bells are then rung *at all the stations*, and the attention of the agents is called. The name of the station for which the dispatch about to be forwarded is intended, is then transmitted, and appears upon the dials *at all the stations*. The agents at all the stations, except that to which the dispatch is addressed, are then released from future attention, and the agent at the station to which it is addressed interprets the signs as they are successively transmitted, and reduces the message to writing.

It will be seen, therefore, that every message which is dispatched, no matter for what station it is intended, is, in fact, sent to all the stations which the wire passes.

The telegraphs established in England, which alone we have here explained, are constructed on the needle system, that is to say, the signals are made by the deviations

of magnetic needles, from their position of rest produced by electric currents passing around them.

Telegraphs depending on the second and third principles adverted to above, have been brought into extensive use in America, the needle system being in no case adopted.

To explain the construction and operation of telegraphs depending on the power of magnetism on soft iron, by an electric current, let us suppose a small lever formed of steel, and balanced on a point. At one end of this lever let a point be formed, so as to constitute a pencil or style. Under the other end let a horse-shoe of soft iron be placed at such a distance that when it shall receive the magnetic virtue from the electric current, the lever will be drawn to the horse-shoe; and let it be so arranged, that when the horse-shoe shall lose its magnetic virtue, the pencil will fall.

Now suppose that immediately above the pencil is placed a small roller, under which a ribbon of paper passes, which receives a slow progressive motion from the roller. Whenever the pencil is raised by the magnet, its point presses on the paper which moves over it, and if it be kept pressed upon it for any time, a line will be traced. If the pencil be only momentarily brought into contact with the paper, a dot will be produced.

It is clear, then, that if we have the power of keeping the pencil for any determinate time in contact with the paper, or of making it only momentarily touch the paper, we shall be enabled to produce lines and dots in any required succession; and by suspending the action of the pencil, we can leave blank space of any desired length between such combinations of lines and dots.

It is easy, therefore, to imagine how a conventional alphabet may be formed by such combination of lines and dots.

To explain the operation of this system, let us suppose a person at New York desirous of sending a message to New Orleans. A wire of the usual kind connects the two places.

The end at New Orleans is coiled round a horse-shoe magnet. The end at New York can be put in communication with the galvanic trough at the will of the person sending the message. The instant the communication is established, the horse-shoe of soft iron at New Orleans becomes magnetic, it attracts the small lever, and presses the pencil against the paper.

The moment the operator at New York

detaches the wire from the trough, the horse-shoe at New Orleans loses its magnetic power, and the pencil drops from the paper. It is clear, then, that the operator at New York, by putting the wire in contact with the trough, and detaching it, and by maintaining the contact for longer or shorter intervals, can make the pencil at New Orleans act upon the paper, as already described, so as to make upon it dots and lines of determinate length, combined in any manner he may desire, and separated by any desired intervals.

In a word, the operator at New York can write a letter with a pencil and paper which are at New Orleans.

Provisions in such an arrangement are made, so that the motion of the paper does not begin until the message is about to be commenced, and ceases when the message is written. This is easily accomplished by the same principle as has been already described in the case of the bell, which gives notice to the attendant in the European telegraph. The cylinders which conduct the band of paper are moved by wheel-work, and a weight properly regulated. Their motion is imparted by a detent detached by the action of the magnet, and which stops the motion when the magnet loses its virtue.

The third system, called the Electro-chemical telegraph, is also exclusively adopted in the United States, and with the improvement which it has recently received, it exceeds by far in efficiency and power all the other telegraphic arrangements hitherto tried. A memoir on this invention has recently been read before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, of which we shall avail ourselves.

The imperfections of the needle and magnet telegraphs, which this improvement removes, are stated as follows:—

“To deflect the magnetic needle from a position of rest, and still more to impart sufficient magnetic energy to soft iron so as to produce the necessary effects at the stations of arrival, in the systems above mentioned, a galvanic current of a certain force is indispensable. Lines of telegraphic communication being exposed to local and atmospherical vicissitudes, such a force of the current cannot always be secured. This is especially the case when communications are made to a great distance, as, for example, 300 miles and upward.

“Supposing the insulation of the supports of the conducting wire to be perfect, and no accidental disturbances arising from atmospheric influence or local causes to be in operation, the strength of the electric current will, nevertheless, be influenced by mere distance. When the distance is augmented to a certain extent, the cur-

rent may become so enfeebled as to be incapable either of imparting the necessary magnetic power to the soft iron, or of deflecting the needles from their position of rest."

It is then shown that various other causes, such as imperfect insulation, atmospheric vicissitudes, &c., are liable to intercept the action of the needle and magnetic telegraphs; and that they sometimes even destroy the coils of fine wire which are used to affect the magnets.

The inventor of the electro-chemical telegraph, Mr. Alexander Bain, a native of Scotland, and formerly a watchmaker in that country, rejects the use of needles and magnets altogether, and relies exclusively on the chemical effects of the electric current. By this means he shows that he can obtain—

"1st. Greater economy and simplicity in the original construction, and in the permanent maintenance and management of the apparatus;

"2d. Increased celerity and certainty, and less liability to error in the transmission of communications."

The mode of construction and operation of the electro-chemical telegraph is as follows:—

"Let a sheet of writing paper be wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, to which a little nitric and hydrochloric acid have been added.

"Let a metallic desk be provided, corresponding in magnitude with the sheet of paper, and let this metallic desk be put in communication with a galvanic battery so as to form its negative pole. Let a piece of steel or copper wire, forming a pen, be put in connection with the same battery so as to form its positive pole. Let the sheet of moistened paper be now laid upon the metallic desk, and let the steel or copper point, which forms the positive pole of the battery, be brought into contact with it. The galvanic circuit being thus completed, the current will be established, the solution with which the paper is wetted will be decomposed at the point of contact, and a blue or brown spot will appear. If the pen be now moved upon the paper, the continuous succession of spots will form a blue or brown line, and the pen being moved in any manner upon the paper, characters may be thus written upon it as it were in blue or brown ink."

The metallic desk on which the paper is placed is circular, and about twenty inches diameter.

"It is fixed on a central axis, with which it is capable of revolving in its own plane. A uniform movement of rotation is imparted to it by means of a small roller, gently pressed against

its under surface, and having sufficient adhesion with it to cause the movement of the disk by the revolution of the roller. This roller is itself kept in uniform revolution by means of a train of wheel-work."

The point of the wire, which may be considered as a pen, is gently pressed on this paper. When the current passes, it leaves a blue trace; when the current is interrupted, it leaves no trace.

It is clear, therefore, that by alternately transferring and interrupting the current, such a pen will leave on the paper a succession of lines and dots in any desired combination, precisely similar to those already described in the case of the American system of magnetic telegraph.

But the prominent feature of this system, which confers on it an immeasurable superiority over all which preceded it, is the extraordinary celerity of which it is susceptible. We have already stated that, in the experiments made with this apparatus before the Committees of the Institute and the Legislative Assembly at Paris, dispatches were sent along a thousand miles of wire at the rate of nearly 20,000 words an hour.

We shall now explain the means by which this extraordinary feat is accomplished.

"A narrow ribbon of paper is wound on a roller, and placed on an axis, on which it is capable of turning, so as to be regularly unrolled. This ribbon of paper is passed between rollers under a small punch, which, striking upon it, makes a small hole at its centre. This punch is worked by a simple mechanism so rapidly, that when it is allowed to operate without interruption on the paper passing before it, the holes it produces are so close together as to leave no unperforated space between them, and thus is produced a continuous perforated line. Means, however, are provided by which the agent who superintends the process can, by a touch of the finger, suspend the action of the punch on the paper, so as to allow a longer interval to elapse between its successive strokes upon the paper. In this manner a succession of holes are perforated in the ribbon of paper, separated by unperforated spaces. The manipulator, by allowing the action of the punch to continue uninterrupted for two or more successive strokes, can make a linear perforation of greater or less length on the ribbon; and, by suspending the action of the punch, these linear perforations may be separated by unperforated spaces.

"Thus it is evident, that being provided with a preparatory apparatus of this kind, an expert agent will be able to produce on the ribbon of paper, as it unrolls, a series of perforated dots and lines, and that these dots and lines may be made to correspond with those of the telegraphic alphabet already described.

"Let us imagine, then, the agent at the station of departure preparing to dispatch a message. Preparatory to doing so it will be necessary to inscribe it in the perforated telegraphic characters on the ribbon of paper just described.

"He places for this purpose before him the message in ordinary writing, and he transfers it to the ribbon in perforated characters by means of the punching apparatus. By practice he is enabled to execute this in less time than it would be requisite for an expert compositor to set it up in common printing type.

"The punching apparatus for inscribing in perforated characters the dispatches on ribbons of paper is so arranged, that several agents may simultaneously write in this manner different messages, so that the celerity with which the messages are inscribed on the perforated paper may be rendered commensurate with the rapidity of their transmission, by merely multiplying the inscribing agents.

"Let us now imagine the message thus completely inscribed on the perforated ribbon of paper. This ribbon is again rolled as at first upon a roller, and it is now placed on an axle attached to the machinery of the telegraph.

"The extremity of the perforated ribbon at which the message commences is now carried over a metallic roller which is in connection with the positive pole of the galvanic battery. It is pressed upon this roller by a small metallic spring terminating in points like the teeth of a comb, the breadth of which is less than that of the perforations in the paper. This metallic spring is connected with the conducting wire which passes from the station of departure to the stations of arrival. When the metallic spring falls into the perforations of the ribbon of paper as the latter passes over the roller, the galvanic circuit is completed by the metallic contact of the spring with the roller, but when those parts of the ribbon which are not perforated pass between the spring

and the roller, the galvanic circuit is broken and the current is interrupted.

"A motion of rotation, the speed of which can be regulated at discretion, is imparted to the metallic roller by clock-work, so that the ribbon of paper is made to pass rapidly between it and the metallic spring, and as it passes this metallic spring falls successively into the perforations on the paper. By this means the galvanic circuit is alternately completed and broken, and the current passes during intervals corresponding precisely to the perforations in the paper. In this manner the successive intervals of the transmission of the current are made to correspond precisely with the perforated characters expressive of the message, and the same succession of intervals of transmission and suspension will affect the writing apparatus at the stations of arrival in the manner already described.

"Now there is no limit to the speed with which this process can be executed, nor can there be an error, provided only that the characters have been correctly marked on the perforated paper; but this correctness is secured by the ribbon of perforated paper being examined after the perforation is completed, and deliberately compared with the written message. Absolute accuracy and unlimited celerity are thus attained at the station of departure. To the celerity with which the dispatch can be written at the station of arrival, there is no other limit than the time which is necessary for the electric current to produce the decomposition of the chemical solution with which the prepared paper is saturated."

Such are the means by which these extraordinary effects are produced; and we have been the more willing to give them with some detail because the memoir from which they are obtained is still unpublished, and the reader would in vain seek for this information elsewhere.

TO A LADY.

A LADY from a distant land,
Whose shores Atlantic billows lave,
Once more to tread her native strand,
Sailed o'er the western wave.

She reached at length that ancient isle
Of bardic fame in times gone by;
Renowned for many a holy pile,
With Gothic arch, and turret high.

Nigh where a church in ruins stood,
Dismantled in some hapless hour,
The lady paused in pensive mood,
And sighed to view its time-worn tower.

Then bringing from a neighboring wood
Fresh slips of ivy, gathered there,
She set them round the walls that stood,
And propped their trailing stems with care.

"When loudly roars the wintry storm,"
The lady said in tender tone,

"Thy leaves shall clothe its aged form,
Thy tendrils clasp each old gray stone.

"Above the ruins wild and hoar,
Thy mantle thou shalt gently spread,
And wave thy verdant banner o'er
The silent mansions of the dead."

How lovely at the shrine of age
Such tribute from the youthful hand!
How sweet thy pious pilgrimage,
Fair stranger, to thy fatherland!

And whether transatlantic beams
Shall o'er thy future footsteps shine,
Or by thy native woods and streams
Thy days glide on till life's decline,

Still memory, faithful to the past,
Will oft recall that touching scene;
And fancy wreaths, while life doth last,
Thy name with ivy—evergreen!

From Tait's Magazine.

PHANTASIES OF WALPURGIS NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

It was at Prague, a considerable distance from home, that I was once detained during April by business of importance. I might, perhaps, have found plenty of entertainment there if I had been disposed to enter into the amusements of the place. All my thoughts, however, were centered upon my distant home.

From my earliest years I have ever been fondly attached to my native town. It had become doubly dear to me from the time my wife had inhabited it. She was there at the time I speak of, and our separation had then lasted for a longer period than upon any other occasion since our marriage.

To be sure, we corresponded regularly; but my Fanny's letters, overflowing with tenderness and affection, served but to increase my impatience at our separation, till I wished Prague and St. Nepomuk were many miles to the N.E. of me.

The reader can conceive how heartily I thanked Heaven when my business was at last settled. I paid farewell visits to the few friends and acquaintance I had in Prague, and bade my host be ready with his bill, as I intended to start next day by the mail.

On the following morning, accordingly, he waited upon me very deferentially with an account of most portentous length. As I had not change about me enough to meet his charges, I felt for my pocket book, with the intention of cashing a note. To my horror the book was gone! I searched high and low, in every pocket, hole, and corner. It was all to no purpose. My anxiety may be conceived when I mention that the missing pocket-book, besides Fanny's letters, contained no less than two thousand dollars in notes, a sum which I could ill afford to lose.

It was no use to turn the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book had disappeared.

Was it stolen or lost? I had it in my hands the day before. I generally carried

it in the breast-pocket of my coat. I couldn't help thinking that I had felt it safe as I undressed to go to bed the previous night. How to recover my precious papers was the question. If they had fallen into bad hands, they might be converted into silver or gold at a moment's notice. In the extremity of my distress, I could not help swearing—a most unusual thing with me. Oh, thought I, would that the devil prowled about as in the good old days of yore; I'd make a bargain with him on the spot. As I thought this, my mind involuntarily reverted to a figure I had met with in a billiard-room, some days before, in a closely-buttoned, tightly-fitting red surtout, and which I set down at the time as belonging to some potentate of hell, who had for some mysterious purposes assumed a human form for the time being. A cold shudder thrilled through me: and yet, in the extremity of my despair, I thought—and what if he were? he should be welcome, if he would but restore my pocket-book.

A knock at the door interrupted my semi-invocation. Aha, thought I, does the tempter mean to turn jest into earnest? I ran to the door, my head so full of the red surtout, that I verily expected to see its bearer walk in. And behold, wonderful to relate, as I opened the door, who should enter, with a slight inclination of the head, but the tempter in person, on whom my thoughts had been dwelling.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

I must now explain how, and under what circumstances, I became acquainted with the apparition in question. At one of the tables in the coffee-house, where I happened to be one evening, were two persons deeply absorbed in a game of chess. Some young men, seated at the window, were engaged in animated discussion on the theory of spirits and the human soul. An elderly man of diminutive stature, clad in a scarlet surtout,

was pacing up and down the room, with his hands crossed behind his back. I called for some refreshment and took up a paper.

There was something about the mysterious man, as he strode to and fro, which irresistibly attracted my attention, to the exclusion of politics and all other current topics. Singular as was his choice of attire, his whole appearance was more striking and singular still. His features were repulsive, and yet most remarkable; although below the common height, his shoulders were broad and his frame well knit. He appeared to be from fifty to sixty years of age, and had the stooping gait characteristic of that time of life. His hair was coal black and bristly. There was something *uncanny* and repulsive in his sallow face, his high cheek bones, and hooked nose; and whilst every feature was cold, imperturbable, his large bright eye gleamed with a strange fire that it was difficult to attribute to any ordinary human thought or passion. He may be, thought I, an hereditary headsman, a grand inquisitor, a brigand chief, or king of the gypsies. From sheer caprice and wantonness, that man would fire a whole town, and impale infants on his lance. Right sorry should I be to meet him in a wood. Of a surety he never smiled in all his life.

There I was wrong. The man stopped to listen to the conversation alluded to, and laughed several times as it proceeded. But, gracious heavens, what a laugh it was! It fairly made me shudder. His features appeared animated with a fiendish glee. Well, thought I, if that being in the red coat be not the devil himself, he is next of kin to him. I involuntarily cast my eyes upon his feet, expecting to find them cloven; and though one certainly was made much as those of ordinary mortals, the other was clubbed, and confined in a lace-up boot. But he was not lame; on the contrary, he stepped as gingerly as though the floor were paved with egg-shells.

As he of the flame-colored garment passed the table where the players sat at chess, one of them triumphantly observed to his adversary, "You are lost beyond all hope."

Redcoat paused as he spoke, cast an eagle glance on the chess-board, and said to the self-complacent speaker, "Wrong; three moves more, and you are mate."

The victor smiled blandly; his hard-pressed adversary shook his head, and moved; the third move, and his exulting foe was defeated.

Whilst the players were disposing themselves to renew the strife, one of the young men at the window observed somewhat warm-

ly to Redcoat, "I infer, from your smile, that you entertain contrary opinions with regard to the nature of the world and the Godhead. Have you read Schelling?"

"Certainly," said Redcoat.

"And what means your smile? Your Schelling is one of your subtle poets, who look upon the phantasies of their brain as facts, because there is none to contradict them. It's the old story; the blind are discussing colors, and the deaf criticise sounds."

So said Redcoat. His words provoked discussion; but, without mingling further in the argument, he took up his hat, and glided from the room.

Since then I have not seen him, although I never forgot his remarkable figure, with his fiendish features, and was in constant dread of their haunting my dreams. And now, when least expected, I found myself closeted in the same room with him.

TEMPTATION.

"Pardon my intrusion; have I the honor to address Mr. ———?"

"The same," was my reply.

"What proofs have you of your identity?"

A singular question, thought I; the man is, no doubt, a spy of the police. An open letter lay before me. I took it up, and pointed to the address on the envelope.

"So far, so good; but yours is a very common name. I want more conclusive testimony. I may have to do business with you."

"Excuse me, sir, I am on the point of setting out on a journey; besides, you are mistaken in your man. I am neither merchant nor government official."

He looked at me for some time with evident surprise, and seemed as though about to take his departure; at length he observed, "Business, however, has detained you at Prague. Is not your brother on the verge of bankruptcy?"

The blood rushed to my face; for this, I had imagined, was a secret known to myself and my brother only. "You are again mistaken, sir. True, I have a brother, and more than one; but none of them are in the predicament to which you allude."

"Indeed?" muttered the tempter, incredulously.

"Sir," I returned, with some warmth, for I was distressed to think that any one in Prague should be aware of my brother's circumstances, "you have hit upon the wrong person. Excuse me if I beg you to explain your business at once. I have not a moment to lose."

"A minute's patience, I beseech you. I have an object in speaking with you. You appear ill at ease; has anything unpleasant occurred? I am not a native of Prague, and have not visited it for twelve years. Are you in want of money?"

As he spoke, the same smile, or rather grin, of fiendish malignity passed over his features. I mistrusted him more and more. My eyes fell by chance on his club foot, and I own to having worked myself up to a most uncomfortable pitch of superstition. I replied, however, that I was in no need of money; but that, as he appeared so friendly toward me, I should like to know his name.

"It will avail you but little to hear it; however, I am a Mandevil."

At this moment the door opened, and the landlord handed me a letter.

"Read your letter before we resume our conversation; no doubt it is from your dear Fanny."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Well, have you any further doubts as to who I am, and the nature of my business with you?"

I felt half inclined to say—"Sir, I have not the slightest particle of doubt as to your personal identity with Satan himself, and anxious, accordingly, to make a bid for my unhappy soul;" but I resisted the impulse, and was silent.

"Moreover," he continued, "you are starting for Eger. My route takes me thither. Will you accept a seat in my carriage?"

I thanked him for his offer, but told him I had already ordered horses for myself.

This seemed to disconcert him, for he said—"How difficult it is to deal with you! I have set my heart upon making the acquaintance of your Fanny and children. Cannot you guess who I am? Do speak, in the Devil's name. Sir, I am really most anxious to oblige you."

"Well, then," quoth I, "if you be a sorcerer, my pocket-book is all safe; tell me how to recover it."

"Pooh! never mind your pocket-book; is there nothing else?"

"But I do mind my pocket-book; it was full of valuable and important papers. Tell me what I am to do if it be lost, or what steps to take supposing it to be stolen."

"What sort of pocket-book was it?"

I described it.

"Well, we'll see what is to be done. What return will you make me if I cause it to be restored to you?"

And he fixed his eye upon me as though

to extort the words—"My soul shall be yours;" but as I stood silent and bewildered, he put his hand in his pocket and produced the missing book.

"How on earth did you come by it?" I exclaimed, as I ascertained that the contents were untouched.

"I found it at four o'clock yesterday upon the bridge." [I now remembered to have taken it out at that very time and place.] "I examined the contents in order to ascertain to whom it belonged. I thus discovered your name and address, and I called on you last night to restore it."

I could almost have hugged my Mandevil in the plenitude of my joy. He would not listen to my thanks, but coolly said, as he closed the door behind him, "My compliments to the fair Fanny, and a happy journey to you. We shall meet again."

HOME.

During the whole of my journey I could not prevent my thoughts from reverting to the mysterious stranger. I recalled his demoniac laugh, his deformed foot, his swarthy hair clustering about his temples as though to conceal the horn that would have revealed his secret to the sons of men, and I firmly convinced myself of his identity with the Evil One. He had certainly behaved very handsomely in the matter of the pocket-book, but might not that have been, after all, but a snare to entrap my soul?

I bewildered myself in thinking of possible temptations. I thought of ambition, of wealth, of woman's beauty. But pooh! what had I to do with beauties? Was not my own sweet Fanny all in all to me? As the reader may conjecture, I was endowed with a tolerable degree of imagination, and I may as well admit at once that at an earlier period of my life, ere I knew my Fanny, I fancied myself most desperately enamored of a certain Julia. Her parents, however, would not consent to our union, and she subsequently became the bride of a wealthy Polish noble. Of course we cried, kissed, and vowed eternal fidelity, and, as generally happens in such cases, both got married forthwith.

Amidst all these fancies and reflections I entered my native town as the church clock was striking one. All was hushed in slumber. Unwilling to disturb my family at so late an hour, I resolved to pass the night at the inn, but I could not resist the temptation of strolling out to contemplate by moonlight that beloved home where, wrapped in sleep, lay all that was dear to me.

THE FATAL MEETING.

Not a soul was stirring. Fortunately, the summer-house was open. I entered; and saw by sundry little indications that Fanny and the children had but recently occupied it. I threw myself at length upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I was aroused by a noise at the door of the summer-house. I sat up; and imagine my astonishment at beholding my friend of the red coat!

"Whence come you, in Heaven's name?" I asked.

"From Prague. I leave this within the hour. Hearing you had but just arrived, I thought, of course, that you would be still astir, and that I would pay you and your Fanny a passing visit. You must not sleep here, the damp will injure your health."

As I quitted the garden with him, I could not help saying, "You have scared me as though I had beheld an apparition; I tremble in every limb. What induced you to seek me in the summer-house? You seem to know everything."

Fiendish was his smile as he murmured, "Know you me now, and what I would of you?"

"No better than I did at Prague; but I must tell you the impression you then made upon me. I trust you will not take offence; but I fancied either that you held communion with spirits or were the Devil himself."

Again that sardonic smile. "Now, merely for the sake of the joke, assuming me to be the latter, are you disposed to do a little business with me?"

"You must bid high if you hope to win me, for really, Sir Devil—pardon my jest in so terming you—nothing can augment the happiness of my present lot."

"Ho! ho!" laughed he, "that was all well enough in the olden times, when folks still had some faith in the Devil's existence, and so kept wary watch over their silly souls; then one was fain to come to terms with them. Cheap enough are they now-a-days; the sons of clay, little reck they of the Devil, their sole reliance is on pure reason."

"I hold myself at a higher rate; and albeit, I regard Beelzebub as an old wife's story; still better worth is a grain of reason than the strongest conviction of the powers of hell."

"Spoken with all the pride of sorry mortals; suffer me to use the language of the personage I represent. Your arrogant self-reliance

brings more recruits to the gates of hell than would a swarm of fiends dispatched to tempt you. The best among your scurvy crew is he who has met but the fewest opportunities to sin."

"Spoken right fiendlike!" I exclaimed.

"Of a verity," answered he of the flame-colored doublet, smiling his horrid smile; "but it is the truth I speak, though all your faith in truth be gone. You are, in truth, already mine. Grant me but a single hair, and your head is no more your own; but the air is chilly—my carriage waits—I must hence."

I accompanied him to the inn, at the door of which stood his carriage; he begged me to enter the house, and partake of some punch he had ordered. I willingly complied, as the night air had rendered such beverage highly acceptable.

TEMPTATION.

The punch sent forth its grateful odor as we entered the room. We soon applied ourselves to it, and discussed a variety of topics over our glasses. At length my companion departed; and as I felt no inclination to return to the summer-house, ordered a bed at the inn. On my return to the coffee-room I perceived a lady. As she turned toward me I almost lost possession of my senses. It was Julia, my first love, who, as I afterward learned, was there with her husband, on their way to Italy.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried, "is it you, Robert?"

I could but stammer "Julia!" in reply.

"We have much to say to each other, Robert. Follow me to my room."

Once there, and my heart, my soul, were all hers again. She was not happy, she said, her husband was harsh and stern with her. Did I remember our former vows, our last farewell, our parting kiss? Forgive me, my Fanny; how frail and weak is man. Julia's lips met mine once more. The door was flung suddenly open, and a tall, gaunt stranger entered abruptly, exclaiming, "Whom have you with you at this hour, Julia?"

We started up. Before us stood her husband, his face livid as a corpse, and unable to articulate a word. With three strides he was at Julia's side. He caught her by her long auburn hair, and dashed her to the ground, exclaiming, "False, worthless woman!"

I sprung to her assistance. He struck me

so violent a blow as I advanced, that I staggered back and fell. As I rose he still continued his frantic treatment of his wife, and yelled as he turned toward me, "You will I strangle with my own hands!"

In the agony of the moment I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into his body if he stirred; but he rushed upon me, and seized me by the neck with so vice-like a grasp that I felt I was losing consciousness. With the instinct of self-preservation, I thrust at him with the knife; he fell. He was stabbed to the heart.

Julia was moaning over the body of her slaughtered lord, whilst I stood motionless and thunderstruck. Oh, thought I, would it were all a dream, and that I were once more on my sofa in the summer-house. Accursed be the red coat; accursed the pocket-book! My children, my own dear injured Fanny, I am a murderer! Meanwhile the alarm had been given, and I heard the sound of approaching steps and voices. Flight was my sole resource. I snatched up a light, and rushed from the house.

THE CROWNING HORRORS.

I felt that I was pursued, and, hopeless of reaching the street, I dashed across the yard, and made for a barn, behind which were fields, on the outskirts of the town. My pursuers gained on me apace, and as I neared the barn I felt myself seized by the coat. Nerved by despair, I dashed aside the hand that clutched me, and thrust the light I bore into the stack of straw before me. High rose the flames; and in the confusion that followed I effected my escape into the fields. Onward, ever onward, I hurried desperately, over height and hollow, over break and bush. Was it a dream? Alas, my bloody hands bore witness too truly to the frightful reality. My strength forsook me; panting and exhausted I sank at the foot of a tree. What means that glare? why peal those bells? I looked around; the town was in flames—mine was the hand that had fired it.

Forsworn a murderer and an incendiary, and all within one short hour! Thou said'st well, fiend, the best among us is he who has met with fewest inducements to sin. Louder and louder pealed the bells, and I was about to resume my flight, when it suddenly occurred to me that this was the 1st of May, and my Fanny's birth-day. Well had I ushered it in, forsooth! Moreover, it was Walpurgis Night, when demons are said to hold their revels upon earth.

CAIN.

I paused for breath, and took hurried counsel with myself. I raised my hand to my brow, it was still bedaubed with blood. Away with these polluted garments, thought I, as I discarded coat and vest, and concealed them in the wood. None but the maniac or murderer travels in this guise. I must do battle with some peasant for his jerkin—lie hid by day, and journey by night; food, too, I require, and money. And I now recollected that my pocket-book was in the coat I had deposited in the wood. What was to be done? Not for worlds would I have looked again on the blood of the murdered man, or behold, through the opening trees, the red glare of the horizon. Suddenly, there approached, at a sober pace, a handsome traveling-carriage, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man, who, with a quantity of luggage, was its only occupant. As he was about to pass me, the traveler drew up, alighted from his carriage, inspected it most minutely on every side, and then quitted the road and walked a little distance into the wood.

Were mine yon carriage, it were well with me, thought I. Means of escape—money—clothes, all within my grasp; I may yet be saved.

'Twas done as quick as thought. One spring, and I was in the seat. I seized the reins, and was turning the horses' heads in the opposite direction, when their rightful owner issued from the wood and attempted to arrest their progress. I lashed them furiously, they reared and started at full speed forward, freeing themselves from their master's hold, who fell at their feet. The carriage passed over his body. He shouted for help. His voice pierced to my very marrow; it was the voice of one I well knew and loved. Could I believe my ears? I pulled up and stretched forth my neck to catch a glimpse of his face. It was my brother's!

I threw myself upon his body, life was not yet extinct. I raised him; I called on him; but he heard me not, he recognized me not; his head drooped, all was over. Again were my hands imbrued in blood.

REMORSE.

As I pressed my lips to my brother's lifeless brow, I heard voices in the wood. Ere I was aware of what I meditated, I found myself in the thickest of the wood,

having abandoned corpse and carriage to their fate. The sun was high in the heavens, the fatal Walpurgis Night was over. Morning beheld me bereft of home and hope. The curse of Cain was upon me. Visions of the headsman and his axe, the gibbet and the wheel, flitted before me. Was an existence such as mine worth the struggle to save? Should my own hand?—but no, I would deliver myself into the hands of justice.

Now, that I had settled upon the course to adopt, I became somewhat more calm. I rose and prosecuted my route. I had lost all traces of the track I was to follow; no matter—sooner or later, my object would be attained.

THE TEMPTER.

I held my course, until a turning in the road disclosed to me an overturned carriage lying along it, and at its side, who, to my horror or my delight, but—the well-known redcoat.

On perceiving me he grinned after his wont, saying, "Welcome; I thought we should meet again. Here have I remained the whole night. I dispatched my postilion to the town in search of assistance, and he has not yet returned."

"They need assistance more than you here," was my reply, "the whole town is in flames."

"I guessed as much, from the appearance of the sky. But what brings you here in the wood, why are you not lending a helping hand yonder?"

"Save me. I am steeped to the neck in crime. Since we last met, three short hours have sufficed to render me a perjured husband, a cut-throat and an incendiary, a highway robber, aye, and a fratricide; and yet, believe me if you will, I am at heart an upright man."

The redcoat stamped furiously with his misshapen limb as I spoke. "Know you me now," he cried, in a terrible voice, "and what I would with you?" he at length exclaimed.

"My soul, you would my soul; for now do I begin to believe you are in very earnest he whom I deemed you in Prague during my happier hours."

"Whom deemed you me, then?"

"The Evil One."

"Bow down, then, and worship me," burst he forth in tones that curdled my very blood.

I knelt before him in an agony of despair,

with clasped hands I besought him to save me, and my innocent wife and babes.

As I thus besought him, his outstretched foot (*that* foot!) spurned me, as I lay groveling in the dust before him. I rose and renewed my entreaties. His voice withered my soul, as he exclaimed: "Behold the mortal, in all the power and pride of his reason! Lest his measure of iniquity should not be full, lo, he crowned it by falling at the feet of Satan!"

"I know thee now, Satan, and thy wiles," I cried, "and I defy thee; for I feel that my soul can yet be saved: penitence and prayer may yet avail."

Harsh and contemptuous was his stern reply: "No, sir, I am no evil spirit: but a man like yourself. From a criminal you have become a madman—no uncommon phase in the chapter of crime. I despise you, nor, were it in my power, would I stretch forth my hand to help you. What care I for your soul? it is already ripe for hell. Satan would hold it dear at the meanest coin!"

HOPE.

Speechless and shame-stricken stood I before him; at length I mustered sufficient courage to address him once more.

"Would you were he for whom I took you. If you save me not, I am lost. Save me! But for you, and all this had never been. Who broke in upon my slumbers? Who made me wander forth in the night?"

"Aye, aye, 'tis always so; man ever seeks to shift his burden upon another, even though that burden be his brother's blood. True, I awoke you; but say, was it I who awoke within you your slumbering lust for guilt? As well may the midnight assassin impute his crimes to him who forged his sword."

"But why enact the fiend? why tell me that, once to yield a hair, was to peril one's head?"

"Was I mistaken? Who better knows it than myself? I craved no hair, of your own free will you tendered it. Had you resisted the first impulse, had you called reflection and religion to your aid, all had been well. Forget not that the first light and idle thought to which we give way is the one single hair within the clutches of the fiend. You exulted in your imagined virtue, you gloried in your hitherto unblemished career, but the germs of vice were quickening within you; they awaited but the first opportunity to become matured."

"I see and own it all; but save me, save me, the moments are precious; save me, and I sin no more."

"I hope to save you, but you must aid me to do so. *Know you me now, and what I would of you?*"

"You are my preserver, my guardian angel!"

"Not in vain was my appearance in your garden, ~~at~~ the warning I gave you; but be of good cheer, he who has faith has all."

I AM SAVED.

As he uttered the last words, I sank fainting upon the ground. It was long ere I returned to consciousness; as I re-opened my eyes, bewildered by the glare of the noon-day sun, I saw the old man bending over me; the harsh expression of his countenance was gone. Benevolence seemed painted on every feature. I looked wildly and vaguely on him. There was a confused din in my ears, as of the distant peel of bells, the rustling of the wind among the trees, or the far-off roar of some mountain torrent. I had lost all power of volition, and again I relapsed into a state of insensibility. At length I rallied sufficiently to inquire where I was, and what had happened. The old man was still bending over me: there was pity, hope, encouragement, in those eyes I had erst judged so ill.

"Thou art saved," he whispered in soft and soothing tones. "Fear not; weak wert thou, and infirm of purpose. Demean thyself, henceforth, as a man—but, remember, human being never save I twice."

Again I sank down in a kind of stupor, and was aroused by feeling the pressure of some invisible lips upon mine.

THE NEW WORLD.

That kiss restored me to earth, and now I discovered that my eyes still remained closed. I started from the hard cold couch whereon I lay, and beheld my own Fanny bending over me. Her kiss it was that had dispelled that fearful trance; my children clung about me, whilst Fanny rebuked me gently for having passed the night in that chilly summer-house. Had it not been for the arrival of my servant, she assured me that no one would have suspected my return.

"And has Christopher but just returned from the inn?" I inquired; "did he pass the night there?"

"Why, you strange man, of course he did,

and said that such were your orders. But why on earth pass the night on this dreary sofa? why not wake us up?"

How relieved I felt! "And so you passed an undisturbed, quiet night?"

"Only too quiet, since I little dreamt that you were so near me. Don't you know that it was Walpurgis Night, when evil spirits and goblins are abroad?"

"Too well I know it!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes, and overjoyed to find, as I clasped my Fanny to my heart, that our roof was still standing, and our little town as peaceful as ever. I told my dream to Fanny. She laughed heartily.

TEMPTATION AND THE TEMPTER.

It seemed as though my Walpurgis eve adventures were not yet terminated. As I have before said, it was my wife's birth-day, and some friends had been invited in honor of the occasion.

As we were placing ourselves at table, the servant informed me that a strange gentleman, a Baron Mandevil, desired to speak with me. Fanny observed me start as the name was announced. "Never mind the *tempter*," said she, "as long as the *temptation* is absent; and never mind the *temptation* as long as I am present."

I repaired to the summer-house, where I had passed the preceding night, and there, upon the very identical sofa that I had occupied, sat the redcoat of Prague himself. He rose and greeted me as though we were old friends, saying, "I am as good as my word, you see. Do not be jealous; I am determined to make your charming Fanny's acquaintance; moreover, I bring two guests with me, my brother and his wife. I believe you have met my sister-in-law before."

I was expressing my satisfaction at his visit, when in came a stout, burly gentleman, upon whose arm was leaning a lady in a traveling-dress. Imagine my surprise—it was Julia! I of course conducted my guests into the drawing-room.

The Baron made my wife the most flattering speeches as I introduced him to her.

"I lost my heart to you at Prague," he said, "upon reading all those pretty little secrets in your letter."

"I know all about it," retorted Fanny. "However, we have fourteen hundred dollars to set against your knowledge of our secrets; but you are a very bad man nevertheless, for you have made my husband pass a most wretched night."

"It is not over yet," said I, advancing toward Fanny, and introducing Julia to her. I could perceive that Fanny was somewhat taken aback; however, the wit that never deserts womankind soon came to her assistance, and she gave Julia a most hearty welcome. Ten minutes afterward, and you might have sworn that they had been friends from infancy.

I learned from Julia, as we walked in the garden after dinner, that she was very happy, and much attached to her worthy husband. She felt all a daughter's affection for her brother-in-law, who, as she told me, after having been a great traveler, had now settled down at Posen, where he possessed a small estate, and passed his time between agriculture and literary pursuits. She spoke of him with the greatest enthusiasm, and maintained that he had not his equal upon earth. I mentally resolved to reform my physiognomical theory.

"But why did you address that mysterious

phrase to me at Prague, "Do you know me now, and what I would with you?" I inquired of the worthy Redcoat; "it took the deepest hold on me, and influenced my dreams in the most unaccountable manner."

"Why, of course, I wanted to give you a hint that I had found your pocket-book. I did not say so at once, as I waited to learn from you such particulars as would have convinced me that you were its lawful owner. But you looked at me so suspiciously, and demeaned yourself so strangely, that I began to have my doubts."

I now related my story to him. "Wal-purgis Night for ever!" cried he. "Your story is as good as a moral, philosophical and psychological essay. I am glad, however, that I turned out to be an angel of light after all, or the story would have told sadly against me."

I never slept from home again on Wal-purgis Night.

"HYMN TO LIFE."

BY WILLIAM CHARLES KENT.

"Life, mystic Life! Thou art but as a ray
Of God's great splendor shot through carnal things;
A beam that, kindling sentience in dull clay,
Creates an angel, wanting only wings;
Thy flight an instant, and thy light a gleam,
That gilds each ripple on Time's troubled stream.

"Life, beauteous Life! Thou art but as a flower
Whose latent germ to sudden verdure blooms;
Of earth the ornament, of heav'n the dower,
Death crops thee in thy noon of rich perfumes;
And, ravish'd from their roots, thy blossoms rise,
To shed their fragrance in the radiant skies.

"Life, glittering Life! Thou art but as a gem
Borne from the billows of the awful deep,
To deck in turns th' imperial diadem
And russet cap of those who sow or reap;
Though shattered all thy form to worthless grains,
The gorgeous halo of thy hue remains.

"Life, changeful Life! Thou art but as a dream,
Full of false pleasures and illusive woe,
A vision such as 'wilder'd sophists deem
A problem whose solution none can know;
And when destruction's pang thy torpor breaks,
The soul not slumbers, but from sleep awakes.

"Then weep no more, ye mourners for the dead!
Nor sadden their grass-graves with sorrow's cloud;
No lengthen'd sufferings rack that nerveless head;
No cold heart throbs beneath that sullen shroud;
Corruption soars not where their spirits go;
Their crumbling relics only fade below."

From the Prospective Review.

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

A Practical Treatise on the Use of the Microscope, including the different Methods of preparing and examining Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Structures. By JOHN QUEKETT, Assistant Conservator of the Museum, and Demonstrator of Minute Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. London: 1848. 8vo. pp. 454.

Few are cognisant, we suspect, of the recent improvements on the Microscope; though they have been such as to have raised it within the last quarter of a century, from being little more than a scientific toy, to the dignity of a most perfect instrument of research. And yet fewer, probably, are aware of the varied conquests which it has achieved during that short period:—though its recent discoveries will bear comparison, in point of rapidity, novelty, and importance, with those of any other epoch of similar length in the history of Natural Science. As an optical instrument, the microscope is now at least as perfect as the telescope, and its revelations altogether as surprising. The universe which it brings within our ken, in one direction, is as unbounded in its limits, as that whose remotest depths the most gigantic telescope still vainly attempts to fathom in another; and greater wonders of organization are disclosed in a speck of inconceivable minuteness, than the most mysterious nebula of the astronomer can exhibit to us. But more than this:—the generalizations in the phenomena and science of Life, to which its researches lead us, will be found as simple and comprehensive, as any which physics or chemistry have yet afforded. We propose to give our readers the opportunity of judging of the grounds of our assertions.

We need not dwell at any length upon the history of the microscope. It is sufficient to mention that, whilst the *simple* microscope, or magnifying glass, was known at a very remote period, the *compound* microscope,—the powers of which, like those of the telescope, depend upon the combination of two or more lenses,—was not invented until about the end of the sixteenth century; the earlier microscopes having been little else than modi-

fied telescopes, and both instruments having been first constructed, it would appear, by the same optician. From that period, almost to the present time, the microscope remained nearly stationary; no essential improvement was made in the optical principles of its construction, and but little in the mechanical appliances by which those principles were turned to account in practice. Every one possessed of a smattering of optical knowledge is aware that, in the passing of light through lenses of ordinary construction, there are two serious causes of error or aberration. Of these, one depends upon the spherical curvature of the lens; in consequence of which, the rays that have passed through its outer portion, meet in a focus much sooner than those which have passed through its central part, thus communicating a certain indistinctness to the image. The other is occasioned by the dispersive power of glass; the consequence of which is, an unequal refraction of the different rays of the solar spectrum, and the production of a series of colored fringes around every line or spot in the picture, totally destructive of a clear view of any portion of it. The first of these aberrations is termed *spherical*, the other *chromatic*. The only method at first thought practicable for preventing them from rendering both telescope and microscope virtually useless, was to contract the aperture of the lenses, so as to allow only their central portions to be in use. But this bungling expedient was necessarily attended with a great loss of light, especially when lenses of high power were employed: and in fact, it did nothing to *correct* the errors; it merely restrained their action within certain limits. Under these circumstances little could be expected from either the telescope or the mi-

roscope, as an instrument of scientific research, without a complete change in the principles of their construction. Despairing of such a change in the refracting telescope, Newton devoted himself to the improvement of the reflecting instrument. But in the middle of the eighteenth century, the want of uniformity between the refractive and dispersive powers of different transparent media was fortunately discovered; so that Dollond was enabled to construct compound lenses, in which the errors of the several component parts balanced or corrected each other, and an image was produced free from both chromatic and spherical aberration. From that period to the present, refracting telescopes have been constructed upon the achromatic principle; and the only limit to their power lies in the impossibility of procuring glass of a quality sufficiently pure and homogeneous for lenses of more than fifteen or sixteen inches in diameter. But this limit, as long as it remains such, must oblige astronomers still to rely on the reflecting telescope, as their greatest and last resource.

Looking back from our present point of view upon the history of the past, it cannot but excite surprise that no systematic attempt should have been made by Dollond or his successors, to introduce the achromatic principle into the construction of the microscope, considering that its alliance with the telescope is so intimate. The idea, however, would seem to have been regarded as hopeless, in consequence, not of any failure in the principle, but of the practical difficulties that stood in the way of its application. For whilst the progressive augmentation of the capability of the telescope depends on the *enlargement* of the diameter of the object-glass, the increase of its focal length, and the consequent diminution of its curvature;—that of the microscope can only be effected by the *diminution* of the focal length of the object-glass, the increase of its curvature, and the consequent reduction of its dimensions. It was supposed to be impracticable to make the necessary corrections and adjustments, in a combination of lenses, of a diameter sufficiently small to give even the lowest serviceable magnifying power to a microscope; far more, to make such corrections in those minute lenses of higher magnifying power, for the advantageous use of which they were more especially needed. It appears, indeed, that various attempts were made for this purpose toward the end of the last century, and in the early part

of the present. But their ill success prevented them from being carried further. Accordingly, we find Professor Amici, about thirty-five years ago, laying aside his experiments respecting the refracting principle, and endeavoring to improve the reflecting microscope, as had been first suggested by Newton. In the year 1823, however, a basis was laid for the improvement of the refracting microscope, by the construction of effective achromatic object-glasses. A combination of lenses on the plan of the object-glasses of telescopes, was brought to perfection by the late eminent optician Mr. Tulley, working on the instigation of Dr. Goring; whilst a different combination on another plan, since found more suitable to the microscope, was accomplished in Paris by M. Selligues, at the suggestion of M. Chevalier. Similar attempts were made soon afterward in various other quarters. Professor Amici resumed his labors on the refracting instrument; and the opticians of London, Paris, Munich, and Modena, vied with each other in producing lenses of higher power. Their exertions were crowned with such success, that Dr. Goring declared, in 1829, "that microscopes were now placed completely on a level with telescopes, and, like them, must remain stationary in their construction." In that very year, however, Mr. J. J. Lister communicated to the Royal Society his discovery of certain properties in achromatic combinations, which had been previously unobserved. The improvements grounded upon this discovery are so important, that they constitute a new æra in the history of the microscope; and manipulative skill has since realized nearly everything which theory indicates as possible. Taking warning from Dr. Goring, we nowise affirm, that microscopes have now reached their limit of perfection; but we may safely say, that they have so nearly approached it, that a new *principle* of construction must be discovered before any essential improvement can be made in them. The highest magnifying power has been attained, that the microscopist can conveniently employ: the limit being determined by the shortness of the focus, that is, by the closeness of the proximity into which the object-glass must be brought with the object. No lenses of a shorter focus than a twelfth or a sixteenth of an inch can be made available in practice; and achromatic combinations are now constructed with such perfection, as to give a well-defined image of objects magnified from one thousand to two thousand diameters, or from *one to four million* times,

reckoning by superficial measure. And the completeness of the corrections made by them is truly marvelous, when we consider that every such combination consists of six distinct lenses, all whose curvatures must be accurately adjusted to the correction of each other's errors, the largest of the lenses scarcely exceeding an ordinary pin's head in diameter, whilst the smallest may be of the dimensions of the head of the smallest "minikin" produced by the pin-maker.

The attention of scientific men was early attracted to the compound microscope. In its original and rude form, it opened to them a field of research altogether new, and promised to add largely to their information concerning the structure of every kind of organised body. The Transactions of the Royal Society contain the most striking evidence of the interest taken in microscopic investigations two centuries ago. The early volumes, as Mr. Quekett remarks, "literally teem" with improvements in the construction of these instruments, and with discoveries made by means of them. The *Micrographia* of Robert Hooke, published in 1667, may be fairly styled one of the wonders of his day; and in 1673, the name of Leeuwenhoek appears for the first time in the Philosophical Transactions. That with the imperfect instruments at his command, he should have seen *so much* and *so well*, as to make it dangerous even now to announce a discovery, without having consulted the works of Leeuwenhoek, in order to see whether some anticipation of it may not be found there, must ever remain a marvel to the microscopist. This is partly to be explained by the fact that he trusted less to the compound microscope than to single lenses of very high power,—the use of which is attended with much difficulty, but which are comparatively free from the errors inseparable from the other instrument in its uncorrected form. The names of Grew and Malpighi, also, appear as frequent contributors to the early Philosophical Transactions; the researches of the former being chiefly directed to the minute structure of plants, those of the latter to that of animals. Both were attended with great success. Malpighi seems to have been the first to observe the wonderful spectacle of the movement of blood in the capillary vessels of the frog's foot;—an ocular verification of the doctrine of the circulation expounded by the sagacious Harvey. Glimpses of the invisible world of animalcular existence were occasionally revealed to the earlier microscopists. Their curiosity must have been strongly ex-

cited; yet they do not appear to have entered on this class of minute investigations with any portion of the persevering zeal which they devoted to the analysis of higher forms of animal and vegetable structure. Its wonders, however, were gradually unfolded; so that in the various treatises on the microscope, published during the eighteenth century, they occupy a conspicuous place. In the meantime, the microscope had serious difficulties to contend with, some from the nature of the case, some accidental. The defects inseparable from its original construction formed a bar to all discovery beyond certain limits. But it fell under a temporary cloud from another cause. When physiologists began to theorize on the elementary structure of the animal body, and to twist their imperfect observations into accordance with their theories, there soon followed a general suspicion of a want of trustworthiness in the microscope, and in everything announced upon its authority. The instrument and its advocates were brought into more or less discredit, the effect of which has continued to attach to them, in the minds of many, until the present day. We wish, therefore, to pause for a moment, and examine into the ground of this impression.

A tendency, common to all observers, is to describe what they believe and infer, rather than what they actually see. Microscopic observers were especially open to this reproach, as long as a want of definiteness in the image presented to their eyes, left so much to be contemplated by the imagination. But from the moment that the visual image presented by a well-constructed microscope, gave as good an idea of the object as we could have obtained from the object itself, if enlarged to the same size, and viewed by the unassisted eye, microscopic observations were made with the same degree of certainty in this respect, as observations of any other class. Another fallacy, common indeed to all observers, but of which the microscopic observations of former times had perhaps more than their share, arose from not sufficiently attending to a difference in the circumstances under which the observations had been made. Thus one observer described the human blood-corpuscles as flattened discs, like pieces of money, another as slightly concave on each surface, another as slightly convex, and another as highly convex, or even globular. Yet all microscopists now agree that their real form, when examined in freshly-drawn blood, is that of discs with slightly concave surfaces. The diversity in

the previous accounts was simply due to the admixture of water or other liquids added for the sake of dilution, which, being absorbed by the blood-discs, at first rendered their surface flat, then convex, and at last changed their form into the globular. But microscopical inquiries are no longer more exposed to fallacies of this description than any other branch of physiology. And the microscopists of the present day can be only held responsible for the errors of their predecessors, by persons who are ignorant of the perfection which the instrument has now attained, as well as of the general agreement regarding facts among all who are competent to use it, however they may differ in their inferences.

But our immediate object is to introduce our readers to some of the most interesting discoveries for which we are indebted to the recent improvements in the microscope; and we propose to pass lightly over such as the public may be presumed to be acquainted with, from their having been incorporated into treatises adapted for general circulation. We shall say little, therefore, of Professor Ehrenberg's laborious investigations into animalcular life, as well fossil as recent; although his additions of new forms of organized beings to the catalogue of the naturalist greatly exceed all that have been contributed by the most industrious collector in any other department. It may give some idea of their wonderful variety, to be told that Professor Ehrenberg detected in some specimens of tertiary deposit, brought a short time since from the island of Barbadoes by Sir R. Schomburgh, no fewer than 1,200 new specific forms. It was necessary to create 250 new genera for their reception: the mere naming of which must have constituted in itself no insignificant labor. Professor Ehrenberg first discovered, that various extensive deposits, both calcareous and silicious, are almost entirely made up of the remains of minute organisms; incalculable numbers of which must have successively lived and died, flourished and decayed, leaving the solid portion of their fabrics to accumulate during countless generations, and thus to form vast beds of chalk or strata of silicious sand. One of the most interesting discoveries of this class was recently communicated to the scientific world by Mr. W. C. Williamson. By means of a microscopic analysis of the white mud, with which the sea-bottom of a great part of the Levant is covered, he has shown that the deposit consists almost entirely of organic forms; and among them

may be distinguished the shells of about twenty-five distinct species of animalcules, some silicious, others calcareous; besides certain other bodies hereafter to be noticed, which are determined by the microscope to be fragmentary particles of shell.

We owe to Professor Ehrenberg the separation of the remarkable group of the *Rotifera* or Wheel Animalcules, from a lower division,—to which he has given the name of *Polygastrica*. On the complex structure and high organization of the Rotifera, all microscopists are agreed; not so, with respect to the Polygastrica. Many distinguished naturalists question the high authority of Professor Ehrenberg in this instance: and maintain that the facts which he has observed do not bear out his inferences, and that his account of the digestive apparatus of the Polygastrica is not entitled to rank as a physiological truth. Into this question we shall not now enter. But it is right to state our conviction, that Professor Ehrenberg has included among his Animalcules many forms which are truly vegetable, and whose supposed polygastric structure is altogether a product of his imagination. The beautiful tribe of *Desmidea*, which forms the subject of Mr. Ralfs's admirable monograph, is now almost universally admitted, in this country at least, to be of a vegetable nature; and the recent discovery of Mr. G. H. K. Thwaites of the conjugation of the *Diatomeæ* makes it next to certain that this group, to which a very large proportion of the silicious fossil animalcules (so called) belongs, must be transferred in the same manner to the domain of the botanist. The phenomenon in question is one of a very singular character: and as it is one of which the right understanding will probably lead to the remodeling of the whole fabric of Cryptogamic Botany, we shall endeavor shortly to explain it.

The attention recently paid to the simplest forms of vegetable existence has shown, what was previously suspected, that in the simple cell of the lowest *Algæ* we may find the type of all vegetative existence. This cell grows from a germ, draws together the nutrient materials supplied by the surrounding air and moisture, combines them into new products, appropriates these products to itself by incorporating them with its own structure, multiplies its kind when it has itself attained maturity, and finally dies after performing all the functions of the most highly organized plants. And yet this cell is but a solitary *sacculus*, or minute bag, whose wall is composed of a transparent

colorless membrane, whilst its cavity contains a fluid, in which are held a number of granular particles of a red or green hue, mingled with others that consist of starch. Of aggregations of such cells, each of them a distinct individual, the "red snow," the "gory dew," the green matter of Priestly," and various other low forms of vegetation developing themselves in damp situations, are chiefly composed;—the cells being generally united by a gelatinous substance in which they are imbedded—but each one living for and by itself alone. Now, even in these insignificant tribes, we have the two modes of reproduction, as possessed by the higher plants, clearly sketched out. Whilst the cells continually multiply themselves by a system of *subdivision*, in which each splits as it were into two, an entirely new generation arises from the *approximation* of two cells, and the mingling of their contents. The immediate result is the formation of a *sporangium*, from which the new family is to spring, as the higher plant does from its *seed*. Now the process of multiplication, by the mere doubling of cells, is obviously analogous to the multiplication of the flowering plant by leaf-buds; the same that, in fact, takes place whenever there is a new growth in continuity with the old. But the act of conjugation, and the formation of the sporangium, represent the essence both of the flowering of the higher plants and of the ripening of the ovule. The fertilization of this consists (as we shall hereafter see) in the mixture of the contents of the two cells, which are set apart for the purpose, and which differ from the conjugating cells of the lowest Cryptogamia in no particulars of importance.

The process of conjugation has long been known to take place in a certain genus of *Confervæ*, which received the name of *Zygnema* in consequence. But the phenomenon was considered exceptional until within a very recent period. It has lately, however, been recognised among so many other tribes of the lower *Algæ*, that it must henceforth be looked upon rather as the rule. The fact that the origination of new generations proceeds from conjugation, or from the union of the cell-contents of two parent individuals, as well in the lowest Cryptogamia as in the highest flowering plant, has obviously a most important physiological bearing—for it leads us to revert to the opinions of those naturalists who have maintained the existence of *sexes* in the Cryptogamia generally. At the same time it affords a valuable means of dis-

crimination in regard to such ambiguous forms as the *Desmidiæ* and *Diatomeæ*, whose animal or vegetable nature may be probably determined by this test more satisfactorily than by any other; nothing that truly resembles the conjugation of plants having been yet seen in any tribe of an undoubtedly animal character.

The careful study of these simple forms of vegetation has also led to the discovery that *active movements*, strongly resembling those of many animalcules, are performed by bodies whose vegetable character is undeniably proved by the nature of the structures into which they are subsequently developed; in which fact we have the explanation of the strange doctrine of former microscopists, who taught that there are beings which are *animals* in the earlier state of their existence, and *plants* in the later. These movements depend on the same agency as those of many lower animals, namely, on the vibration of little hair-like filaments, termed *cilia*, from their resemblance to eye-lashes. The *cilia* first strike the water with a broad surface, like that of an oar; whilst, in returning to their original position, they present a feather-edge to the liquid, and thus propel with great energy the body to which they are attached. This ciliary movement however is not confined to animalcules. By means of it the oyster, though it does not itself move, yet creates a current in the surrounding water—bringing food to its mouth, and oxygen to its gills. In higher animals it covers many of the membranous surfaces, especially those of the respiratory organs. Even in man there are innumerable numbers of such cilia constantly at work in his air-passages, which prevent the accumulation of the mucous secretions in the smaller tubes, and assist in carrying them away. This addition to our knowledge of ciliary action has been chiefly the result of the systematic observations of Professors Purkinje, Valentin, and Sharpey, and was one of the earliest and most valuable fruits of the achromatization of the microscope.

That the red color of the blood of the higher animals does not exist in the fluid, but only in certain particles which float in its current, was known to Leeuwenhoek, and perhaps to still older microscopists; and the forms of these particles were observed to vary in different classes of animals. It was not known until recently, however, that these floating particles are true *cells*, analogous to those of the simplest *Algæ*—each having an independent life of its own, whilst all are

subservient to the life of the being through whose vessels they are carried—though in what precise way they are so has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. It has been further proved by the researches of Mr. Gulliver, that there is not only a difference of *form*, but also of *size*, between the blood-discs of various animals; so that it is in many instances possible to distinguish with certainty between the blood of two animals belonging even to the same natural group. The contrast in size is very strongly marked in particular cases. While the diameter of the circular Human blood-disc averages something less than one three-thousandth part of an inch, that of the circular blood-disc of the Musk-deer is no more than one twelve-thousandth; and the large oval blood-disc of the Proteus measures nearly as much as one three-hundredth of an inch in length, and half that amount across its short diameter. It is a very remarkable fact that all the animals yet known, which agree with the Proteus in the retention of the gills after the lungs are developed,—remaining, in fact, all their lives in the condition of great tadpoles,—agree with it also in possessing blood-discs of unusual size. The fact that this character is presented by the blood-discs of the Lepidosiren, has been regarded as of no mean importance in discussing the real affinities of that curious reptile-like fish, or fish-like reptile.

We shall afterward revert to the microscopic analysis recently made of those various soft tissues of animals and plants, which are the immediate instruments of their vital operations, and on whose nature any general expression of the phenomena of life must be founded. But it is more convenient to consider previously the structure of the hard parts of animals, such as bones, teeth, shell, &c.; which present features of great interest, not merely to the physiologist who concerns himself about the vital phenomena of beings now alive, but also to the geologist who seeks in the fragmentary remains of past generations for materials to aid him in constructing a history of the earth. Of the organization of *bone*, nothing more can be made out by the naked eye, or through the help of ordinary magnifiers, than that the solid substance of its densest portions is traversed by a series of canals, which carry inward the blood-vessels distributed over the investing membrane (the periosteum); and that the spongy texture, found in the ends of the long bones and between the superficial layers of the thicker flat bones, de-

rives its character from the presence of a vast number of minute chambers, or *cancelli* which are separated from each other by irregular and incomplete partitions, and into which also the nutritious vessels are prolonged. Nothing whatever was known of the structure of the bony matter itself; and no one could have even ventured to imagine the elaborate minuteness of its organization. But then a thin section even of the very densest bone is examined by a microscope of sufficient power, the solid substance is seen to be penetrated by innumerable tubuli of extreme minuteness, radiating from a series of isolated excavations, of tolerably regular shape and size, and so interlacing each other as to open a communication among all the neighboring cavities. To compare small things with great, let our readers conceive themselves in a cavern excavated in the centre of a vast mountain, with no principal entrance, but hundreds of narrow passages piercing its solid walls. Whichever of these they follow, it will conduct them, after many windings, into a cavern similar to that which they had left; and after passing through a long series of such passages and caverns, they will at last emerge into open day. Such, on a scale almost inconceivably minute, is the structure of solid bone. Let us reduce the spacious cavern to an excavation of 1·1500th of an inch in length, and 1·5000 of an inch in breadth; and let the passages be contracted from dimensions sufficient to admit of our entrance to a diameter of 1·20,000th of an inch (which is further diminished in the smallest branches to 1·60,000th of an inch), and we then shall have some idea of the wonderful contrivance with which this solid and apparently impervious substance is channeled out, like a coal-field by the miner. There cannot be a doubt but that this curious organization is in some way subservient to the nutrition of bone. The tubuli are far too minute to allow of the entrance of the blood as a whole; its floating particles, indeed, being nearly as large as the caverns themselves. But the great regularity of their arrangement, which is always adapted to keep up a communication between the interior of the bone and the nearest point to which blood is conveyed, seems to justify the inference that they take up from the circulating current, and distribute through the texture, such portions of the fluid as the bones require for their maintenance and consolidation. Very thin bones are nourished by blood, which is simply distributed over their surface; but larger and

thicker bones are traversed by passages, into which the vessels penetrate.

We are too conscious of the difficulty of conveying by words alone a distinct idea of so complex a structure, to venture to be sure that we have carried with us every one of our readers through the preceding description. We trust, however, that we have fully impressed them with the wonderful elaborateness displayed in the minute structure of bone. This elaborateness has no parallel in any of the hard tissues of which the skeletons of invertebrated animals are composed. And it seems designed, on the one hand, to minister to the continual changes which bone must undergo during the period of its growth, and, on the other, to confer upon bone that power of self-reparation which it so remarkably displays after disease or injury. It is interesting to observe that whilst, as in the case of the blood-corpuscles, there is no relation whatever between the size of the animal and the dimensions of the elementary parts of its bony skeleton,—the length of the cavernules and the diameter of the tubuli being nearly the same in the Elephant and in the Mouse, in the gigantic extinct *Iguanodon* and in the smallest existing Lizard,—there is yet a marked difference in these particulars between animals of different zoological groups. Thus the cavernules of Reptilian bones are distinguishable from those of Birds and Mammals by their great length in proportion to their breadth; and those of Fish may be usually recognised by their angular form, and by the small number of their radiating tubules. In certain species of the last-named class, however, there is an approach to reptiles, in general conformation; the minute structure of the bones also exhibits the same transitional character. The cavernules of the bones of Birds and of Mammals do not differ considerably in size: but there are diversities in the origin and course of the radiating tubules, which usually render it very easy to distinguish them. For our knowledge of these diversities we have principally to thank Mr. Quekett and Mr. Bowerbank. We will now adduce an example or two of their applicability as distinctive character, both in zoology and palæontology.

We have already noticed the position of the *Lepidosiren* as one of the most interesting questions at present under discussion among naturalists; and have adverted to the large size of its blood corpuscles, as significant evidence toward determining its real place in the scale. We may now add, that

in the minute structure of its bones, its relationship to the perenni-branchiate reptiles, rather than to fish, is no less decided,—the form and size of the cavernules, and the distribution of the tubuli, corresponding closely with what is seen among the former, there being nothing parallel in the latter class.

In the determination of the real nature of fossil bones, whose imperfect preservation or whose insufficient characters render their recognition difficult and uncertain, the value of the microscope has been no less satisfactorily established. Dr. Falconer, the distinguished investigator of Himalayan palæontology, having met with certain small bones, about which he was doubtful, placed them in the hands of Mr. Quekett for minute examination, and was informed, on the authority of the microscopic test, that they might certainly be pronounced reptilian, and probably belonged to an animal of the turtle tribe. They subsequently proved to be the toe-bones of the *Colossochelys Atlas*, the gigantic fossil tortoise, nearly twenty feet in length, discovered by Dr. Falconer in the Sivalik region.

The test has been applied, with equal success, by Mr. Bowerbank to the determination of some doubtful wingbones found in the chalk near Maidstone. The question of their ownership lay between the long-winged seabirds, such as the Albatross, and the ancient Pterodactyles, or winged lizards. The evidence from external form inclined somewhat in favor of the former; and, as no Pterodactyle of a greater spread of wing than five or six feet had been previously known, it was thought an additional proof of the ornithic character of these bones, that they must have belonged to an animal whose wings measured at least eleven feet, when fully extended. But the minute structure of the bones of undoubted Pterodactyles is decidedly characteristic of their reptilian nature; and they have additional well-marked peculiarities, such as have not yet been found in any other animal. The fact, therefore, that a complete identity of structure has been ascertained to exist between the bones of the Maidstone fossil and those of the genuine Pterodactyle, appears to us to settle the question of the real nature of the former. The structure in question is unlike that of any bird, as it is accordant with that of this peculiar reptile. And the essential characters furnished by the minutiae of organization, are now universally admitted by competent judges to possess a higher value than those adaptive characters drawn from external

configuration, which have reference only to the purposes of the organ. It is true, we must extend our ideas of the dimensions of the flying reptiles, which took the place of birds in the atmosphere of the ancient world. But this will not be a real difficulty in the apprehension of any one at all conversant with the other gigantic forms of reptilian life now extinct. Some future palæontologist, whose first ideas of the marine birds of our epoch had been formed upon the fossil remains of a Gull, might, with equal reason, object to the idea that a bird, of the dimensions of an Albatross, ever soared over our ocean. We cannot doubt but that the general application of this test will prove most advantageous in the determination of the true nature of fossil bones, whose external characters are ambiguous; and we may hope thus to see the termination of those conflicting statements, which have in so many instances obscured the truth, and led to acrimonious discussion.

The researches of the microscope into the organic structure of *teeth* have been equally successful; not only for the purposes of the physiologist, but, most unexpectedly, for those also of the zoologist and palæontologist; scarcely any means for determining affinities and recognising imperfect fossil remains being so precise and certain as the minute diversities in teeth. The real structure of teeth was first noticed by Leeuwenhoek. In the Philosophical Transactions of 1678, he described the human tooth as "made up of very small, straight, and transparent pipes," and in a subsequent paper he calculated that the number of these "pipes" in a single molar amounted to nearly *five millions*.

He spoke, also, of their existence in the cod and in the haddock. But these observations were so completely overlooked by later writers, that the controverted question, whether teeth possessed an organic structure, was very generally decided in the negative until a recent period. Teeth were considered, in fact, as mere stony exudations from the surface of the tooth-pulps, and so far assimilated to shell. The achromatic microscope, however, had not been long in the hands of anatomists, before the investigation of the structure and development of teeth was taken up anew, under more favorable circumstances; and there is, probably, no single branch of microscopic inquiry which has been, or which is likely to prove, so fertile in valuable results. Into the troubled question of priority we have no desire now to enter; but content with ex-

pressing our obligations to Purkinje, Retzius, Müller, and Agassiz among continental anatomists, and to Owen Nasmyth, and Tomes, among our countrymen, we shall proceed with our endeavor to convey a general idea of their labors.

The greater part of the substance of the teeth in the higher vertebrata, and the whole of it in the lower, consists of the substance commonly termed *ivory*, but which has been more appropriately termed *dentine*; meaning by the word "dentine," what is essential to the composition of the dental structure, and restricting the word "ivory" to certain varieties of the substance. Dentine, like bone, is made up of an apparently homogeneous substance, composed of animal and mineral matter in intimate union. Like bone, too, it is channeled-out by innumerable passages of extreme minuteness, which, though incapable of admitting blood, seem to convey the nutriment absorbed from it. There is no system of cavernous excavations, however, in true dentine; the tubuli passing continuously onward, instead of merely traversing the spaces between successive chambers as in bone. In human teeth, and in others whose dental structure is equally simple, the tubules originate from the central pulp-cavity, and radiate outward with great regularity; their course being slightly sinuous, but having a constant direction toward the exterior of the tooth. The diameter of their calibre near their central commencement does not exceed 1/10,000th of an inch; and this gradually diminishes, as the tubuli pass outward, and send off lateral branches, until it is reduced at their terminations to the smallest channel that can be distinctly traced through the solid substance. In the teeth, however, of many animals, there is no single central pulp-cavity, but the whole substance is excavated by vascular canals, very analogous to those of bone. We find, in such cases, each canal the centre of a system of radiating tubuli, so that the transverse section of the tooth strongly resembles that of bone, except in the absence of the cavernules. This type of structure prevails chiefly among fishes: and it is a curious fact, that in this group, the lowest in which true bones and teeth are found, the characters of the two structures should approximate so much more closely than in the higher classes, where both are elaborated, each in its own fashion until they become distinct. In other instances, again, where a central pulp-cavity does exist, it sends vascular prolongations for a certain distance into the dentine: the outer

layers of this substance, however, are very seldom thus penetrated by blood-vessels.

The dentine is capped, in the human tooth, by a layer of a harder substance, familiarly known as *enamel*. This is the hardest of all the animal tissues; and is indeed so completely mineralized, that the organic basis does not form above two or three per cent. of its components; yet it presents a very distinct organic structure. It is composed of a series of prismatic membranous *cells* (resembling those of a honey-comb in miniature) arranged side by side with great regularity. Their lower extremities rest upon the surface of the dentine, whilst their upper ends form the crown of the tooth; and the extraordinary density of the tissue appears to be occasioned by a deposit of calcareous matter, with which the cells are completely filled, and in which phosphate of lime predominates. The strength of these enamel-prisms is increased by the wavy curves in which they are arranged. By this means their alliance is much more dependent and complete, than if each of them were a straight column supporting its own separate share of pressure. The disposition of the enamel varies greatly in different tribes of Mammalia, according to the purposes to which the teeth are to be applied. Thus in the long front teeth of the Rodents, we find it only upon the front surface, where, owing to its superior density, it constantly projects beyond the ivory, and maintains a sharp cutting edge, however much the tooth may be worn down. In the herbivorous Mammals, the surface of the grinding teeth is merely penetrated by vertical plates of enamel, instead of being covered with a continuous layer; and their superior density and resistance are the cause of those ridged inequalities of the grinding surface, which enable them to triturate their tough vegetable food. In Sloths, and other edentate Mammals, the enamel is altogether wanting.

A third substance, the "*cementum*," or "*crusta petrosa*," has long been known as a constituent of the teeth of herbivorous animals; but it is only lately, by means of the microscope, that its existence in human teeth has been detected. The intimate structure of the "*cementum*" is the same with that of bone. It has the same system of cavernules and tubuli communicating with the nearest vascular surface; and its thick layers, whenever they exist, are penetrated by vascular canals. As it invests the fang of the tooth, it forms a bond of vital union between the denser structures of the tooth it-

self, and the bone in which it is implanted. In herbivorous Mammals, on the contrary, it penetrates, like the enamel, the substance of the grinding teeth; the vertical folds in which it is arranged, being softer than the dentine, are most rapidly worn down; and the inequality produced by the superior density, and consequently slower abrasion, of the enamel, is considerably increased.

Such being the structure of teeth and their three component parts, it is evident from our verbal sketch, that they deserve a far higher character than that of mere inorganic exudations. Without entering into the history of their development, by the consolidation of the soft tissues forming the *pulp* of the tooth, the knowledge of the fact is of the utmost importance in interpreting the phenomena of disease, and has already led to great improvements in dental surgery.

The varieties of dental structure produced by differences in the arrangement and relative amount of these three components are in themselves very numerous; and they are vastly increased through the diversities exhibited by the minuter characters of each tissue. To some of these we have already alluded; and instead of formally detailing others, we will adduce a few examples, by way of proof, of the assistance which microscopic research has already rendered to the Naturalist.

There have been few questions in palæontology more fruitful of discussion, than that of the precise zoological affinities and habits of life of the great extinct Megatheroid quadrupeds of South America. They present the strange phenomenon of a skeleton more closely resembling that of the sloths, than any other; not merely expanded to a colossal size, but developed with a massiveness unparalleled in any other animals of similar dimensions. The feet, on the other hand, were constructed rather upon the plan of those of the ant-eaters and armadilloes; being obviously capable, in virtue of their long, curved, sharp-edged claws, of being used as efficient instruments for digging or excavating the soil. In consideration of these peculiarities of conformation, as long as attention was not paid to the characters furnished by the teeth, an opinion was entertained by many distinguished palæontologists, that these strange beasts must have burrowed in the ground like the pigmy armadilloes of the present time, and have fed upon the roots which they there met with. From the examination of the minute structure of their teeth, however, ample evidence was obtained

by Professor Owen, that the food of the Megatheroids must have been of the same description with that of the existing sloths; that is, it must have consisted of vegetable matter, capable of being easily reduced to a pulpy state, such as the leaves and young shoots of trees: for the teeth are entirely destitute of enamel; without which it is impossible that tough fibrous roots could be ground down. The greater part of their substance is made up of coarse vascular dentine; the exterior being composed of vascular cementum, and the harder non-vascular dentine forming only a hollow cylinder between the two. The conformation of the skeleton having been re-investigated by Professor Owen under the guidance of this most important indication, he succeeded in obtaining a most satisfactory solution to the problem of their mode of existence. They prove to be Sloths in all their essential characters—but adapted to live upon the ground, instead of climbing trees; which could not have sustained their enormous weight, even had it been possible to endow them with the climbing power. Not only were their limbs expanded to a colossal bulk, but, from its size and strength, their tail also was obviously designed for an organ of support; forming a firm tripod with the hind legs. Upon this tripod we may conceive the gigantic Mylodon or Megatherium to have reared itself, after having excavated with its trenchant claws the earth around the roots of the trees on whose leaves its hungry eyes were fixed; thus, raising itself upright, and placing its fore-feet against the trunk, it would sway the tree to and fro, until it had brought it down, and so provided itself in its foliage and tender shoots with a supply of food.

The "Odontography" of Professor Owen will afford us another example of the value of the microscope in determining the nature of a doubtful fossil. This work contains the results of the laborious and accurate observations of its distinguished author, upon almost every principal tribe of the three classes of vertebrata in which teeth are present; and must constitute the foundation of all future researches on this subject. In the case in question, a few scattered teeth were almost the only indications of animal life throughout an extensive stratum: and they happened not be characterized by any peculiarity of external form—so that their real nature would have remained doubtful, unless the microscope had enlightened us on their internal structure. Some years ago, certain detached teeth were found in the keuper-

sandstone of Wirtemberg, and were described by Professor Jaeger as the remains of a gigantic Saurian reptile, to which he gave the name of Mastodonsaurus. Other fossil fragments of jaws and teeth from the same formation were described under the name of Phytosaurus. A third remarkable and characteristic fossil discovered in the keuper-sandstone, consisted of a fragment of a cranium having certain peculiarities of the Batrachian reptiles; and on this fossil Professor Jaeger founded his species called "*Salamandroides giganteus*." In a sandstone deposit in Warwickshire again, certain teeth or fragments of teeth, at first supposed to be of saurian character, had also been discovered. Whether this sandstone was the equivalent of the keuper or of the bunter division of the new red sandstone formation, as developed in Germany, was an important question. Accordingly, it became also of importance to determine whether the Wirtemberg and the Warwickshire fossil teeth were of identical or of allied species, or whether they were altogether dissimilar. Now the external forms of teeth of reptiles are seldom so characteristic as in Mammals, whose teeth are much more adapted to their several kinds of food. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that Professor Owen was unable to pronounce upon this question, from the comparison of their external aspect alone. But, on procuring a thin section of one of the Wirtemberg teeth, and placing it under the microscope, a most wonderful and complicated structure presented itself to his astonished view. Of this structure we almost despair of conveying an idea by words alone. We will, however, try with the assistance of some of the forms which connect it with the ordinary types of dental structure. Our readers must first picture to themselves a hollow cylinder of dentine, covered externally by cementum, and enclosing the soft pulp of the tooth; and then imagine the cylindrical wall to be thrown into a regular series of wavy folds arranged vertically; they will thus understand the formation of the lower part of the tooth of the extinct *Icthyosaurus*—and also that of the tooth of the *Lepidosteus* or Bony Pike, one of the few sauroid fish still existing. But let them further suppose these folds to be deepened, so as to become a series of plaits, all directed toward the axis of the cylinder, and in contact with each other at their sides; and afterward, suppose the plaits themselves to be thrown into secondary folds and convolutions, so as to present very much the aspect of the surface of the brain; they will

then have some idea of the extraordinary structure of this tooth, the original possessor of which has since received the very expressive designation of *Labyrinthodon*, the former name of *Mastodonsaurus* being no longer appropriate. It was only after making sundry sections of this tooth in various directions, and frequently comparing them with numerous examples of the teeth of Saurians, Batrachians, and other animals, that Professor Owen at length comprehended the cerebri-form convolutions by which every portion of the tooth of this most singular reptile of the keuper-sandstone is so remarkably distinguished. Once fully comprehended, however, all this complexity was found to be apparent only; for each wavy fold has on one side of it an extension of the central pulp-cavity, from which its dentinal tubes proceed; whilst its other border properly forms part of the external surface of the tooth, carried in by this extraordinary duplication toward its centre, and thus everywhere in its usual relation with the cemental layer.

The next step was, of course, to make a similar examination of the teeth from the Warwickshire sandstone. The result left no doubt but that they belonged to the same genus with the German specimens; and this, in connection with other evidence, sufficiently proved the equivalence of the German and English deposits. A most interesting zoological problem now came under consideration;—what was the nature of the animal to which these teeth belonged? They had been referred, from *external* characters, to the Saurian order; but these characters were by no means conclusive, owing to the general similarity of form which prevails through that entire class. As the nearest approaches to the peculiar *internal* structure of the teeth are presented by Fish-lizards, and Lizard-like fish, it might be reasonably expected that the *Labyrinthodon* would combine with its reptilian characters an affinity with fish. This turned out to be the case on an examination of the fragments of the *skull* of the Warwickshire fossils, with which the teeth remained in connection; and the analogy was confirmed by comparing them with the Batrachian remains in the keuper-sandstone. All things considered, there can be no question, we think, but that the *Labyrinthodon* was in reality a gigantic Batrachian or frog-like animal, five or six feet in length, with some peculiar affinities to fishes, and a certain mixture also of Crocodilian characters.

Now, it happens that, in various locali-

ties, where beds of the new red sandstone formation have been exposed, and especially in the Stourton quarries, near Liverpool, *foot-prints* are found, which afford unmistakable evidence of the former existence of an air-breathing animal, whose posterior extremities must have been of most disproportionate size, and its foot of a singular hand-like shape. The provisional name of *Cheirotherium* had been bestowed upon this unknown quadruped, and more than one palæontologist suggested that the creature must have been a Batrachian reptile. But it was objected that the gigantic dimensions of the hypothetical frog were without a precedent; and that its feet were unlike those of any existing Batrachian, or, indeed, of any reptile whatever. We have now seen, however, that in beds of the very same formation, there have been found the teeth and bones of a gigantic Batrachian reptile, whose dimensions and proportions would agree with the foot-prints in question; and which differs from any other Batrachia,—indeed from all other reptiles,—in the structure of its teeth, and therefore (it may fairly be inferred) also in the structure of its extremities. It appears to us, therefore, that a very satisfactory case is made out by Professor Owen in favor of the identity of the *Labyrinthodon* and the *Cheirotherium*; and we cite it, for the purpose of observing that the most important link in the chain of evidence was furnished by microscopic examination of the teeth.

Though we have dwelt so long upon this example, before leaving it we wish to notice a curious fact connected with it. Very shortly after the publication of the second part of Professor Owen's *Odontography*, containing his beautiful delineations of the dental structure of this fossil, a pocket-handkerchief was made in Manchester, with an enlarged copy of the section of the *Labyrinthodon* tooth for its pattern! It would be well, we think, if our manufacturers had recourse more frequently to Nature for suggestions. The sections of the spines of the *Echinus*, whose remarkable structure we shall presently notice, would supply a vast variety of patterns of wonderful delicacy and beauty, both of form and color.

We will instance only another application of the microscope to this branch of inquiry, in a recent example of great interest to economy as well as science. A continuous rock-formation extends over many parts of Russia, bearing a strong resemblance in its mineral characters to members of the Permian and Triassic systems,—the magnesian limestone

and new red sandstone of our own country. But so great was the difficulty of obtaining from stratification any evidence of its proper place in the series, on account of the prevalent horizontality of the strata, that the only hope of settling the question rested upon the organic remains which might be discovered in the formation. Unfortunately these were few and fragmentary,—consisting chiefly of teeth which are seldom perfectly preserved. From the gigantic size of these teeth, together with their form, it was at first inferred that they belonged to Saurians. But the microscopic investigations of Professors Asmus (of Corpat), Agassiz, and Owen, have proved them to be the teeth of gigantic fishes, and to belong to a genus (*Dendrodus*) whose presence is restricted to the Palæozoic formations. The deposit in question is therefore a representative of the *old*, not of the *new*, red sandstone,—a determination of the greatest practical moment; for, on the former supposition, that the teeth were the remains of Saurians, coal-measures would have been expected to lie below; and extensive borings might have been carried on, involving great expenses. The discovery that the remains belonged to fishes of the Devonian epoch put an end to all such expectations.

The line of inquiry which was opened by these and similar discoveries has been successfully followed up by Dr. Carpenter. He has demonstrated the organic structure of the *shells* and other external skeletons of invertebrated animals; and has shown that the diversities are, in many instances, sufficiently definite in their characters to determine the family, sometimes the genus, and occasionally even the species—from the inspection of a minute fragment of the shell, fossil as well as recent. The most recent conchological writers had been of opinion, on the contrary, that shell was not merely destitute of blood-vessels, but was completely *inorganic*,—composed, in fact, of an exudation of calcareous particles, cemented together by animal glue. Even the celebrated geologist and Palæontologist Von Buch, when first informed of the result of these observations, exclaimed that it was “impossible” that shells should possess any organic structure. An *a priori* probability, however, in favor of their possessing a certain degree of organization followed the discovery of the organic structure of the epidermis or cuticle of higher animals; and the progressive elevation of physiology as a science, which now enables it to *predict* phe-

nomena, as well as to record and generalize them, is well illustrated by the fact that Dr. Carpenter had published in 1841, some time before the commencement of his direct investigations, the following anticipation of their results; “From the analogy which the shells of Mollusca and Crustacea bear to the epidermic appendages of higher animals, there would seem reason to believe that the former, like the latter, have their origin in cells, and that these are afterward hardened by the deposition of earthy matter in their interior.”*

Indeed, the shells of Mollusca may be regarded as strictly *epidermic* in their character; since they are formed upon the surface of the *mantle*, which answers to the true skin of other animals. They appear to be always composed, in the first instance, of epidermic cells, consolidated by the deposit of carbonate of lime in their anterior; and in many cases such is the structure, distinctly exhibited in the fully formed shell, and visible in the membranous residuum, after the removal of the calcareous matter by dilute acids. It often happens, however, that the original cellular organization is obscured through subsequent changes, by which new forms of tissue are produced; and we sometimes lose all traces of it. Certain shells have a very elaborate *tubular* structure; the tubes being disposed in an irregular network near the internal surface, with which they appear to communicate, and sending off long straight branches at intervals which pass toward the exterior. These tubes are usually much larger than those of teeth and bone—their diameter being frequently as much as 1.4000th of an inch. Still it does not appear probable that they receive blood; though they may be well supposed to imbibe nutritious fluid from the surface of the mantle for the reparation of the exterior of the shell; more especially as most of the species in which they abound are remarkable for their foliated or sculptured surface. The peculiar group of bivalves, known under the designation of *Brachiopoda*, is of the greatest interest to the palæontologist. Their proportion to the ordinary bivalves is at present quite insignificant; but it includes nearly all the bivalve shells which were most abundant in the earlier part of the Palæozoic series. A most unexpected structure has lately been discovered in them. Not only is the texture of the shell itself so

* Principles of General and Comparative Physiology, 2nd edit., p. 88.

peculiar, that almost any species may be recognized as a Brachiopod, from the microscopic examination of even a minute fragment; but in a considerable section of the group, the soft organs of the animal within are seen to be actually prolonged into the substance of the shell, passing through it to its external surface.

The real structure of *nacre*, or mother-of-pearl, to which its iridescence is owing, has also been determined by a similar method of inquiry. The peculiar lustre of this substance was long since discovered by Sir D. Brewster to be due to the striation of its surface by a series of very shallow grooved lines, which usually ran parallel to each other; and it was found that impressions taken from it on sealing-wax, gum, or any other similar material, would exhibit the iridescent colors. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the fact, that it has been found possible to communicate similar prismatic hues to metallic surfaces, by ruling them with lines by means of a diamond point, at the distance of 1·10,000th of an inch from one another. Indeed, if such lines be ruled upon a die of hardened steel, the iridescence is developed in every metallic surface which receives its impress. As the lines upon nacre are not obliterated by any amount of polishing, it is evident that their presence depends upon something peculiar in the intimate texture of this substance, and not upon any merely superficial arrangement. Sir D. Brewster supposed this peculiarity to consist in an alternation of layers of mineral membrane and calcareous matter,—the grooves being produced by the wearing away of the former. Now, supposing every line upon the nacreous surface to indicate a distinct layer of shell substance, a very thin section of mother-of-pearl ought to contain many thousand laminæ, in accordance with the number of lines upon its surface. But what is the fact? When the calcareous portion of the nacre is dissolved with dilute acid, no such repetition of membranous layers is to be found. On the contrary, if the piece of nacre be the product of one act of shell-formation, it furnishes but a single layer of membrane. In the investigation of this curious problem, Dr. Carpenter availed himself of the peculiar facilities afforded by the well-known *Haliotis splendens*, the remarkable variety of hues in whose shell is produced by the alternation of layers of nacre with laminæ of a horny substance like tortoise-shell. And he was thus led to the discovery that the iridescence may con-

tinue in the *membrane alone*, after all the calcareous matter has been removed by acid.—provided that this membrane retain the folds or plaits in which it was originally disposed, and to which the lineation of the nacre is evidently due. On the other hand, if the membrane be extended, so as to obliterate the folds, its prismatic lustre entirely disappears. The conclusion is, a complete confirmation of Sir D. Brewster's optical discovery of the dependance of the iridescence upon the lineation of the surface, and at the same time a correction of his explanation of the cause of it.

As in the case of bones and teeth, the peculiarities of intimate structure displayed by many shells have enabled the microscopist to identify even minute fragments, which had nothing characteristic in their external forms. For instance, there are certain tribes, both recent and fossil, whose other characters leave a doubt respecting their true place in the series—such as the curious extinct group of *Rudistes*—where the results of a similar examination appear to furnish the decisive evidence required.

The shells of *Crustacea* are shown by the microscope to be even more highly organized than those of *Mollusca*. A section taken across the black end of the claw of the common crab exhibits a structure exactly resembling that of dentine; the dense homogeneous substance being traversed by a multitude of tubuli radiating from the central cavity toward the circumference. The same structure is found in other parts of the shell, but the texture is less dense; the extremity of the claw obviously requiring, for its prehensile purposes, a special degree of firmness. The surface of the shell is covered by a layer of flattened cells, fitted to each other by angular borders, so as to form a continuous layer. These cells have the power of secreting coloring matter; and it is from the secretions which they elaborate, that the hue of the surface, with all its variations, is derived.

The minute structure of the skeleton in the class of *Echinodermata* presents features of peculiar interest. This class includes, not merely the *Echinus* (sea-urchin,) and *Starfish*,—its best known forms,—but also the *Holothuria* (sea-cucumbers,) and the vast group of *Crinoiden*, which are scarcely at all represented at the present epoch. The forms and conditions of these animals have apparently nothing in them common to all. What is the similarity, for example, between the zoophytic *Encrinite*,—an animal some-

what resembling a star-fish, but attached to a stony stalk to one fixed point during its whole existence,—and the free-moving, soft-bodied *Holothuræ*, which, as their vernacular name implies, are sometimes so elongated as to present an entirely worm-like aspect, and in which we frequently lose all trace of the radial symmetry by which the group, as a whole, is characterized? Notwithstanding this apparent absence of a community of nature between the extremes, the groups in question are united by such a continuous series of intermediate forms, that no naturalist has felt any hesitation in placing them together in the same class. To this class, however, it has been hitherto impossible to assign any precise general character. The character conveyed by the designation *Echinodermata* (prickled-skinned,) is of very limited application. For the prickles or spines which cover the surface of the Echini, and the like, are scarcely developed in the star-fish, and are entirely wanting in others. By some naturalists the possession of *cirrhi*, or tendril-like tubes proceeding from the skin, has been thought to approach most nearly to a criterion of the class. But Dr. Carpenter has pointed out a more extensive agreement in the minute structure of the skeleton,—whether it consists of polygonal plates united at the edges, so as to form a complete envelope to the body, as in the *Echinus*,—or of a solid stem and branching arms, as in the *Crinoidea*,—or of a jointed flexible framework within a thick skin, as in the *Star-fish*,—or is only to be discovered in the rudimentary condition of scattered patches of calcareous deposit, as in the *Holothuria*, and its allies.

The elementary structure of the skeleton in this class may be described as a *net-work*, composed of calcareous and animal matter intimately united; the former, however, being greatly predominant. In this net-work, the interspaces or openings, and the solid structure which surrounds them, may bear an extremely variable proportion to one another. The predominance of the latter gives great solidity and strength to those parts of the skeleton where strength is principally required; whilst the texture is very loose and porous, with but a small amount of solid materials, and in those parts where the object is rather to fill up space. In either case, however, the strength of the whole is much greater than would be inferred from the apparent slowness of its intimate structure, as seen in a thin section. For the net-work is not on a single plane, but extends in all

directions, every part supporting every other part, and being supported by it in turn.

But this structure is seen to most advantage in the *spines* or prickles, with which the shell of the *Echinus* is beset. The strength of these organs is so increased by being connected with solid ribs or pillars, as to constitute a regular and distinct pattern, which appears to differ in every separate species. The spines are, for the most part, cylindrical or conical in their form; their transverse sections, therefore, are usually of a circular shape. Reduced to a sufficient thinness, and examined with the microscope, they exhibit a regular concentric arrangement, resembling that of an Exogenous stem, and proceeding from the same cause—the addition of successive layers, each on the outside of the preceding one. Each layer of the calcareous net-work is surrounded by a row of solid pillars or ribs, which may be seen running from end to end on the external surface of the spine; and as these are composed of a very transparent substance, their cross-sections might be mistaken at first sight for open spaces, in those species at least, in which the substance is colorless. In most cases, however, it is tinged with some decided hue. The brilliancy of these hues, when shown in a strong light, and the marvelous regularity and variety of the pattern, render these sections unattractive and even uncouth, in external appearance, as are the bodies from which they are derived, perhaps the most beautiful objects which the microscope has revealed to us. As much of beauty is found in the infinity of shapes and hues, as of exquisite fitness and harmony in the forms and structures of the new creation thus brought within our survey.

We have already alluded to the importance of the microscope to the geologist; how it has verified the true nature of fragmentary remains of the animals and plants of former epochs, and how it has shown us vast stratified deposits almost entirely made up of the accumulated remains of animals and plants which, even in their living state, were of microscopic minuteness. We still look forward to further discoveries in other cases, from a microscopic examination of rocks, at present believed to be inorganic. At the request of Mr. C. Darwin, Dr. Carpenter minutely examined the physical composition of the extensive calcareous deposit which covers the surface of the Pampas, and in which the remains of the great Megatheroid quadrupeds are imbedded; and compared it with the composition of the calca-

reous tufa now in progress of formation along the coast of Chili. The latter was found to be obviously composed in great part of fragments of shells, distinguishable by the naked eye: and the dense matrix in which they are imbedded is chiefly made up of minuter fragments, only distinguishable as such by the microscope; while the amorphous deposit of calcareous particles that cements the whole together, has every appearance of having been the result of the attrition or decomposition of the same or organic structures. On examining the Pampas deposit, the principal part of it was found to be composed of amorphous particles, so similar in aspect to those of the Chilian rock that their identity could scarcely be doubted; whilst, scattered at wide intervals, were discovered particles of shell, distinctly recognizable by the microscope, though invisible to the naked eye. From these indications it seems a probable inference that the sources of both deposits were the same; but that the materials of the Pampas deposit had undergone a much greater degree of comminution than those of the Chilian rock. This inference agrees with Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, "that the Pampean formation was slowly accumulated at the mouth of the former estuary of the Plata, and in the sea adjoining it;" and appears to render it much more probable than M. D'Orbigny's theory of a great debacle, or Sir Woodbine Parish's idea of a fluvatile deposit.*

We observe also in Mr. Williamson's microscopic analysis of the Levant mud, already alluded to, that he has been able to recognize minute fragments of the shells of Mollusca and Echinodermata, mingled with the Infusoria and Foraminifera, of which that deposit is chiefly composed; and it further appears, that fragments of this description form no inconsiderable proportion of some varieties of chalk. Dr. Carpenter's attention has recently been given to the minute examination of those vast deposits of Nummulitic Limestone in different parts of the world, which have been represented by many geologists as equivalent to the higher beds of chalk of Northern Europe; but which are now generally regarded as belonging to the earliest ages of the tertiary period. In a paper on this subject recently communicated to the Geological Society, Dr.

Carpenter has not only described an entirely new type of structure, presented by bodies which have been hitherto, for want of microscopic analysis, classed among the Nummulites; but he has also proved that the calcareous matrix in which the Nummulites and their allies are imbedded, and which forms a continuous strata of hundreds of miles in length and breadth, and sometimes of three thousand feet in thickness, is itself composed of the comminuted remains of similar bodies, mingled with the shells of minuter Foraminifera.

We undertook to demonstrate that the microscope, as an instrument of scientific research, is now fully entitled to take rank with the telescope; in virtue of its perfection as an optical instrument, of the new facts which it has brought under our cognizance, and of the comprehensive views which it has opened to us. The grandeur of these views must not be estimated by the space over which they extend, but by the conceptions to which they give rise in our minds. There is something indeed in the extremes of minuteness, which is no less wonderful,—we might almost say, no less majestic,—than in the extreme of vastness. If the mind loses itself in the contemplation of the immeasurable depths of space, and of the innumerable multitudes of stars and systems by which they are peopled, it is equally lost in wonder and admiration when its eye is turned to the countless multitude of living beings which a single drop of water may contain—to the wondrous succession of phenomena which every individual amongst them exhibits, and to the order and constancy which these phenomena present. Or, still more, when we direct its scrutiny to the penetration of that universe, which may be said to be included in the human body, (and now said with a meaning unknown to those ancient philosophers who first designated it as a *microcosm*.) and survey the innumerable assemblage of elementary parts, each having its own independent life, yet each working in perfect harmony with the rest, for the completion of their most significant yet most mysterious whole. In the study of the one class of phenomena, no less than in the survey of the other, are we led toward infinity; and in both alike, do we discern the orderly, uniform, and effectual ministration of a wise design, evolving the most varied and astonishing results from the co-operation of the most simple means.

* Darwin's Geological Observations on South America, p. 77.

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AGNES SOREL AND HER CONTEMPORARIES

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the long contests between the rival houses of Lorraine and Bar seemed likely to be terminated by the extinction of both families. The sole representative of the latter house was the Cardinal of Bar, an aged prelate; while the destinies of Lorraine hung on the life of a feeble infant, daughter of its chivalrous Duke, Charles, and his exalted consort, Margaret of Bavaria.

The little Isabelle, on whose frail existence so much depended, was tended, cherished, almost idolized, by her future subjects, as well as by her fond parents. As she grew in years and bodily vigor, the faculties of her precocious mind were developed under the judicious care of her wise mother and gifted father. Charles of Lorraine was the most accomplished prince of his day. He had proved himself a brave and skillful warrior in his campaigns in Germany and Hungary. He had commanded the forces of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia, and had been the main stay of the Hungarian monarch in his war with the Turks. The Duke of Lorraine was no less skilled in the arts of peace. A poet of no mean excellence, his refined and liberal mind, his elegant tastes, and his graceful and winning manners, are praised by the historiographers of his own time, who ever found a welcome at his hospitable court.

Under these beneficent influences the little Isabelle passed her childhood and early girlhood, not quite companionless, for her playmate from the cradle—to whom she was ever fondly attached—was the fair and gentle Agnes Sorel, whose singular adventures we are about to narrate.

The "Demoiselle de Fromenteau," as she was styled, though of very inferior rank to her friend, could scarcely be regarded as a dependant. Her father, the Seigneur de Saint Gérard, was attached to the service of the Count de Clermont; and his little Agnes was tended and educated by the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine with the same care as

their own daughter. In many traits of character the girls resembled each other. Agnes, who was the elder by one year, was remarkable for her gentleness and winning sweetness of deportment. Isabelle had more vivacity, and greater brilliancy. They were both beautiful, but the same distinction might be observed in the style of their personal charms. Isabelle, though without the shadow of vanity, pride, or hauteur, "looked every inch a queen;" the noble blood of the great Charlemagne flowed in her veins, and the high-born lady, destined to command, was apparent in every movement and gesture. Agnes has been likened to the "Madonna" of Raffaele. Her fair and slender form, her large, soft, pleading eyes, bespoke a soul gentle, timid, and trusting. Yet Agnes was not a weak or insipid character. The most accomplished woman of her day—the most delightful converser—so much so, that even at that epoch, so fruitful in illustrious ladies, she was looked on as a prodigy—she owed her great and enduring influence more to her mental qualities than to her personal attractions. She fascinated all who came within her sphere; and occupying, as she afterward did, a most anomalous and questionable position, she never made a personal enemy, but gained and retained the affectionate good-will of those who, we should naturally suppose, would have regarded her elevation to power and influence with envious and indignant feelings.

The aged Cardinal of Bar, feeling himself on the verge of the grave, anxiously desired to terminate, by a marriage between Isabelle and his grand-nephew René, the strife which had for generations been waged between the houses of Bar and Lorraine. The young prince, destined for this alliance, was the second son of Louis of Anjou and Yolande of Arragon, whose mother had been a princess of the house of Bar. The Cardinal had adopted and educated René, with the design of making him his heir, and had spared no pains to perfect him in those arts and exer-

cises befitting his high rank and future position; and although in some respects his nephew might scarcely aspire to the hand of the heiress of Lorraine, still, the pretensions of the young count were not inconsiderable. His sister, Marie, was married to the Dauphin Charles, heir-apparent to the crown of France. His father, titular King of Naples and Sicily, although he had failed in establishing himself in this inheritance, bequeathed by Queen Joanna, could yet transmit his title to these rich possessions, which his children might hope eventually to inherit. Influenced, perhaps, less by these considerations than by his personal merits, the Duke and Duchess declared themselves in favor of Rene's suit; and their youthful daughter became his bride ere she had attained her fifteenth year.

When Isabelle bade adieu to her native Lorraine, and accompanied her husband to Provence, she did not part from the friend of her girlhood. Agnes Sorel shared the joys, and sympathized in the sorrows of her wedded life. At first the horizon was bright and cloudless. Isabelle, who was ever an adored wife, became the proud mother of four children, "the most beautiful ever seen"—so the contemporary chroniclers assure us; but when her father's death made her heiress of Lorraine, the gathering clouds of war, and its attendant miseries, cast their lurid shadows around her: her cousin, Antoine de Vandemont, contested the succession, asserting that Lorraine was too noble a fief to descend to a female. Singularly enough, the question had never before arisen: Charles of Lorraine was the first prince who had not left behind him male heirs. The Duke of Burgundy supported the claims of Antoine de Vandemont; and Rene, after bravely fighting for the inheritance of his wife, was taken prisoner at the battle of Bulligneville, and condemned to a rigorous captivity in the castle of Dijon.

This fatal battle was lost by the rash impetuosity of the young nobles of Lorraine and Bar, who fought in the ranks of their Duke Rene. The veteran general Barbazan had earnestly entreated his master to act on the defensive.

"Quand on a peur des feuilles, il ne faut pas aller au bois," said a young gallant, contemptuously.

"Ces paroles ne sont pas pour moi," replied the brave old soldier; "Dieu merci, j'ai toujours vécu sans reproche; et encore aujourd'hui on verra si c'est la crainte ou le bon conseil qui me font parler de la sorte."

The result justified his prediction: Rene, having done all that a brave man could do, and received many honorable wounds, fell into the hands of his enemy. When Isabelle learned the tidings of this disastrous fight, and heard that her beloved lord was in captivity, she hastened to Chinon, to entreat Charles's aid and mediation with the Duke of Burgundy to procure the freedom of her husband. But Rene owed his liberation from captivity to a more romantic cause than the intercession of his royal brother-in-law. Philip of Burgundy, having visited his captive, found him employed in painting. Rene had executed on glass very charming and faithful portraits of Philip and his father, Jean-sans-peur. The kind-hearted Duke was touched and interested: he conversed frequently with the accomplished prince, and restored to him his liberty, only stipulating that he should surrender himself a captive the following year, if the conditions annexed as the price of his freedom should not have been complied with.

The visit of Isabelle to Chinon was, nevertheless, productive of important results. Agnes Sorel had accompanied her; and, in the interview which the princess of Lorraine and Bar had with the Sovereign, the grace and beauty of the "Demoiselle de Fromenteau" struck the ardent fancy of the young Charles. The impression she had made was observed by the wife and mother-in-law of the king. The latter, Yolande of Anjou, was a woman of masculine mind; she swayed the careless monarch, and, unconsciously to him, had long guided his counsels. The passion alike of Yolande, of her daughter, Queen Marie, and of the beautiful stranger, was patriotism. France was in subjection. Charles its king, and who ought to have been its deliverer, was insensible of its dishonor, or too much devoted to pleasure, to make the necessary exertion for his country's safety. Marie, beautiful and amiable, was not beloved. The influence which alone could stir Charles to noble resolves, should spring from a passion which Yolande perceived her daughter could never excite. She conceived the singular, we may say the unexampled design of exciting it by the charms of Agnes Sorel. Wonderful force of the sentiment of love of country! Marie, stranger still to record, assented. Hopeless herself of influencing Charles through his affections, and quite conscious of his passion for the beautiful stranger, Queen Marie listened without disapproval to the suggestions of the vigorous-minded Yolande, that they should wean the voluptuous monarch from his effeminate in-

dolence and unworthy favoritism, by giving him as companion and friend, one who, they both saw, was gifted with a high and commanding intellect, and a gentle nature and constant heart. Surely we cannot wonder that such an age was rich in noble enthusiasm, when it witnessed a sacrifice of pride and feeling so extraordinary in persons so exalted. The disinterestedness of friendship has nothing to compare with this astonishing instance of patriotic devotion. But still we must not estimate the sacrifice at more than, in truth, it was worth; or suppose even ~~these~~ heroines capable of impossibilities. Marie had had frequent occasion to lament her husband's infidelities; her conjugal love could not be further outraged by the substitution of a comparatively virtuous attachment for those ephemeral amors which had hitherto marred the happiness of her wedded life. That influence over the mind of Charles which she had failed in securing might, the fondly hoped, be so wielded by the beautiful and *spirituelle* friend of the high-minded Isabelle of Lorraine, as to change the destinies of the hapless realm of France. She asked from her brother's wife permission to promote the fair Agnes to be her maid of honor. Isabelle felt keenly the unavoidably separation from her friend, should she yield to the Queen's entreaties; but she could not allow her selfish affection to be a barrier to the advancement of Agnes Sorel. The young girl, ignorant of all that was designed for her, was from thenceforth to live at court, attached to the person of Marie of Anjou, who even personally had conceived a warm regard for one whom she designed to make, if possible, her own rival.

Queen Yolande, for she was titular sovereign of the two Sicilies, was a far-sighted and ambitious woman, unscrupulous, as we have seen, in the choice of means which might enable her to obtain a desired end. When the fortunes of Charles were at their lowest ebb, she had never despaired, but courageously cheered and animated him to exertion. Let us cast a rapid glance at Charles's past career. The imbecility of his father, King Charles VI., and the hatred which his unnatural mother had conceived for him, had made the Dauphin, in his earlier, an outcast from the sweet charities of home. The tragical murder of Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy, on the bridge of Montreuil, had drawn down on his head the intense hatred of the Burgundian party, then the most powerful in France. Well might Francis I. exclaim, when he gazed, in the

Chartreuse of Dijon, on the effigy of the murdered duke, "Through that gash," pointing to the wound which disfigured the forehead, "the English entered France!" The Dauphin always asserted, probably with truth, that he was innocent of this foul murder. Tannegui du Chatel struck the fatal blow; but Charles had expressly invited the Duke of Burgundy to this ill-fated conference, and the assassination was accomplished in his presence. Philip le Bon, son of the murdered Duke, thirsting for revenge, threw the weight of his vast power and influence into the opposing scale, and allied himself with the enemies of his country to revenge his father's death. By the conference at Arras (1419) he paved the way for the infamous treaty of Troyes (1420), which disinherited the Dauphin, and transferred the royal diadem to the English invader, Henry V. In the treaty, by which Charles VI. thus disowned his son, the following insulting clause occurs, which must have been peculiarly galling to the Dauphin:—

"Considérant les horribles et énormes crimes et délits commis par Charles, soi-disant Dauphin de Viennois, il est accordé que nous, notre dit fils le roi, et aussi notre trèscher fils Philippe, Duc de Bourgoigne, nous ne traiterons aucunement de paix et de concorde avec le dit Charles, si non du consentement et du conseil de tous et de chacun de nous trois, et des trois états du royaume."

Two years later and the Dauphin found himself King, though he had but a scanty territory, and few adherents. The imbecile Charles had breathed his last. The victorious Henry had also been snatched away by the unsparing hand of the destroyer. Paris and the northern provinces were, however, held for the young Henry VI., by his uncle, the brave Duke of Bedford. Charles VII. could only establish his court on the southern bank of the Loire; and even there he scarcely felt his position secure. "Le petit Roi de Bourges," was the name contemptuously given to him by the English. Charles "le Victorieux," Charles "le Bien Servi," were titles which he could triumphantly claim, not many years later. His wondrous success is to be ascribed, not to his personal exertions, for he was, as has been intimated, indolent and excessively addicted to pleasure, but to the discriminating wisdom, or rather instinct, with which he chose his counsellors. He had the art, or the good luck, to gather around him and attach to his cause the greatest captains of the age, and the wisest and most far-sighted

politicians ; and, notwithstanding his indolent habits, had the good sense to profit by their counsels and services. We have only to mention the names of "the brave Dunois," the Comte de Richemont, La Hire, Saint-railles, &c., who conducted his military operations ; in the diplomatic department the sagacious Yolande of Anjou, Jacques Bureau, and his brother Gaspard, who created for him the most effective artillery in Europe ; and in finance, that most skillful of exchequer-chancellors, Jacques Cœur.

Yolande seems to have understood fully the character of her son-in-law. She knew him to be of an affectionate and trusting nature, and peculiarly sensitive to the refined charms of female society. He was capable of appreciating all that is excellent in the character of woman—her heroism—her generous abnegation of self—her enduring devotion. Yolande artfully availed herself of these influences. Unseen herself, she was, as we have already observed, the guiding hand which influenced Charles throughout his entire career, and through him the destinies of France. Her daughter, Queen Marie, was a very superior woman, amiable, accomplished, generous, and gentle ; but she never possessed her husband affections, though her conduct secured his esteem and respect. Stimulated by her mother, she strenuously labored to make the King lay aside his besetting sin of indolence, and act with vigor against the English. Fortune seemed invariably to desert the banner of the lawful sovereign, and Charles found his best generals and bravest troops so often defeated that his friends lost hope and confidence, and his dispirited soldiery deserted their colors.

While the Dauphin remained inactive at Chinon, Orleans, his principal stronghold on the Loire, was closely invested by the English. Dunois, and others of his brave adherents, had thrown themselves into the beleaguered city ; but with slender hope of making a successful resistance to the besieging host. In this extremity of Charles's—or rather of Yolande's—fortunes (for it was she who in truth had so far fought the battle of French independence) another still more heroic French-woman suddenly appeared on the stage. Commissioned from on high, as she believed—to rescue her native land from foreign invaders—to raise the siege of Orleans, and see her King crowned at Rheims—Jeanne D'Arc, the simple shepherd-girl of Domremi, presented herself to Charles at Chinon. Yolande saw, and at a glance com-

prehended her enthusiasm. Perhaps, too, she credited her mission : at all events, she sympathized in her patriotic fervor ; and lost no time in communicating a share of her sympathy to Charles. Jeanne's divine commission was recognized. Accoutred in armor, and girt with the sword of Saint Catherine de Fierbois, she threw herself into Orleans. Her enthusiasm, her pious fervor, and her conviction of a triumphant accomplishment of her mission, inspired the garrison with new courage. Now here, now there ; successive sallies from the beleaguered city fell with the speed and destruction of lightning on the English outposts. A being partaking of the character of an angel and a prophetess headed these unexpected and terrible attacks. The superstitious terrors of the English were alarmed. Seven days after Jeanne entered Orleans, the siege was raised, and the English were in full retreat toward the Seine. So far, the mission sped prosperously ; she had now to retrieve her undertaking to see Charles placed on the throne of his ancestors in the old kingly capital of Rheims ; but to carry him thither through a hostile country, every stronghold of which was in the hands of his enemies, was even a more difficult achievement than the relief of Orleans. However, Jeanne's own belief in her preternatural mission had now spread far and wide, and those who at first had probably used her as an adventuress, now followed her as a heaven-inspired guide. The expedition to Rheims was undertaken—every obstacle gave way before the enthusiasm of Charles's followers. Rheims, after a progress as triumphant as dangerous, was gained ; and the consecrated oil, which would insure the validity of his title in the eyes of all true Frenchmen, was at length poured on the head of King Charles the Seventh. As Charles kneeled by the high altar, Jeanne "la Pucelle" stood by his side, leaning on her snow-white banner, spotted with the fleur-de-lis of France, on which was represented the Saviour of the world, with the simple inscription, *Jhesus Maria*. "It had shared the danger," she said ; "it was meet that it should share the glory."

There are probably few persons who are not familiar with that exquisite impersonation of Jeanne D'Arc, for which we are indebted to the chisel of a second "Maid of Orleans." The princess Marie of Wirtemberg, daughter to the ex-King of the French, has represented her in the garb so minutely described by contemporary writers, "*armée tout en blanc, sauf la teste, une petite hache en sa*

main;" leaning on the sword in form of the cross; her fair head bowed, and her features expressing resolution, blended with repose. Her mission was now accomplished: she fell at her monarch's feet bathed in tears. "Gentil roi," she said, addressing him, "or est exécuté le plaisir de Dieu, qui voulait que vous vinssiez à Rheims, recevoir votre digne sacre, pour montrer que vous êtes vrai roi, et celui auquel doit appartenir le royaume."

Jeanne now longed to return to her simple pastoral life, and her native village. She confided her wishes to Dunois. "Je voudrais bien que le gentil roi voulût me faire ramener auprès de mes père et mère qui auraient tant de joie à me revoir. Je garderais leurs brébis et bétail, et ferais ce que j'avais coutume de faire." The only acknowledgment of her services which she demanded, was the exemption from taxation of her native village. Until the revolution of 1793, *Neant à cause de la Pucelle* was entered opposite the name of Domremi, in the books of the taxing officer for that district of Lorraine.

But alas! for Jeanne; a far different destiny awaited her. The market-place of Rouen witnessed a tragedy which, merely to read of, has "drawn iron tears" from many a manly breast. The pure, the meek heroine, who had done such great things for "the pity" she had for the realm of France, was here to expiate the crime of patriotism by the punishment of witchcraft. Her infamous judge, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, condemned her to be burnt alive. "Helas!" she exclaimed, when she heard her sentence, "reduire en cendres mon corps qui est pur, et n'a rien de corrompu, c'est un horrible supplice!" As the priest who attended her dismounted from the scaffold, when the executioner was about to apply his torch, she said to him, "Tenez-vous en bas, levez la croix devant moi, que je la voie en mourant, et dites-moi de pieuses paroles jusqu'à la fin." Her last utterance was, "Jesus!"

Chinon, where Charles held his little court, is a place familiar, at least by name, to most of us, its castle being a favorite residence of our English sovereigns of the race of Plantagenet. Its situation is picturesque and imposing; planted on an elevated platform of rock overhanging the Loire, and commanding its junction with the Vienne, surrounded by the verdant woods and rich pasture-land of Touraine, the "garden of France." The ruins, which are considerable in extent, are of great interest, recalling the stirring times

of the crusaders, and, a few centuries later, the wrongs and sufferings of the Knights Templars, whose grand master, the heroic Jacques de Molay, was immolated within its walls. The adjoining monastery of Fontevault—founded by the devoted enthusiast Robert D'Arbrissol, who, following the example of his Divine Master, preached repentance and forgiveness to the "chiefest of sinners," and by his eloquent and heartfelt exhortations reclaimed from vice innumerable Magdalens, miserable outcasts from society, and hopeless, until he proclaimed to them the message of mercy, of forgiveness from God or man,—this noble and beautiful house of Fontevault contains the mortal remains of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion.

At a short distance from Chinon stood the Maison Robardeau. This was now to become the residence of Agnes Sorel. The scandal of that day reported, and possibly with truth, that Robardeau was connected with the castle where the monarch held his court, by an underground passage.

Charles possessed many qualities which fitted him to captivate the imagination and win the affections of a young and susceptible heart. His features were regular, beautiful alike in form and expression; though his *tout ensemble* was not effective from his want of height. He had a heart warm and devoted, manners gay and fascinating, a mind well cultivated, and elegant tastes. He was personally brave, though his love of pleasure, as well as a natural prudence, deterred him on many occasions from leading his armies in person to battle or victory. But, above all, he had at first sight conceived, and always afterward cherished for the fair Agnes, an impassioned and unswerving attachment, which ended only with life. The young girl long resisted his suit, though she also loved in return; but she was in the midst of influences and inducements, such as perhaps never before or since solicited a woman to dishonor, and her weak woman's heart at last yielded.

When Agnes Sorel forfeited the approval of conscience—the calm dignity of her hitherto pure and spotless life—she forfeited also the happiness she had till then enjoyed. Never more, after such a fall, does Nature unfold her charms, as in the days of bright childhood, or happy and innocent girlhood—

"As I wandered free,
In every field for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing;
A veil through which I did not see—
A thin veil, o'er the world was thrown

In every bud, a mystery ;
 Magic, in every thing unknown.
 The field, the air, the grove was haunted,
 And all that age has disenchanted.
 Yes! give me—give me back the days of
 youth,
 Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance,
 The ~~in~~extinguishable love of truth,
 While life's realities were all romance."

—now the murky shadows of sin have obscured the happy vision—conscious guilt is the great disenchanter. How keenly Agnes felt her position, is evinced by the brief records of her words and feelings which have been handed down in history. Of her death-bed penitence we shall speak hereafter. Yet she had everything in the present, if we except the approval of her conscience, to make life dear to her. He whom she loved so fondly, and to whom she had dedicated her entire existence, repaid by the most fervent and constant devotion the sacrifice she had made for his sake. France, perhaps, an almost equal object of adoration, sprang up in freedom and power under the administration which she helped to guide. No woman was ever more truly loved. For twenty years—until death separated them—Charles never swerved in his attachment for his "good and gentle Agnes." The honors and splendors of this world were lavishly showered on her; yet she "bore her faculties so meekly," that she made no enemies, but could boast of many and faithful friends. The Queen loved her as a sister. The contemporary chroniclers vie with one another in eulogizing her wisdom and goodness—some of them, in their zeal for her virtue, denying even the nature of her connection with the King. All-powerful and beloved, she could find but one faint consolation for the loss of her innocence—promoting the happiness of others, and exercising her vast influence with the King for the honor of her country, by urging him to complete the emancipation of his kingdom from its foreign foes. At the time when his fortunes were most desperate, she had placed at his disposal all her wealth, in jewels or money, for the payment of his troops.

"Hier sind Juwelen—Schmelzt mein Silber
 ein—
 Verkauft, verpfändet meine Schlösser—Leihet
 Auf meine Güter in Provence—Macht Alles
 Zu Gelde und befriediget die Truppen!"

Well might the enamored monarch feel the sentiments of grateful admiration for these disinterested services of his fair Agnes,

which Schiller has made him utter so nobly :—

" ————— Zieren würde sie
 Den ersten Thron der Welt—doch sie verschmäh
 ihn,
 Nur meine Liebe will sie seyn und heissen.
 Erlanbte sie mir jemals ein Geschenk
 Von höherm Werth, als eine frühe Blume
 Im Winter oder seltne Frucht! Von mir
 Nimmt sie kein Opfer an, und bringt mir alle!
 Wagt ihren ganzen Reichthum und Besitz
 Großmüthig an mein untersinkend Glück."

An anecdote has been transmitted to us, which illustrates her playful yet judicious interference in the military measures of Charles the Seventh. An astrologer, in whose predictions the monarch placed much reliance, was closeted with him on one occasion when Agnes was present. Charles, discouraged by some recent failures, and the predictions of the soothsayer, was more than ordinarily disheartened, and disposed to inaction—Agnes interrupted the conference by extending her hand to the magician: "I also could read my destiny," she said. "Madam, you will be beloved by the greatest monarch in Europe," readily replied the flattering astrologer, well aware of her relation to the King. Charles smiled at the implied compliment to himself; but Agnes rose, and playfully addressed him—"Will your Majesty grant me your royal safe conduct, for I would not willingly run counter to my destiny," she said, archly. "I must go to the King of England, for I see clearly he is the greatest monarch, since he retains, in addition to his own dominions, the richest provinces of France, from which its sovereign makes no effort to dislodge him, fearing, it would seem, to assert his legitimate claim." Charles blushed under the merited, though sportive rebuke. Such a persuasive Mentor seldom spoke in vain: but her influence was most practically felt by bringing, as with extraordinary sagacity she did, under the notice of the King, brave knights and skillful warriors, whose courage and prudence achieved many a victory for the national cause.

Charles made his first entry into Paris in the November of 1437. The procession which accompanied him was truly splendid; and the details are dwelt on with the utmost minuteness by contemporary writers. A thousand archers, some of them composing Charles's body-guard, led the way; then rode the King, clad in brilliant silver armor—the trappings of his noble steed were of blue

velvet which swept the ground, embroidered with fleur-de-lis. The Queen was also splendidly attired; but as far surpassing her in magnificence, as she did in beauty, Agnes Sorel rode by her side. The only weakness recorded of "la belle des belles," is her fondness for sumptuous dress; and the only unamiable speech she was ever heard to utter was on this occasion. The Parisians murmured when they beheld her costly and rich costume, excelling in splendor that of the rightful and justly popular queen. "Les Parisiens ne sont que vilains," she, contemptuously, exclaimed: "et si j'avais su qu'ils ne m'eussent pas fait plus d'honneurs, je n'aurais jamais mis le pied dans leur ville." But to return from the offended and pettish beauty. The royal pages, the nobles of the household, and the young dauphin, afterward Louis the Eleventh, succeeded, and the procession was closed by a corps of one thousand men-at-arms, the élite of the French armies, headed by their gallant commander, the Count de Dunois. His armor was sparkling with gold and silver, and surpassed in splendor that of the monarch himself. The populace were not behindhand in their preparations. We can scarcely refrain from smiling when we read of their arrangements for an effective reception of the King, now, for the first time, entering his capital. The seven cardinal virtues, and the seven cardinal sins, met him on the threshold, if we may so speak; then, on various platforms which lined the way, were represented those mysteries, or sacred dramas, which had for the middle ages such significant import, and were so popular with all classes. The preaching of St. John the Baptist, the nativity of the Saviour, the adoration of the shepherds, the passion, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Lord, were all represented: even the despairing Judas figured aloft, apparently hanging himself in his hopeless grief.

A short time previously, the Dauphin Louis had wedded the young Margaret of Scotland, daughter to the chivalrous James I. This princess, then only in her twelfth year, was fondly loved by her mother-in-law, Queen Marie, who lavished on the gifted and interesting Dauphiness that tenderness which even her maternal breast could not feel for the wayward and unamiable Louis. The young couple were from the first unhappy. This jealous, crafty, intriguing young man, "mauvais fils, mauvais père, mauvais frère, mauvais sujet, mauvais allié, mauvais mari, et ennemi dangereux," was indeed ill-matched with the ardent, susceptible, and romantic

Scottish princess. Margaret found her sole happiness in the mutual affection which subsisted between her, her mother-in-law, and the gentle Agnes. These high-souled women passed many blissful hours together, cultivating those elegant tastes in which they alike found solace and enjoyment. Margaret in particular had inherited from her father, the royal poet of Scotland, a genius and feeling for this refining art. She spent her nights in composing ballads, which seem to have been not unworthy of the daughter of him who sang "The King's Quhair." Her patronage of men of genius was liberal and discriminating. A little incident connected with Alain Chartier may be worth recording. Passing through one of the saloons in the palace, she perceived the poet asleep on a chair. To the astonishment of the ladies who attended her, she softly approached him, and kissed his lips. In reply to their amazed glances she said to them—"Ce n'est point à l'homme que je donnai un baiser, c'est à la bouche d'où sortent de si belles paroles."

Soon after her marriage, her royal father, too enlightened for a barbarous age, perished the victim of a villainous treachery. Here, too, we are among the records of the loyalty and heroism of women. It was in resisting the approach of James's assassins that the noble Catherine Douglas thrust her own fair arm into the bolt-rings of the door, and kept it so fastened until the brutal murderers broke the bone. Margaret herself bade adieu to life ere she had attained her twenty-first year. Young as she was, existence had long been distasteful to her. She has been accused of having voluntarily injured her health by eating in excess unripe fruits and other acids, with the design of preventing herself from becoming the mother of children to so hateful a husband. In her last illness, when those around her expressed hopes of her recovery, she shudderingly exclaimed, "Fi de la vie, qu'on ne m'en parle plus!"

The death of the hapless Dauphiness deeply impressed the mind of Agnes Sorel, who, soon after, asked and obtained permission from the King to retire from court. She chose for the scene of her seclusion the castle which Charles had built for her in the neighborhood of Loches, and in the architectural details of which may yet be seen the device [^] (A *Sur-elle*), which identifies it with her name. She selected it in preference to her more picturesque château of Beauté Sur Marne—that romantic spot, formerly the favorite retreat of the murdered Louis of Or-

leans, father to her friend the Count de Dunois—because she proposed to herself to spend the remaining years of her life in devotional exercises; and in the canons of Loches—to whose cathedral she had ever proved a liberal patroness—she hoped to find pious and worthy instructors.

Agnes Sorel was still in the prime of life—she was thirty-six—when she voluntarily parted from her royal and still faithful lover. She had the consolation of reflecting that, during the fifteen years she had influenced his mind and his counsels, she had been the disinterested advocate of all that was “worthy and of good report.” She left him surrounded by tried and faithful friends, most of them attached to his cause by her influence and exertions. Jacques Cœur, the goldsmith of Bourges—whose vast monetary resources, acquired by his trade in the East, through her instrumentality had been placed at the disposal of the monarch, and had mainly conducted to the successful issue of his warlike undertakings—was her tried and dearest friend. She had named him the executor of her will, in which she had devised all her wealth to pious uses. For five years longer she was all-powerful with the King, who frequently visited her, and took counsel with her on affairs of state. His peace during these years was disturbed by the machinations of the Dauphin, who took every possible opportunity of annoying his father, and thwarting his projects. One grievance, on which he frequently insisted—his only real one—was the insult shown to his mother by the elevation of Agnes Sorel, toward whom he manifested an irreconcilable hostility. As for the meek Queen, when reminded of her wrongs, she would only answer, “*C'est mon seigneur; il a tout pouvoir sur mes actions, et moi aucun sur les siennes.*” She well knew, in truth, that the influence which the Lady of Beauté exercised over his mind was exercised in her favor, and was beneficial to her, as well as to the interests of the kingdom.

In the winter of 1449–50, Charles, who had recently subjugated Normandy, took up his abode in the Abbey of Jumieges. The cold was intense; this inclement season in France had never brought more severe and dreary weather. He was surprised to receive an unannounced visit from his fair Agnes. She had left Loches, and braved the winter's snow, to warn him of a conspiracy which might endanger his life, and in which the rebellious Dauphin was prime mover. Having conveyed her precautionary warning, she re-

tired to the neighboring hamlet of Mesnil, where she was seized by sudden and alarming illness. Her health, which had long been delicate, had been impaired by the trying journey she had just accomplished. She felt—with that intuitive perception which is given to many on the brink of eternity—that the grave would soon open its portals to receive her; and that she must prepare for her pilgrimage to that “*bourne whence no traveler returns.*” Her agonies of mind and body were intense. She reviewed, with self-unbraiding, her past life: lamented the fatal gift of beauty, but for which she might have accomplished her youth's early promise; lived in innocent happiness, and died in peace. To the Count de Tancarville, who stood by her death-bed, she spoke of her fears for the future: nor could she gain a moment's tranquillity, but by reflecting on the mercy shown by the Savior to Mary Magdalen, the woman who, like her, was “*a great sinner.*” She repeated, incessantly, passages from the confessions of St. Bernard, which she had copied with her own hand, feeling that they were applicable to her case. At length, exhausted by mental and bodily suffering, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of the King. Her heart was bequeathed to the monks of Jumieges; her body was interred in the middle of the choir of the cathedral church at Loches, where a beautiful monument was erected to her memory by her royal lover. She is represented in a recumbent posture; graceful drapery veils her figure, and a circlet round her brow confines her flowing tresses; angels, with extended wings, hover, as if waiting to convey to heaven the prayer which her clasped hands and half-parted lips seem to express; while two lambs, emblems of meekness and gentleness, lie passively crouched at her feet. The inscription is simple:—

“*Cy git noble Demoiselle Agnes Seurelle en son vivant Dame de Beauté de Roquese-rein, d'Essoudun, et de Vernon-sur-Seine, piteuse envers toutes gens, et qui largement donnoit de ses biens aux églises et aux pauvres; laquelle trépassa le 9^{iem} jour de Fevrier, l'an de grace 1449. Priez Dieu pour l'âme d'elle. Amen.*”

It may seem a paradox to speak of the virtuous mistress of Charles the Seventh; and posterity—even allowing for the frailties and errors of fallible human nature—might still pronounce an unfavorable verdict on the character and conduct of Agnes Sorel, were it not for the negative evidence given in her

favor by the contrast which is apparent in the actions of Charles during the twenty years in which her influence was paramount; and his conduct after her death. Then, as in his early youth, he abandoned himself to sensual indulgencies. No longer conceding to his amiable Queen that respect and consideration she so well merited, he treated her with harsh and cruel neglect. He became unmindful of his friends, and ungratefully dismissed them at the suit of newer and unworthy favorites.

Jacques Cœur, to whom he owed so much, was the first who fell under his displeasure, or rather, we should say, his indifference, and he basely left him to fall a prey to his personal enemies. The great money-changer of Bourges had amassed, for that day, enormous riches. He had been a successful trader in the Levant: his argosies rode, richly laden with the treasures of the East, in all the southern harbors of France. In his commercial establishment he had three hundred factors receiving their orders from him, and devoted to his interests. His seigneurie of St. Fargeau enclosed twenty-two parishes. His house at Bourges still remains a monument of his rich and elegant taste in architecture. The King was his debtor to an enormous amount. When Charles undertook the conquest of Normandy in 1448, Jacques Cœur advanced him 200,000 crowns of gold, and entertained four armies at his own expense. "Il est aussi riche que Jacques Cœur," was a common proverb. The people believed that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and could thus transmute the baser metals into pure gold. But the secret of his success was less magical; may we not trace it in the punning device which yet stands, carved in bold relief, on his house at Bourges—"A VAILLANS (cœurs) RIEN IMPOSSIBLE." Truly the omnipotence of Will is great. He who steadily resolves, and bends every energy to obtain the prize, whatever it may be, which he proposes to himself, runs but little chance of failure. Still, when success has been attained, how often does it fail to give the happiness and satisfaction which its possessor looked for? So was it with Jacques Cœur. The sunshine of his prosperity brought forth the adder.

Soon after the death of Agnes Sorel, Chabannes, one of the enemies whom his riches had excited, being high in the favor of the King, obtained his consent to a "proces" against the goldsmith of Bourges. One of the absurd charges brought against him was, that he had poisoned his constant and true

friend, the fair and gentle Lady of Beauté! With base injustice, Charles made his accuser his judge. After an indecent proceeding, in which every form of justice was violated, Jacques Cœur was condemned to perpetual banishment, with confiscation of his goods, in addition to a fine of 400,000 crowns to the royal coffers. The persecuted man fled to Rome, stripped of the wealth which he had acquired by the unremitting industry of years. He found the pontiff, Nicholas the Fifth, about to dispatch a fleet against the Turks, and solicited the command, which was readily granted him. But before his voyage was completed he fell sick, and died at Chio, where his mortal remains repose in a church of the Cordeliers. Popular rumor in France long refused credence to the tidings of his death. In the belief of many he lived to amass, anew, riches no less considerable than the fortune he had been stripped of in France with such cruel injustice.

We must not close our notice of Agnes Sorel without reverting to the fate of her early playmate, Isabelle of Lorraine. She died long before her friend—having survived her sons, who were snatched from her ere they had attained the age of manhood. Her daughters, Yolande and Margaret, were celebrated for their charms, as the latter afterward became for her sorrows and misfortunes. Yolande was betrothed to Ferry, son of Antoine de Vandemont, who had so long contested with René the succession to Lorraine: and part of the disputed territory was settled on the young couple. Margaret, when scarcely fifteen, was solicited in marriage by Henry the Sixth of England; and one of the last occasions on which Agnes Sorel appeared in public, was the ceremony of the espousals at Nanci. "La Belle des Belles" was, as usual, sumptuously attired, and her presence was considered to give great éclat to the scene. When the youthful bride bade adieu to her native land, the King tenderly embraced her: "I seem to have done little for you, my niece," he said, addressing her, "in placing you on one of the mightiest thrones in Europe, for it is not worthy of possessing you." Poor Margaret could then but little anticipate the destiny that awaited her; doomed as she was to return to France, a heart-broken widow, a childless mother, a fallen and dis-crowned Queen—a suppliant for the penurious charity of others; her beauty gone, her hopes blighted; waiting and longing until her weary pilgrimage on earth should be accomplished and ended.

The last hours of King Charles were scarcely less wretched. He survived his once-loved Agnes eleven years—a sufficient time to prove to himself and to others, how utterly he was unworthy of her devoted and faithful love. No constant friend stood by his death-bed, or received his last sigh. He died from starvation!—fearing to partake of food, sustenance, or medicine, lest poison should be conveyed in them. His own son was the virtual parricide who thus hastened his end, and whose emissaries he dreaded in all those that surrounded him.

On the accession of Louis the Eleventh, the monks of Loches, anxious to propitiate the new sovereign, who had shown such rancorous hostility to Agnes Sorel, requested his permission to remove her monument, which, as we have stated, stood in the choir of their cathedral; alleging the scandal which it caused them in their devotions. "I respect your scruples," replied the sneering Louis, "and grant you the permission you desire. Of course, you will not hesitate to

reinstate in my coffers the large sums of money with which Agnes Sorel endowed you, and which it would be a sin against your tender consciences any longer to retain."

The character of Agnes Sorel has since met with a juster appreciation. In the chapter-house of this very Cathedral of Loches is preserved a manuscript, containing one thousand sonnets or poems in her praise; most of them being acrostics on her name. When Francis the First, many years afterward, gazed at the portrait of the Lady of Beauté, he expressed in the following lines, which he wrote underneath it, his sense of the services she had rendered her country, and her consequent claims to the gratitude of patriotic Frenchmen:—

"Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérites
(La cause étant de France recouvrer),
Que-ce que peut, dedans un cloître ouvrer
! a use nonain ou bien dévot hermite."

M. N.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMERICAN POETRY.

AFTER the Americans had established their political nationality beyond cavil, and taken a positive rank among the powers of the civilized world, they still remained subject to the reproach, that in the worlds of Art, Science, and Literature, they had no national existence. Admitting, or, at any rate, feeling, the truth of this taunt, they bestirred themselves resolutely to produce a practical refutation of it. Their first and fullest success was, as might be expected from their notoriously utilitarian character, in practical inventions. In oratory, notwithstanding a tendency to more than Milesian floridness and hyperbole, they have taken no mean stand among the free nations of Christendom. In history, despite the disadvantages arising from the scarcity of large libraries, old records, and other appliances of the historiographer, they have produced some books which are acknowledged to be well worthy a place among our standard works, and which have acquired, not merely an English, but a Continental reputation. In the fine arts, notwithstanding obviously still greater impediments—the want at home, not only of great galleries and collections, but of the thousand

little symbols and associations that help to educate the artist—the consequent necessity of going abroad to seek all that the student requires—they have still made laudable progress. The paintings of Washington Allston are the most noteworthy lions in Boston; the statues of Powers command admiration even in London. In prose fiction, the sweet sketches of Irving have acquired renown second only to that of the agreeable essayists whom he took for his models, while the Indian and naval romances of Cooper are purchased at liberal prices by the chary bibliopoles of England, and introduced to the Parisian public by the same hand which translated Walter Scott. In poetry alone they are still palpably inferior: no world-renowned minstrel has yet arisen in the New Atlantis, and the number of those versifiers who have attained a decided name and place among the lighter English literature of their day, or whose claims to the title of poet are acknowledged in *all sections* of their own country, is but small.

If we come to inquire into the causes of this deficiency, we are apt at first to light upon several reasons why it should *not* exist.

In the first place, there is nothing unpoetical about the country itself, but everything highly the reverse. All its antecedents and traditions, its discovery, its early inhabitants, its first settlement by civilized men, are eminently romantic. It is not wanting in battle-grounds, or in spots hallowed by recollections and associations of patriots and sages. The magnificence of its scenery is well known. The rivers of America are at the same time the most beautiful and the most majestic in the world: the sky of America, though dissimilar in hue, may vie in loveliness with the sky of Italy. No one who has floated down the glorious Hudson (even amid all the un-ideal associations of a gigantic American steamer), who has watched the snowy sails—so different from the tarry, smoky canvas of European craft—that speck that clear water; who has noticed the faultless azure and snow of the heaven above, suggesting the highest idea of purity, the frowning cliffs that palisade the shore, and the rich masses of foliage that overhang them, tinged a thousand dyes by the early autumn frost—no one who has observed all this, can doubt the poetic capabilities of the land.

A seeming solution, indeed, presents itself in the business, utilitarian character of the people; and this solution would probably be immediately accepted by very many of our readers. Brother Jonathan thinks and talks of cotton, and flour, and dollars, and the ups and downs of stocks. Poetry *doesn't pay*: he cannot appreciate, and does not care for it. "Let me get something for myself," he says, like the churl in Theocritus. "Let the gods whom he invokes reward the poet. What do we want with more verse? We have Milton and Shakspeare (whether we read them or not). He is the poet for me who asks me for nothing;" and so the poor Muses wither (or as Jonathan himself might say, *wilt*) away, and perish from inanition and lack of sympathy. Very plausible; but now for the paradox. So far from disliking, or underrating, or being indifferent to poetry, the American public is the most eager devourer of it, in any quantity, and of any quality; nor is there any country in which a limited capital of inspiration will go farther. Let us suppose two persons, both equally unknown, putting forth a volume of poems on each side of the Atlantic; decidedly the chances are, that the American candidate for poetic fame will find more readers, and more encouragement in his country, than the British in his. Very copious editions of the standard

English poets are sold every year, generally in a form adapted to the purses of the million; to further which end they are frequently bound two or three in a volume (Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, for instance, is a favorite combination). Even bardings like Pollok enjoy a large number of readers and editions. Nor is there—notwithstanding the much-complained-of absence of an international copyright law—any deficiency of home supply for the market. Writing English verses, indeed, is as much a part of an American's education, as writing Latin verses is of an Englishman's,—recited "poems" always holding a prominent place among their public collegiate exercises; about every third man, and every other woman of the liberally-educated classes, writes occasional rhymes, either for the edification of their private circle, or the poet's-corner of some of the innumerable newspapers that encumber the land; and the number of gentlemen and ladies one meets who have published a volume of *Something and Other Poems*, is perfectly astounding.

The true secret seems to be, that the Americans, as a people, have not received that education which enables a people to produce poets. For, however true the *poeta nascitur* adage may be negatively of individuals, it is not true positively of nations. The formation of a national poetic temperament is the work of a long education, and the development of various influences. A peculiar classicality of taste, involving a high critical standard, seems necessary, among the moderns, to high poetic production; and such a taste has not yet been formed in America. True, there are kinds of poetry—the Ballad and the Epic, which, so far as we can trace them, are born, Pallas-like, full-grown; which sound their fullest tone in a nation's infancy, and are but faintly echoed in its maturity. But there are numbers in which lisps the infancy, not of a nation merely, but of a race. And the Americans were an old race though a young nation. They began with too much civilization for the heroic school of poetry; they have not yet attained enough cultivation for the philosophic.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is, as we learn from Mr. Griswold, about fifty-five years old, and was born in Massachusetts, though his literary career is chiefly associated with New York, of which State he is a resident. With a precocity extraordinary, even in a country where precocity is the rule instead of the ex-

ception, he began to write and publish at the age of thirteen, and has, therefore, been full forty years before the American public, and that not in the capacity of poet alone,—having for more than half that period edited the *Evening Post*, one of the ablest and most respectable papers in the United States, and the oldest organ, we believe, of the Democratic party in New York. He has been called, and with justice, a poet of nature. The prairie solitude, the summer evening landscape, the night wind of autumn, the water-bird flitting homeward through the twilight—such are the favorite subjects of inspiration. *Thanatopsis*, one of his most admired pieces, was written at the age of eighteen, and exhibits a finish of style, no less than a maturity of thought, very remarkable for so youthful a production.

Mr. Bryant's poems have been for some years pretty well known on this side the water,—better known, at any rate, than any other Transatlantic verses; on which account, being somewhat limited for space, we forbear to make any extracts from them.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK is also a New Englander by birth, and a New Yorker by adoption. He is Bryant's contemporary and friend, but the spirit and style of his versification are very different; and so, it is said, are his political affinities. While Bryant is a bulwark of the Democracy, Halleck is reported to be not only an admirer of the obsolete Federalists, but an avowed Monarchist. To be sure, this is only his private reputation: no trace of such a feeling is observable in his writings, which show throughout a sturdy vein of republicanism, social and political. In truth, the party classification of American literary men is apt to puzzle the uninitiated. Thus Washington Irving is said to belong to the Democrats; but it would be hard to find in his writings anything countenancing their claim upon him. His sketches of English society are a panegyric of old institutions; and the fourth book of his *Knickerbocker* is throughout a palpable satire on the administration of Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy. Perhaps, however, he may since have changed his views. Willis, too, the "Free Pencil," who has been half his life prating about lords and ladies, and great people, and has become a sort of Jenkins to the fashionable life of New York; he also is one of the Democratic party. Peradventure he may vote the "Locofoco ticket" in the hope of propitiating the boys (as the *casaile* of

American cities are popularly called,) and saving his printing-office from the fate of the Italian Opera-house in Astor Place. But what shall we say of Cooper, who, by his anti-democratic opinions, has made himself one of the most unpopular men in his country, and whose recent political novels rival the writings of Judge Haliburton, in the virulence as well as the cleverness of their satire upon Republican institutions? He, too, is a Democrat. To us, who are not behind the curtain, these things are a mystery incapable of explanation. To return to our present subject. Halleck made his *début* in the poetical world by some satirical pieces called *The Croakers*, which created as much sensation at their appearance as the anonymous *Salmagundi* which commenced Irving's literary career. These were succeeded by *Fanny*,—a poem in the *Don Juan* metre. *Fanny* has no particular plot or story, but is a satirical review of all the celebrities, literary, fashionable, and political, of New York, at that day (1821). And the satire was probably very good at the time, and in the place; but, unfortunately for the extent and permanence of its reputation, most of these celebrities are utterly unknown, not merely beyond the limits of the Union, but beyond those of New York. Among all the personages enumerated, we can find but two names that an European reader would be likely to know anything about,—Clinton and Van Buren. Nay, more, in the rapid growth and change of things American, the present generation of New Yorkers are likely to lose sight of the lions of their immediate progenitors; and unless some Manhattanesse scholiast should write a commentary on the poem in time, its allusions, and with them most of its wit, will be in danger of perishing entirely. What we can judge of in *Fanny* are one or two graceful lyrics interspersed in it, though even these are marred by untimely comicality and local allusions. The nominal hero, while wandering about at night after the wreck of his fortunes, hears a band playing outside a public place of entertainment. It must have been a better band than that which now, from the Museum opposite the Astor House, drives to frenzy the hapless stranger; for it incites the ruined stock-jobber—not the most poetical of characters—to commit verse with this result:—

Young thoughts have music in them, love
And happiness their theme,
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream;

And there are angel voices heard
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of showers.

There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.
There's music in the dash of waves
When the swift bark cleaves the foam;
There's music heard upon her deck,
The mariner's song of home.
When moon and star-beams smiling meet
At midnight on the sea;
And there is music once a week
In Scudder's balcony.

But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint and dies away,
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day;
And childhood's frolic hours are brief.
And oft in after years
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

To-day the forest leaves are green.
They'll wither on the morrow;
And the maiden's laugh be changed ere long
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows and ask
Where are the forest-birds;
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

The moonlight music of the waves
In storms is heard no more,
When the living lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore,
And the mariner's song of home has ceased,
His corse is on the shore.

We will stop here, and refrain from
quoting the unsentimental couplet which
concludes the piece.

In Halleck's subsequent productions, the
influence of Campbell is more perceptible
than that of Byron, and with manifest ad-
vantage. It may be said of his compositions,
as it can be affirmed of few American verses,
that they have a real innate harmony, some-
thing not dependent on the number of syl-
lables in each line, or capable of being dissect-
ed out into feet, but growing in them, as it
were, and created by the fine ear of the writ-
ter. Their sentiments, too, are exalted and
ennobling; eminently genial and honest, they
stamp the author for a good man and true,—
Nature's aristocracy. In most of his poems
these pleasing characteristics are conspicuous;

in none more so than his eulogy on his de-
ceased friend and fellow-poet, Drake:—

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.
When hearts, whose truth was proven
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Spirited and harmonious stanzas these:—

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine.
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-winds from woods of palm
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

LONGFELLOW, the pet poet of Boston, is a much younger man than either Bryant or Halleck, and has made his reputation only within the last twelve years, during which time he has been one of the most noted lions of American Athens. The city of Boston, as every one knows who has been there, or who has met with any book or man emanating from it, claims to be the literary metropolis of the United States, and assumes the slightly-pretending *sobriquet* just quoted. The American Athenians have their thinking and writing done for them by a coterie whose distinctive characteristics are Socinianism in theology, a præter-Puritan prudery in ethics, a German tendency in metaphysics, and throughout all a firm persuasion that Boston is the fountain-head of art, scholarship, and literature for the western world, and particularly that New-York is a Nazareth in such things, out of which can come nothing good. For the Bostonians, who certainly cultivate literature with more general devotion, if not always with more individual success than the New-Yorkers, can never forgive their commercial neighbors for possessing by birth the two most eminent prose-writers of the country—Irving and Cooper, and, by adoption, two of the leading poets, Bryant and Halleck. Nor are the good people of the "Empire State" slow to resent these exhibitions of small jealousy; but, on the contrary, as the way of the world is, they are apt to retort by greater absurdities. So shy are they of appearing to be guided by the dicta of their eastern friends, that to this day there is scarcely man or woman on Manhattan Island who will confess a liking for Tennyson, Mrs. Barrett Browning, or Robert Browning, simply because these poets were taken up and patronized (metaphorically speaking, of course) by the "Mutual Admiration Society of Boston."

The immediate influences of this *camaraderie* are highly flattering and apparently beneficial to the subject of them, but its ultimate effects are most injurious to the proper development of his powers. When the merest trifles that a man throws off are inordinately praised, he soon becomes content with producing the merest trifles. Longfellow has grown unaccustomed to do himself justice. Half his volumes are filled up with translations; graceful and accurate, indeed; but translations, and often from originals of very moderate merit. His last original poem, *Evangeline*,* is a sort of pastoral in hexameters. The resuscitation of this classical

metre had a queer effect upon the American quidnuncs. Some of the *critics* evidently believed it to be a bran-new metre invented for the nonce by the author, a delusion which they of the "Mutual Admiration" rather winked at; and the parodists who endeavored to ridicule the new measure were evidently not quite sure whether seven feet or nine made a hexameter.

It is really to be regretted that Longfellow has been cajoled into playing these tricks with himself, for his earlier pieces were works of much promise, and, had they been orthily followed out, might have entitled him to a high place among the poets of the language. Take, as a specimen, this delicious bit of quiet landscape, which opens the prelude to his *Voices of the Night*:—

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between.
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee
With one continuous sound—

A slumberous—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream;
As of innumerable wings.
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea.

Most of his poems have a vein of melancholy—not despairing, but resigned—melancholy running through them: their general tone and moral may be summed up in two of his own lines:—

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Of such a cast is

The Goblet of Life.

Filled is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,

* See *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1848, p. 295.

I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen;
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage, sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it with their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

* * * *

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

Longfellow's poetry, whenever he really lays himself out to write poetry, has a definite idea and purpose in it—no small merit now-a-days. His versification is generally harmonious, and he displays a fair command of metre. Sometimes he takes a fancy to an obsolete or out-of-the-way stanza; one of his

longest and best poems, *The Skeleton in Armor*, is exactly in the measure of Drayton's fine ballad on Agincourt,—

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor here to prove our chance
Longer would tarry, &c.

His chief fault is an over-fondness for simile and metaphor. He seems to think indispensable the introduction into everything he writes of a certain (or sometimes a very uncertain) number of these figures. Accordingly his poems are crowded with comparisons, sometimes very pretty and pleasing, at others so far-fetched that the string of tortured images which lead off Alfred de Musset's bizarre *Ode to the Moon* can hardly equal them. *Endymion*, a very sweet little poem, begins thus:—

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver-white the river gleams,
As if Diana in her dreams
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

In *Evangeline* the stars are "the thoughts of God in the heavens," and the trees wrestle with the wind "like Jacob of old with the angel;" and in another poem the moon going up among the stars is compared to a virgin martyr treading an ordeal through bars of hot iron! But indeed this *making figures* (whether from any connection with the calculating habits of the people or not) is a terrible propensity of American writers, whether of prose or verse. Their orators are especial sinners in this respect. We have seen speeches stuck as full of metaphors (more or less mixed) as Burton's *Anatomy* is of quotations.

Such persons as know from experience that literary people are not always in private life what their writings would betoken, that Miss Bunions do not precisely resemble March violets, and mourners upon paper may be laughers over mahogany—such persons will not be surprised to hear that the Longfellow is a very jolly fellow, a lover of fun and good dinners, and of an amiability and personal popularity that have aided not a little the popularity of his writings in verse and prose—for he writes prose too, prettier, quainter, more figurative, and more poetic if anything, than his poetry. He is also a professor at Harvard College, near Boston.

EDGAR A. POE, like Longfellow and most of the other American poets, wrote prose as well as poetry, having produced a number of wild, grotesque, and powerfully-imagined tales; unlike most of them, he was a literary man *pur sang*. He depended for support entirely on his writings, and his career was more like the precarious existence of an author in the time of Johnson and Savage than the decent life of an author in our own day. He was a Southerner by birth, acquired a liberal education, and what the French call "expansive" tastes, was adopted by a rich relative, quarreled with him, married "for love," and lived by editing magazines in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York; by delivering lectures (the never-failing last resort of the American literary adventurer); by the occasional subscriptions of compassionate acquaintances or admiring friends—any way he could—for eighteen or nineteen years: lost his wife, involved himself in endless difficulties, and finally died in what should have been the prime of his life, about six months ago. His enemies attributed his untimely death to intemperance; his writings would rather lead to the belief that he was an habitual taker of opium. If it make a man a poet to be

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,

Poe was certainly a poet. Virulently and ceaselessly abused by his enemies (who included a large portion of the press), he was worshiped to infatuation by his friends. The severity of his editorial criticisms, and the erratic course of his life, fully account for the former circumstance; the latter is probably to be attributed, in part at least, to pity for his mishaps.

If Longfellow's poetry is best designated as quaint, Poe's may most properly be characterized as fantastic. The best of it reminds one of Tennyson, not by any direct imitation of particular passages, but by its general air and tone. But he was very far from possessing Tennyson's fine ear for melody. His skill in versification, sometimes striking enough, was evidently artificial: he overstudied metrical expression, and overrated its value so as sometimes to write what were little better than nonsense-verses, for the sake of the rhythm. He had an incurable propensity for refrains, and when he had once caught a harmonious cadence, appeared to think it could not be too often repeated.

Poe's name is usually mentioned in connection with *The Raven*, a poem which he published about five years ago. It had an immense run, and gave rise to innumerable parodies—those tests of notoriety if not of merit. And certainly it was not without a peculiar and fantastic excellence in the execution, while the conception is highly striking and poetic. The author in his lonely chamber, mourning over his lost love and his departed hopes, and vainly seeking comfort in pondering

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,

is aroused by what he takes for the knock of a visitor at his door. But no visitor is there. While perplexed by the mysterious knocking, he hears the sound repeated, and this time evidently at the window, to which unwonted place of ingress he accordingly betakes himself:—

Open wide I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days
of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant
stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady perched above my
chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Half-amused and half-excited by this eccentric appearance, the student makes bold to question the "ungainly bird" as to his name and errand,—not so unreasonable a proceeding, since ravens sometimes talk; and this one talks to the extent of one word, "Nevermore," which it pertinaciously repeats in answer to every query, and the sad negation falls chilling and ominous on all the desolate man's hopes of forgetfulness or consolation:—

For the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather
then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before.
On the morrow he will leave me as my hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of never—nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted nevermore!

The peculiar versification of the poem—showy and not ineffective—is exhibited in the above stanzas. The metre is a modification of that used in the conclusion of Miss Barrett's *Lady Geraldine*. This is evident, not merely from a general comparison of the two, but from some particular resemblances of rhyme and phrase, *e. g.* :—

With a murmurous, stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows,
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever
Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose.—*Lady Geraldine*.
And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.—*The Raven*.

The triple rhyme is introduced from one of his earlier ballads—a rather pretty one—on a girl who has forgotten her dead lover, and sold herself for rank and wealth :—

And thus they said I plighted
An irrevocable vow,
And my friends are all delighted
That his love I have requited,
And my mind is much benighted
If I am not happy now.

Would God I could awaken !
For I dream—I know not how.
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,
And the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

And his weakness for refrain induced the repetition of the last line in each verse.

This much notice seems due to a poem which created such a sensation in the author's country.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time, long ago).

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well-befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn ! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now, within that valley,
Through the red-lit windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody ;
While like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

In the very same volume with this are some verses that Poe wrote when a boy, and some that a boy might be ashamed of writing. Indeed, the secret of rejection seems to be little known to Transatlantic bards :

And now as the night was senescent,
And star-dials hinted of morn,
In front of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was borne,

Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian,
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,
To the Lethean peace of the skies;
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up, through the lair of the lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

The rhyme of these lines may be good enough, but where is the reason of them?

Though Poe was a Southerner, his poetry has nothing in it suggestive of his peculiar locality. It is somewhat remarkable that the slaveholding, which has tried almost all other means of excusing or justifying itself before the world, did not think of "keeping a poet," and engaging the destitute author from its own territory to sing the praises of "the patriarchal institution." And it would have been a fair provocation that the Abolitionists had their poet already. Indeed, several of the northern poets have touched upon this subject; Longfellow, in particular, has published a series of spirited and touching anti-slavery poems; but the man who has made it his *specialité* is JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, a Quaker, literary editor of the *National Era*, an Abolition and ultra-Radical paper, which, in manful despite of Judge Lynch, is published at Washington, between the slave-pens and the capitol. His verses are certainly obnoxious to the jurisdiction of that notorious popular potentate, being unquestionably "inflammatory, incendiary, and insurrectionary," as the Southern formula goes, in a very high degree. He makes passionate appeals to the Puritan spirit of New England, and calls on her sons to utter their voice,—

From all her wild green mountains,
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie,
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear cold sky—
From her rough coasts, and isles, which hungry
Ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billow's motion
Round rock and cliff—
From the free fireside of her unbought farmer,
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel,
From the brown smithy where, beneath the
hammer,
Ring the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land and left us to an evil choice;—

and protest against the shocking anomaly of slavery in a free country. At times, when deploring the death of some fellow-laborer in the cause, he falls into a somewhat subdued strain, though even then there is more of spirit and fire in his verses than one naturally expects from a follower of George Fox; but on such occasions he displays a more careful and harmonious versification than is his wont. There is no scarcity of these elegies in his little volume, *The Abolitionists*, even when they escape the attentions of the high legal functionary already alluded to, not being apparently a long-lived class.

One of his best pieces is founded on the fearful story (already commemorated in verse by Milman) of the slave-ship smitten by ophthalmia. The crew, after throwing over their diseased cargo, nevertheless all lost their sight except one man, on the preservation of whose vision their fate depended.

Red glowed the western waters—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness
A solitary eye
Gazed from the burdened slaver's deck
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand—
Curse on't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laughed; but only
His echoed laugh replied,
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
"A sail! Thank God, a sail!"
And as the helmsman spoke
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off the driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy—help!
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind.

"Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully
Unnoting star or sun.

Our ship's the slaver Leon—
We're but a score on board—
Our slaves are all gone over—
Help, for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone,
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan.
Wailed from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

Toujours perdrix palls in poetry as in cookery; we grow tired after awhile of invectives against governors of slave-states and mercenary parsons, and dirges for untimely perished Abolitionists. The wish suggests itself that Whittier would not always

Give up to a party what is meant for mankind, but sometimes turn his powers in another direction. Accordingly, it is a great relief to find him occasionally trying his hand on the early legends of New-England and Canada, which do not suffer in such ballads as this:—

"To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!"
Cried the lord of Acadia,
Sir Charles of Estienne.
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed as the sun
From his bed in the ocean
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing
With taper and bell.
But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The Huguenot lord.

* * * * *

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
"Now why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love?
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about
On fire-wasted dwellings
And silent redoubt.
From the low, shattered walls,
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch
Of its door-way there stood
A pale priest of Rome
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion
Latour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the woman
Of scarlet and sin!
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within?"
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke;
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke:

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravished thy hall,
But the men of De Aulney,
With fire, steel, and ball.
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

Pentagoët's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey."
"But what of my lady?"
Cried Charles of Estienne.
"On the shot-crumbled turret
My lady was seen.

Half veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped the pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon.
But woe to the heretic,
Evermore woe!
When the son of the Church
And the Cross is his foe.

In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
De Aulney swept over
The breach of the wall.
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment—and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men.

Of its sturdy defenders
My lady alone
Saw the cross and the lilies
Float over St. John."

"Let the dastard look to it!"
Cried fiery Estienne;
"Were De Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free.
Nine days in stern silence
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came
And death opened her door."

* * * * *

O the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him,
There were waves in the sunshine
And green isles before him;
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on,
And in blackness and ashes
Behind lay St. John.

We have been rather liberal in our extracts from Whittier, because he is less known than several other Western bards to the English reader, and because we think him entitled to stand higher on the American Parnassus than most of his countrymen would place him. His faults—harshness and want of polish—are evident; but there is more life, and spirit, and soul in his verses, than in those of eight-ninths of Mr. Griswold's immortal ninety.

But within the last three years there has arisen in the United States a satirist of genuine excellence, who, however, besides being but moderately appreciated by his countrymen, seems himself, in a great measure, to have mistaken his real forte. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the Boston coterie, has for some time been publishing verses, which are by the coterie duly glorified, but which are in no respect distinguishable from the ordinary level of American poetry, except that they combine an extraordinary pretension to originality, with a more than usually palpable imitation of English models. Indeed, the failure was so manifest, that the American literati seem, in this one case, to have rebelled against Boston dictation; and there is sufficient internal evidence that such of them as do duty for critics handled Mr. Lowell pretty severely. Violently piqued at this, and simultaneously conceiving a disgust for the Mexican war, he was impelled by both feelings to take the field as a satirist: to the former, we owe the *Fable for Critics*; to the latter, the *Biglow Papers*. It was a happy move, for he has the rare faculty of writing *clever doggerel*. Take out the best

of *Ingoldsby*, Campbell's rare piece of fun, *The Friars of Dijon*, and perhaps a little of Walsh's *Aristophanes*, and there is no contemporary verse of the class with which Lowell's may not fearlessly stand a comparison; for, observe, we are not speaking of mock heroics like Bon Gaultier's, which are only a species of parody, but of real doggerel, the Rabelaisque of poetry. The *Fable* is somewhat on the *Ingoldsby* model,—that is to say, a good part of its fun consists in queer rhymes, double, treble, or polysyllabic; and it has even Barham's fault—an occasional over-consciousness of effort, and calling on the reader to admire, as if the *tour de force* could not speak for itself: *e. g.*—

"So whenever he wished to be quite irresistible,
Like a man with eight trumps in his hand at a
whist-table

(*I feared me at first that the rhyme was untwistable,*

*Though I might have lugged in an allusion to
Cristabel*").

But *Ingoldsby's* rhymes will not give us a just idea of the *Fable* until we superadd Hook's puns; for the fabulist has a pleasant knack of making puns—outrageous and unhesitating ones—exactly of the kind to set off the general style of his verse. The sternest critic could hardly help relaxing over such a bundle of them as are contained in Apollo's lament over the "treeification" of his Daphne.

"My case is like Dido's," he sometimes remarked,

"When I last saw my love she was fairly embarked;

Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it,

You're not always sure of your game when you've treed it.

Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!

What romance would be left? Who can flatter or kiss trees?

Not to say that the thought would for ever intrude

That you've less chance to win her the more she is wooed.

Ah, it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,

To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;
Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting

but now,
As they left me for ever, each making its bough.

If her tongue had a tang [twang?] sometimes more than was right,

Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite."

Or in this catalogue of a graveyard and its contents,—

"There lie levelers leveled, duns done up of themselves,
 There are booksellers finally laid on their shelves,
 Horizontally there lie upright politicians,
 Dose-a-dose with their patients sleep faultless physicians;
 There are slave-drivers quietly whipt under ground,
 There bookbinders, done up in boards, are fast bound.
 There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth,
 There men without legs get their six feet of earth,
 There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case;
 There seekers of office are sure of a place.
 There defendant and plaintiff are equally cast,
 There shoemakers quietly stick to their last,
 There brokers at length become silent as stocks,
 There stage-drivers sleep without quitting their box."

The *Fable* is a sort of review in verse of American poets. Much of the Boston leaven runs through it; the wise men of the East are all glorified intensely, while Bryant and Halleck are studiously depreciated.

The *Biglow Papers* are imaginary epistles from a New-England farmer, and contain some of the best specimens extant of the "Yankee," or New-England dialect,—better than Haliburton's, for Sam Slick sometimes mixes Southern, Western, and even English vulgarities with his Yankee. Mr. Biglow's remarks treat chiefly of the Mexican war, and subjects immediately connected with it, such as slavery, truckling of northerners to the south, &c. The theme is treated in various ways with uniform bitterness. Now he sketches a "Pious Editor's Creed," almost too daring in its Scriptural allusions, but terribly severe upon the venal fraternity, whose unvirtuous indignation must have been greatly moved by the stout satire of lines like these,—

I du believe with all my soul
 In the great Press's freedom,
 To pint the people to the goal,
 And in the traces lead 'em;
 Pulsied the arm that forges yokes,
 At my fat contracts squintin',
 An' withered be the nose that pokes
 I ter the guv'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut's hisn unto Cæsar,
 Fer it's by him I move and live,
 Frum him my bread and cheese ar.

I du believe thet all o' me
 Duth bear his superscription,
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
 An' things o' that description.

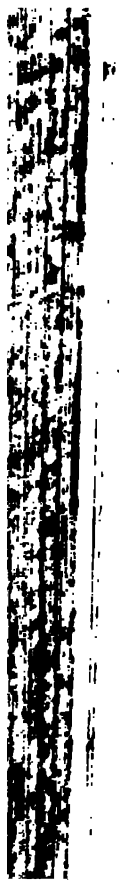
In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,
 Fer it's a thing I du perceive
 To hev a solid vally.
 This heth my faithful shepherd been,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 And this 'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev led me.

But best of all are the letters of his friend the returned volunteer, Mr. Birdofredom Sawyer, who draws a sad picture of the private soldier's life in Mexico. He had gone out with hopes of making his fortune.

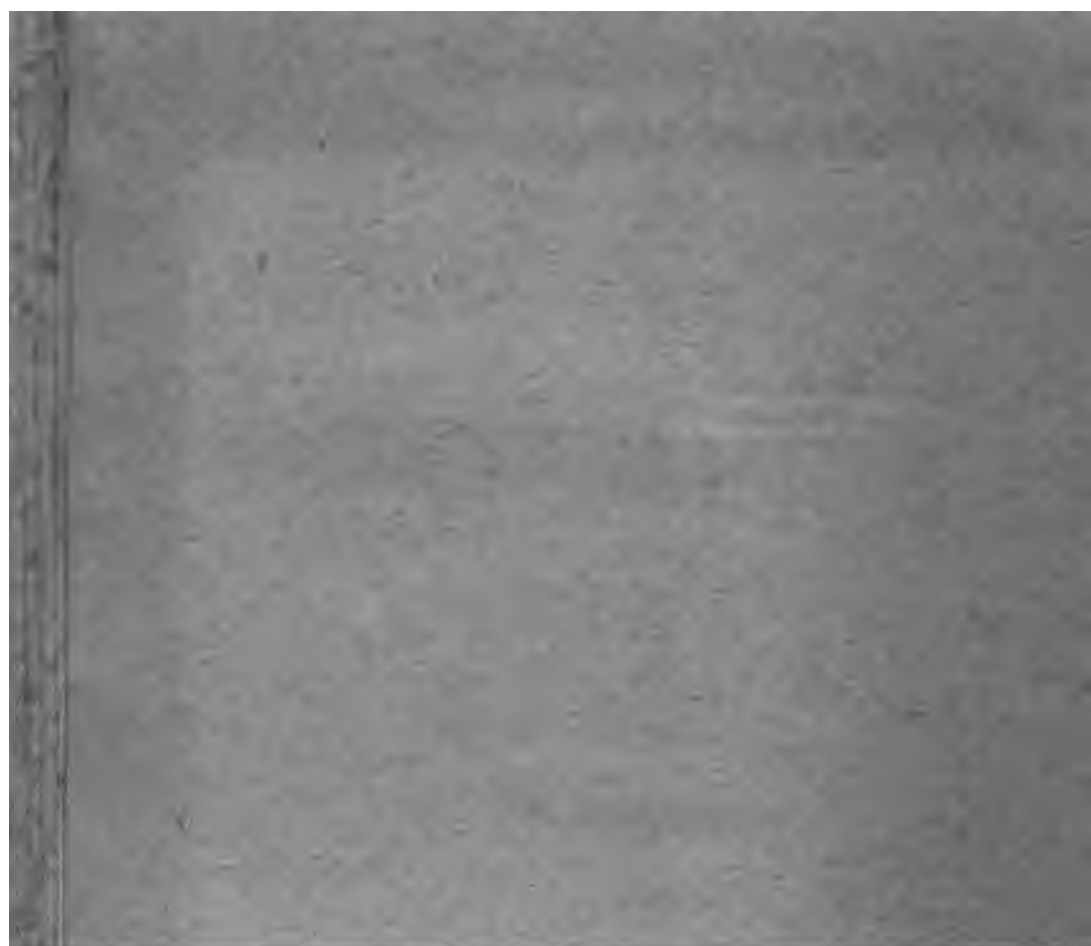
Afore I vullinteed I thought this country wuz a sort o'
 Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land that flowed with rum an' water;
 Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,
 An' gold was dug ez taters be among our Yankee nation;
 Ware nateral advantages wuz puffictly amazin',
 Ware every rock that wuz about with precions stuns wuz blazin',
 Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could cram 'em,
 An' desput rivers ran about a-beggin' folks to dam 'em;
 Thet there were meetin'-houses too, chock full o' gold an' silver,
 Thet you could take, un' no one couldn't hand ye in no bill for.
 Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's wut the fellers told us,
 Thet stayed to hum, an' speechified, an' to the buzzards sold us.

But it is time to bring this notice to a close—not, however, that we have by any means exhausted the subject. For have we not already stated that there are, at the lowest calculation, ninety American poets, spreading all over the alphabet, from Allston, who is unfortunately dead, to Willis, who is fortunately living, and writing *Court Journals* for the "Upper Ten Thousand," as he has named the quasi-aristocracy of New York? And the lady-poets—the poetesses, what shall we say of them? Truly it would be ungallant to say anything ill of them, and invidious to single out a few among so many; therefore, it will be best for us to say—nothing at all about any of them.











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